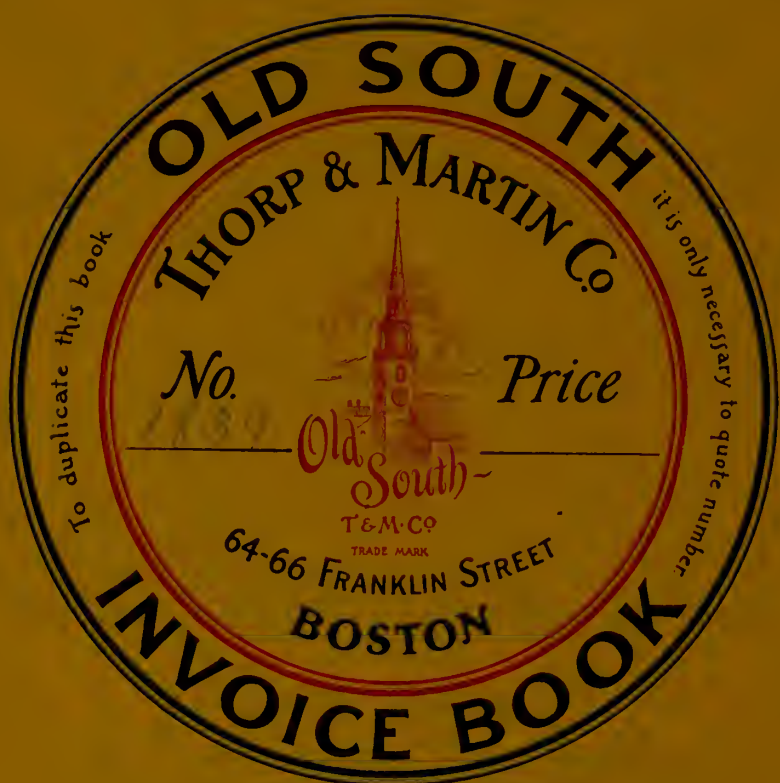




Boston
1817 Feb 13
1818 Jan 11



10 M. 480.305

V. 32



GIVEN BY •

Philip Hale.

VOLUME

30

C

Adelaide and Hughes 7

a + wood - Baker Mrs - m 13

Apollo Club 18



Bauer. Harold 9

Blackman. Alexander 11

Bernhardt. Sarah 12
(Hine. 4) ("Carmelle")
("Cleopatra") ("Jeanne d'Arc") 13
("Hecuba") ("Champs d'Honneur") 13
("Cleopatra") ("Merchant of Venice") 14

Beach. Mrs. H. H. A. 14

Boston Symphony Concerts 8, 13,

Boys Will Be Boys *17

Christie W. mfred 3

Cecilia Society 2.

Cooper . C . 2

Copeland . George 13

Dambors m 14

Shell and
+ cones to 8, 13.

Dall's House a" b

Donner May 12

"Garden of the Wrecked Ship",

Saulois concerts 6, 18.

Isletting married '6

Frisch Poota 2

"First time was a" 6

"Flora Bella" +17

Gulick, Anna 7

D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
M
M.
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y

Handel. itaydn #5

Houdini. #12

E
I
J
K
L
M^c
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

"Lady Windermere's Fan" 1

Le no. Fannie 11

+ Love null The "7, 18, Loeffler C. H.
+ "Hara Myrica" 13

McCormack. John 6, 7, 8, 11,

masquerader the * 17

maître de forges la 18

Mamma. Archie 9 Murphy Lambert 18

Mutt and Jeff's wedding 1

L
M^c
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y

newn. Francis 1.7.12. Newman travel talks of Donstein - Leo 14

nieken. Alice 3

People's Orchestra 8

N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

Stanley Helen 14

Sapho 18

St. Denis. Revue 18

^x
"Seremonda" 1

Shiwell. Paul 9

"Silver Prof. The" 18

Societe des Instruments Anciens 1

Sutro. Diana R. 7

Symms. Wright 3

R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

Ware. Helen 12

V
W
Y
Z

Young Eugene 17

JULIA ARTHUR

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE. First performance in Boston of "Screamers," a play in four acts and seven scenes by William Lindsay. Produced at Long Branch, Nov. 11, 1916, by the Julia Arthur company.

Vida Robert Claverie
Sara May I. Melloy
Berguedan E. B. Ryan
Gilda Irv. Troutman
Ermengarda Katherine de Barry
Raimon Robert W. Emery
S. Ramon Julia Arthur
Alphonse Alphonse Ethier
Barra Edmund Fitzpatrick
Mme. Barra Charles N. Greene
Pere William J. Kane

Mr. Lindsey, writing this play, was greatly daring. Not only because in these days when the stage is largely given over to frivolity, he chose a romantic story, but because this story is one with little action and with an ending in which for stage purposes the fragile totters on the edge of the grotesque. Greatly daring, because he wrote the play in verse in a period when the wit of speaking verse intelligently and effectively is well nigh lost. A more experienced dramatist would have hesitated if the subject had been proposed to him, and not merely because it had tempted for over two centuries playwrights and librettists, who had won no marked success except in a wild burlesque with music.

Mr. Lindsey went to work, possibly at first without thought of a stage play. When it was published, with the better title, "Red Wine of Roussillon," it attracted attention and was favorably reviewed by men of long acquaintance with the theatre. No wonder that the dramatist was emboldened to think of his men and women speaking his lines upon the stage. And in producing it, as Mr. Lindsey gracefully said in his modest little speech last night, he had the invaluable assistance of Miss Arthur as counsellor and actress.

The legend on which the play is based is old and familiar in its various forms. It was discussed at length in the Sunday Herald and need not now be retold. In spite of the fact that there is little action—there are only two stirring dramatic moments—Mr. Lindsey has contrived to maintain interest for the most part. In the first scene it is true, we meet old fashioned and conventional characters, the pert, short-skirted maid of the inn, the merry villagers—always a homesome lot—and the comic troubadour Vidal, who, serving as a butt for Berguedan, might have stepped from any comic opera of the late Seventies. But Mr. Lindsey after he had arranged his exposition to suit himself, proceeded to draw characters and he has turned the creatures of the legend and some of his own invention into men and women who lived and loved and suffered.

His verse, always respectable, has truly poetic moments, but not so poetic as they come in as digressions and interruptions. The surprising thing of it is that any New Englander, unacquainted with the stage, should have been able to write verse of this quality that would be dramatically effective.

In the old legend the lovers were without sin. It was the vanity of the wife, who wished the troubadour's love for her to be known to all, that led to the slaying and the serving at table of the horrid dish. In the legend the lover was like Werther in Thackeray's ballad, a moral man who for all the wealth of Indies would do nothing for to hurt her. Mr. Lindsey has given us a clearer view of the husband, the lover and the wife. In the legend the wife's sister was already married. Mr. Lindsey pictures her as drawn toward Guilhem. His bitter and suspicious old woman Ermengarda is to be reckoned with, as is Berguedan with his arousing of Raimon's jealousy. The sending of Raimon for penance to Palestine on account of his slaying a rival at the altar brings in a dramatic element that is missing in the legend. In other ways Mr. Lindsey has invented theatrical material to give substance to the play.

And so in spite of the comparative lack of action, there is a romantic quality in the drama that maintains interest in the characters and their doings.

The Screamers of the play is a woman of hotter blood than the heroine of the legend. Mr. Lindsey was fortunate in having Miss Arthur impersonate her. Her voice and diction gave beauty to his lines if they were prosaic and in the higher poetic flights there was fresh significance. In face and figure, in movement and repose she was an ideal heroine of romantic drama, but more than this, there was fine intelligence, there was the dignity of unabashed womanhood, there was the flaming passion that mocked the world and death.

Mr. Ethier was a commanding figure as Raimon, who had a devil in his heart. Rough and jovial, self-willed and brutal, then serious then terrible in his sullen mood, after his return from the duel, this Raimon was drawn to the life. Especially effective was the last scene at the beginning of the last act when Raimon decides to slay Guilhem whom he loves, only that he may thus

be free to love the girl he loves.

Mr. Lindsey was a happy and attractive collaborator. Mr. Greene has an admirable impersonation of the priest. The Berguedan of Mr. Royce was at times too much in operetta vein. We should have liked him more sinister in his mockery. The performance of the others in the company was generally adequate.

The scenery was uncommonly beautiful, and the stage equipment showed care and fine taste. We could have spared the vaudeville episode at the beginning of the last scene in the third act.

The audience, deeply interested, welcomed Miss Arthur heartily. There were many curtain calls.

Societe des Instruments Anciens, Famed in Europe,

By PHILIP HALE.

The Societe des Instruments Anciens (Messrs. Maurice Hewitt, quinton; Henri Casadesus, viole d'amour; Eugene Dubouille, viole de gambe; Maurice Devillers, basse de viole; Mme. Regina Patrocin, clavecin), assisted by Mme. Marie Buisson, singer, gave its first concert in Boston yesterday afternoon. The quintons were the intermediate type between the viols and the violins. They were the treble quinton and the tenor quinton furnished with five strings apiece.

The program was as follows: Bruni, second symphony for viols and clavecin; clavecin pieces; Rameau, Rondo; Desmarests, Gigue; Nicoley, theme and variations for quartet of viols. Songs, Anon. L'Amour de moi, Berceuse du Limousin, Le Bergere au Champ, Lorenziti, Suite for viole d'amour; Destouches, Fete galante, for quartet of viols and clavecin.

Few concerts this season have given so great pleasure. The reputation of the Society, long ago established in European countries, had preceded them. Not only did the music itself have more than antiquarian interest; but the quartet of viols was unusually euphonious; the clavecin was skillfully played, and the art of the players of the stringed instruments was beautiful by reason of the finish, elegance and perfect proportion in ensemble.

Then there was a charming singer, Mme. Buisson, the widow of the lamented Marcel Casadesus, who, formerly a member of this Society and of the Capet Quartet, died on the field of honor fighting for France, in October, 1914. The first two songs, one of the 15th century and one of the 18th, were accompanied by viols; the third, of the 18th century, by the clavecin. Mme. Buisson has a pure, rich, emotional voice. She sang the old songs by unknown composers in an appropriately simple manner, the simplicity was not artificial as is too often the case in the interpretation of folk songs. Especially noteworthy was the Lullaby of Limousin. Mme. Buisson, recalled several times, at last sang another ancient ditty.

Mr. Casadesus also delighted the appreciative audience by his solo, played in masterly fashion. Mme. Patrocin easily persuaded the hearers that music written for the clavecin should be played only on that instrument.

The music composed for the viols and the viols and clavecin, reminded us that the good music and even the romantic and emotional music is not necessarily modern or ultra-modern; that there were compositions well worth hearing before chamber music was invented for the modern instruments. This music of the latter part of the 17th century and this music of the 18th century still works a spell, especially when played by so skillful interpreters. It is to be hoped that these admirable artists will visit Boston again.

Bruni, Nicoley and Lorenziti are not familiar names on programs. Bruni, a pupil of Pugnani, went from Italy to Paris, where he was esteemed as violinist, conductor and composer of operas and chamber music. Little is known about Nicolai, or Nicolay, or Nicoley. It is thought that he died in Paris about 1793. Fetis conjectured that he spent his last years in London, after a long sojourn in Paris. Lorenziti, the son of an Italian musician in the service of the Prince of Orange, was born at The Hague. A pupil of Locatelli, he became the maitre de chapelle of the chief church in Nancy. Destouches, the Parisian and writer of operas, should not be confounded with Francois Destouches of Munich, born a century afterward. The life of Demarests, also a Parisian, was adventurous. For marrying secretly the daughter of an official, he was charged with seduction and condemned to death. He made his escape. Louis XIV. valued highly his talent, but he would not pardon him, and only in the regency was the marriage declared valid. He died in 1741 at Luneville, where he had been music director for the Duke of Lorraine.

NEVIN-TUFTS

"Die Walkure" was interpreted yesterday morning by Miss Frances Nevin at the Tuileries in an interesting and instructive manner. Miss Marion Tufts, pianist, illustrated Miss Nevin's remarks in an intelligent and musical manner. The subject for next week Monday will be "Siegfried."

"A.S." of Boston writes: "I see that some of the newspapers in the accounts of the Lenox Hotel fire say that the fire 'mushroomed.' Is there a verb 'to mushroom'?"

Yes, but with other meanings. A literal person, consulting the dictionary, might wonder how the fire on its way gathered mushrooms.

The great Oxford Dictionary gives these definitions of the verb:

I. Transitive. To elevate a person in social position with great suddenness. Richardson employed this word in "Clarissa Harlowe."

II. Intransitive. Of rifle bullets: to expand and flatten. Transitive. To cause a bullet to "mushroom."

III. Intransitive. To gather mushrooms. Chiefly in present participle or gerund.

What Next?

As the World Wags:

A young lady school teacher writes me from the state of Washington, where they have female suffrage and prohibition and progressive ideas in abundance, as follows: "Kindly excuse my poor writing. I know you'll be interested in knowing that I teach writing with the Victrola and the movies, and I am getting fine results."

"I fear that before long we shall have records on 'How to Shave without Cutting,' and films entitled, 'How to play poker—in three reels.' What next, anyway?"

Perhaps you may know. Cambridge. H. S. HERBERT. A book entitled "Pogonotomie; or the Art of learning to Shave Oneself" was published at Paris in 1770. The author was J. J. Perrel, "master and merchant cutler."—Ed.

Little Willie.

A correspondent, "New Market," asked some time ago for verses beginning "I should like to die, said Willie." We are indebted to Miss Ada Hamlyn of Arlington Heights for the poem.

I should like to die, said Willie,
If my papa could die too,
But he says he isn't ready,
'Cause he has so much to do.
And my little Sister Nellie says
That I must surely die,
And that she and Mama—
Then she stopped, because it made me cry.

But she told me, I remember, once,
While sitting on her knee,
That the angels never weary,
Watching over her and me;
And that if we are good,
And Mama told me just the same before,
That they'd let us into heaven,
When they see us at the door.

Then I know I shall be happy,
And shall always want to stay,
I shall love to hear the singing,
I shall love the endless day.
I shall love to look at Jesus,
I shall love Him more and more,
And I'll see the happy angels,
Who forever Him adore.

There'll be none but the holy,
I shall know no more of sin,
There I'll see Mama and Nellie,
For I know He'll let them in.
But I must tell the angel,
When I meet him at the door,
That they must excuse my Papa,
'Cause he couldn't leave the store.

Mama says that may be
I shall very soon be called away.
If Papa were only ready
I should like to go to day;
But if I should go before him
To that land of light and joy,
Then I guess he'll want to come
To heaven to see his little boy.

"W. B." of Boston informs us that this touching ballad of the deathbed, the silent tomb and the pearly gates, was sung here over 40 years ago by the late Ira D. Sankey during the Moody and Sankey campaign. It was published in their first book, "Gospel Songs." Is father still at the store?

A third correspondent writes: "We unregenerate used to prefer to finish up with:

Then she stopped
Because I blacked her eye—
With a whack fol der riddle
Whack fol der!

A Fine Bird.

As the World Wags:

Can one of your readers tell us how a spatch-cock was prepared? You find it mentioned in English novels of a hundred years ago as a tasty thing for an evening of good cheer. Welsh rabbit we know about, but spatch-cock does not appear even in Samuel Johnson's Dictionary. H. S. Worcester.

Spatch-cock is a dispatch-cock, "an Irish dish upon any sudden occasion." The author of the West India Sketch Book says these cocks are simply fowls cut down the back and expanded to the purpose of a grill. "They afford an agreeable relief to an appetite that demands haste to be gratified—whence the name." Grose (1755): "It is a hen, just killed from the roost, or yard, and immediately skinned, split and broiled." Moore, in his Fables, wrote:

Proud Prussia's double bird of prey,
Tame as a spatch-cock, slunk away.

The word, originally in Irish use, became chiefly Anglo-Indian. For other and curious meanings of the word see the Oxford Dictionary.

WILDE COMEDY

"Lady Windemere's Fan," the comedy which first established Oscar Wilde in the good graces of the British theatre-going public, is this week revived at the Copley Theatre by the Henry Jewett Players. The comedy was first seen in Boston at the Columbia Theatre in 1890 with Julia Arthur as Lady Windemere and it was last presented here by Margaret Anglin two years ago at the Hollis Street Theatre.

The eternal triangle, that perennial favorite of dramatists, is the conventional theme upon which Wilde chose to embroider his highly amusing epigrams and bits of worldly wisdom. The play opens with the discussion of a hypothetical case of morality: whether a young woman whose husband's interests have strayed somewhat from the paths of marital affection is justified in consoling herself.

Mrs. Windemere shortly finds herself precipitated into what she considers an analogous situation and meets it according to the dictates of her nature, which is by no means wholly stable.

The Jewett Players, who are by this time thoroughly schooled in the Wildian manner, were more than usually at ease for a first night performance. Beatrice Miller plays Lady Windemere with admirable delicacy and tact. Jessamine Newcombe, as Mrs. Erlynne, the woman of the world whose last illusion has been shattered, but who sacrifices herself to save her daughter, won complete sympathy for herself without losing the suggestion of the perverse and reckless character she was portraying. Lionel Glenister played a convincing Lord Darlington and Gladys Morris as the Duchess of Berwick was immensely amusing.

B. F. KEITH'S

War, grim and death-dealing, War the vampire, depleted in allegorical dance, showing its inception, its futile ebb and flow and its final overthrow by Civilization and the return to Peace, is the keynote of the allegorical ballet, "The Garden of the World," arranged by J. J. Hughes, and danced by Adelaide and Hughes, with a company of 10 esthetic dancers and an augmented orchestra, under the direction of Arthur Guttman, feature the bill at Keith's Theatre for the present week and will remain through next week. Fresh from a prolonged engagement in New York they came yesterday to win fresh laurels in this city. "The Garden of the World" is one of the most beautiful parables ever produced.

Adelaide and Hughes open their act with a number entitled "The Birth of Dance," in which four young women draped in Grecian robes cavort and prouette about in wild abandon. Adelaide and Hughes follow in "Classics of the Age" and "Divertissements," a collection of three esthetic dances, finishing with "The Garden of the World."

Stuart Barnes, the singing comedian, who has not been seen in Boston for several seasons, is also a headliner on this week's bill. Although slightly thinner as to hair, he has lost none of his drawing power, nor has he lost the art of drawing laughs from his audience. His song, "It's a Wonderful Place," won for him yesterday tremendous bursts of applause.

Will Oakland and company in the delightful Irish comedy skit, "Danny O'Gill, I. S. A.," is seen at Keith's this week for the first time in this bit of Irish humor. Wilfred Clarke and company in "Who Owns the Flat?" have a screaming bit of nonsense to offer that has a punch in every line and situation. Florie Millership, the little comedienne, presents a bundle of quaint songs that catch on. Others who help make one of the finest bills of the present season are Ralph Lohse and Nana Sterling, the latter having been awarded the 1915 medal by the physical culture societies as the most perfectly formed woman in America; Parillo and Frabito, Italian street singers and musicians; Kimberly and Arnold in songs and dialogue, and Mrs. Vernon Castle in the fifth episode of the patriotic photo-play, "Patria."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

With every possible embellishment, "Mutt and Jeff's Wedding" returned to the Castle Square last evening. It was seen there last fall and was witnessed by large audiences. The same tale will be told about it all through the present week.

The play is decidedly different from anything yet seen in musical comedy production. Mutt and Jeff appear as benedicts, the play taking them all through the troublesome period known as courtship, giving them the chance of their lives to excel in their ninth provoking proclivities.

Strictly speaking, "Mutt and Jeff's Wedding" is a high-class vaudeville show, and it is living up to its reputation.

The man in Salem who entered St. James's Church took off his clothes and began to preach in the pulpit to the empty pews was following the precepts and example of that interesting religious sect, the Adamites. Some say they were a branch of the Carpocratians and Valentinians. According to Theodoret, one Prodicus was the founder of the sect. The members, men and women, never appeared naked except in their assemblies when they performed their religious ceremonies. There was a stove with a good fire. They did not strip until they entered the room, then they seated themselves on benches and went through their prayers and sacred songs, after which they put on their clothes. Alexander Ross says that in their opinions they were Anabaptists, Augustines and Epiphanius had much to say about them. The article "Adamites" in the Dictionary of the celebrated Mr. Bayle contains an entertaining discussion of the beliefs and practices of this worthy sect.

Rats.

Some who have sworn destruction to poor Fuss and urged a tax have quoted foreign instances. The last Pall Mall Gazette received says that the town of Pirmasens in Bavaria has abolished the tax imposed on cats a year ago. This tax led to a marked decrease in the number of cats kept by the inhabitants, and the result was that the town is now overrun with rats and mice working much mischief.

A Phrase Wanted.

As the World Wags:

You probably remember your "homines consulares," in "De Senectute" and elsewhere. Rome was kind to her consuls in that when they left or were retired from their office she had the pleasing title of, "consularis" to confer upon them. We are not so fortunate in this country. We speak of our "ex-Presidents" where the emphasis is all on the "Ex." This seems to me to be hardly fair to the men who have rendered worthy service in high places. There ought to be a new word found. "Presidentedly" might be too suggestive, but "Presidentar," to follow our classic example might suit. Perhaps our phrase-maker at the White House could become a word-builder long enough to make a title for himself to wear in a few short years.

FRANK KINGDON.

Hull, Feb. 12.

The Educated Pirate.

In reading "Impressions and Comments," by Havelock Ellis, we came across the following sentence: "The man who wrote the most magnificent sentence in the English language was a pirate and died on the scaffold." Who can say what the sentence was and

who was the pirate that wrote it?—London Daily Chronicle.

"No, Sir, Never."

We heard a man with chin whiskers say to his neighbor in a street car yesterday: "No, sir, Russia should not be allowed to have Constantinople; no, sir, never." And he had a set, grim, murderous expression; but as he was burdened with packages—one of them evidently coffee—he is undoubtedly a mild man at home. His talk reminded us that Charles James Fox took a sporting chance on the Turks losing in Europe while he was alive. In 1778 he gave a Mr. Shirley 10 guineas at Brooks Club on the understanding that Mr. Shirley should pay him 500 guineas when Turkey in Europe belonged to a western power or powers. And this reminded us in turn of a letter received from the Cape.

Constantinople.

As the World Wags:

I think it was last year that some of your talented world wagers were discussing the Golden Horn and the Sublime Porte. Sir Edwin Pears delivered a series of lectures on the land of the Turk, lectures that were entertaining and instructive. It will be useful to glance at Frances Elliot's "Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople." I have a copy of the 1893 edition. Notwith-

standing the title, the author is a "thorough" seems to have been anything but idle in the pursuit of knowledge during her stay in the Turkish capital. She tells some curious tales of the Sultans of yore. The following may not be new to many of your readers, but it will bear repetition:

"Here is an anecdote of the same bird-loving Bajazet (II.), who could be as sarcastic and cruel as his father, when, in the orgies of a drunken frolic in the Seraglio, where the wines of Cyprus and Shiraz flowed freely among the viziers and the pashas, he insulted his old friend Kuduk Ahmed, one of his father's best generals and at the time agha of the Janissaries.

"Look you, now, O Kuduk," said the Sultan, the portals of whose lips copious draughts of wine had opened, "I am a man of peace; my father was a man of war. I want no greedy and vainglorious pashas, nor their janissaries, either, eating up the taxes in their pride.

"To which Kuduk hastily responded: 'And who, O Sultan, placed you on the throne? Who keeps you there? Are you so safe that you can despise the janissaries, who can pull you down as soon as they have put you up?'

"A silence of death followed the bold speech. Bajazet, crimson with rage, beckoned the Kislar Agha, and when all were departing and the robes of honor were being distributed, that offered to Kuduk was black as night. Kuduk at once rose and prepared to die. But the voice of Bajazet made itself heard once more.

"Stay!" cried he, 'stay! I have not done with you,' as the mutes advanced to strip and beat him before the bow-string was tightened round his neck.

"Base and ungrateful wretch!" cried the vizier, who had now nothing to lose; 'if you had condemned me to die, why did you defile my soul in making me drink wine?'

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.
East Brewster, Cape Cod.

ALICE NIELSEN HEARD

The February concert in the Tremont Temple course took place last evening. The artists were Alice Nielsen, soprano; Cara Sapin, contralto; Ralph Smalley, cellist; John A. O'Shea, organist. William Reddick was the accompanist.

Miss Nielsen sang these songs: "Down in the Forest," Ronald; "The Kerry Dancers," Molloy; "The Old Refrain," Kreisler; "The Years at the Spring," Beach; "Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute," Cadman; "Above the Branch of the Olive Tree," Converse; "The Angels Are Stopping," Ganz; "The Lark Now Leaves Its Watery Nest," Parker; "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," Foster; "Fairly Pipers," Brewer; "Old Black Joe," Foster; "An Open Secret," Woodman. Miss Sapin sang these songs: Aria from "Orfeo," Gluck; "The Awakening," Spross; "Wid de Moon, Moon, Moon," Cook; "On the Shore," Neidlinger. Mr. Smalley played these pieces: Sailor Song, Grieg; "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," Cadman; Chanson Napolitaine, Casella; Lamento, Faure; Tarentelle, Holman.

Miss Nielsen was indisposed and sang against the wishes of her physician that she might not disappoint her audience. The program was necessarily changed slightly; thus the operatic arias were discreetly omitted. The remainder of the prima donna's program was of the light and popular style. Notwithstanding the apology for the singer, she sang with her accustomed charm. An accomplished actress, she found it difficult to restrain herself and there was always a tendency to "get into the part." Thus, besides her agreeable voice, there was always a picture presented in her excellent interpretation of the text of this or that song.

Miss Sapin sang resonantly and always with fine musical intelligence. A full-throated singer, she was especially at ease in sustained song. Mr. Smalley's musicianly playing is already well known. In a varied program he was warmly applauded and was generous with his encores.

WRIGHT SYMONS

By PHILIP HALE.

Wright Symons, baritone, gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Richard Hageman was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Lully, Bois epais; Sarti, Lungi dal caro bene; Lotti, Pur dilesti; Caldara, Salve Amiche; Carlissime, Vittoria; Verdi, Credo from "Otello"; Fontenailles, Fleur dans un livre; Duparc, Extase; G. Faure, Adieu, Lydia; Svampa, Ave Maria; Paladilbre, C'est ici le berceau; Gertrude Ross, The Open Road; Loewe, How Deep the Slumber of the Floods; Easthope Martin, Absence; Hageman, Do Not Go, My Love, May Night; Horsman, The Joyous Wanderer.

Mr. Symons sang here some years ago in an operetta company headed by Miss

Alma Albrecht. If we are not mistaken, he afterwards studied in European cities. Before returning to the United States he sang in opera at Nice.

His program yesterday included certain old songs that are always welcome and not merely as tests of a singer's ability. Of the modern French songs "Extase" of Duparc has the most musical worth. To our mind Duparc is the chief lieder writer of France, though by no means the most productive. Seeking beauty in the expression of even conventional poetic sentiment, he is nevertheless not too fastidious and is never merely precious. Perhaps we should be thankful that his physical infirmity has prevented dangerous fecundity in composition. The "Ave Maria," written for Mr. Symons and dedicated to him, has little religious feeling. It is more on the salon order of sentimental music. Nor has the air from Paladilbre's "Patrie" dramatic force. Iago's "Credo" from Verdi's opera makes little effect in a concert hall and without the orchestral accompaniment. Yet in these arias Mr. Symons showed that he was something more than a polished singer of gentle, amiable music.

In the Italian and French songs he displayed vocal skill and a pure taste. The voice itself, well trained, has little natural color. It might be described as a useful voice with neutral tints. His art, his poise and his evident artistic honesty made a pleasing impression on an audience of good size.

A painter, not a sash and blind painter, not a painter and glazier, but what Artemus Ward would call a boss painter, brings this story from Philadelphia. Col. Culpepper of good Virginian stock, was in a club. To him a friend remarked: "I hear, colonel, that Mrs. Culpepper is going North for a visit." "Yes, sir, and she will be gone for some time." "She must have a great deal of confidence in you, colonel, to leave you alone in Philadelphia." "Sir," replied the colonel, "she has; and, let me tell you that her confidence is humiliating."

An "Exclusive" Club.

As the World Wags:

In a directory of Boston professing to sound the last note of up-to-dateness there appears in the list of social clubs: THE TENNYSON RACKET CLUB.

Strange, is it not, how the intellectual essence of this burg penetrates even such of its institutions as are dedicated primarily to brawn rather than to brain. This association of ideas is a bit intricate, and a bit tough on the excellent Tennyson, but it at least shows how hard it is to live down a previous conviction of literary tendency.

Boston. ABEL SEAMAN.

"Pease and Beans."

As the World Wags:

Answering the inquiry of "Invagator" "Are Pease and Beans fed to horses at the present day in England?"—I would say that Shakespeare is fully corroborated by Horace (Lingard), who flourished during the latter part of the 19th century. I quote from page 23 of his complete works:

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse on peas and beans;
Of course it's quite beyond my means,
But that's the style in the army.
This would seem to settle the matter conclusively.

Do you remember Horace and his charming wife, and sister Dickie?

As a female impersonator he was unrivalled in his day. I remember him when in stunning costume he sang "On the Beach at Long Branch." The tragic tale of "Mister Hassan Ali-Beg, Mustapha Astrakan" was one of his successes:

The Beauty in his harem was enough to knock you down,
There were black-girls, white girls, yellow girls and girls of dusky brown.
Black eunuchs watched 'em day and night, for a mighty jealous man
Was Mister Hassan Ali-Beg, Mustapha Astrakan.
And if a wife presumed to flirt, which sometimes would occur,
Why, I've just something to remark: "So much the worst for her."
For deep down in the Bosphorus they'd drown the naughty she,
Or else a scimitar would soon destroy her summer-tree.
O, Mister Hassan, Ali-Beg, Mustapha Astrakan!
This slippery, turbaned, cross-legged, smoking oriental man!
Eheu fugaces.

Brocton. EDGAR P. HOWARD.
Is Mr. Howard sure of his fourth line in "Captain Jinks"? We have heard it sung "Though a captain in the army." In the second song was it Ali-Beg, or Ali-bey? We once had a collection of Lingard's songs which we heard him sing in 1871. They were published in New York in an edition about the size of the present church anthem and sold for 5 or 10 cents apiece. It is singular that there is no mention of Lingard in

the lists of London comic singers in the Era Almanac for '69, '70 and '71. Emily Soldene in her amusing "Theatrical and Musical Recollections" mentions Alice Dunning at the Oxford in the latter Sixties.

"In the front row" were two beautiful girls, Miss Alice Dunning, afterward celebrated (particularly in the States) as Miss Alice Dunning Lingard (Mrs. Horace Lingard); and Miss Wilson, subsequently known to fame as 'Lardy' Wilson." Alice Dunning died in 1897.—Ed.

That Eloquent Pirate.

The answer to the statement of Mr. Havelock Ellis that the most magnificent sentence in the English language was uttered by a pirate is said to be this. The sentence is:

"O, eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the farre stretched greatness, all the pride, crultie and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet!"

The pirate was Sir Walter Raleigh.

Flying in 1781.

Aviators and all those interested in flying men, peaceful or bellicose, have undoubtedly read the adventures of Peter Wilkins. Another book has probably escaped them. In 1781 Restif de La Bretonne published a novel in three volumes, "La Decouverte Australe, ou l'Histoire de l'Homme Volant." This flying man was the son of a village attorney. Falling desperately in love with the daughter of a gentleman, he made for himself ingenious wings and bore her away. They alighted on an otherwise inaccessible rock, where he married her. They had so many children that they were obliged to seek a more commodious home. Flying over the sea with his family, he founded an empire on a desert island, from which he made the tour of the world, coming across men-horses, men-apes, men-ants, Patagonians and other curious creatures. The novel was not completed in the three volumes. Grimm described the romance as so serious in its foolishness that it was insipid and tiresome.

"The Bob-tail Nag."

As the World Wags:

Do you remember the words of the song "I'll bet my money on the bob-tail nag"? The last time I heard it, it seemed like something dug up from antiquity and yet it was back in 1863 at Selwyn's Theatre. It was in November of that year, the night of Gen. Grant's first election to the presidency and the returns from all over the country were read to us from the stage. The play on that occasion was "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," and it was during the tremendous joustings on basket horses between Henry VIII. (Harry Pearson) and Francis I. (Stuart Robson) that the frenzied assembled courtiers began to shout in chorus: "I'll bet my money on the bob-tail nag." It was awfully silly, particularly when the police in modern dress rushed in and arrested the combatants, but silly somewhat in accordance with the original meaning of that word. EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Boston.

This song is "Camptown Races," a Christy minstrel ditty. It probably can be found in the music shops.—Ed.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Winifred Christie, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows:

Beethoven, Sonata op. 10, No. 3; Schubert, Moment Musical; Brahms, Intermezzo; Korngold, Scherzo from op. 2; Chopin, Sonata op. 53; Debussy, Les Pierres alternees, La Terrasse des audiences du Clair de lune, La Soiree dans Grenade; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G. Moszkowski, Concert Etude in G flat.

Miss Christie came here a year ago last month for the first time. She then made a most favorable impression. This season she has played here in private, and at a Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall.

She is one of the few visiting pianists in these days that give unalloyed pleasure even when their programs are not skilfully arranged. Her technic is remarkable, even at this time when technic, as Goethe said of talent, runs

FEB 17 1917

FEB 18 1917

Winifred Christie

...a ... was ...
... which ...
... all ...
... audience ...
... detail ...
... where the doll-wife faces her play-
... and ...
... the ...
... of ...
... where the doll-wife faces the play-
... as individual to individual, were
... performed.

The work of Gladys Morris as Nora Helmer achieved excellence. First as the pretty girl, the plaything of her husband, she caught the spirit of the young wife. Later her character development into Nora, the thoughtful woman, was well marked. Fred W. Pernal as Dr. Rank was admirable in the part. Leonard Chaske as Torvald Helmer made his psychological changes telling and touched a very high mark in his performance. Lionel Glenister made a sinister Nils Krogstad. Other members of the cast contributed their share to the excellence of the presentation.

Next week the Jewett Players will present "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," an idle fancy by Jerome K. Jerome.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Love Mill," musical comedy in two acts, book and verses by Earl Carroll, music by Alfred Francis; produced in Allentown, Pa., Feb. 5. First performance in Boston.

Nicholas Thompson..... Clarence Harvey
Mrs. Thompson..... Jeanette Lowrie
Mills..... Gwendolyn Piers
Lucille..... Frank Allsworth
Peggy..... Tessa Kosta
Mrs. Carter-Besmont..... Vera Michelena
Count Aladar Przemyslenski.....
Gustav von Seyffertitz
George Dodge..... Lynn Overman
William King..... Frank Allsworth
Tom Morris..... John Wesley McGowan
Katie..... Gertrude Clemons

Last night's performance of this second venture into the musical comedy field by Andreas Dippel, formerly associated with grand opera, not only as an artist, but an executive, gave frequent evidence of unpreparedness. With only two weeks of actual presentation behind it, it was to be expected that smoothness might be lacking. That happens commonly nowadays; yet such a defect does not necessarily spell disaster. Given good material, any capable producer is not disheartened at initial impediments and obstacles. He goes ahead, perfects and polishes, and in the end brings forth a gem.

So it should be with "The Love Mill." Already the score is there, rich with likable melodies, varied in theme and orchestration, consistently tuneful. "When You Feel a Little Longing," with its slow rhythm, will rival the "Every Little Movement" of "Madame Sherry." "Follow Mamma's Advice," of sprightly tempo, is equally catchy, and there are many others which will attain popularity speedily.

Mr. Carroll seems to have labored heavily with his book. It has its bright moments, but were it not for the individual resourcefulness of several of the principals the story, and with it the action would stand out as conspicuously dull. Mr. Carroll's verses improve on the book. Without evincing any rare depths, they serve for the evening, and are quickly forgotten. "A 2 Z. L. M. 4 U." was the one novelty in lyrics which caught the fancy of the audience. This is a very neat and expressive bit of foolery with letters and figures in song.

The story concerns the debt-burdened Thompsons, their efforts to marry off three daughters for worldly gains, and the disappointments and disillusionments which follow. Only Peggy and her constant Tommy hit it off right, and in the end it is Peggy who really obtains both true love and riches. Miss Michelena, thinly fed for acting material, has the nominal prima donna role of a flirtatious divorcee, with two songs, neither of which may be counted among the choice numbers of the score. Two of these fall to Miss Kosta and Mr. McGowan, whose concerted efforts more than once are invaluable to the maintenance of interest.

Miss Piers, as the hopelessly fat daughter, and Miss Hegeman as the comically thin daughter, are amusing; Miss Lowrie, a bit husky of throat, but an energetic comedienne, and Mr. Harvey, in a lean part, were excellent. Mr. von Seyffertitz gave an admirable characterization of a fortune-hunting count. A comely chorus of a dozen attractive maidens sang up above the musical comedy chorus average. In the first act the Desmonds introduced an eccentric duo dance which, though appreciated, needs more consistent introduction.

ADELAIDE AND J. J. HUGHES REMAIN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Belle Baker Is Also a Feature of
This Week's Bill.

Adelaide and J. J. Hughes, headliners of a week ago at B. F. Keith's Theatre, hold over on the program this week. The act is one of the best dancing numbers in vaudeville.

Belle Baker of the newcomers sings a group of songs, and while not possessing a voice of distinction, she is a comedienne and mimic. In all of her songs she gives her own interpretation, re-

... intentions of the com-
... but the trick of harmony was
... the very thing that scored with the
... audience. Her Italian and Hebrew dia-
... lects were pleasing.

George Holland and company ap-
... appeared in "The Vacuum Cleaner," a
... farce that is worth seeing more than
... once. Other acts were: Gladys Clark
... and Henry Bergman in a singing and
... dancing number; Charles Olcott in an
... entertaining travesty on musical com-
... edy; Hugh Herbert and company in a
... sketch, "The Prediction"; Miller
... and Mack, dancers; Wallace Bradley and
... Grette Ardine in a singing and dancing
... act, and the sixth episode of "Patria,"
... the photo-play, featuring Mrs. Castle.

MISS NEVIN'S RECITAL

Miss Frances Nevin, assisted by Misa
Marlon Tufts, pianist, gave the third
of her interpretative recitals at the
Tulleries yesterday morning. The sub-
ject was Wagner's "Siegfried." Next
Monday morning the final recital of the
series will take place. Wagner's "Got-
terdaemmerung" will be discussed.

F26-21-191-

MISSSES SUTRO

By PHILIP HALE.

The Misses Otille and Rose Sutro
gave a concert of music for two pianos
yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall.
The program was as follows: W. F.
Bach, Sonata; Roessler, Sonata, Op. 22;
Saint-Saens, Variations, Op. 35; Pierre
Maurice, Two Little Pieces in Fugal
Style; Chopin-Brahms, Etude, Op. 25,
No. 2; Chopin-Sutro, Valse, Op. 64, No.
1 (MSS.); Sinding, Duet, Op. 41, No. 2.

These pianists are not strangers in
Boston. The daughters of Otto Sutro,
prominent in the musical life of Balti-
more, they were taught at first by their
mother. In 1888 they went to Berlin,
where they studied with Heinrich Barth,
and were graduated at the Royal High
School of Music in 1893. After a season
in Paris, they went to London and gave
concerts there in the summer of 1894.
On their return from Europe they made
an American tour, which was managed
by the late Harry G. Snow. The cir-
cular then prepared is now before us, with
the picture of two youthful and attrac-
tive young women. Then, as now,
Saint-Saens's Variations on a Theme of
Beethoven were in their repertoire.

The program yesterday was not
judiciously selected or arranged. Some
years ago Emil Sauer played an ar-
rangement for piano of an organ con-
certo by Friedemann Bach, which was
not uninteresting. This cannot be said
of the sonata by Bach played yester-
day, nor could the interpretation be
commended, except for its precision and
mechanical fluency. The sonata by
Roessler was played here for the first
time, we believe; it probably was also
for the last time, unless the Misses
Sutro should have the courage, not to
say the audacity, to repeat it at a future
concert. It is music wholly without in-
spiration, often defiantly noisy, yet
without true force or significance; in
the milder episodes agreeable only in an
obvious and expected fashion. No doubt
it is difficult; unfortunately, to change
the old saying, it is not impossible.

The Misses Sutro are excellent en-
semble players in a mechanical and dry
manner. There is technical skill, there
is precision; there is the necessary
sense of proportion and contrast. But
neither in the sonata of Bach, the son-
ata of Roessler, nor in the opening of
Saint-Saens's Variations was there any
revelation of a poetically musical spirit.
Tone was matter-of-fact; expression
was in black and white without any
warm coloring; melodic figures were
rigidly sung. In a word, there was an
excellent display of mechanism and of
mechanical interpretation.

An audience of fair size applauded
heartily.

The Herald has received several let-
ters saying that Captain Jinks of the
Horse Marines fed his horse on corn
and beans, not "peas and beans."

Mr. Charles B. Randolph of Worces-
ter gives this version:

"I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse good corn and beans;
Of course it's quite beyond my means,
But I'm Captain in the Army."

"Moreover, to my childish fancy, the
captain was not an Englishman. For
the second stanza was:

"I'm Mistress Jinks of Madison Square,
I wear fine clothes and puff my hair;
And the gentlemen at me do stare,
For the Captain's in the Army."

"Unless corn in the first stanza and
Madison Square in the second are Amer-
ican interpolations, it would seem that
we must go farther afield for corrobora-
tion of Shakespeare in this instance."

No. "Mistress Jinks" did not figure in
the original song. In the second verse
Captain Jinks told how he taught the
ladies how to dance. When William
Horace Lingard (not "Harry" Lingard,
as one correspondent has it) came to
this country, certain places mentioned
in his songs were Americanized. Thus,
"On the Beach at Long Branch" was
originally "On the Beach at Brighton."

A Bit of a Critic.

As the World Wags

Coming out of the Copley Theatre the
other night a lady ahead of me ex-
pressed the opinion that Wilde is wittier
than Shaw but not half so funny as
Charlito Chaplin. Which I take it is
dramatic criticism raised to the nth
power. Wot?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston.

"Look It."

As the World Wags:

I am not an etymologist and lay before
you no credentials to write upon the
derivation of colloquialism, or contrac-
tion, in the King's English. But I am
amazed at the ignorance (in a well
meant sense, please) and perplexity of
some of your correspondents who do
write upon these subjects for your in-
teresting corner of the Herald. It seems
as if they must have spent much of their
life with their head in a book and could
not have mixed much with the world.

I have no absolute knowledge or proof
of what "Look it" means, or whence it
was devised, but it is one of those pro-
vincialisms that stick to the Irish-
American, just as "bought it off of
him" instead of "bought it from him"
and the English "h-a-a-h" for "h."
Its meaning has always been so mani-
fest to me that I have never thought it
could be a subject of doubt. It is a
contraction of "Look at this" (see this),
or "Look at here" (listen to this). It
is often an exclamation of a servant
girl, who is too startled to finish her
sentence; she gets as far as "Look it"—
and stops in order to scream. As a
studied effort at patois it is introduced
on "movie" films and elsewhere, in sit-
uations where the element of startled-
ness is absent. If I am not very much
mistaken it occurs in the new film of
Mary Pickford, made at Marblehead
the past summer, and entitled "The
Pride of the Clan," in this case made
to do duty as Scotch patois.

I remember one of your cor-
respondents said he had heard a young
lady at table use the expression "bull."
I have heard women use it in seeming
ignorance of its full meaning, myself.
It has a very strong hold, and
who knows but what it may be incor-
porated in the dictionaries of 100 years
hence, with the explanation, "origin
obscure?" A. W. D.
Salem.

As the World Wags:

Referring to the paragraph on "Look
it" in the Boston Herald of the 16th
inst., the following may possibly be of
interest to you:

For a number of years a diver, who I
am quite sure came from the Provinces,
came to this office at frequent inter-
vals to purchase diving material. I
noticed time and again that he used the
word "Look it" when he wished me to
listen particularly to what he had to
say. While he was a man of not very
much education, still he had what you
would call a very good grammar school
education and had considerable experi-
ence of the world, so that he was gen-
erally well informed.

Boston.

M. A. LAWTON.

Another Version.

As the World Wags:

It seems a pity that your collection of
explanations of the Enroughy-Darby
mystery should not be complete, so I
am adding mine to the list. The Balti-
morean who told me about it claims to
have been lost for hours on the En-
roughy road, inquiring for it under
that name, and always being told that
he was on the Darby road. He says that
sometime early in the last century an
old man named Enroughy—which was
pronounced so—the last of his family,
wished to perpetuate his name. He left
his property to some distant cousins
named Darby on the condition that they
should change their name to Enroughy.
They did change it as far as writing it
was concerned, but their friends and
neighbors did not take kindly to the
change, and continued to call them Dar-
by: hence the confusion.

Brookline.

THERESA TEMPEST.

Names and Nicknames.

As the World Wags:

Quite recently people were much ex-
cited over the word "Anzac," which
turned out to be only the initials of Aus-
tralia and New Zealand Army Corps. In
the Transvaal at the time of President
Krueger a policeman was called a
"Zarp"—Zuid (South) African Republic
Police. When the Australian contingent
landed at Port Elizabeth for the Anglo-

Boer war, the local papers announced
"Cornstalks to the Rescue!" This term,
it appears, was originally applied to the
sons of "Lags," that is, persons who
had been transported to the penal set-
tlement and afterward became useful
and exemplary citizens of the common-
wealth. It was, it appears, afterward
broadened to include the sons of volun-
teer immigrants as well. By the way,
how much pleasanter is the term, "new
chum," which the Australian gives the
arriving immigrant than the hateful
term "greenhorn," which one some-
times hears applied to new arrivals by
those who made poor use of their longer
residence. ORION.

"Cornstalk" is an Australian generic
term for persons of European descent,
but it is specially applied to girls. "The
children of Anglo-Australians are gen-
erally taller and slimmer in build than
their parents." The term, at first ap-
plied to natives of New South Wales, is
now general. Natives of Queensland
are "Bananalarders," of Tasmania
"kumsuckers." A "lag" is a returned
transport convict, a ticket-of-leave
man. A "lag" is any convicted felon
without special reference to Australia.

M'CORMACK

John McCormack, tenor, assisted
by Donald McBeath, violinist, gave a
concert at Symphony Hall last even-
ing. Edwin Schneider was the ac-
companied.

Mr. McCormack sang these songs:
Handel, O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave
Me? Tell Fair Irene; Wolf, Secret;
Sjogren, Seraglio's Garden; Blech-
mann, Serenade; Rachmaninoff, When
Night Descends; Irish songs; H. T. Bur-
leigh, When I Awake; Schneider, I'm
mindful of the Roses; Miss Lang, The
Day Is Done; Dix, The Trumpeter. Mr.
McBeath played these pieces: Wie-
niawski, Romance; Granados-Kreisler,
Spanish Dance; Kreisler, Liebesfreud;
Schuberl, L'Abellie; Wieniawski, Ma-
zurka.

Mr. McCormack, who was in the vein,
largely fulfilled the expectations of the
very large audience. Few singers com-
mand such admiration, give such pleas-
ure, stir so deeply the emotions of their
hearers. Recalled again and again the
famous tenor was generous in adding to
the program.

Mr. McBeath's finished and musical
playing lent variety to the evening. Mr.
Schneider was a brilliant accompanist.

Mr. McCormack will sing again to-
morrow evening and on Sunday after-
noon.

F26-22-1917

MISS GULICK

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Anne Gulick, pianist, gave the
first of three recitals yesterday after-
noon in Steinert Hall. The program
was as follows: Scarlatti, Moderato,
Toccatina, Pastorale, Capriccio, De-
bussy, Clair de lune, Les Jardins sous
la pluie, Minstrels, Et la lune descend
sur le temple qui fut, L'Alce joyeuse;
Beethoven, Sonata, op. 81; Nagel, Waltz
in G major (first performance); Foote,
Tide Arabesque; Mrs. Beach, Dream-
ing, Fireflies; Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 15
(Rakoczy March).

This young pianist of Cambridge is
not unknown to the musical world. When
she was only 14 years old she played
in chamber music at Athens-Greece,
not New York—and she played with the
Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cam-
bridge and in New Bedford. Young as
she is, she has had an experience that
has been denied to many others of her
profession.

Some may wonder that she began her
recital yesterday with little pieces by
Scarlatti and then turned immediately
to the Impressionistic Achille Claude
Debussy. This departure from the con-
ventional arrangement was refreshing.
It is pleasanter as a rule to hear little
pieces than long ones. What Poe said
of poetry is true of piano music. A
sonata is not necessarily beautiful or
impressive because it is a sonata in
three or four movements. Miss Gulick
sacrificed duly on the altar of orthodoxy
by putting a sonata on the program, but
it was placed sensibly in the middle,
and those with jumping nerves or a
weak heart could leave the hall with
the agreeable recollection of having
heard the pianist. Furthermore an
essay might be written on the close re-
lationship of Scarlatti and Debussy—
we should throw in Mozart—although
the two lived many years apart. The
essay would not be paradoxical. To be-
gin with, Scarlatti and Debussy each
had style. We say "had" of Debussy,
for his latest compositions for the piano
seem to be only a faint echo of his
works, after he had freed himself from
the influence of Massenet and Gounod.
Miss Gulick has certain indisputable

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Will the teler of strange things that happened on the Foxhound back in '73 send to us his postoffice address so that he, receiving his entertaining story, may shorten it for this column? A few days ago we asked our valued contributors, Mr. John Savage Shaghellion, Capt. Martin Gale, John Coffin and other spinners of yarns, to tell their tales within a column; better still, within three-quarters of a column.

A Second Help.

Let us add to the list of books recommended at this time for household reading: "England's Happiness Increased, or a Sure and Easie Remedy Against all Succeeding Dear Years by a Plantation of the Roots called Potatoes." This book by J. Forster was published in 1684. Possibly it is out of print. Here is an abbreviated title of a preceding pamphlet: "A Proposition to plant Potatoes through all the parts of England . . . and the benefit thereof in times of scarcity of Food . . . Their usefulness for meat and bread." Arthur Young, travelling in France, remarked—his account was published in 1792: "As to potatoes, it would be idle to consider them in the same view as an article of human food, which ninety-nine hundredths of the human species will not touch."

As far back as 1822 in England "the potato" was a slang term for the proper thing, "quite the cheese." Thus in Blackwood a book reviewer wrote: "The Bishop's first two volumes are not quite the potato."

In our boyhood and in our little village on the Connecticut at a time when oysters were known only as coming in kegs, we spoke familiarly of Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes. Why "Irish"? An explanation was published in the Boston Journal 16 years ago: That they were so called from "the Irish, who came in 1719, settled Londonderry, N. H., and were required to pay quit rent to the amount of a peck of potatoes. The white potato, called Irish, did not become general until after 1800."

In 1756 a visitor in Jamaica spoke of potatoes as cultivated all over America, supplying the negroes and poorer sort of people with a great part of their food.

The choir will now sing the old song: "O, potatoes they grow small—over there." Who wrote it? The "Era Almanack" of 1872 (London) spoke of a negro minstrel singing the song in a music hall and the crowd roaring with merriment. "Tubblish!" we hear the reader exclaim, and rubbish undoubtedly it is; but "laughter holding both his sides," is present whenever and wherever it is sung by the gentleman to whom we now allude.

At the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Julia Arthur is now playing in Boston. The Columbia Theatre was burned on Wednesday night. Does Miss Arthur remember the brilliant performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan," in which she took a conspicuous part, at that theatre, which, it was hoped, would be a fashionable playhouse? Her performance of Lady Windermere is still fresh in the memory of many with Mrs. D. P. Bowers's Duchess; E. M. Holland's Lord Augustus. All this was in January, 1893.

Mr. Markham's Soul.

As the World Wags: I think Edwin Markham, who was in these parts recently, is one of the most amusing of our poets. Here he is in a current magazine, wondering that his soul were like a bluebird in the top of an elm tree, because, says he, the bird should not worry, for he knows if the bough breaks, still his wings will bear him upward while he sings. Sure! Ed said something that time. He has a poet's insight. Duller minds might have thought the bird was anxious when the wind blew, like a green hand aloft in a squall. The conclusion he reaches is as complete and satisfying as the remark of the Hebraic gentleman who said "Niagara falls? Vy, of course it does; vat's to hinder it?" Such clairvoyance, I suppose, is what makes the difference between poets and folks. This example is as marvellous as the foreseeing of George Vlebeck that the name "The Fatherland" might perhaps be an

unpopular name for his journal of Kaiserliche civilization. C. T. Brookline.

Moon Blindness.

As the World Wags: About "moon blindness"; in '62 our regiment arrived in St. Augustine, Fla. As the regiment we were to relieve did

pronounce it "W. E. K." and the English correspondent he mentions in the Boston Herald of the 19th inst. are wrong in the pronunciation of Warwick and Warwickshire. They are pronounced Warick and Warickshire. Similarly Woolwich and Ipswich are pronounced Woollick and Ipslick. The second "w" is silent, that is all; an "r" is not substituted for it. SMITH OF ENGLAND.

Warwick Again.

As the World Wags: Both "W. E. K." and the English correspondent he mentions in the Boston Herald of the 19th inst. are wrong in the pronunciation of Warwick and Warwickshire. They are pronounced Warick and Warickshire. Similarly Woolwich and Ipswich are pronounced Woollick and Ipslick. The second "w" is silent, that is all; an "r" is not substituted for it. SMITH OF ENGLAND.

As the World Wags: I was much interested in two communications in your column of this morning's Herald signed respectively A. B. Roberts and "W. E. K." in regard to the pronunciation of the name Kenilworth and Warwick, particularly so, as I am a Warwickshire man and born and brought up in the immediate neighborhood of those two towns. As stated in the letter of Mr. Roberts, the common people or peasants, do pronounce Kenilworth frequently, as though the name were spelled Killingworth, but they would never spell it or write it so. And as "W. E. K." states, the name Warwick is always pronounced by everyone, educated or otherwise, as though it were spelled "Warrick."

Waltham. W. S. Many of us remember a song in the burlesque of "Kenilworth" played by Lydia Thompson and her company, all English, "If you are going to Kenilworth Castle." The singers did not pronounce it "Killingworth." Ed.

PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA GIVES ITS SIXTH ANNUAL CONCERT

Jacques Hoffmann Conducts and Hans Ebell, Pianist, Assists at Performance.

The People's Orchestra of the Boston Music School Settlement, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor, assisted by Hans Ebell, pianist, gave its sixth annual concert last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Auber, Overture to "La Part du Diable"; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Ebell, Romanze from Concerto in F sharp minor (Mss. first time in Boston); Godard, Adagio Pathetique; Delibes, Passepied from "Le Roi S'Amuse"; Chopin, Barcarolle, Mazurka; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, G sharp minor; Scriabin, Etude, op. 8; Sibellus, Finlandia; Mendelssohn, Overture to "Ruy Blas."

Mr. Ebell is well known in Boston and elsewhere as a pianist and teacher. The sketch for his concerto was made in Europe. The work itself, dedicated to his friend Ossip Gabrilowitsch, was written and completed in Boston. Mr. Ebell played his concerto for the first time with the Rochester Symphony Orchestra at Rochester, N. Y., last spring.

The Romanze played last evening for the first time in Boston awakened the desire to hear the work as a whole. The chief theme has the character of a Russian folk song and Mr. Ebell has shown both taste and skill in its treatment. There are also evidences of ingenious orchestration, of instruments effectively combined, of pleasing orchestral color. The Romanze, poetically conceived, has the charm of spontaneity, of youth which has not yet lost its ideals. Mr. Ebell, a resourceful pianist, played this movement from his concerto and the piano pieces by Chopin, Rachmaninoff and Scriabin romantically, with a sensitive feeling for nuances and convincing artistic sincerity. This young Russian pianist has evident talent and originality as a composer. The literature of piano pieces with orchestra is well worn. Here is a new work of much promise. It deserves a hearing in its entirety in the immediate future.

The orchestra under Mr. Hoffmann's direction displayed marked improvement over previous performances, while the accompaniment for the concerto was creditably played.

There was an enthusiastic audience of good size.

Now that potatoes are sold at an outrageously high price we should all read William Cobbett's blast against the farinaceous tuber. There is consolation also in the remarks about the evil influence of potatoes to be found in Melancthon's "Political Economy." In the England of 1649 the price was a shilling a pound. Prejudice was excited against the tuber; it was said to be poisonous. In Burgundy it was forbidden to be planted. The Royal Society of England did not advise it to be planted until 1662. It was not cultivated in Scotland till 1683 and not in open fields till 1778. Samuel Laing—"Journal of a Residence in Norway in 1834," p. 36—says that food which can be produced with little exertion of industry and skill as potatoes, will undoubtedly reduce a nation to a low state of industry and skill. Malthus in his "Essay on Population" points out the bad effects produced by potatoes, which stimulate population and thus lower wages. The Elizabethan dramatists teach us that the potato, especially a potato pie, is an aphrodisiac. On the other hand Washington Irving tells us that Columbus met on the island of Cuba the potato, "a humble root, little valued at the time, but a more precious acquisition to man than all the spices of the East." A dish of "French fried" or creamed potatoes may yet be served in place of terrapin, which is to us an absurdly overrated delicacy. Meanwhile we prefer a potato baked so that the skin has a nutty taste.

Throwing the Stocking.

As the World Wags: I find that, on his wedding night, our common friend, Humphrey Clinker, together with his spouse, was "bedded . . . with the usual ceremony of throwing the stocking."

I also find an ahyssmal gap in my own education between Bullfinch and George Ade. But long morning hours with the Herald in the New Haven yards waiting for entree to the South terminal have bred in me supreme confidence in the erudition and delicacy of description of this column. To you, I therefore appeal for explanation.

Woodbridge.

"Throwing the stocking" was a pleasing old custom at weddings. It was also called flinging the stocking. Here is a description given by Maximilien Misson, who traveled in England towards the latter half of the 17th century: "The young men took the bride's stocking, and the girls those of the bridegroom; each of whom, sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stocking over their heads, endeavoring to make it fall upon that of the bride or her spouse; if the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married, and a similar prognostic was taken from the falling of the bride's stocking, thrown by the young men." The custom is represented as a little different in "Fifteen Comforts of Marriage." "One of the young ladies, instead of throwing the stocking at the bride, flings it full in the basin" (which held the sack-posset) "and then it's time to take the posset away, which done, they last kiss round, and so depart." There is an attempt to explain the origin of the custom in the "British Apollo" (1708).

Q.—Apollo say, whence 'tis, I pray
The ancient custom came,
Stockings to throw (I'm sure you know)
At bridegroom and his dame.

A.—When Britons held bedded of old,
Sundays were backward thrown
The pair to tell that, ill or well,
The rest was all their own.
You will find entertaining accounts of the ceremony as practiced in English

My first was to go to the four
I A M at a quarter of the hour
sergeant came around to ask
corporals and see that the regt
started on time. When the
came to rouse me I heard him distinctly
say, "Come, corporal, wake up, get on
your detail," but I made no effort to
move, so he jerked me on to my feet
and went along to the next squad. Very
soon he came back; I stood where he
had left me, but I had made no move—
could not, he had to do it for me. In
a few minutes the lethargy wore off and I
was all right.

Now my sensory nerves functioned
but the motor nerves did not, for while
I was conscious of everything around
me, and knew that which I should do,
yet lacked the power to speak or move.
Again—in '64 we were in Yorktown,
Va., sleeping in tents; one night I awoke
and found the full moon shining fairly
on my face. I got up, took a smoke,
lay down in another position, and slept
till reveille; now why did I awaken? Was
it because that experience at St. August-
ine had frightened me and my sub-
consciousness sensed the malevolent
rays?

In the autumn of '63, while we were
on St. Helena island, S. C., a peculiar
affection began to trouble a large num-
ber of the men. They said that as soon
as it became dusk their eyesight com-
menced to fail. At first they were ridi-
culed, but when men complained who
were never known to shirk duty the
officers were obliged to take notice, and
the surgeons soon remarked that only
those of foreign birth were affected and
not all of those. The most of them re-
covered, but several had to be excused
from night duty during the remainder
of their term of enlistment.

Jamaica Plain. VETERAN.

MCCORMACK HEARD IN HIS THIRD CONCERT

Before an enthusiastic holiday audi-
ence, which packed Symphony Hall,
John McCormack gave his third concert
of the week last evening. The singer
was in good voice, and his program
was pleasingly varied. It included songs
by Nevin, Chadwick, Dunn, Schneide-
r, Burleigh, Beach, a group of MacDow-
ell, and the usual assortment of Irish folk
songs. Donald McBeath, violinist, was
well received, especially in his South-
land sketches.

Mr. McCormack's fourth and last con-
cert in the series will take place on
Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

15TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor,
took place yesterday afternoon. The
program was as follows: Cherubini,
overture to "The Abencerrages";
Brahms, concerto for violin and violon-
cello (Messrs. Witek and Warnke);
Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony.

It is customary to speak of Weher's
"chivalric" spirit as shown in the over-
tures to "Euryanthe" and "Oberon,"
also in some of his piano music. There
is also talk of his "chivalric flourish."
The dominant characteristic of Cheru-
bini in his overtures to "Anacreon,"
"Mecda" and "The Abencerrages" is a
certain nobility. In "Anacreon" it
might be called Sophoclean nobility.
In "The Abencerrages" the nobility in-
cludes a more modern stateliness. Wit-
ness the introductory measures, by no
means a perfunctory flourish, an an-
nouncement of savdust pomp. It is
as though Cherubini, like Spontini, had
been influenced in a measure by the
Empire, although Napoleon, not liking
his music, took every occasion to slight
him. It has been said of Haydn that
his workmanship is admirable, how-
ever small the occasion that required
it. This might be said of Cherubini as
a composer of instrumental and church
music. Mozart himself might have en-
vied in this overture to "The Abencer-
rages" the chromatic measures for the
strings that lead to the second subject.
No wonder that Beethoven greatly ad-
mired this Florentine, who made Paris
his home. We remember nothing rival-
ing or mean in his music, nor is it easy
to understand why as a composer he
has been called cold and dry.

The double concerto of Brahms can
not justly be ranked among his more
important works. His warmest friends
and admirers shook their heads when
they heard it. Even Hanslick, whose
articles about him were often as the
rhapsodies of passionate press agents
had much to say by way of apology for
not liking the concerto. He found that
it was a mistake for Brahms to choose
the two instruments, that the work
was not a concerto, after all, but a
symphonic composition with embedded

NEWMAN GIVES INTERESTING TRAVELTALK ON JAPAN

Illuminative Lecture at Symphony Hall Is First in Series on "The Orient Today."

Mr. Newman gave the first of his five Traveltalks—"The Orient Today; Impressions of 1916"—last evening in Symphony Hall. The subject was "Japan Today," a subject that is peculiarly timely when there are otherwise worthy souls who really believe that the Japanese are sitting on nights, plotting the invasion of this country. The photographic views and motion pictures shown by Mr. Newman were all interesting and many of them were beautiful, particularly the different views of the sacred mountain Fuji by day and by night and those of the parks, flowers and temples. Lovers of tea saw the teafields, the method of firing and packing, and then the ceremony observed for years of serving the cups to guests. There were pictures of the Hollyhock Festival, the long and exciting trip through the Hodozu Rapids; pictures, illustrative of the silk industry, the pearl fishery, the oystering. There were the old and the modernized streets of Tokyo; a glimpse at Baron Shibusawa, the J. P. Morgan of the East, at home. The charming lakes and bays with their islands and remarkable pictures of the gorgeous temples at Nikko. Not the least interesting were the many pictures of the Japanese children, fencing and drilling at school that they may be sturdy and prepared to serve their country; these children at play; domestic scenes and customs. Mr. Newman's descriptions were illuminative and not too statistical, and they were enlivened by pleasantries. His pictures are not only educative; they charm the aesthetic sense. The course as planned for this season should appeal to many; the countries visited so comfortably are not too familiar, and at present, when the problems of the East concern us greatly, the pictures are thrice welcome. The Traveltalk of last night will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week is "The New China."

"R. A." asks where the muslo of the song "Ka-Foozle-Um" may be found. Also, when was it written, and when was "Villikins and His Dinah" written? Is not "Ka-Foozle-Um" in some of the older college song books?

The verses of "Villikins and Dinah" were written by E. L. Blanchard of London, a dramatic critic, who for many years furnished Drury Lane with pantomimes. In 1839, when he was about 20 years old, he arranged private theatricals, and this song was then first sung by James Howe, to whom the music is attributed. A farce "The Wandering Minstrel," by F. H. Mayhews, was then performed. In October, 1864, a comedian at the Olympic Theatre, named Fred Robson, introduced the song in "The Wandering Minstrel" and it at once became popular. It was published in Davidson's "Musical Treasury" about 1864. At the Olympic Theatre the tune was "arranged" and the orchestration made by John Barnard. It was in 1854 on Twelfth Night at Tavistock House that Charles Dickens sang the song to the great delight of Thackeray. That year, or early in 1855, the "Legend of Villikins (sic) and Dinah," with pictures by George Thomson and laboriously funny comments, was published by Tallant and Allen of London.

There are eight variants. The first verse in the "Legends" runs as follows:

There was a rich merchant
In London did dwell,
He had but one daughter,
An unklommen nice young gal;
Her name it was Dinah,
Not sixteen years old,
With a werry large fortlin
In siliver and gold.
Singing, Too re la, oo re la, oo re la a.

The Sidewinder.

As the World Wags:

In the early seventies an interesting account of the sidewinders of Michigan appeared in the Boston Herald. These curious little animals roamed the cone-shaped mountains in the northern part of that state and resembled somewhat in size and color the raccoon, with this exception: The sidewinder had two long legs on one side of its body and two short legs on the other side, which enabled it to travel along the steep mountain sides with ease and safety. Some sidewinders had long legs on the left-hand side, while others had long legs on the right-hand side. But when two sidewinders, travelling in opposite directions around the mountain, met upon a narrow trail or runway, as occasionally happened, then there was trouble. For if one of these animals attempted to turn about and retrace its steps it was lost, as it would lose its balance and roll down the mountainside to the plain below. In the course of time the sidewinders had so increased in numbers it became necessary for some of them to migrate to another mountain. As it was quite difficult for the sidewinders to walk upon level ground, a wise old sidewinder, with gray whiskers, hit upon the following plan. He placed a sidewinder with long legs on the left side of his body alongside a sidewinder with long legs on the right side; then he crossed the short legs over their backs, and they hobbled off upon four legs instead of eight.

I should like to learn more about these strange animals. Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who I understand has traveled extensively, may be able to give me some information.

VERMONT.

We have heard of a sidewinder in a Museum of Unnatural History. In the next cage to it was a hoop-snake from the South. In the same room were a unicorn (see Psalm 92), an authentic dragon; a fine specimen of a wyvern having two legs, an eagle's head and a scorpion's tail; a fire-drake, two basilisks and one cockatrice; gryphon from India; a mantichora with a treble row of teeth beneath and above, with a man's face and ears, "even to the carefully trimmed moustachios" according to the catalogue, whose eyes are gray, whose body is red, and with a tall like "a scorpion's armed with a sting, casting forth sharp pointed quills; his voice is like that of a small trumpet, truly a fearsome beast. We would suggest to "Vermonters" that Col. Theodore Roosevelt, not Mr. Johnson, is the man to give him the desired information.—Ed.

e him the desired information.—Ed.
 Feb 25 1917
 HAROLD BAUER

By PHILIP HALE.

Harold Bauer, pianist, gave a recital of "Music of Today" yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schoenberg, Clavierstücke op. 11 No. 1; Debussy, Les Collines d'Anacapri, La Cathédrale engloutie; Edward Royce, Theme and Variations in A minor; Scriabin, 17th sonata, op. 64; Franck, Pastoral; Laparra, Rhythmes Espagnols; Moussorgsky, Tableaux d'une Exposition.

"Music of Today," Franck's Pastoral, an organ piece, transposed by Mr. Bauer for the piano, was composed at least 55 years ago. Moussorgsky's "Tableaux" were composed as far back as 1874. Some might say that the true music of today, as far as the piano is concerned, is the music by Couperin, Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, Schumann and Debussy. Are the little noises by Schoenberg, which he calls "piano pieces," of today or for 50 years from now? Are we all so unresponsive, so deaf in our conception of tonal beauty, that concertgoers in 1967 will wonder that this generation found Scriabin's sonata only irritating?

Debussy was represented yesterday by two of his most charming pieces. Mr. Bauer played them with poetic insight. It has been said that Debussy has little sense of form. This is an absurd allegation. No one has a keener feeling for form in composition than Debussy; but for to some is inexorably that of the orthodox sonata; even some of Sohnmann's pages of impressionism seem to them formless; nor could they understand why Plotinus said that perfect form is found in fire. We have seldom heard a more imaginative interpretation than Mr. Bauer's reading of "The Engulfed Cathedral."

Brilliant was his performance of Royce's theme and variations. Happy, thrice happy, was this composer, the son of the lamented Josiah Royce, in his interpreter! The Variations themselves are to us one of the most interesting of modern composition for the piano. First of all there is substance; there are truly musical ideas, original, beautiful, impressive. Then there is boldness, there is the authority that rests on technical skill, in the treatment of them. We do not love the variation form. The great majority of compositions thus expressed are the abomination of desolation; but these

variation in engineering. Not for a moment do they suggest laborious days and anxious nights. Mr. Royce had something to say, but not too much. The composer shared with the pianist in the richly deserved applause.

Frank's Pastoral is more effective on the organ—a French organ, however—than on the piano, which cannot give it the requisite color and contrasts. Laparra's description of his "Rhythms Espagnols" is more entertaining and poetic than the "Rhythms" themselves. Only "Pentencra," "Tientos" and "Reuda" have marked character, but the line "She has become a legendary character for whom all Andalusia wept and still weeps, although her beauty and her voice caused many men much unhappiness" mock the music that bears her names. "Sevillanas" and "Solea" are not conspicuous in any way, nor does "Paseo" express Laparra's fine saying: "Sun, copper, red, gold—such are the vibrations of sound and sight of the Spanish fete."

It seems to us that Moussorgsky's "Tableaux" have been over-praised. Two of the ten pieces attempting to describe in tones the impression made on Moussorgsky by the architect Hartmann's drawings are, indeed, remarkable: "Bydlo," the Polish chariot on huge wheels drawn by oxen, and "The Hut supported by Chicken's legs" with its innuendo, the sorceress Baba Yaga. Much has been said about the irresistible humor of the music that portrays the rich Jew and the poor Jew, but has either the music or the attempted realistic characterization any significance?

The recital was warmly appreciated by an audience of good size. The pleasures given by Mr. Bauer's admirable playing was increased by the excellent notes of Mr. Richard Aldrich, which were sure, to the point, and written in a delightful manner, they were especially useful as a source of relaxation during the performance of Scriabin's Sonata.

POET AND COMPOSER ARE HEARD IN RECITAL

Paul Shivell and Archie A. Mumma Render Their Own Works in Steinert Hall.

Paul Shivel, poet, and Archie A. Mumma, composer, gave a recital of their own works at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. William Lindsey was to have introduced Mr. Shivel, but in his absence the poet performed this office both for himself and Mr. Mumma. He also explained his friend's compositions.

Mr. Shivel is not unknown in Boston. The author of "Stillwater Pastorals and Other Poems" was born in Indianapolis and has spent most of his life in the Miami, Madriver and Stillwater valleys in southern Ohio. Mr. Mumma, born in the valley region, first became known as a boy prodigy. His parents took him abroad to perfect his knowledge of the piano. His health failed and, obliged to abandon a career as a pianist, he turned his attention to composition. Poet and composer have been friends for many years, sharing the same ideals about their work.

Mr. Shivel, a remarkable man, has spent much time as a farmer. His poetic labors, however, give him little anxiety. The audience was impressed to learn that he once composed 16 sonnets at a sitting, after a hard day's work, and still went to bed early. According to one of his poems, he also claims to be "A seer in plain disguise." The sincerity of his work is indisputable! No doubt he has profound faith and lofty ideals. Still the spirit of his poems occasionally soars to such heights that it is with difficulty followed by the uninitiated.

Mr. Mumma's music is more readily understood by barbarians. His "From the Mountain Top," "Sprite Dance," "Warbles a-Wing," "From Over the Sea," "Etude" and other pieces are well constructed, melodiously pleasing, the natural and emotional expression of a sensitive, imaginative and impressionable nature.

Mr. Frank Hunter Potter has written a delightful introduction to the second series of the "Reliquary of English Song," edited by him and published by G. Schirmer. The preface is really a study of an English folkway in the 18th century—the influence of the public pleasure garden on folksong.

At the beginning of the 18th century the tendency of this music was towards floridity. Simple songs were marvellously embellished. Mr. Potter gives in musical notation an instance: The simple song "Cease Your Fuming," as sung by Angelica Catalani. "When it came to be a question of singing out of doors, or in a large *rotunda*, where two or three thousand people were, perpetually walking about, it was clear that such florid passages could make no effect whatever. But as during the warm months of the year the best singers in England sang in such surroundings songs written for them by the best composers, and the audience was composed

Of the most select elements of London fine society, it was certain that the singers and public alike would demand and the composers supply a class of songs which would make an effort. Hence it came about that the florid element vanished out of the predominant class of songs and was replaced by a broad, smooth, flowing character, which still, as in the preceding century, was oftener revealed in the Pastoral

The lyrics were usually concerned with the love, joy, despair of Phillis and Coridon, Damon, and Chloe. They had figured in English song long before this, and the pastoral had long been a characteristic form of English song. "It was not so much that the Gardens originated a new form, as that they prevented English song from straying away into new fields, as it threatened to do, and keep it true to type."

Mr. Potter gives a pleasant description of pleasure gardens. Vauxhall, Ranelagh, "Cuper's and Marylebone, with their organs and orchestra, men and women singers, fiddlers and others, commissions for popular composers to furnish the music, the fireworks and later the ballooning; always the eating and drinking. Horace Walpole, the fastidious Horace, went to Ranelagh nearly every night in 1741. "Nobody goes anywhere else," he wrote. "Everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he has ordered all his letters sent thither." "The floor is all of beaten princes. You can't set your foot anywhere without treading on a Prince or Duke of Cumberland." "Ranelagh is so crowded that going there 't'other night in a string of coaches we had a stop of six and thirty minutes."

A long and vivid account of Vauxhall, written by S. F. B. Morse in 1811, is quoted by Mr. Potter. In it Morse, then studying painting in London, found all gaiety throughout the gardens. "Every one is in motion, and care, that bane of human happiness, for a time seems to have lost her dominion over the human heart. Had the Eastern sage, who was in search of the land of happiness, at this moment been introduced into Vauxhall, I think his most exalted conceptions of happiness would have been surpassed, and he would rest contented in having at last found the object of his wishes."

Was the reference to "Rasselas"? It is a pity that Mr. Potter did not here quote the experience of Dr. Samuel Johnson visiting Ranelagh. Boswell and he were talking about happiness. The former had observed that things were done on the supposition that there is hapiness; "grand houses were built, fine gardens were made, splendid places of public amusement were contrived, and crowded with company." Mark Johnson's reply:

Johnson's reply: "Alas, sir, these are all only struggles for happiness. When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But, as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterwards, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle, that was not afraid to go home and think; but that the thoughts of each individual there, would be distressing when alone." This was in 1777. In 1772 Boswell noted that Johnson said of Ranelagh that the "Coup d'oeil was the finest thing he had ever seen." This was said apropos of a walk to the Pantheon which Gibbon described as the wonder of the 18th century and of the British empire "in point of ennui and magnificence." (Evelina in Miss Burney's novel thought the Pantheon more like a chapel than a place of diversion. "I felt that I could not be as gay and thoughtless there as at Ranelagh.") But Johnson in the Pantheon was not so melancholy as at Ranelagh. Boswell told him there was not half a guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing the Pantheon.

Johnson—But, Sir, there is half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it.

Boswell—I doubt, Sir, whether there are many happy people here.

Johnson—Yes, Sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them.

To go back to Mr. Potter's Introduction. He quotes Pepys visiting Vauxhall (Fox Hall) in 1665:

"A great deal of company, the weather and gardens pleasant and cheap going hither; for a man may spend what he will or nothing at all, all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's harp, and the fine people walking, is very diverting."

Pictures of Vauxhall and Ranelagh are in this "Requary," with portraits of Beveridge, the bass, Dr. Aene Carey, Soyce, Miss Linley, who became Sheridan's wife, and Charles Dibdin. There were long walks in the gardens, avenues of trees, ornamental triumphal arches, statuary, Chinese pagodas and the like. The gardens were lighted by thousands of oil lamps, but secluded walks were not wanting, and the air was not free from the breath of scandal." All classes of society frequented the gardens. "No

the garden. The garden varied with the people who frequented it. Some might have noted the garden as a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. Some might have noted the garden as a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Mr. Potter knows the description of a garden in London? The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

at the fearfulness of the provisions, any water-like thinness of the sliced... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

And then you drink wine of... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

What is the precise meaning of "sliced"?... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

When M. Saqui, the famous tight... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Mr. Potter should have made at least a... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

It seems that foreigners sang at... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Not content with writing an en-... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Mr. Potter knows the description of a... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

with... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

We are indebted to Mr. Arthur Foote... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

We learn from it that our old friend... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Then M. Lalo discusses Stravinsky's... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

M. Lalo prints a singular letter from... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

amiable. Some day afterwards "Sam-... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

month before is dead. He was a... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

M. Lalo adds that this opinion of... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Alexander Blackman, a young violin-... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Leo Ornstein's recital next Saturday... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Miss Helen Ware, violinist, who will... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Notes About... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Music, Musicians... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

and Concerts... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Oswald? Has not the name appeared... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

the English... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

all the proud memories it evokes... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Alexandre Guilmant once told us that... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

The Herald spoke last Sunday of "Les... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

"Louise" was performed in English at... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Claude Debussy recently said to Mr. Jean Auby... The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city. The garden is a place where a person might find a more pleasant thought of life than in the city.

Feb 26 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Those mysterious beings who, thinking deeply, decree in solemn conclave how many buttons should be worn on an evening waistcoat and whether trousers should flap about the leg or encase it tightly, forbid the use of suspenders or belt next season. Just what they substitute is not clear.

Has any one of these tailors read "The Draper's Dictionary," by S. W. Beck? It contains this definition of "Braces": "Bretelles Fr; Hosenträger G; too well known to need description. Formerly called Gallowsses, under which Bailey gives 'Contrivances made of cloth and hooks and eyes, worn over their shoulders by men to keep their breeches up.' Showing perfectly the manner of things they were before the introduction of india rubber and its manufacture into fibre gave us the improved article now commonly worn."

When did the term "braces" come into use? In all probability not before the 19th century, although the "Draper's Dictionary" is dumb on this point. In the Oxford Dictionary the first date given to "gallowsses" is that of Bailey's Dictionary (1730-6). By the way, who was the man to whom Southey referred in one of his letters? "He used to have books, pen, ink and paper, breeches, gallowsses, neck cloth and rolls and butter, all upon the breakfast table at the same time." Did Beau Brummell wear braces? George Augustus Sala once quoted from a letter of Sydney Smith, written when he was 73 years old, in which the Canon named braces among the 18 changes in social manners which had taken place since he was a young man. "I could not keep my small clothes in their place, for braces were unknown."

The excellent Sala disliked braces. He never wore any until he was 15 years old. "When I was approaching adolescence the fashionable wear for a young Parisian was no braces, a handsomely embroidered belt round the hips, and in summer no waistcoat. Under these circumstances you could show something noticeable in the way of a shirt front, and those were the days of chemises de cinquante francs—and more. I hope that our boating, cricketing, yachting and lawn-tennis-playing boys never wear braces. Our grandfathers never wore any. I don't think that more than 60 years have passed"—this was written in 1883—"since 'gallowsses' came into general use; and the obstinate determination of Sir Charles Wetherell never to brace up his nether garments was, if I mistake not, once alluded to in a Parliamentary Debate. What would be thought of Mr. Henry Irving in 'The Corsican Brothers' fighting a duel in braces?"

Sixty from 1883 leaves 1823 if we are not seriously mistaken. In "Vanity Fair" there is mention of embroidered braces. We had hoped to find something about gallowsses, braces, suspenders in Alice Morse Earle's "Two Centuries of Costume in America"; but we found only this reference: "It is amusing to an outsider to read the articles of dress over which Quaker saints were 'exercised.' Suspenders caused an Ohio meeting many anxious moments; umbrellas at various times were offensive. Yet Edward Shippen had an umbrella in 1738, 18 years before Jonas Hanway carried his in London."

Some object on aesthetic grounds to suspenders; they ask triumphantly: "Can you imagine the Apollo Belvedere wearing them?" Yes, if he were wearing trousers, which he should if the assertion of Mayor Prince was correct and this Apollo is bow-legged. When there was talk 35 years ago by dress reformers of women wearing suspenders, Dr. Horace Dobell protested: "Unless we wish to multiply curved spines and defective chests, and to exchange the graceful freedom characteristic of a woman's carriage of her head, chest, and shoulders, for the poke-neck and hang-dog look so common among men, we shall not try to persuade our girls to strap themselves down with braces instead of supporting their clothes upon their hips, and leaving free the important upper half of the body." To which Mr. Sala shouted: "Bravo! Dr. Horace Dobell; and the Cestus of Venus for ever!"

Is a belt more romantic than a pair of fresh suspenders? The Danbury Newsman said years ago: "It is the sight of fat men in helmet hats that makes men

murder." We know more loath to see a sight than a fat man belted in a sizzling July day and flaunting his belly in the sight of the public. The belt enlarges the protuberance. The shirt is often refractory, messy. And how about the drawers? They either climb above the belt or the wretched wearer is fishing for them even before ladies.

The lords and masters of fashion do not say how the substitute for suspenders and belt will control and regulate drawers. In 1824 Dr. William Maginn thought he had solved the problem. (See the 139th maxim of Odgherty).

"It was a long while ere I discovered the most convenient method of supporting my drawers. It is a bore to have a separate pair of braces, and the usual schemes of looping are all of them liable to objections. The true way is, have two small pieces of tape, placed horizontally along the waistband of the nether integuments, at those parts of them which correspond to the parts of the upper touched by the extremities of the braces; have these horizontal tapes, say three inches to each, attached firmly to the substance of the waistband, and then pass the brace under the open end of the tape before you bring it in contact with the button on the breeches." For years our drawers, your drawers, everybody's drawers have thus been equipped. Was Maginn, really, the deviser of the scheme? Why did not he and Blackwood of the magazine apply for a patent?

Ossian's Serenade.

Mr. Emil Schwab recently spoke of Ossian E. Dodge as a "great protean impersonator and asked if any one remembers Dodge's "Sneezing Song." Here are the words of "Ossian's Serenade," which we sang in school.

O come with me in my little canoe,
Where the sea is calm, and the sky is blue;
O come with me, for I long to go
To those isles where the mango apples grow.
O come with me and he my love;
For the jungle depth I'll rove;
I'll gather the bouccon bright as gold,
And chase the elk to its secret hold.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

I'll climb the palm for the bla's nest,
Red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast;
I'll pierce the cocoa's cup for its wine,
And haste to thee, if thou'lt be mine.
Then come with me in my light canoe,
While the sea is calm, and the sky is blue,
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise, and love decay.

I'll chase the antelope, etc.

What, pray, is a "bia"? We wondered as we sang the word; we wonder now. Is it anything like the killlloo bird that feeds on the dilson berries growing on the pamela bush found on the island of Tormosa?

JOHN McCORMACK SINGS TO ANOTHER GREAT THROG

Symphony Hall Crowded Again with Audience That Tenor Stirs to Enthusiasm.

John McCormack, tenor, sang again in Symphony Hall yesterday. As usual, every seat was filled, including the extra seats on the platform, and the standing room was crowded. Many applications even for this privilege were rejected. Mr. McCormack was assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. The program follows:

Recitative and air, "Igannata una sol Volta" ("Agrippina"), Handel, Mr. McCormack. Romance, Svenska, Mr. McBeath. "The Violon-Choise," Mozart; "Night and Dreams," Schubert; "The Soldier," Schumann, Mr. McCormack. "Prize Song," Wagner-Wilhelm, Mr. McCormack. Irish Folk Songs: "She Passed Thru the Fair," "Reverendine," "The Lark in the Clear Air," "The Foggy Dew," Mr. McCormack. "Orientale," Cui; "La Praelude," Couperin-Kreiser, Mr. McCormack. "O, Moon Upon the Waters," Cadman; "A California Troubadour," Hadley; "Your Eyes," Edwin Schneider; "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," Gaus, Mr. McCormack.

Mr. McCormack's singing was delightful, as ever, and the enthusiasm of the audience no less marked than usual. Mr. McBeath also gave great pleasure. He had to respond to two encores. Mr. Schneider proved himself once more an admirable accompanist.

Feb 27 1917

VIOLIN RECITAL BY BLACKMAN

By PHILIP HALE.

Alexander Blackman, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Miss Fannie Levis was the pianist. The program was as follows: Handel, sonata No. 6, E major; Bach, Chaconne; Lalo Andante from Symphonie Espagnole; Pugnani-Kreisler, Praeludium and Allegro; Blackman, Intermezzo; Boisdereff, Meditation; Locatelli, La Tambourin a Trianon; Sara-

late Malaguena Mrs. Black Romanza, Gurabad, Capric.

Mr. Blackman as a little boy showed uncommon musical instinct so that he interested Mr. Gruenberg of the New England Conservatory. The boy was industrious, persevering, patient, ambitious. As a result of his and his teacher's labor he took a prize in competition nearly five years ago. This did not unduly elate him, although his judges were Messrs. Loefler, Witke and Chadwick, men not easily satisfied. Mr. Blackman kept on studying.

And yesterday he showed that he was still a pupil, an advanced pupil of undoubted ability, who has been carefully taught and is himself careful in performance.

His program was well diversified. The name of Rene Boisdereff is not familiar here, yet he has written a large amount of chamber music, a symphony, important works like "The Martyrs" (after Chateaubriand), "Moses Saved from the River," a Messe Solennelle for St. Eustache, etc., etc. Born in 1833, he studied in Paris, but not at the Conservatory. He is rich and retiring; that is, if he still lives, in which case he is certainly retiring.

Every young violinist thinks it his duty to show what he can do with, or to, Bach's Chaconne. He does not stop to think that only played by a great master, as Ysaye or Thibaud, is this set of variations anything but a series of laborious technical exercises. Mr. Blackman has a good idea of the composition, but he has not yet attained the dignity of a re-creator, and this music must be re-created if it is to be anything but a weariness to the flesh and the spirit.

As we have said, Mr. Blackman has excellent qualities. He is serious and ambitious. Let him cultivate more assiduously beauty of tone and less bodily action in his performance. An audience of good size applauded heartily.

"C. R." writes: "Can any one of our readers name the author of these lines?"

James K. Polk and George M. Dallas;
One for the rope, the other for the gallus.
Away, away, the river is risin';
Down with Polk and wash away pizen!

Ossian and Jenny.

As the World Wags:

I have a fine old lithographed poster showing Dodge's troupe of five people "reproduced from daguerreotype" with the inscription, "Ossians Bards—under the direction of Ossian E. Dodge, Editor and Proprietor of Dodge's Literary Museum." Written in pencil on the margin is the date, Jan. 21, 1854, probably referring to a concert given in Exeter, N. H. The border, by the way, is a wonderful bit of design of the Louis XIV. period, beautifully executed and the work of a master designer. The evening clothes of the male singers would not be much out of place today, but the long tight curls of one of the bass singers might excite merriment in present day audience. I have been told that Dodge had a great deal to do with Jenny Lind's appearance at the old Fitchburg depot concert in this city. At any rate he was considered a rare entertainer in his day.

Boston. WINSLOW GOODWIN.

When Jenny Lind came to the United States in 1850, John Genin, the hatter of New York, paid \$225 as the purchaser of the first ticket for her first concert in Castle Garden, on Sept. 11. Genin's name was published in every newspaper in the Union. His son Frank, who had run through his fortune, shot himself in the head on Dec. 2, 1897. The newspapers then said that his father had paid \$5000 for the first ticket; but see the biographies of Jenny Lind published when she was in this country. Her first concert in Boston took place in the Tremont Temple Sept. 27, 1850. She took the boat at New York, was serenaded at 2:30 A. M. by the officers of Fort Adams as she was passing it, was met by a crowd at the railway station, and then driven to the Revere House. The auction sale of tickets had taken place here on Sept. 25. Col. Thompson was the auctioneer. The first bid was \$250, which, outbidding Genin's offer, "at once," to quote a newspaper of the town, "clapped a broad brimmed beaver extingisher upon the flaming glories of the mammoth Manhattan hatter, and the great city that owned him for its champion. Genin was instantaneously swamped in ticket-buying supremacy. His cake of immortality was dough, his felt and fur transcendentalism was scattered to the four winds, and he sank at once with a crashing souse into a mere eightpenny oblivion." At last \$625 was offered. The purchaser was Ossian E. Dodge. His fame crossed the Atlantic. The Musical World of London exclaimed: "Dodge the vocalist, has, by this sudden jerk he has shot himself out of nothing into entity. Henceforth, Dodge will be as a standing synonym for done. Well done, Dodge." Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, a biographer of Jenny Lind, thought Dodge's purchase excellent and "cunning." "The price, large as it appears to be, which he paid for it, was but money placed out at interest. Indeed, it was destined to be the seed of a larger and more extensive crop of dollars, to which Dodge himself was to put in the sickle. Like a sensible and

priority. The last in long and long works lacking in spontaneity. In order to counteract this tendency to affirm once again in ink with musicians of former times, those of the 17th and 18th centuries, that (1) and Debussy has undertaken the composition of 18 sonatas for various instruments. We have heard two of them in this city. "When I questioned Debussy upon the instruments that he intended to make use of for those other sonatas, he replied, 'There are other combinations which have not yet been dreamed of. You will see this; it is my secret.' And unfortunately I could not get to know anything more, despite my long friendship with Claude Debussy, French Musician (as the name appears on the title page of these sonatas, upon which the publisher has imitated the art of the old-time printers.)"

Maurice Ravel, returning from Verdun in his uniform of a Poilu, has been under treatment in a Paris hospital. Although his health is precarious he is at work on a dance for orchestra and a piano suite "Hommage a Couperin."

The London Times of Jan. 17 was not delighted with Mr. Saffonoff playing the piano part of three of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin. "We missed so many things—finish of style, even mere accuracy, any consistently maintained level of tone or sense of proportion of strengths. What business have s's to become s's in piano passages, crescendos to be spent before they have well begun, simple cantabile melodies to sound as if some of the notes of the piano refused to speak, or staccato notes to suggest picking raisins out of snapdragon?"

Enoch & Sons of Paris are now bringing out new editions of the classics, engraved and printed in Paris and edited by such musicians as Moszkowski, Enesco, Galletti and others. A volume containing the first 11 sonatas of Beethoven has been published, "admirably printed, and not overlooked with notes and comments by the editor, Mr. Moszkowski."—London Daily Telegraph.

A London critic wrote that in the Shaftesbury Theatre revue Miss Blanche Tomlin (who appears as the hero's Scottish sweetheart) "makes his bonnie Jean the very spirit of bonnie Scotland, singing like a northern nightingale." The simile has not escaped the notice of the Scottish newspapers, one of which remarks that its readers know how prevalent is that bird in the North and how familiar is its wondrous warbling in the groves and dells around Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and even Dundee. A Letter-to-the-Editor man writes: "There are no night-singing birds in Scotland—except the birds that emerge from public-houses at 9:30 P. M., and even they sing somewhat few nowadays."—London Daily Chronicle.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fourth concert of John McCormack, tenor, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—The Tulleries. Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung," interpreted by Miss Frances Noyes, Miss Marion Tufts, pianist, Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Alexander Blackman, violinist, Miss Fannie Levis, pianist. Handel, Sonata No. 6, E major; Bach, Chaconne; Lalo, Andante from Symphonie Espagnole; Pugnani-Kreisler, Praeludium and Allegro; Blackman, Intermezzo; Boisdereff, Meditation; Locatelli, La Tambourin a Trianon; Sarasate, Spanish Dance, Malaguena; Mrs. Black Romanza; Gurabad, Capriccio; Edwin Schneider, See leading article.

STEINERT Hall, 8:15 P. M. Haydn-Hubard's operatic: "The Meistersingers." Mr. Gottlieb, pianist.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Violin recital by Miss Helen Ware, Maurice Eisner, pianist. Bruch, Concerto in D minor; Bach, Sonata in B minor, violin and piano; Dvorak, Humoresque; Love Song; Hungarian Camp Songs, and Czika Panna-Hungarian Fantasia, all arranged by Miss Ware, Bruch, Five Swedish Dances; Wienlawski, Waltz Caprice.

WEDNESDAY—Copley Theatre, 3 P. M. Concert by Max Donner, violinist, and Hans Ehell, pianist. Violin pieces: Tartini, Sonata, G minor; Mendelssohn, Concerto; Donner, La Chaise, (auto religious); Humoresque; Vieux-temps; Ballade and Polonaise. Piano pieces: Chopin, Ballade, G minor; Godowsky, Wierisch; Rosenthal, Papillons; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor; Tachakowsky, Chant d'autonne; Ehell, Polka, Tarantella. Mr. Donner, born in New York state, studied at Berlin and Brussels. He has played with orchestra in Brussels, The Hague, Antwerp, New York and Seattle.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Mme. Martha Atwood-Baker, soprano, and George Copland, pianist. Songs: Wyman, Fruelingsnacht; Rhene-Baton, Apprete les craisous dres; Palmgren, Filokan Knyer i Johanneatten; C. Faure, Soli; Leroux, Laissez les dres; Chausson, La Fleur des saux; and Le Temps des Lilas from "Poeme de l'Amour et de la mer"; Kahn, Seven Lieder, Mme. Baker, assisted by Messrs. Besserer, violinist; Dalbeck, cellist, and Ecker, pianist (first time here); Hermann, Vergissmelnicht; Brandt, Eldn Rerels; Tschakowsky, Since I am once more alone; Daniels, Daybreak. Piano pieces: Aloniz, El Polo; Grovies, Dese Espagnole; Granados, Recuerdos.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 2:30 P. M. Piano recital by Leo Ornstein for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Bertha Firing Tappan Club. Ravel, Sonata; Oiseaux tristes, La Barque sur l'Ocean; Chopin, Nocturne, C sharp major, Nocturne, B major, Impromptus A flat major and C sharp minor, Ballades G minor and A flat major; Ravel, Ondine, Le Gibet, Scarbo; Chopin, Waltzes A minor and G sharp minor, Etudes E minor and C minor, Scherzo B flat minor.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by Miss Helen Stanley, soprano, Alberto Bimboni, pianist. Scrambati, Fuori di Porta; Zandoni, Serenata; Scortino, Dimi perche; Bimboni, E me ne Voglio andar; Brahms, Minneled; Dvorak, Lassit mich allein; Mahler, Rheingedehen. Marx, Hat dich die Liebe beruehrt; Bizet, Chanson d'Ayral; Laparra, Je ne suis pas pourquo; Duparc, Phizier; Chausson, La Cigale; H. T. Burleigh, Deep River; Carpenter, The sleep that fits on boy's eyes; Campbell-Tipton, The Crying of Water; Gilbert, Spring Rapture.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Mme. Varc's performance of Bach's concerto was energetic. In certain respects her playing in Bach's Sonata was uneven. Her best work was done in the Hungarian pieces and in those she was emotional. Mr. Elsner's accompaniments were often wooden.

We are respectfully asking our friends from Florida to Elberton, Mo., from Provincetown to the Golden Gate, to be patient. Their letters covering all things knowable, and also other things, will be published in due turn. The world will thus be bettered daily.

The Old Columbia.

As the World Wags.

In the early days of the Columbia Theatre Mrs. Erving Winslow gave there three subscription performances of Ibsen: "The Pillars of Society," "The Enemy of the People" and "The Lady from the Sea," by a selected company reinforced by amateurs. They were among the earliest stage productions of the Norwegian in the United States, to whose introduction by public and private readings here (as well as at the Haymarket Theatre, Chickering Hall and elsewhere in London) Mrs. Winslow gave many years, by the authorization of the dramatist.

GENEST BROWN.

Mr. J. I. Dillaby's letter about the late C. Leslie Allen at the Boston Theatre—published in the Herald of next Sunday.—Ed.

Men's Dress.

As the World Wags:

Your illuminating discussion of suspenders interests me, as, indeed, all discussions of men's attire interest me. Let me own that I lack the courage of my secret ambitions in the matter of clothes. I'd like to dazzle the world in all the splendors of Solomon, and I go about drab and shabby in garments from two to ten years old. When the mayor of Boston bids us all don new hats on March 1, I'd like to get the newest and nicest thing that fashion ordains, but instead I examine my old hats, which resemble the region "East of Suez," and put on the one that seems least likely to excite the scorn of the freshly clad mob. Nothing in years has flattered me so much as the simple inquiry of a shabby young man on the street near South station one day when I was wearing rather late in the season my old, old flannel suit, newly pressed by an obliging maid-of-all-work, "Say, Ed (or should it be written Beau?) can you tell me how to find Hemenway Chambers?" I knew my clothes had done it, and I blushing owned that I couldn't answer the question. Then the young fellow said maybe I could let him have trifle to buy long needed food. To this flattering appeal I was deaf, and I sought comfort hard by in a glass of something for the price of the meal that the young man professed to need. I know I shall never have a figured waistcoat, and I fear I shall never buy a new evening suit. It is my distinction to be the only living white American that ever bought evening clothes in the city of Bruges. The garments cost \$17 made to order, not to say measure, and there are hard-hearted folk who say they look it. It is a great satisfaction to know that it isn't quite respectable to be well dressed in Boston. I've seen men in Boston clubs who'd be sent to the "help's" door by the hall porter of a New York club, and for this indifference to clothes I can forgive Boston many things. Every wholesomely constituted male likes old clothes. As to suspenders, I always buy mine of a street hawker down Hanover street at 25 cents a pair. They last wonderfully. I've three pairs in commission now, and I mean to have another next time I visit a pleasant drinkery down in the region of the hawkers. Some day I mean to get a complete outfit in that part of town, from top to toe and the skin outward. You may be clad complete there in fresh and dazzling attire for about \$16.50—shoes, stockings, tie, hat, undergarments, "suit," of course,

and, I rather suspect, an umbrella. Why complain about the cost of living? Brookline, Feb. 27. SARTORIOUS.

We now quote a story told by Artemus Ward. He heard it while sojourning in Salt Lake City:

"A good thing happened down here the other day," said a miner from New Hampshire to me. "A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules'

of Boston dressin' 'Oh no' Says the driver, 'Oh yes!' and he took his long coach whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

Now this happened in the early Sixties. What, pray, was "Boston dressin'?" We remember that the period was one of shawls for male travelers.—Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in "The Death of Cleopatra," by Maurice Bernhardt and Henry Cain, and in the trial scene from "Jeanne d'Arc," by Emile Morcau.

The casts:

"The Death of Cleopatra."
Cleopatra.....Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
Marc Antoine.....M. Jean Angelo
Pharos.....M. Deneubourg
Kephren.....M. Favieres
Mel.....M. Glass
Le Centurion.....M. Gervais
Octave.....M. Hubert
Teah.....Mlle. Baguet

"Jeanne D'Arc."
Jeanne d'Arc.....Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
Bedford.....M. Jean Angelo
Delafontaine.....M. Deneubourg
Le Cardinal.....M. Gervais
Cauchon.....M. Favieres
Luxembourg.....M. Glass
Massieu.....Mme. Mea
Mme. Bernhardt was at her best as the great queen of Egypt who so loved Mark Antony, who, when she knew she had lost him, placed the asp upon her breast and awaited death with the calm of a great nature. Her gestures, her facial expressions, her voice modulations all spoke the great artiste, and proved that through the years she has lost none of the cunning that keeps her audience spellbound, keeps it hanging on her least act or word. "The Death of Cleopatra" was a superb piece of acting, beautifully staged and with proper settings.

In the trial scene from "Jeanne D'Arc," Mme. Bernhardt lost none of her force of acting. Her stand before her judges, all clamoring for her death, her final resignation to the torture she believes is to be meted out, and the final realization that she has not to go through with that which was at first decided on, all give Mme. Bernhardt a chance to show her art. She takes the chances offered and thereby displays a rare art of acting, going to the final curtain amidst a breathlessness that is awesome.

Her work was rewarded by vociferous applause. Eight times she was recalled following "The Death of Cleopatra," and as many more for "Jeanne D'Arc."

VIOLINIST AND PIANIST IN AFTERNOON CONCERT

Max Donner and Hans Ebell Play with Spirit, Despite Regrettably Small Audience.

Max Donner, violinist, and Hans Ebell, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in the Copley Theatre. The violin pieces were as follows: Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Mendelssohn, Concerto; Donner, La Chasse, Canto religioso, Humoresque; Vieuxtemps, Ballade and Polonaise. Piano pieces: Chopin, Ballade in G minor, Godowsky Wienerisch; Rosenthal, Papillons; Rachsaninoff, Prelude, C sharp minor; Tschalkowsky, Chant d'autonne; Ebell Polka, Tarantella, Mrs. Angeline M. Donner was the accompanist.

Mr. Donner, a New Yorker by birth, having studied in this country, and having taken prizes as a student in Berlin and Brussels, after touring in the United States with Mme. Schumann-Heink became concert master of the Seattle Symphony orchestra. He also established an orchestra of his own and was known as a composer of orchestral and violin music. He came to Boston about a year ago. Mr. Ebell is known here as pianist, teacher and composer.

It is to be regretted that there was not a larger audience in the Copley Theatre yesterday afternoon. The wonder is that the violinist and the pianist were able to play with any spirit at all. Mr. Donner showed the results of sound training and wide experience. Mr. Ebell played fluently.

Feb 2 1917

As the World Wags:

Might I not suggest (as no doubt Mr. Wilson would phrase it) that perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson were not just the best person in all the world to satisfy "Vernonster" on the subject of sidewinders? Mr. Johnson is, as I understand it, like his interrogator, a Yankee, and that being so, it is a safe wager that vast as may be his knowledge of other provinces, he is woefully ignorant of that portion of his own country not known as New England. And the side-

winder in western Vermont as a sounder to the full as actual.

I have been pained to see the name given by "Vernonster" to a ludicrous and wholly impossible beast and by you placed in a category of fabulous fauna. It is treating lightly a highly respected denizen of the great Southwest. The sidewinder, know you then, has naught in the world to do with wyverns and gryphons and basilisks, no, nor yet with fire-drakes and with hoop-snakes. The sidewinder is the horned rattlesnake, known to the herpetologist as the Crotalus cerastes, and its intimates are not the caged imaginatives you mention, but its crotalus cousins, chiefly the crotalus ruber, the diamond-backed rattler; the Heloderma suspectum, the Gila monster; the Sauroinaus ater, the tail-dropping chuckwalla; the Cnemidophorus tigris, the snake lizard; the Xantusia vigilis, the night lizard; the Crotaphytus wislizenii, the leopard lizard; the Phrynosoma platyrhinos, the horned toad; the Gopherus agassizii, the desert tortoise; the Mygale avicularia, the leaping tarantula and its enemy, the Pompilius formosus or tarantula hawk; and, of course, the dreaded scorpion and the flesh-rotting centipede, together with—in certain sections of the Colorado desert—the rare dinapate. The sidewinder is remarkable in being a feared object that is really cornuted—the populace is not satisfied with less than horns on its most dreaded and least seen enemies, witness, the devil. Or, to be more exact, the horns are supercolossal scales which give to the hasty the very excusable impression of horns over the eyes. It is a wicked looking reptile, much smaller and rather thicker in proportion to its length, than are other members of the crotali. It derives its name from its curious method of progression. Lacking the direct forward movement of the ordinary snake, its path shows a marked drift to one side, usually the right. Hence, side-winder.

You have but to look into the Century Dictionary to identify the sidewinder with the Crotalus cerastes. Even the Enc. Brit., so often wide of the mark on American peculiarities, will give you the same identification in a foot-note, though the noun "sidewinder" is cautiously placed within quotation marks.

But so much for the books. The vulgar notion of the sidewinder, based more on imagination than on observation, is naturally the more interesting one—and may serve Mr. Johnson as an e. g. for his forthcoming monument. "Man as a Social, etc., Beast." Sad experience has demonstrated to the inhabitants of the aforementioned great Southwest that while a rattler will usually coil before striking, it is by no means whatever necessary that he do so. In fact he is at all times in perfect control of the area reached by half the length of his body. Consequently the violation of the expectation in the human mind that a self-respecting rattlesnake will go through the motions of coiling and rattling before striking has created a demand for a withering term of exprobration, and to no small proportion of westerners the term "sidewinder" means merely any treacherous rattler who breaks the unwritten law and lashes out to one side without the slightest formality or warning of any kind. In the popular mind he appears to be some disgruntled old curmudgeon who has retired to solitude and a bachelor existence and who resents to the utmost the proximity of any living being, dwelling in fact in a continual state of war with all creation. By contrast the ordinary rattlesnake is honest and companionable. And in such a sense as the foregoing the epithet "sidewinder" is on occasion applied to humans.

I trust that this will serve to restore to rightful usage the name of sidewinder. I am sure you will be put too glad to make amends for aught it may have suffered in being associated with an incredible hill-dwelling raccoon and in being listed with your collection of wondrous oddities. OCCIDENTUS.

Boston.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is no hide-bound New Englander; his horizon is by no means cramped. He has eaten mob-jack oysters in Norfolk, Va., lobsters on the island of Heligoland; he has drunk the wine of Tuscany in farmhouses near Florence; he ate a meal in Lima, O., way back in 1870, and still remembers it. What "Occidentus" says about the sidewinder, the Crotalus cerastes, is undoubtedly true; but as there are elephants that have no joints, pace the orthodox naturalists, so there are other sidewinders than the one so named by New Mexicans. We hope to publish "Gleaner's" account of the real one tomorrow.—Ed.

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker and George Copeland Are Assisted

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker, soprano, and George Copeland, pianist, assisted by the Boston Philharmonic trio, Louis Besseres, violin; Louis Dalbeck, cello, and James Ecker, piano, gave a recital last evening at Sternert Hall. The program was as follows: Wyman, Fruehlingnacht; Rhene-Baton, "Apporte les cristaux d'ores"; Palmgren, Flickan knyter i Johanneatten; Faure, Solr Leroux, "Laisse les dire"; Chausson, La Fleur des Eaux, Le Temps des Lilacs; Kahn, Sieben Lieder, op. 48; Wyman,

Absent; Brandt, Elfin Revels, Tschalkowsky, "Since I Am Once More Alone"; Daniels, Daybreak; Albeniz, El Polo. Granados, Danse Espagnole; Grovlez, Recuerdos.

Robert Kahn of Mannheim, now living in Berlin, whose Sieben Lieder for voice, violin, cello and piano, were given for the first time in Boston last evening, is a brother of Otto Kahn. Set to the verses of Paul Heyse's "Junghrinnen," the song cycle is sentimental in the

traditional German manner. The young man is pictured exulting in his strength, eager to conquer the world. Soon his weary body and restless heart seek peace in the cool, dark forest. Love comes to him, and the three last songs are devoted to his sweetheart's appearance, her nature, the joy of approaching marriage and the complete realization of his desires.

Mr. Kahn is evidently a sound musician. His cycle is well made, interesting. The sixth song is peculiarly beautiful with its suggestion of shimmering moonlight and girlish ecstasy, and this song, sung with much imagination and delicacy by Mrs. Baker was repeated.

Mrs. Baker's art steadily improves. She has gained in authority and in control of her vocal resources. She has unusual intelligence as an interpreter and the subtlety of perception often lacking in American singers. This was evident to a marked extent in Chausson's beautiful "Fleur des Eaux." The singer made vivid and delightful vocal pictures. She colored tones. She suggested changing moods. Mrs. Baker's singing, moreover, has the charm of womanliness, of a youthful and ardent temperament. Thinking of tone, her diction in French was not always clear. This fault can be easily overcome.

Mr. Copeland was warmly welcomed. In the songs he showed himself a skilled accompanist. The beauty of his touch, his admirable interpretation gave great pleasure in the songs by Rhene-Baton and Chausson, songs in which the pianist shares equally in the performance and does not merely support the singer. His playing of the solo pieces by Spanish composers, gorgeous with daring and riotous coloring, madding with intoxicating rhythms, aroused hearty applause. Nor was the audience content until the pianist had added Debussy's "Clair de Lune" and Strauss's "Blue Danube." Recalled, Mrs. Baker also added to the program.

MME. BERNHARDT TRIUMPHS AS FRENCH ARMY OFFICER

Many Curtain Calls at End of the Playlet "Champs d'Honneur,"—Also Appears in "Hecube."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in two one-act playlets, "Hecube," by Maurice Bernhardt and Rene Chavance, and "Champs d'Honneur," by a French officer at the front.

Mme. Bernhardt was wonderful in both playlets, especially so in the last one. When she folded the French tricolor about her as she cried "Vive La France" and died, the audience applauded so continuously that she was recalled nearly a dozen times.

Both playlets are well known to Boston audiences. As the young soldier, Marc Bertrand, who has forsaken the stage for the battlefield, Mme. Bernhardt was marvelous.

Her joy at seeing the English officer after she had spent the night in the woods resting on a tree stump, her life-blood fast flowing from a wound in the breast, caused by a bit of shrapnel, the periods of raving, the ecstasy when she found the flag she had saved and thought was lost, all were fine bits of acting. She brought the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. The applause which greeted the production of the French flag proved that the average American is with France in her every undertaking.

Mme. Bernhardt's work in the first playlet as Hecube the Trojan queen, who renounced her mother love and gave up her son Hector to what she knew was sure death, was well done. Eight curtain calls were given at the close of the playlet.

Mon 3 1917

"Hora Mystica," a Symphony

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Goldmark, Overture, "In Springtime"; Beach, Concerto in C sharp minor for the piano; Loeffler, "Hora Mystica," Symphony in one movement for full orchestra and men's voices.

Mr. Loeffler's symphony was performed for the first time in Boston. It was first played at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union at Norfolk, Ct., June 6, 1916, when Mr. Loeffler conducted the Philharmonic Orches-

...the last service of the day, the Mass of the Holy Spirit as it is known to Benedictine monks is tendered unto God. It enters the soul of the pilgrim. The symphony is woven around the recitation of "Te autem in nobis es Domine, the chant, "In manus tuas, Domine, and the antiphon, "Salve Regina." The chief theme of the symphony is inspired by the response, "Deo gratias."

When Debussy's Nocturnes were performed here for the first time under Mr. Lang's direction, they were played twice in the same concert. It might have benefited the composer and the audience if the program yesterday had consisted of "Hora Mystica" played twice with an intermission between the performances.

Walter Savage Landor, speaking of "Imaginary Conversations," said with superb confidence in his future: "I shall come late, but the dining room will be well lighted the guests few and select." This proud speech is sometimes quoted by a reviewer, who knowing that a new book, an ultra-modern picture, or a musical composition is caviare to the general, looks forward to confirmation of his superior judgment by the avenger Time. He may be found intimating that his own seat is already secure, reserved for him as guest of honor at the right hand of the gracious and patient host.

The speech of Landor might be fairly applied to the composer of "Hora Mystica," but who of us all will be among the guests? Mr. Loeffler is a musician of so marked and subtle technique, of so rare and lofty purpose, of so fastidious taste; furthermore he is so intellectually musical, that the boldest reviewer may hesitate in recording even impressions of this uncommonly complex work, especially when he is not filled with the spirit in which it was written, when his acquaintance with the music must necessarily be superficial. He recognizes gladly and admiringly the supreme workmanship; he feels the spirituality of the composer; but he is in the dark concerning the exact train of thought as it is expressed in the music.

It was not to be expected of so rare a composer as Mr. Loeffler that in the section describing the pilgrim's journey through a landscape, now smiling and lovely, now mysterious, with the wayfarer reminded of humanity only by shepherd's pipes and distant bells, he should write program-music in a conventional and obvious manner. But this section seems to be first of all a study in overtones resulting at times in harmonic expression that unnecessarily throws off beauty without compensating effects. The landscape is for the most part a cerebral projection, not seen by painter or strolling lover of nature. In preceding compositions Mr. Loeffler has shown himself to be a master of exquisite coloring; in "Hora Mystica" the music, especially in the first section, is monochromatic. Nor do we understand the meaning of the anguish expressed by wailing or angry phrases, unless it be that Nature does not give rest to the soul of the pilgrim until he stands before the cathedral.

The Adagio section is warmer and more human. The use of the plain song for the male voices has the desired solemnity and mysticism. It might be said, however, that certain accompanying harmonies in the "Salve Regina," while they may suggest the sighing, mourning and weeping of supplicants in this vale of tears by their realism, disturb the prevailing serenity of the prayer to the Blessed Virgin. As performed yesterday, these harmonies at times obscured the chanting of the singers.

A remarkable work, this "Hora Mystica" suffered from its position after the long concerto of Mrs. Beach. We also think it a doubtful experiment to write an orchestral work of this importance and uncommon nature in one movement, when the ears of the most receptive hearers would be taxed if the music were in a more conventional manner.

Mrs. Beach played her concerto from manuscript at a Symphony concert 17 years ago. The concerto, which contains brilliant passages for the pianist, could easily endure condensation. Mrs. Beach yesterday was warmly applauded as composer and pianist. The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of Goldmark's familiar overture. Mr. Loeffler was called for after his symphony and gave his acknowledgment.

...a benefactor who had "sifted up" your shall want a variety of apple, the housewife shall not lack cabbage or turnip or any other vegetable for her sautepan, so that to some extent the unwholesome consumption of potatoes may be counterbalanced.

"Potatoes are cheaper." Yes, yes. In certain provision shops of the Back Bay they were selling last Thursday at a dollar a peck, while potatoes of the same quality in corresponding shops in Brookline were selling at 55 cents.

Unseemly Epithets.

As the World Wags:

Please allow me to protest, in the name of gallant humanity, against the epithets in "Before War Is Declared," which appeared in the Transcript of Feb. 28: "Cold larvae crawling in a dying cheer"; "Wounded men in squirming earthworm tracks."

If the brave men offering their lives and facing horrors which the poetess sitting by her fire cannot possibly appreciate, with heroism the sublimity of which she equally fails to realize, are worthy of no fairer words than these, one wonders why she feels shame that her countrymen, too, are not conducting themselves like maggots in the rotting beef—Our Country! Why not, since those others are as cold larvae crawling in the dying cheese, Europe?

It is to be hoped that the poetess will not feel impelled to strew such words over the patriotic thoughts now burning in the minds of many of her countrymen, awaiting—they know not what—but ready to stand fast for ideals, as they have heretofore, if needs must.

Such words do not "brighten" any thought "to a picture" we love to gaze upon; nor can we see in them aught remotely resembling gold. For the affectation and bad taste of "machine guns sputtering (Death) on the one below" and the salls of the tragic-fated schooner "slapping down on the water like Monday's wash" there need be only ridicule. When a writer experiments with another's mannerisms he or she should borrow the brain as well. Masefield might manage such combinations without too greatly jarring on one's taste. Perhaps. B. E. E.

Boston, March 1.

How to Support Drawers.

As the World Wags:

I was interested in what you had to say as to how to support drawers. That problem bothered me for a long time, but I have now reached a fairly satisfactory—though perhaps not the best possible—solution, which is this: With safety pins pin the upper part of the drawers to the inner upper part of the trousers about an inch lower than the suspender buttons, using a pin for each of the six suspender buttons, or six pins in all. Pin from the inside of the drawers, and have the pins, when in place, in a perpendicular position. Brookline. PANTALON.

C. Leslie Allen.

As the World Wags:

A telegram from Stamford, Ct., says that the late C. Leslie Allen made his first appearance on the professional stage with an itinerant company called the Aurora Club. The association mentioned was really a local amateur dramatic society which occasionally gave public performances at the Howard Athenaeum on Saturday nights. When regular theatrical performances were prohibited, W. J. LeMoyné, R. F. McClannin and others, who were later known as real actors, were fellow-members of Mr. Allen in this club. When I was still a schoolboy, in the early fifties, the Auroras, as they were called for short, gave a performance of "Speed the Plough" and "The Critic." The latter I chiefly remember from an introduced couplet.

"Be kind ye critics and reviewers,
The players are but amateurs."
Poetic license on the last word.
Dorchester, March 1. BAIZE.

Purists are beginning to object to the use of "pacifist" as the correct word wherewith to describe a certain type of mind. "Pacifst" and "pacifist" have been suggested, and the latter on the whole finds more favor. A pacifst is, of course, simply a man of peace—a passive resister, as it were; but pacifist describes the man who, like Mr. Wilson, with or without reason, fain would make peace. In pacifst we have an absurdly lopped word which is neither one thing nor the other, the "f" of the Latin word being retained and the rest of the verb being ruthlessly cut away. The Oxford Dictionary, it may be remarked, ignores all three variants—London Daily Chronicle.

...the report.

...the World War.

...it take place? ...
...one ... Jan. ...
...tion "Out of the Pocket." He says: "There exists in Ossipee Pocket a band of men, women and children whose education is nihil and mentality low through the agency of constant intermarriage, also that the Tribe was started many years ago by men and women who, for reasons best known to themselves, wished to do away with all contact with the world outside."

This is false. I have known Ossipee Pocket and the "Tribe," as Mr. Boone says, living therein for the last 60 years, and no better class of citizens live in the state of New Hampshire. My father was born in Ossipee Pocket. Two churches, two schools were maintained, and the churches were filled every Sunday.

I would like very much to take Mr. Boone on a trip through Ossipee Pocket, for I do not believe he knows where the place is, for it is more than 12 miles from Bear Camp River.

ALBERT J. HODGDON,
Ossipee, N. H.

BERNHARDT DISPLAYS ART AT CLEOPATRA AND PORTIA

Mme. Bernhardt, portraying Cleopatra, and Portia in two one-act dramas delighted another big audience at the Boston Opera House last evening.

The first of the dramas was "Cleopatra," the setting being that of the tragic death of the famous queen.

The actress' face, figure and gesture were brilliantly displayed in the death scene, laid on the queenly coach throne of the palace. Superb in every particular Mme. Bernhardt aroused the large audience to prolonged applause and many curtain calls were demanded, graciously acceded to by the idol of the French republic.

As Portia in "Shylock" Mme. Bernhardt was quite as charming in a dramatic way, but had less opportunity to display herself to the best advantage in the famous court room scene. Her results, however, were no less gratifying to the audience.

The engagement will close this evening, there also being a performance this afternoon.

March 4 1917
ORNSTEIN

By PHILIP HALE.

Leo Ornstein gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Bertha Felsing Tapper Club. His program was as follows: Ravel, Sonatina; Oiseaux tristes, Le Barque sur l'océan; Chopin, Nocturnes, F sharp major and B major, Impromptus in A flat major and C sharp minor, Ballades in G minor and A flat major, Ravel, Gaspard de la Nuit (Ondine, Le Gibet, Scarbo); Chopin, Waltzes in A minor and C sharp minor, Etudes in E minor and C minor, Scherzo in B flat minor.

Mr. Ornstein paid a graceful tribute to the memory of his former teacher and devoted friend. There was a large and deeply interested audience.

The program was one admirably suited to the peculiar talent of this pianist. It also gave him opportunity to indulge in certain distressing mannerisms. The first pianists who played music by Ravel in Boston were Messrs. Bauer and Ganz. In those days Mr. Ganz was a romanticist not only in theory but as an interpreter. The Sonatina was first played here by Mr. Platt, if we are not mistaken. That and the set "Miroirs," from which Mr. Ornstein chose two pieces, were composed in 1905. The little set "Gaspard de la Nuit," bears the date 1908. The three pieces are musical illustrations of strange prose poems by Aloysius Bertrand, to whom Baudelaire writing prose in a similar form acknowledged his indebtedness. Scarbo not only gives his name to a particular bit of prose but he runs riot in others, a malicious, fiendish dwarf, who haunts Gaspard, whispers in his ear appalling things, generally disconcerting and repulsive.

The music of Ravel showed Mr. Ornstein a sympathetic interpreter. No one visiting this city has made so much of "Le Barque sur l'océan," and by legitimate means. So, too, his performance of the Sonatina was singularly poetic.

As an interpreter of Chopin Mr. Ornstein's extravagant, wholly unwarrantable and anti-musical liberties in tempo and in matters of phrasing did great harm to the compositions. His idea of tempo rubato is a series of hitches and spurts. He has an irritating trick of dwelling on a wholly unimportant note. He breaks melodic lines into little bits. There is feverish unrest when the song of quiet melancholy or twilight tenderness should be sustained. These faults were especially noticeable in the performance of the Nocturnes. They tarnished the splendor of an otherwise brilliant reading of the Ballade in G minor.

It is a pity, it is a pity. Here in an extraordinarily gifted young man, whose tone is often ravishing, who has—on yesterday—a command

MISS STANLEY,

...Helen Stanley, soprano, ...
...at Jordan Hall yesterday ...
...The program was as follows:
...Sgambati, Fuori di Porta, Zan ...
...Serenata; Scontrino, Dimi Per ...
...Bimboni, E me ne voglio andar ...
...Brahms, Minnellen; Dvorak, Last ...
...Mich Alely; Mahler, Rheinlegendchen; ...
...Marx, Hat dich die Liebe be ...
...Fizet, Chanson d'Avril; Laparra, Je ne ...
...amis pour moi; Duparc, Phidyle; Ch ...
...son, La Gigue; H. T. Burling, Deep ...
...Liver; Carpenter, The Sleep That ...
...Plits on Baby's Eyes; Campbell-Tilton, ...
...The Crying of Water; Gilbert, Spring ...
...Lecture, Alberto Bimboni was the accom ...
...panist.

Among the younger artists who have visited Boston this season Miss Stanley is a welcome apparition. A few weeks ago she was heard in a recital with Mr. Baker. She was not then a stranger, for during the days of the Boston Opera Company she appeared as Malieia in "The Jewels of the Madonna."

Miss Stanley, first of all, has a fine voice, young, fresh, resonant, dramatic in quality. With her it is not merely a question of style or of coaxing tone. Her voice is well schooled. Her breath control is excellent. She sings easily with refreshing spontaneity and unforced emotional expression. A member of the Chicago Opera Company, this does not mean that she is lacking in the mentality, the repose, necessary for concert work, that she is constantly and explosively dramatic at the expense of art.

The Italian songs of a romantic or frankly emotional nature were admirably sung. In the songs of Brahms, Dvorak, Mahler and Marx full significance was given to both text and music. In the opening page of Dvorak's "Phidyle" there was poise as well as intensity. The singer's diction might be improved, particularly in the case of French songs. Otherwise Miss Stanley is unusually talented, capable of giving much pleasure. In a word, a young woman with a future.

"Beethoven," by Romain Rolland, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, is a disappointing book. The original French edition was disappointing, a biography far inferior to Rolland's life of Handel, which in every way was valuable.

The translation into English is by B. Constance Hull. An analysis of the sonatas, the symphonies and the string quartets is by A. Eaglefield Hull, best known by his book on ultra-modern harmony and his passionate eulogy of Schoenberg and Scriabin. The volume is further padded by a bibliography, list of portraits of Beethoven, a classification of the sonatas in order of study and a list of Beethoven's compositions. Furthermore there is an introduction by Mr. Edward Carpenter, who admits that he owes much more to Beethoven in certain respects than he does to Shakespeare. "Though this, of course, may be a purely personal or accidental matter, yet I mention it in order to show that the music of such a man has, after all, the closest bearing on actual life." And then there are five pages of quotations from Mr. Carpenter's own book, "Angels' Wings," in which we are told that Beethoven is "the forerunner of Shelley and Whitman among the poets, of J. W. Turner and J. F. Millet among the painters."

Rolland's biography takes up only 54 pages. It is largely rhapsodical, with pages of what is often called "graphic description." The later accounts of Beethoven's nephew are thus gayly dismissed in a footnote: "The dilettantism of our time has not failed to seek to reanimate this scoundrel. This is not surprising." Rolland is evidently unfamiliar with the latest investigations concerning the character and the life of Beethoven in Vienna, especially in the latter years. Nor does he seem to be familiar with the mass of letters written by Beethoven showing his acute interest in the merely commercial value of his compositions. A few letters, however, are contained in this volume. Dr. Hull weighs solemnly this and that work of Beethoven in his self-adjusted scales. Thus the sonata op. 81 A, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et la Retour," is "the finest piece of program music ever written." Vincent d'Indy's remarkable "Beethoven" is included in the bibliography of Beethoven's works, not that of the biographies. There are 24 illustrations in musical notation, four plates and an index.

"Eyrind of the Hills," by the Icelandic dramatist, Johann Sigurjonsson, will be performed by the 47 Work hop of Harvard University in Jordan Hall, on Tuesday, March 13, at 8 P. M. The performance will be under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

King of Norway. The play will be the first public performance in America. All profits will be given to the Red Cross for hospital work in the United States. The play was published with "The Hraun Farm," by Sigurjonsson as volume 6 of the American-Scandinavian Foundation's series of Scandinavian classics. The translations are by Henning Krohn Schanche. Sigurjonsson was born in 1880 on an Icelandic farm. "Eyvind of the Hills," written in Danish, was published in 1911. A revised edition appeared in 1913. The play was published in Icelandic in 1912. The story of the two chief characters is founded on historical events. We shall speak more at length of the play and the author next Sunday.

"Vocal Art-Science," by Frank E. Miller, A. M., M. D., is published by G. Schirmer of New York and Boston. There is a preface by Gustav Kobbe, who says that Dr. Miller, a trained singer, is an eminent throat specialist and a recognized authority in the "art-science of vocal utterance," while in the course of a professional career of 32 years he has studied over 50,000 speaking and singing voices—a record probably unrivalled in the annals of laryngology. Mr. Kobbe also says: "In preparing this work Dr. Miller has gone to the very heart of things, to the dawn of creation when voice was not; to the beginning of history when voice was a manifestation of the Divine. From libraries abroad he has dug out original documents of priceless value to the genuine professor of vocal art. So thorough has he been that he even organized a search for the famous 'Three Pages of Exercises'—with which Maestro Porpora was said to have sent forth his pupil, the world's greatest singer, Farinelli—only to find it a myth." Let us quote again from Mr. Kobbe's preface: "There are few destructive agencies abroad today of potency so deadly as the ignorant vocal teacher, the charlatan. But until voice is standardized it is impossible to inaugurate a campaign against these enemies of mankind." Now Dr. Miller's invention, the vocometer, does the business.

Dr. Miller's shorter work, "The Voice," is a text book known to many. "Vocal Art Science" is elaborately scientific. It will no doubt interest teachers who are not infatuated with their own "method"; it may be read carefully by the more intelligent pupils; it is not entertaining reading for the layman or the superficial pupil who wishes to sing by the easiest way. There are many illustrations, some of them diagrams, as the equilateral triangle, zones for primary colors, "The Star Potential," spheres of complementary color, "Hexapha: Sex-Dynamic." Opening the book at random, we learn that voice-mechanism is subject to the laws of geometry, kinematics and number relations. "Three, four, and five, the sum of these numbers is 12, the governmental number of creation, the emblem of the Holy City with its 12 gates and 24 elders sitting about the throne. It will likewise prove the key to our understanding of the vocal instrument and unlock the voice of the divine within us." There are plates forming a photographic record of the vibrations of Caruso's voice when he sings "high C"; tuning-fork tests with Miss Helen Keller; a glossary, and a portrait of Dr. Miller.

The London Times says that Miss Felice Lyne did not make any deep impression at the Coliseum Feb. 5. "Her fluency of execution remains unimpaired, but her voice seems to have lost something of its sweetness. There was not quite the freshness of tone that won her such instant success when, unknown and unheralded, she was first heard in 'Rigoletto'."

The London Times (Feb. 3) shrewdly criticised Debussy's sonata for flute, viola and harp, which has been played in Boston. "Debussy seemed to be supremely conscious of the limitation imposed upon him by such a choice of instruments. The unicolor of the flute as a treble and the inadequacy of the viola as a bass, hardly relieved by the harp, which did not amalgamate, demanded something exceptionally interesting as the subject of their conversation. What he provided, however, was cleverness; and when three very clever people get talking the result is sometimes dull for the listeners. If there had only been a 'Brandenburg' tutti to direct and discept and occasionally to applaud what was said, the conversations would have been more human." The Times found that Dvorak's "Negro" quartet—we regret to say the Times spelled Negro with two "g's"—does not stand where it did. "We have known finer folk songs since those days and we know what to do with them."

The London Daily Telegraph (Feb. 5), speaking of J. D. McEwen's so-called "Little Sonata MS.," found thematic material worked for more than it is worth. "Why can we not have a system of, as it were, musical postcards, and why must composers, who wish to unite a 'note' always persist in using the four sides of the paper?"

The Shah who encored the tuning up of the orchestra at a concert had a sense of the dramatic, though it was quaintly expressed. That tuning up in a theatre sends an anticipatory thrill through any audience, it is felt even

in the most insignificant theatrical critic who dismissed a play with the remark that the only dramatic moment in the whole show was when the fiddles began to tune up. Lamb, who loved the theatre more devotedly than most men of letters, confessed that the tuning up gave him all kinds of reminiscent and prospective joys. When the playgoer ceases to experience that thrill it is time for him to give up the theatre—the youth in him is dead.—London Daily Chronicle.

Jose Echegaray's play, "The Cleansing Stain," was performed in London by the Pioneer Players on Feb. 4. The Times had the feeling that Echegaray must always be an exotic on the English stage. "The Cleansing Stain" is a queer play from the English point of view: "Four acts of drawing room drama ending with a sudden lurid scene of murder." The Times continued: "As the play was given yesterday the whole interest centred on the strongly contrasted heroines. The young men might have impressed more if they had not, despite their Spanish names, been so unmistakably British. But even in normal times, with an unlimited choice, it would not be easy to find English actors capable of rising to Echegaray's highly charged emotions."

"Anthony in Wonderland," by Monckton Hoff (Prince of Wales Theatre, Feb. 1), though it might be a little shorter, was highly praised. Anthony (Charles Hawtrej) is heir to a fortune if he will only marry. "A professional solver of domestic difficulties is called in, who arranges that Anthony shall see a cinema show and then be drugged and transported to Leith Hill where the film that Anthony saw will be enacted, with Anthony himself as hero, and with the actual living heroine (Winifred Barnes) making love to him. This is duly done. Anthony goes to sleep after dinner. He is transported bodily to the Surrey hill and wakes up to find himself defying apparent untamed cowboys on behalf of the beauty of Red Gulch Camp. He imagines of course that he is dreaming, then he is put to sleep again and brought back post haste to Wigmere street where the whole family arrange themselves just as they were the night before. Once more Anthony wakes in great excitement over his supposed dream, and asserts that he will never marry anyone but the beauty of Red Gulch Camp. Naturally enough, she is easily produced. It would be cruel to spoil the delightful little last touch by telling beforehand who she was." The Daily Telegraph was not so considerate as the Pall Mall Gazette. "Mr. Hoff keeps a good joke for the end. She was the daughter of Mortimer John. Undoubtedly a great man."

"Monty's Flapper," a farce by Wal-

ter W. Ellis, was produced at the Apollo Theatre, London, Feb. 7. Let us quote the supercilious Times: "Refraining from any vain ambition of analyzing the laughter caused by 'Monty's Flapper,' one must rest content with the modest office of recording that there was a good deal of it, and that it reached its loudest when a stout matron found herself imprisoned in a composite piece of furniture, 'a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day'—While a dazed gentleman (the image of Alice's Mad Hatter without the hat) forced air through the keyhole with a bicycle pump. It was fairly loud, too, when the dazed gentleman sought to escape the importunities of his comrades by feigning dumbness and talking on his fingers. It was less bolsterous when the dazed gentleman dressed up as a child of six reached its minimum when the cradles were brought in, because cradles in forces have now become, as you might say, clichés. But it revived when they took to smashing the chimney ornaments, and was hearty when a landlady talked with a cold in the head, and had become almost uproarious again by the time some one had pinned a sheet of paper to some one else's coat tails. And so it roso and fell, while the players all shouted at the top of their voices, and the ladies in the stalls steadily munching chocolates in defiance of the food controller."

The Daily Telegraph (Feb. 9) paid its respects to Joseph Holbrooke. "Mr. Holbrooke has often expressed in terms that could not well be misunderstood the lack of intelligence of those concert givers who have failed to be impressed with the value of his music, though it is a fact that is not to be denied that he has probably had more opportunities than are vouchsafed to most young English composers."

Mr. Holbrooke's music undoubtedly possesses considerable merit, and it is well written beyond the ordinary. But it lacks two qualities absolutely essential to general recognition—those of originality and individuality. Mr. Holbrooke can string phrases together quite happily, but they are phrases that have been heard before. When he accuses the public of indifference towards his work because he is a British composer, he is under a misapprehension. The sole and sufficient reason is that he writes familiar things not quite so well as they have been set forth by others."

"Felix Gets a Month," by Tom Gallon and Leon M. Lion, was produced at the Haymarket, London, Feb. 6. "The hero is all whim, and very good whim, too. You are shown his adventures in the task of complying with an eccentric will

which makes his inheritance of a million turn upon entering Umberminster as naked as he was born and living there for a month by the sweat of his brow. How he is taken by an innocent little maiden for one of the Ilver Gods she has been reading about, how he appropriates the mayor's second-best suit, and how he compounds for the larceny by offering himself for a month as the mayor's man of all work, how he later becomes a pavement artist, and how he finally sacrifices his million only to regain it the next moment through marriage with a girl whom he and everybody else had supposed penniless—these are some of the stages in his whimsical career. They are amusing enough, but the real joy is the picture of a sunny, impulsive, irresponsible nature, enjoying the vicissitudes of life as so many 'larks'." The Times, however, finds conventional workmanship, departure from truth and life—the conventional mercenary sweetheart, the conventional family lawyer, the conventional heavy father, lay figures all without a trace of whim.

New songs by Murray Davey were sung in London on Jan. 23. They are described as very original: "I callt une foir," in which a queer chord lets loose a stream of grateful melody; "Le Crapaud," an aria parlante, punctuated by sparse 'grumphs,' or whatever the right name is in toad language, and "Recueillement," a most melodious duet between the voice and a muted violin behind the scenes." A new Trio by York Bowen was played in this concert, "a piece of beautifully clear and brilliant writing; it is in that epigrammatic style to which he has long accustomed us. Sparkling ideas are stated in their most concentrated form and crisply opposed; but they build longer and smoother climaxes than we have heard before and give a sense of power."

What! What! Are the English finding dull pages in Brahms's violin concerto even when it is played by Miss Kathleen Parlow? The Daily Telegraph had the courage to say that her highly intelligent performance did not fail to conceal "the longeurs of parts of that work, which in the recent past was usually acclaimed a world masterpiece. At the same concert (Jan. 27) Sir Henry Wood introduced three entr'actes from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "The Legend of Tsar Sultan." "Charmingly invented and as charmingly scored, these 'trifles' show the master hand in the highly finished manner in which the woodwind and horns are utilized to depict the points of fantasy of the poet and musician. A delicious march is followed by a most soothing and poetical description of the calm sea and the prosperous voyage of the Tsaritsa with her son, and there are some immensely attractive tunes in the final number."

The London Times had something to say about Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" played Jan. 29. We quote but do not approve: "The 'Antar' symphony is a thing for which one must be in the mood, or it is naught. Harp harmonies, damped tambourines, blunt discords of closed horns left standing, whispered flutes, are wondrous witchery or else trickery of the filmiest. As we listen to all this being perfectly done, and perfectly marshalled into its place, we yield to the spell with a sigh of content. But something rises up in us and says all this is quite from the purpose of music—these spoils of autumn circling in purposeless eddies, these rivers spilling their strength in desert sand, these volcanoes scattering meaningless desolation. Not here, Oh, Apollo, are haunts meet for thee! And what a contrast is Delius!" (His three pieces for small orchestra were played.) "These simple direct harmonies lazily shouldering each other out of the way, as in Brahms's Intermezzi, and getting hopelessly and deliciously entangled in the process," Mr. de Pachmann played "with heaven born rhythm" Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor.

The piano quintet of A. de Castillon, whose music unfortunately is unknown here, although he died as long ago as 1873, was performed in London Jan. 26 with success. The construction was praised, the music was found attractive, although the counterpoint would satisfy the most exigent professor. "But he (Castillon) was also a master of the difficult art of dancing in fetters, and his music has an atmosphere not only of scholarship but also of jollity."

The rhapsodist is again at work. Miss Rose Levison, a South African pianist, thus explains the familiar and to some "terrible" prelude of Rachmaninoff: "Three deep, mournful chords that linger for ages, it seems. A man buried alive. He stirs, his eyes open. Slowly the dreadful truth comes upon him. The tomb is fast shut round him. Frantic, he beats his frame against the relentless stone. Fighting wildly for liberty, for life—and breath. The chords come dashing fiercely from the piano—feverishly, madly. But all is vain. A last shrieking cry—and he falls dead. The chords resound—and then silence." Something in our heart tells us to stay away from Miss Levison's recital if she should visit Boston. She is evidently intense.

The strange things of yesterday are the commonplaces of today—if one may be forgiven the platitude. And it applies, of course, to music, as to everything else. Who boggles now at the whole-tone scale, regarded not so many years ago as the special prerogative (though indubitably not the "invention") of Debussy and his kind? And who would dream of finding ground for fresh con-

trovery in the use of 5-4 time? It was a pretty old—indeed, a classical—device when Tschalkowsky employed it in the "Pathetic." Yet it was discussed by many when they first heard that symphony as a novelty. (Not long ago, by the way, we saw the theory somewhere advanced that the composer must originally have conceived that particular movement in 3-4 measure, and then discarded the rhythm for fear of being dubbed commonplace.) Of course, as most of us know, 5-4 time—about which we are now reminded by a mention in the Musical Standard of the fact that Mr. Norman O'Neill's new Scherzo for string quartet is written in that measure—was resorted to even before Beethoven's day. You will find it in the second of Clementi's two pianoforts "Capriccios" (Op. 47), and not long afterward it was employed by Boieldieu for the cavatina, "Vlens, Gentille Dame," in "La Dame Blanche." But how many musical folk, one wonders, are acquainted with the fact that, of all composers in the world, Balfe adopted the measure of five crotchets in a bar in a sonata for pianoforte and cello produced some nine years after his death at a Saturday "Pop"? The work was expressly written for Platti, by whom, in association with Agnes Zimmermann, it was played on the occasion referred to. Balfe used the expedient for his slow movement, and a critic who then heard the work expressed the view that "to hearers with a strong feeling for rhythm the effect (of 5-4 time) will always be that of alternate bars of 3-4 and 2-4 measure."—London Daily Telegraph.

According to the latest Puccini gossip, Monte Carlo is to witness this winter the production of a brand-new work from his pen, entitled "Il Tabarro." This, surely, must be the opera founded upon Didier Gold's extremely lurid play—quite in the Grand Guignol style—called "La Houppelande," the scene of which is laid on a Seine barge. In that cheerful little drama the elderly master of the barge strangles his young wife's lover as he furtively boards the vessel at dead o' night to keep a guilty assignation, and conceals the dead body beneath the folds of his cloak. Ignorant of what has happened, the wife comes to crave her avenged husband's forgiveness for a previous display of indifference on her part, and, upon her begging him to take her in his arms, he opens them wide and drops the corpse at her feet. Incidentally, there is another murder by a betrayed husband; so, as you see, Puccini's choice of a libretto in this instance has fallen on a story sufficiently blood-curdling to realize the highest aspirations of present-day Fat Boys. But, by way of a contrast, he has also a comic opera up his sleeve, based upon Gunter's comedy, "Anima Allegra."—London Daily Telegraph.

Mme. Tetrassini in Italy has tried to sing for war charities, but her voice choked her with tears. "I can sing no more while my beloved country is at war." She has given up her villa on Lago Maggiore to the Red Cross Society and subscribed for \$200,000 of the Italian war loan.

Mr. Montagu-Nathan has written some

more books about Russian music. "An Introduction to Russian Music" is published by Cecil Palmer and Hayward (1s. 6d. net). "Masters of Russian Music: Glinka, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff," one published by Constable (2s. net each). "Their author is obviously addressing himself primarily to those who are athirst for information rather than aesthetic appreciations. His industry in collecting information bearing on this subject is at the same time extremely servicable to more advanced music lovers who have hitherto had little opportunity of getting at the facts in a compact form. . . . Perhaps the most attractive feature of these little books is the frequent citation of Russian opinion on the music referred to. It has often been at fault, but to know how these composers appealed to their own countrymen is a valuable preliminary to an understanding of their significance to the world at large."

The London Times, discussing passages in Dunhill's violin sonata in D minor, said: "They are largely such material as an organist of mediocre attainments puts on the vox humana with his right foot on the swell pedal while the left hand and foot gather the rest of the composition together upon a dulciana and bass flute."

Gabriel Faure has finished his second sonata for violin and piano.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Although not a conspicuous member of the theatrical profession there were few actors who knew more of the traditions of the stage as well as the real business of acting than the late C. Leslie Allen. While he played a wide variety of parts in his more than a half-century on the stage, it was in character parts that he finally found his forte. Boston born, like Edward L. Davenport, Charlotte Cushman, John Gilbert, W. J. LeMoine, Frank Mayo and many other of his contemporaries, he passed a large part of his career in this city. With the exception of the late Dan Maginnis he probably held the record for long service in the Boston Theatre stock company. Joining that organization in 1859-70 he remained through 1880-1, a period of 12 seasons. During that time he supported all the visiting "stars" such as Forrest, Davenport, Charlotte Cushman,

J. R. DILLABY.

Theatre

In this paper in which I am recalling the theatrical managers I have met, I may begin with Dr. J. S. Jones, who was the manager of the Tremont Theatre in 1842, when the younger Vandenhoff (George) played an engagement there. By the way, he spoke the first word that was uttered from the stage of the present Howard Athenæum on its opening night, Oct. 5, 1846, when he delivered the welcoming address, written for the occasion.

Dr. Jones I knew well long after he had retired from theatre management, when he was a practising physician at the old West end, on Bulfinch street, I think, though he still continued to write for the stage and was known as the author of many local plays, including among others "The People's Lawyer" (afterwards called "Solon Shingle"), "Oil Job and Jacob Gray," "The Last Dollar Is Four Quarters," and "The Silver Spoons." He was an amiable and companionable man, and his son, N. D. Jones, was well known here as an actor and competent stage director.

Of the Pelbys during their management of the National Theatre, before it was burned down for the first time, I have only a hazy remembrance. I recall going to their house on Green street, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cent street place, and seeing William Pelby, then, apparently, an invalid, sitting in the old-fashioned yard with his wife, who was then directing the fortunes of the playhouse. I saw her once only on the stage of the National, where I also saw their daughter, Mrs. Anderson, who had made an unfortunate marriage, in a leading character, the name of which has passed out of my memory. Her son, who was called Forrester Pelby, was at school with me at the old Adams school on Mason street. Mrs. Pelby's stage manager, Robert Hamilton, I knew well in the later forties of the last century, while I was still a small boy. He seemed to take a great interest in my educational development. I have thought since this was to show of his own scholastic culture, by his puzzling questions about the rules in Lindley Murray's grammar, that I had not studied in the original, though goodness knows I had parsed enough to do under that veteran schoolmaster, Samuel Barrett, once well known to Boston schoolboys. Hamilton, as I remember him, did not shine as an actor. Once I saw him play the part of George Washington in a forgotten American revolutionary drama, and at another time I saw him in the brief role of the Wanlering Jew in a dramatic version of Eugene Sue's novel of the same name. But, perhaps, I am mistaken about his histrionic ability, for I have seen William Warren perform the Lord Mayor in "Richard III." and likewise play the ambassadors in "Richelieu." He certainly taxed the whole resources

✓ I met him often at the National Theatre before he went to

The first meeting of the "Paddy Boy" and The "Paddy Boy" was in the time of the "Paddy Boy" when he fought for his own fair of "Paddy Boy". He was an agreeable man to meet even if he was not a great playwright. Later on was William B. English, whom I used to see among the newspaper men in my father's office.

er's house when I looked upon press men and actors with juvenile wonder and admiration. He married Mrs. Western, the mother of Lucile and Helen Western, and became a manager on the New England circuit. Afterward, in the later fifties, he took the National Theatre and ran a series of stock plays to exploit the abilities of his step-daughters. Finally he wrote for them "The Three Fast Men," which was suggested by the old stage adaptation of "Tom and Jerry." It was a popular success, but was really little more than a somewhat loud valet show with a thread of story running through it in which the hero when ruined exclaimed: "I have lost all, but I will preserve this ring, even at the risk of life itself." In later years the elder of these two Western sisters developed into a powerful actress whose interpretation of Mary Sikes was thrillingly realistic. Helen, however, travelled on her shape exclusively, which was faultless in its way, especially in "The French Spy," in which, however, she did not approach the graceful pantomimist, Mme. Celeste. This theatre, like its predecessor, was burned down, and with it went the old motto: "We Will Endeavor," which crowned its proscenium arch.

W. H. Smith, whose real surname was Sedley, I remembered at the first Boston Museum on Tremont street, between Bromfield street and Montgomery place (now Bosworth street). I saw him play there Edward Middleton in "The Drunkard or the Fallen Saved." He afterwards repeated his performances of this character at the new Boston Museum farther down Tremont street, near the corner of Court street. He was the stage manager of this house for a long period, closing his activities there with a monster benefit. He was an accomplished player, especially good in his later years as the elderly father of the old English comedies. He was succeeded by E. F. Keach, familiarly known as Frank, who was a great favorite with the ladies in leading juvenile characters.

Among his successors was Richard Montgomery Field, who was one of my boy friends. His father, Barnam Field, was the master of the old Franklin school at the South end. "Monty" Field after a sea voyage entered the office of the Boston Post where he remained as a reporter and dramatic critic until he was made clerk of committees at the City Hall. There he formed an intimacy with Moses Kimball, then in the board of aldermen, who was the proprietor of the Boston Museum, and was selected for the management of that theatre. Although he had no previous experience behind the scenes he made good, and the museum prospered for many years under his intelligent management. He knew what his cultivated patrons wanted and he gave it to them without flourish or bombast. He was especially happy in the selection of his companies retaining good people season after season. For awhile Fred Williams was his assistant. I always met him with extreme satisfaction on account of his unpretentious but thorough knowledge of his profession. He was the author of many plays and they were always interesting even if they did not attain any great distinction. Fritz Williams is his son.

Perhaps I ought to have a great fondness for the Howard Athenaeum for it stands on the ground where I was born, and I have been familiar with this theatre since it was first opened in the present building and even before that when the Millerite Tabernacle on its site was transformed for a short time into a play house before it went up in smoke. Of the managers I have been intimate with there Edward L. Davenport comes first to mind, an accomplished actor, who was always on the best of terms with his players and who, sometime after his return from London, was a great favorite. He managed the Howard with rare artistic, if not great financial, insight. "The Octoroon" was first produced in Boston at this house, with a cast of characters that in my estimation has been unsurpassed elsewhere. In comedy and tragedy he was equally at home. Wyzeman Marshall, who was one of his successors at this

theatre, had more financial tact, and made money there and also at the Boston Theatre, which for a time was under his managerial hand. He was a good actor of the robust, oratorical school, and as a public reader attained much distinction. Charles R. Thorne, Sr., preceded these two actors as a manager of the Howard and during his stay there brought out a version of "Monte Cristo" that met with wide popular indorsement. He was enterprising in his way, but he was no great money getter in spite of his activity, and he was at different periods manager of the Beach Street Museum and the old Federal Street Theatre. His son, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., was a schoolmate of mine and at one time the Thorne family lived in Sullivan place off of Federal street. Mrs. Thorne's mother, Mrs. Mestayer, kept a theatrical boarding house near the westerly corner of Federal and Franklin streets. This old lady was wont to say that she was the first woman who rode in a circus in this country. Her son Louis

Mr. Mum was a very successful actor of Mad In, was a very good first day work. He was a very good first, his own performance, that I did not like as a heavy tragedian. With his father-in-law, Mr. Cronin, he attempted to run the little theatre at the head of Sudbury street, of which he was, but was not highly successful as a manager.

For a brief season Jacob Barrow, the rotund, managed a comedy season at the Howard with his wife as the leading attraction. This accomplished actress, who played the juvenile "leads" at the Boston Theatre in its early days, I saw first at the Boston Museum as Julia Bennett, during a star engagement, when she played in "The Skeleton Witness" at the Howard. She had a good supporting company, which included, among others, the handsome George Jordan, who stepped from the compositor's ease to the stage. He was the first husband of Emily Thorne, who was not a success as an actress and who subsequently became the wife of John Chamberlain, the Washington celebrity, well known to many congressmen of his day. Henry Wallack was the stage manager of the Howard with the Barrows. He was the father of the younger J. W. Wallack, the uncle of Lester Wallack, and the brother of the senior J. W. Wallack, who was the founder of Wallack's Theatre in New York. He was entirely capable as an actor and in a managerial capacity, and I saw him play Falstaff in a highly creditable way.

Henry Wallack was the first person who gave in Boston a recitation of a play of Shakespeare without reference to the printed text. This was more than 55 years ago, but he has had more than one follower.

Isaac Kitch was the most successful manager from a pecuniary point of view that the Iliward ever had. He was there longer than any of his predecessors, and when he saw that the drama with a stock company failed to please its patrons he was wise enough to devote the house to what is called straight variety. This policy followed until he opened the Hollis Street Theatre and returned to the presentation of the "legitimate." He was a thorough business man, scrupulously careful in settling his bills every week, and in presenting attractions that the best playgoers would appreciate. He was ever courteous and considerate in all his official transactions from the time he started the old National Theatre until he passed into the spirit land.

With the Federal Street Theatre for a time called the Odeon, after its restoration to its original character as playhouse, I was familiar from the outset, until it was torn down. Oliver C. Wyman, who had married into the Powell family, prominently identified with the Federal Street Theatre at its opening in 1794, believed he could revive the old glories of the house as a temple of the drama, but his experiment proved disastrous, and he lost his money and all interest in the acted drama thereafter. His son, James Dickson Wyman, was a chum of mine. His father tried to pre-

prevent his going on the stage, but he failed to regard paternal protest and became a good, but not remarkable actor, though he had been a star declaimer at the grammar and high schools and at the exhibitions of the old Mercantile Library Association.

The elder Wyman had a fine company. Among his actors were John Brougham and Humphrey Bland. After his failure they fitted up a little theatre on Court street, between Cornhill and Brattle street, which they called the Adelphi. It succeeded with light and entertaining plays, though Mrs. Bland, who had been Harriet Faucet, a sister of the more famous Helen Faucet, seemed cramped, cabined and confined within its narrow dimensions. However, the managers, recognizing that they had made a palpable hit, expanded, so to speak, into a somewhat larger playhouse at the head of Sudbury street, just below the head of Hanover street. There their good luck forsook them, and they spread their managerial wings and flew away. The house was afterwards called the Eagle, but this name did not give it strength for any long period.

for any long period. The delightful, the delicious, but not the dirty John Brougham, like Wilkins Micawber, was always waiting for something to turn up. I knew him well when I was a boy. He was always kind and considerate to me. As a manager, however, he must be placed among the impossibles, but as a burlesque writer he was a king pin. What runs "Pochahontas" and "Columbus" had during the Davenport regime at the Howard Athenaeum! He had a hand in the writing of the comedy of "London Assurance," although the audacious, but clever Dion Boucicault claimed its sole authorship. At the time it was being written the ingenious Dion, then a youth of 19, of doubtful parentage, had come to London from the English provinces, where he had been playing under the name of Les Moreton. He fell in with Brougham and a play reminiscent of the old English comedies was designed by the Celtic pair. It is well known that the adventurer Dazzle in this piece was evolved from what was originally an Irish character. Some of the lines in the play are entirely in Brougham's exuberant vein. The two players were friends, but the younger one held a Donnybrook stick over the elder, and was prepared to

The present Boston theatre has had many managers before this, but none but perhaps the most interpretations was Eugene Tompkins, whom everybody liked for his manly qualities. "The Faibles" and other pieces which he introduced early here show a youthful tact and enthusiasm. He had a cordial greeting always for those he met in business or social relations and his comparatively early death was deeply lamented. John Selwyn, who came here first as an assistant scene painter at the Boston Theatre, is best remembered as the manager of the theatre which bore his name. He was an innovator in the fitting of the stage in a harmonious and appropriate way, in which no detail was omitted that could add to the realism of the setting. He selected his players with remarkable skill and insight, but, alas, his love of good fellowship was his downfall, and he quitted the theatre that for a time he made so attractive. The bill which embraced Charles Reade's "Dora" and F. C. Burnand's burlesque, "Black Eyed Susan," will never be forgotten by many old playgoers. With Selwyn's departure the playhouse, after a great deal of discussion, became the Globe Theatre. Charles Fechter came to manage it after a somewhat flimsy fashion, but he revived with marked effectiveness "Monte Cristo," "No Thoroughfare" and some of his other London successes. Fechter, fascinating as he was in the romantic drama, had few of the qualities that make an efficient manager. He was too volatile, though as Claude Melnotte he could arouse an enthusiasm that I have never seen bestowed on any other actor impersonating the character. With a lot of verbal fireworks he disappeared from the Globe, after mistakenly saying he was not a Hercules to bear it on his shoulders. Thus he evidently left his Atlas behind him. The first Globe disappeared in a blaze and so did the actor, one under John Stetson, who was the most eccentric manager I ever knew, though an efficient one in many directions. He was a martinet in the conduct of his house. He was notably deficient in education and famous as a verbal blunderer, but he had a great deal of what is called horse sense. His impatient energy was probably gained while he was a professional surfer in his youthful days.

Of the managers of the present day, when there have been so many changes in theatrical affairs, this is no time to write. I leave their merits and demerits to be discussed by some chronicler of the frolicsome future.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Mr. Townsend Walsh in his authoritative life of Dion Boucicault (the Dunlap Society, 1915) says: "It is scarcely worth while to dwell upon Boucicault's alleged indebtedness to John Brougham for collaboration in the authorship of 'London Assurance.'" Lester Wallack, who had talked with Brougham and Boucicault about it, says that no doubt Brougham suggested the idea and intended the part of Dazzle for himself. "So far as I know, Mr. Brougham, for a certain sum of money, conceded to Mr. Boucicault his entire rights in the comedy. John was far less officious in the matter than his friends were. They invented all sorts of tales, but there is no question that the success of the whole thing was due to Mr. Boucicault, to his tact and cleverness, and to the brilliancy of his dialogue."—Ed.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. Concert by Eugene J. Solheim, violinist.

MONDAY—Stanhert Hall, 8:15 P. M., second concert. Gungl's "The War in Song and Action." Songs of the Polaris, Mme. Helene Skatoff-Portier, Discuse. The words and music of many of these songs were composed at Verdun. Explanatory talk by Prof. H. Aldrich of Harvard University. Local soldiers will be shown in uniform. Each soldier from Verdun to Genoa to the present time. Mrs. Zoe Laasagno-Morcier and Sergei Adamak will take part in the entertainment.

TUESDAY—N. O. R. on studio, 29 Montague avenue, 7 P. M. A Violin pas de deux, Kosloff. Chant sans paroles N. O. R. Deux Menades No. 2, M. S. Zerkse, Goukik. Les Menades No. 1, Canzonetto; No. Ballo, D. M. S. No. 1, L. Steard, Russian Dance, D. M. S. No. 1, J. K. Songs: French song, Why? Can't you sing, in The Hour of the Night, Spokov, in Field; Rachmanoff, Illaes, Spring Folds, Mrs. Bernice Fisher Butler.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Molnihan, conductor. Part Songs: Davies, Hymn Before the Altar; Robeson, At the Light; Conquest of the Bizarro; Solo, Balpe, (Barlow); Richards, Mister Boogaman; Last, Die Lorelei; Trunk, Autumn, Drorak, Heart Ache; Leonavalo, Gentle Friend Pierrot; Strnus, The Beautiful Blue Danube; Schubert, The Almightly (tenor solo, Lambert Murphy). Mr. Murphy will sing these songs: Protheroe, Ah Love but a Cloudlet-Twain, The Cry of the Water, Massenet, "Ah, tuez," from "Manon"; Reinhardt, When the Roses Bloom Chadwick, Before Dawn.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Longy Club series. Woollett, five pieces for piano, 2 flutes, clarinet and horn; Handel, Trio in B flat for 2 oboes and bassoon (first time at these concerts); Gouvy, Les Eucalypte op. 96 for flute, oboe, 2 clarinets, 2 horns and 2 bassoons.

THURSDAY—Steinhert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Miss Anna Gulick's second piano recital. B. Saint-Saens's Overture from the 29 Chor. Cantata; S-humann, Papillon, Heethoven, Sonata A major, op. 101 M-Dove, S-Erolca; Grandos, Spanish Dance, Valse de Concert; Rubinstein, Spa to end.

Tremont T. 3 P. M.
 Tremont Temple series. Songs by the
 Evelyn Scott. Mad Songs from "Lullaby
 with Gude; Sibella; Impressions; Gude;
 Hymns and Soli; Scott, Lullaby; Gude;
 Wake up; Lullaby, by the Waters of M.
 netonks, with Gude; Buzzi-Pecchia, the M.
 lar's Daughter; Gilbert, Bonnie, Sweet B.
 ele. Howard White, bass, will sing the
 songs: Bize, When the Flame of Love, the
 ly Blooming; Holmes, An pays; Zucca Al
 Taper Time; Moss, the Floral Dance; Bar
 leigh, The Young Warrior; Gude, The
 Fishers; Old Irish, A Ballad; Gude, The
 two singers will be heard in the barbers
 from "Tales of Hoffmann." Flute solo by
 Charles De Mallory of the Boston Symphony
 orchestra. Organ solo by Herbert Seller.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 17th
 concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra.
 Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.
 Stenel Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by
 Thompson Stone. Mozart, Sonata in A major;
 Mendelssohn, Scherzo in E minor, Song With-
 out Words, in F major; Chopin, etude in E
 minor, Scherzo in C sharp minor; Ravel, Pa-
 vane; Albeniz, Seguidilla; Cyril Scott, Pier-
 rot; Verdi-Liszt, "Nicoletto" Fantasia.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by
 Samuel Gardner, violinist. Forpiano, Albinetti,
 Handel, Sonata in D major; d'Ambrosio, Con-
 certo in B minor; Gardner, Romance; Suk,
 Appassionato; Juon, Berceuse; Cartier-Kreis-
 ler, La Chasse; Dvorak-Kreisler, Slavonic
 Fantasia in B minor; Wagner-Wilhelm, Ro-
 mance; Wieniawski, Polonaise in A major.
 Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 17th concert (re-
 peated) of the Boston Symphony orchestra.
 Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

By PHILIP HALE.

As the World Wags:

At great personal risk, I advise that you and the Sunday editor purchase false beards and flee at once to the peace and quiet of Europe. John Coffin and his wooden leg are on the warpath.

This morning Mr. Coffin opened the Herald with his usual eagerness, turning at once to your column. As he read, his face registered more varied emotions than a five-reel film of the "Ululations of Eulalia." My first thought was that Capt. Martin Gale had accused Mr. Coffin of piracy, slave running or some kindred crime; I reeled my ears against an expected outburst of strong language. But Mr. Coffin handed me the paper without comment. I read, moving over to the window and keeping one eye on the famous wooden leg.

"Well?" said Mr. Coffin, with ominous calm. I had no answer. "You've done it this time, young fellow," continued the old gentleman. "I'm a mercenary old cuss, am I? And contrary minded and like to hear myself talk and all, hey?"

"You said so yourself," I protested. "No matter what I said; you can't convict a man on his own say-so. That's law. They had no business putting it in the paper, even if you was fool enough to write it. That's libel. If that lunatic whaler Cap'n Gale ever claps eyes on that piece he'll bust loose with some new lie about me, spite of my having shut his trap once." Mr. Coffin frowned horribly at the possibility of Capt. Martin Gale busting loose again, then rose and stumped aloft. He came down again immediately, clad in his shore togs. "I'm headed for Boston town," he announced. "East nor'east and coming on to blow. I'll tend to you later." With that threat, he bobbed off down the road.

Hence my warning. Appeal to the police to arrest all wooden legged men inquiring for the Herald office will avail you nothing. Mr. Coffin, like all sailors, distrusts the police and steers clear of them whenever possible. There is but one hope. I am sending Mr. Coffin's yarn of Old Bill to that prince of hypercritical critics, the Sunday editor. I have no wish to blackmail that worthy gentleman, but publication of the yarn may avoid the wrath to come and induce Mr. Coffin to retain his wooden leg to its proper use. For my part, I am haunting the local railroad yard, in search of an empty freight car billed westward—the further West the better.

Holliston, Feb. 28.

The True Sidewinder.

As the World Wags:

"Vermonters' article on the sidewinder has interested me deeply. This curious animal appears to be widely distributed in the United States, for we find him in Colorado under the name of Linkumsluice, in the White mountains he is called by the guides the dingmaharck; in the Adirondacks he is known as the side-hill-gouger; and in Massachusetts the prock. The only one in captivity was no doubt in the Museum of Unnatural History, mentioned by the editor of his column; but unfortunately he was never seen by the public because as the doors were about to be opened the manager-curator appeared, covered with blood; with his clothes half torn off, he announced that the spectators should run for their lives,

the gyascutus had broken its cage and scoured the prock. I have this from a voracious gentleman and have never seen it denied in print. I have heard two reasons assigned for the difficulty encountered in capturing sidewinders: the first is, that the animal has a long neck which it can put between its legs and is thus enabled to reverse its direction without turning; the other is, that the animal cannot be made to turn around because an all-wise Providence has made it in rights and lefts.

Brookline. GLEANER.
 Mr. Edgar P. Howard of Brockton writes that the story of the sidewinders of Michigan was evidently inspired by the story of a gyascutus "first published in the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine in the 50's." According to this story, which he kindly gives in full, the gyascutus was otherwise known as the "Man eating Catomontsternburg of the Rocky mountains," while the prock was a smaller animal of the antelope species, found only in the mountains of the West with legs on the right side shorter than on the left, for convenience in browsing upon the herbage on the steep mountain side. When we were very young, our Uncle Thomas used to tell a wonderful tale of that fearsome animal, the whimbamper.—Ed.

Wot?

As the World Wags:

Some-years ago I read in Colliers that the name Weatherstonehope (a town in England) is pronounced Wop. Is it so? Wellesley. E. C. H.

EUGENE YSAYE

Eugene Ysaye gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. There was a great audience. Many sat on the stage. The standing room was crowded. Mr. Ysaye was assisted by Maurice Dambols, pianist.

The program was as follows: Faure, sonata in A major, op. 13 for violin and piano; Geminiani, sonata in D minor for violin and piano; Ysaye, Extra Chamber-Loeffler, Scherzo-Valse; Ysaye, Reve d'Enfant; Chopin-Ysaye, Valse, Guiraud, Rondo. Mr. Dambols played a prelude by Rachmininoff and his own Caprice-Valse.

Mr. Ysaye played superbly and as only he can play. In fact such a performance defies cold analysis. The audience was moved by the great Belgian violinist's brilliance and technical proficiency, by the warmth and purity of his tone, by his inspired interpretation. There was little thought of this or that composer whose name appeared on the program, of his period and achievements. The hearers were enchanted only by an emotional flow of music, exquisitely colored, in turn tender, soothing, passionate or gay. In every phrase there was warmth and eloquence. In every composition Mr. Ysaye was as a rapt improviser.

Supremely gifted, towering, leonine, above the violinists of his day. Mr. Ysaye was also heard as a composer. His clever arrangement of a Chopin Valse, his charming "Reve d'Enfant" pleased, but his "Extase," with its rhapsodic exaltation, its emotional glorification of a mood, varied in the subtle eloquence of a modernist, is a work of which Mr. Ysaye may well be proud.

Mr. Dambols, in Faure's beautiful sonata, at once showed himself a pianist of unusual merits and a skilled accompanist. Later in Rachmaninoff's hackneyed prelude and his own effective Caprice-Valse the young man displayed originality and a fiery temperament.

Recalled again and again Mr. Ysaye lengthened the program. He will give a second recital at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, March 16, at 2:30.

'MASQUERADER'

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Masquerader," a play in three acts with a prologue by John Hunter Booth, based on the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Produced by Richard Walton Tully, Inc., at New Haven, Ct., Nov. 13, 1916.

John Chilcote, M. F. Guy Bates Post
 Brock, Louis Calvert
 Bobby Blessington, Harry Gribble
 Marie, Nina Lindsey
 Dee Chilcote, Thais Lawton
 Peggy Forsythe, Gertrude Small
 Herbert Fralde, Clarence Handysides
 Mr. Lakely, Ian Robertson
 Lord Lillian Astrupp, Florence Malone
 Robbins, Ruby Gordon
 Captain Galtrey, James Moore
 Lord Bramfell, Raymond Martin

Here we have good old melodrama again, with an actor playing two parts; with the faithful servant who served grandfather and father before the pres-

ent degenerate master was born; with the lips and precocious child, whose artless prattle gives light to the perplexed hero; with our old friend the siren, who in her attempt to unmask the Joseph that never knew her prepares the way for the most ingenious theatrical trick in the piece; with the faithful savey in the lodgings, with curious representatives of English aristocracy supposed to be enjoying themselves on the lawn; with other characters, not forgetting a real and well-behaved dog, also a physician for the last act, and other time-honored material.

And we enjoyed the play, and accepted all that was done with the faith of a child born many years ago when children were unsophisticated. We enjoyed nearly all the dialogue—though there were one or two dreary stretches. The prologue with the two men startled in the fog by the resemblance that makes the play possible was amusing, although the idea of a fog scene is by no means new, and in the desire for realism the noises of traffic on the stage often covered the dialogue. It was a pleasure to note the use of the piano by heroine and virtuous hero in the more sentimental passages, a dramatic instrument less irritating than the telephone without which no modern play is considered true to life.

We are ashamed to say that we have not read the novel on which this play is based. We are under the impression that the novel was published before the breaking out of the present war. It matters not; the war is mentioned frequently and the newspaper man that takes the place of the member of Parliament has so much to do for England, he is so essential to her success, that Eve and the pompous Fralde prevail upon him after Chilcote is dead to refrain from disappearing in the fog whence he came, so that there is the happy ending dear to all enlightened patrons and patronesses of the drama.

This play, well constructed in an artificial way to hold the attention, delightfully preposterous in the main idea and in many episodes, would be entertaining even if the principal parts were not so well taken.

A "dual part" is always interesting, and few plays in which the two parts are strongly contrasted have failed. In "The Masquerader" the two characters are sharply defined. Mr. Post plays them with signal ability, and without undue emphasis. He makes each character plausible; he really impersonates; so that his success is not merely a matter of quick changes in costume and adroit substitutions that set the spectator wondering how the trick was worked. Not for a moment was there anything in Loder's speech or demeanor that suggested the character of Chilcote. Even in his assumed coldness as Chilcote, while there were certain mannerisms of the dope-fleed taught by the ingenious Brock, there was the gentle nature of the man worshipping the woman who thought him her husband. Think for a moment what a French dramatist would have done with the theme! The wife would have been a more seductive temptress than Lady Lillian.

That excellent actor Mr. Calvert found in Brock a congenial part. He played it admirably. Miss Lawton, womanly as the wife, was charming in her attempt to woo Chilcote back to her and in her chief scene with Loder. The other members of the company were adequate, and Miss Gordon as Robbins, the slavey, was more than that.

The audience, not content with seeing Mr. Post in two parts, obliged him to speak only as Mr. Post. It is to be regretted that he yielded to the temptation. Mr. Booth and Mr. Tully in their little speeches complimented each one the other and expressed their joy. One of them spoke of the "lovely" production; or was it the play? It is true that the stage settings were well devised and effective.

'FLORA BELLA'

SHUBERT THEATRE: "Flora Bella," operetta in three acts; the book, originally by Felix Doermann, revised and adapted by Cosmo Hamilton and Dor-

othy Donnelly; lyrics by Percy Waxman, music by Charles Cuvillier and Milton Schwarzwald; staged by Richard Ordynski, scenery by Joseph Urban, and dances by Carl Randall. First time in Boston.

Ludovic, Gilbert Clayton
 Baron Tigo Oblonsky, Roydon Keith
 Countess Ola Drubetzky, Hazel Kirke
 Count Sergiey Weronzeff, Irving Brooks
 Princess Manja Semidoff, Mue, Lina Abarbanell
 Sophie, Kate Stout
 Prince Nicholas Demidoff, Charles Purcell
 Kosonoff, Adolf Luk
 Mme. Vera Ludovska, Paulina French
 Rosset, Robert O'Connor

One of the chief charms of "Flora Bella," and be it said at the outset this delightful operetta has many, lies in the fact that after the first 15 minutes one can and does forget all those names of many nationalities which figure in its making, and even the last names of the prince and the princess and the others, of more or less purest Russian. The entertainment becomes intimate, and you know only that Mme. Abarbanell is before you, and that, as the action pro-

ceeds, she is doing something far finer, far more artistic and appealing than her Sonia in "The Merry Widow," in the dual role of the housewifely Manja and the alluring Flora Bella.

You realize that in the text and the score this daintiest and most versatile of prima donnas has material worthy of her art and her voice; and that she has, at her right and at her left, a small but select group of players and singers and dancers to meet cheerily and unflinchingly the high standards which her own personality and artistry exact. With such clever, capable and loyal support it is small wonder that Mme. Abarbanell last night gave the best that was in her. For a snow bound town it was a remarkable first night.

Comparison with "The Merry Widow" is permissible to this extent, that like the famous Lehar operetta, "Flora Bella" tells a story of a certain dramatic value, and like it, possesses a waltz theme which figures effectively in the action, especially in the finale. This number, "Give Me All of You," sung by Mme. Abarbanell and Mr. Purcell, with the duet dance following, is of exceptional melodic wealth and charm. The march, "Flora Bella," in the second act, is another gem, and Manja's humorous ditty, "It Is Very Hard to Bring up Father," also has merit. "Adam," for four male voices, has a certain comic effectiveness, though it is quite probable that our own Victor Herbert could have embellished it with more tuneful humor. Of all save the last number Mr. Schwarzwald is the composer.

The two settings show the country house of Prince Nicholas, for the first and third acts, and "The Sign of the Golden Cal" in Petrograd for the central and liveliest act. In his journey from the country to the dance hall and back again Prince Nicholas, by very ingenious situations, learns what love really means and finds it where he least expected to find it, in his own home.

It is a constant delight to listen to and to observe Mme. Abarbanell. Her quaint accent, her pliant and mobile features, her graceful carriage, her liquid, rangeful voice, never offending, always sympathetic, and her wonderful ability as a danseuse, combine in an appeal which is irresistible. Mr. Purcell sings well and dances well, as needs he must to play opposite this brilliant little woman. Mr. Brooks has many clever lines. Mr. Zink's Kosonoff, an aged maestro gone to seed, was a brief bit of truthful characterization; and Mr. O'Connor's cabaret manager was nimbly amusing. Mr. Clayton as a deaf and fossilized butler, Miss Kirke, best in dances; Mr. Keith as a rather ponderous Tigo and Miss French as the cabaret proprietress, of statuesque beauty, made the remainder of the cast. It really was kind of the authors to plan the story so that the last-named could reappear in the finale scene.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS' PLEASURES

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of the military comic opera, "Boys Will Be Boys," in three acts; book by Ferdinand Stollberg and Edward Paulton, music by Oscar Strauss. Chief characters:

Countess Sophia Rombach, Lina Sanders
 Countess Teresa, Lina Sanders
 Franz Rombach, Lina Sanders
 Countess Kati Nordin, Lina Sanders
 Lieut. Max Demendorf, Lina Sanders
 Florian, Lina Sanders
 Prince Ferdinand Doppelner, Lina Sanders
 Mme. Eulalia Bartissan, Lina Sanders

"Boys Will Be Boys" is both amusing and charming. There is charm in its light, fresh, tuneful music, in its sprightly action and in the somewhat unusual fact that all the chief performers both sing and act exceptionally well.

It is pleasing in its plentiful, lively humor, its honest and sincere, even if familiar, sentiment and in several points of novelty that differentiate it from prevailing "musical shows," though it comes from Vienna, there is not a "suggestive" or risqué scene or situation or phrase in it and little of its attracting power depends on lavish feminine anatomical display.

The elements of its story are not new, but the treatment of them is so full enough to make the piece interesting. Its "military" character is light; there are hussars in it and during the lapse of two years in the act a they have been at war, so that the show become Red Cross nurses. That is about all the war there is.

Lucile Sanders is a motherly and sufficiently aristocratic coquette, whose "son" is shown to be a changeling, and who goes away to come back a general.

Laneata Jevay is a sweet-natured loyal young woman, who continues to love Franz, while he is throwing himself away on the adventures, Mr. Bartissan.

Bolly Castles is sprightly, a foot, comical and graceful. Countess Kati, who loves and loves Lt. Max. Her dancing with him

THE SILVER BOX

COPLEY THEATRE—Henry Jewett plays in "The Silver Box," a play in three acts by John Galsworthy.

Barthwick.....Leonard Craske
Jones.....Fred W. Permalin
Mrs. Jones.....Miriam Good
Jouet.....Beatrice Miller
Barthwick, M. P.....Cameron Matthews
Barthwick.....Jessamine Newcombe
Lady.....Gladys Morris
Seddon.....Marion Winslip
Lady.....Leon Gordon
A Police Magistrate.....Lionel Glenister
A Police Magistrate.....M. Conway Wingfield
A Magistrate's Clerk.....Hubert Pierce
A Magistrate's Clerk.....Frank McEntee

Yesterday the Jewett Players began work on matinees only with an unusual fine performance of Galsworthy's bitter little play, first given in April, 1913, by Miss Horniman's company from Manchester, England. The piece is photographic in its realism. The characters are taken from life. The author simply tells his story. He neither takes sides, nor offers solutions for the injustice he depicts. No doubt some will remember the case of the silver box. The aristocratic but worthless young Barthwick snatches a purse containing a well garnished diamond from a light of love in a drunken brawl at a convivial supper party. Jones, unemployed and wandering, finds the young man home. In return Barthwick offers him whiskey and cigarettes, boasting the while about his wealth of the reticence, for he is now even with the girl.

Jones, already drunk himself, drinks more. He steals the silver cigarette box and the purse to be even with Barthwick. Part of the money goes for his rent but his wife, Barthwick's character, an honest, abused and long suffering mother of three children, suspects him. She finds the silver box wrapped in his coat. Jones and his wife are dragged to court. Jones is imprisoned to talk. Young Barthwick, coached by his counsel, can remember nothing except that he returned home drunk on the night of the theft. He does not know Jones, for it is important that the scandal about the little purse should not get into the newspapers. The Barthwicks are wealthy. The magistrate has already received timely warning. The charge of theft is dropped. Mrs. Jones, with reputation gone and no prospect of obtaining work, is discharged. Young Barthwick's slate is clean; but Jones, for assaulting the detective who came to arrest his wife when the theft was discovered, is sentenced to one month at hard labor.

Thus in real life reputations are made and unmade, not always in a court of justice, but by venomous tongues, in the drawing room; the outwardly conventional are protected by their wealth in disquieting moments; the true remains unpunished.

The play was admirably cast. Miss Morris as Mrs. Jones was pathetic and convincing. Her voice and face were pitifully eloquent of her crushed life, of the poverty and abuse to which she had long been accustomed. Mr. Permalin's Jones was realistic. The canting elder Barthwick and his priggish wife were cleverly played by Mr. Matthews and Miss Newcombe. Miss Morris as the night bird revealed her versatility and skill in characterization. Mr. Craske's young Barthwick was a vivid impersonation of a certain type. Nor should the shadow of Mr. Joy, the Roper of Mr. Jones, the Magistrate of Mr. Wingfield be overlooked.

**FRENCH COMPANY OPENS
IN "SAPHO" AT THE COPLEY**
Play Seems Old-Fashioned and
Episodic—Mr. Becman Is Ad-
mirable as Jean.

The Theatre Francaise des Elits-Union has a three weeks' engagement in "Sapho" by Claudet, at the Copley Theatre last night.

Da det's story upon which his play is based was dedicated to his sons. To be read by them when they had reached their 20th year. He said of his play that while men would find in it a bit of their own lives, women would see little to delight them.

Last evening the play seemed old-fashioned, episodic, with a monotony of farewelling and recriminations. Mme. Dorthy took the part of Sapho for the first time here. She has played at the Porte St. Martin, at the Odeon, at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt and at His Majesty's, London, with Coquelin, the elder in "L'Affaire des Poisons." Among her roles are Aspasia in "Timon d'Athènes," Camille in "Horace," Laurence in "Le Redoutable" and Marguerite in "La Reine Margot." Last evening as Sapho, in spite of a striking appearance, she did little to justify Jean's infatuation or that of his predecessors in her affections. The actress was brusque, explosive, masterful, a true daughter of her father, but without the subtlety, the wiles of seduction which made her presence indispensable to Jean. In the first act her wooing was after the manner of cave women. Small wonder that the sensitive youth at once submitted.

Mr. Becman, however, was in every respect admirable as Jean. His impersonation was distinguished, sincere, emotionally eloquent. His facial play was significant, and when silent he was effective and in the picture.

Cesaire and Divonne, the honest country couple, were played with becoming heartiness by Mr. Cerny and Mme. Diska, Dechelette, De Poter, Caoudal, Laborderie, were adequately vitalized by Messrs. Saulsac, Cassin, Tournier and Rosset. Miss Kereu was a discreet and ingenious Irene. Mme. Roche was appropriately shrewish as Rosario.

"Sapho" will be repeated this evening. On Wednesday evening "Le Maître de Forges," with Mme. Dorthy and Mr. Becman, will be presented.

Louis Vandergere, a Belgian singer, who comes directly from the trenches, will sing this evening during the intermission of "Sapho."

MISS ST. DENIS PLEASES IN "DANCE OF INDIA"

Assisted by Ted Shawn and
Nautch Girls, She Leads Excel-
lent Bill at Keith's Theatre.

Ruth St. Denis, assisted by Ted Shawn and a large group of auxiliary dancers, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The act is a review of the dance pageant of India, Greece and Egypt, as presented at the Greek Theatre, California. Dorian are already familiar with Miss St. Denis's interpretations of the Egyptian and Greek styles of dance. Last evening she added the dance of India.

The latter feature of the program had an added advantage in Mr. Shawn's ingenious treatment of the idea, for the dance was appropriately dramatic and there was a "story" lucidly conveyed by the art of the interpreters.

Miss St. Denis was something more than the oriental beauty standing out in relief among the Nautch girls. Her disarming and yielding her all to the beggar, so convincingly portrayed by the reposeful Mr. Shawn, was done as the fated dancer who looked upon life from a suddenly new angle. Both dancers charmed in their rhythmic and enchantingly graceful movements and in the fleetness and ease of the dance.

Others on the bill were George Rockwell and Al Wood in songs and chatter, Hans Wilson and Steve and Leiner McNally in a dancing and acrobatic act, Vivian Blackburn and Elwood F. Bostwick in "Peacock Alley," an entertaining sketch, Max G. Cooper and Irene Ricardo in a comedy singing act, Paul McCarty and Elsie Faye in a delightful comedy sketch skillfully played, Dorkin Girls in a singing act, Herbert's leaping canines, and the eighth episode

of "Patria," featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

"The Love Mill" moved intact into the Boston Opera House from the Colonial Theatre last night, and had a splendid reception. The same all-star cast, with Vera Michelena and Ralph Herz, not to forget an enlarged "beauty chorus," remain with the production.

2nd concert 4 aulos
shans des Poilus

Melina St. Denis
Jac Cassagne
Singer of the
J. Halland
mch 7

By PHILIP HALE.

Let us again study that interesting animal, the sidewinder.

In Literature.

As the World Wags:

The cowboy abhors a sidewinder, as we learn from this paragraph in "The Well in the Desert":

"Kate Hallard's eyes flashed. 'Well, the dead's been lost these two years, and that devil, Westcott, he found it out, and he done me out'n the prop'ty. Oh, he's a sidewinder, for sure.'"

Boston. J. D. K.

In the Madison Hut.

As the World Wags:

A few years ago I climbed the North-east Peaks in New Hampshire, and during my sojourn one night in the Madison Hut, the guide recounted some of the stories that are usually sprung on newcomers. One story was the same as that told by "Vermonters," excepting that in this case the animal was designated by the name of "Dingmaul," or, as some guides have it, "dingmaul." I was shown "Dingmaul Rock" on the side of the mountains near the trail.

Castine, Me. W. G. SARGENT.

Sidewinder and Gyascutus.

As the World Wags:

The quadruped which has longer legs on one side than the other, and which "Vermonters" call a sidewinder, is different from the quadrupedal animal which is known to lexicographers by that name. Such an animal as "Vermonters" describes I have never seen or heard called by any other name than gyascutus—a word not ignored by all the lexicographers, though I see that it is ignored by Webster's Dictionary and—which is stranger—by that comprehensive and exhaustive work, the Oxford Dictionary. The dictionaries which accord recognition to the word say—and I have always so understood—that the quadrupedal gyascutus (the word gyascutus also has another meaning) is an imaginary animal. I have never seen or heard the animal spoken of except in humorous discourse. The Standard Dictionary states that "the word is said to have been coined by a showman, who pretended to have a specimen."

Brookline.

A Plea for Plain Living.

As the World Wags:

We hear a whole lot of talk about the high cost of living, but little is said of the expensive luxuries. When you and I were boys if we got a string of spools and mother's button-box and a few blocks the carpenter made we were happy kids; but now in a family of one or more children there must be dolls costing \$2.50 to \$5 each, Teddy bears \$1 and more, and many other trinkets too numerous to mention. There is a population of 30,000 in Barnstable county. I will put the small sum of one dollar to each individual, which is small, and we have the sum of \$30,000 goes to the dumping ground each year. Some homes you can't get across the floor in either room without stumbling over expensive trinkets; then howl at the cost of living. I wore skates tied on with rope yarns and several boys I know of have got skates screwed onto their shoes that cost from \$3 to \$15 per pair and these families are not having an over abundance of substantial food. And when it comes to clothing, I went to church in pants my grandfather wore, but now it's a new suit for spring, the same for summer, fall, and winter; new hats when the season changes; a necktie for every day of the week, silk stockings, white, black, and tan shoes \$3 to \$8 a pair. And three out of every five families own an automobile and these are the families that are crying: "Give me bread." We also hear of thousands of students ready for action in case of war. Boys, you like it to the cornfield and help the farmer this coming season, and you will render greater assistance to your country, and you won't lose a leg or an arm, but on the contrary will be better fitted for your next winter's schooling than you ever was before. Work for your board and winter's supply of vegetables and you can put it down to your credit that you have done something better for you and your country than you would at some summer resort slinging hash for people who are dying with the gout and apoplexy from over eating.

Osterville.

Up-to-Date.

As the World Wags:

Wet soles:
How dry I am
How dry I am
I can not tell
How dry I am

APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its third concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall.

The program contained these parts: Songs: Davies, Hymn Before Action, Robinson, At Twilight, Cushman, The Blizzard (tenor solo, Ralph L. Harlow, Richards, Mister Boogaman; Liszt, Die Lorelei; Trunk, Autumn; Dvorak, Heart-Ache; Leoncavallo, Gentle Friend; Herriot; Strauss, Beautiful Blue Danube; Schubert, The Almighty (soprano solo, Lambert Murphy). Mr. Murphy solos were as follows: Protheroe, A Love but a Day, Horsman, The Bird of the Wilderness; Campbell-Tipton, The Crying of Water; Massenet, "Ah, Fuyez," from "Manon"; Rehar, When the Roses Bloom, Cadwick, Dawn, and Cadman, I Hear a Thrush at Eve.

The hall was crowded. All persons who religiously attend every concert of the club, Mr. Murphy, who has a perfect voice, sang admirably. He was recalled many times, gave a couple of encores, and, but for the length of the program, probably would have given more. The audience were like Oliver Twist, but Mr. Murphy had to pass up the desire for more with an extra bow. He formerly sang with the Metropolitan Opera Company and has an exceptionally sweet voice that makes an impression the first time it is heard. His rendition of "Ah, Love but a Day" and "I Hear a Thrush at Eve" was worth going many a mile to hear.

The singing of the club was as good as usual. "Heart-Ache," with its haunting accompaniment, and "Mister Boogaman" were repeated. The following: "Gentle Friend" and "Nathan Haskell Dole's words for Strauss's ever-popular waltz were other numbers which called forth prolonged applause. The work of Conductor Mollenhauer was excellent, as always.

FRENCH COMEDY

By PHILIP HALE.

COPLEY THEATRE: "Le Maître de Forges," comedy in five acts by Georges Ohnet; played by the Theatre Francaise of New York.

Philippe Derblay.....Claude Benedet
Moulinet.....Robert Tournier
Duc de Bignon.....Edmond Cassin
Le General.....Paul Cerny
Bachelin.....Pierre Mindaslet
Baron de Prefond.....Georges Saulien
Octave.....Bernard Rosset
Claire de Beaulieu.....Gilda Dorthy
Athenais.....Yvonne Mirval
Marquise de Beaulieu.....Jenny Diska
Baronne de Prefond.....Mlle. Picco
Suzanne.....Yvonne Karmac

If "Le Maître de Forges" had been produced in Paris just before the war, would it have filled the theatre for 300-odd performances? When it was produced in 1883 its success was great, and not only because the romance from which it was derived was popular. Jane Hading, who had just left operetta, was the haughty heroine. Damala, who played the part of Philippe, was not then a victim of the hypodermic syringe. The bourgeois rejoiced in the final victory of the ironmaster over the proud aristocrat. Ohnet was the friend of democracy. The bourgeois took these stage men and women seriously. He did not stop to consider that Moulinet, a man of the people, who had made his money in trade, was delighted at the marriage of his daughter to a real duke. The theatregoer welcomed the final speech before each curtain, and even some of the critics agreed that the comedy was dramatic, the real stuff for the theatre. Anatole France and Jules Lemaitre wrote cruelly amusing articles about Ohnet, his novels and his plays. Ohnet did not stop writing them. The great public continued to read the romances, to see the plays.

This may be said of "Le Maître de Forges," however artificial the play is in many ways, however feeble on the whole the drawing of character, there is opportunity for an emotional actress and a romantic actor.

And so at this late day the play is tolerable and to be endured if the parts of Claire and Philippe are played with a straight face and with a display of passion, now frozen, now burning. Mr. Benedet, evidently an experienced actor, thoroughly versed in his art, gave what might be called an excellent middle-aged interpretation of the iron master. He simulated adroitly the enthusiasm of the ardent lover, and when that enthusiasm was chilled by the shabby behavior of the proud Claire, he easily played with appropriate dignity and self

control. Mme. Dany... sls to the haughtiness of coldness, her disgust as she realized that she had practised herself in a moment of pique. Her love for the generous self-blameless Philippe, who we more than suspect was a bit of a prig, was finely portrayed. She acted the scene with Athens in the third act with genuine force, not as a woman forgetting her birth and striking as a virago. But what puppets these two are, fashioned as an excuse for so many scenes, to please simple souls delighting in the conventional and the obvious! The part of the attorney was well played, and Mr. Tournier gave a good idea of the prosperous bourgeois.

The waits were not so long as is customary in performances by French companies. The settings were so shabby that it seemed as if even Philippe and his sister were in sadly reduced circumstances. A small audience applauded warmly. The play will be repeated to-night. On Friday and Saturday nights the play will be Bernstein's "La Rafale," which has been performed here under the title "The Whirlwind," with Mme. Simone as the heroine.

Little did we think when in an idle moment we printed here Dr. William Maginn's account of how he discovered "the most lordly, the most excellent and the most convenient means that ever was seen" (to quote Gargantua) of holding up his drawers that the subject would touch the heart of the people. Some persons, fussy in small matters, may say that the heart is situated higher. Letters have come to us from every quarter, letters relating to drawers, suspenders, braces. We have already published "Brookline's" minute description of his scheme. Here is the letter of another experimenter. Maginn had confidence in horizontal tapes, you may remember. "One of those inventions," he said, "which will stand the test so long as the present general system of breeches-making is retained; but that, I freely admit, appears to me to be by no means free from radical defects. The pressure comes too exclusively on particular parts of the shoulders. By a row of buttons all round this evil might be remedied. That again would involve inconveniences of quite another, though perhaps an even more distressing order."

How to Support Drawers.

As the World Wags:
"Brookline's" method of supporting drawers may be all right for those who do not have to work, but where the drawers have to stand great stress, it would be inefficient. I have found the following method, which I have used for many years, adequate to meet the strain under all circumstances:

I use two large safety pins the kind used to pin horse blankets—both in front, pinned horizontally to both the trousers and drawers about three-sixteenths of an inch from the top. This arrangement makes an unshakable attachment abdominally and allows considerable latitude posteriorly.

A friend of mine used two shingle nails thrusting them through the binding of the pantaloons and drawers. This method has the advantages of cheapness, but the perforation from the body is liable to rust the nails, which makes it difficult to "draw" them out. I am sure that anyone who gives my method a fair trial will never use any other.

WILLIAM HOLDEN.

Some Points.

As the World Wags:
The result of your researches on suspenders interested me much. I noticed the first reference found for braces was dated 1730. I thought that the immortal Swan of Avon ought to throw some light on the humble subject of gallowases, and so investigated. I found many references to those first cousins of braces, garters.

By the way, they offer a splendid subject for your reflections some mornings. Literature is rich with garters all the way from Malvolio in the latest style and Hamlet "down-gyved" to the famous reference to our favorite brand in "It pays to advertise." Nor should we forget the poor Countess of Salisbury and her embarrassment or Sam Johnson "being" as Boswell says, "drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, who pulled him along by a garter fixed round him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large." This last bewilderers us more than ever. We ourselves certainly wear no such enormous garters.

Our only find of any value at all was this remark in "Twelfth Night." At I

control. Mme. Dany... sls to the haughtiness of coldness, her disgust as she realized that she had practised herself in a moment of pique. Her love for the generous self-blameless Philippe, who we more than suspect was a bit of a prig, was finely portrayed. She acted the scene with Athens in the third act with genuine force, not as a woman forgetting her birth and striking as a virago. But what puppets these two are, fashioned as an excuse for so many scenes, to please simple souls delighting in the conventional and the obvious! The part of the attorney was well played, and Mr. Tournier gave a good idea of the prosperous bourgeois.

The waits were not so long as is customary in performances by French companies. The settings were so shabby that it seemed as if even Philippe and his sister were in sadly reduced circumstances. A small audience applauded warmly. The play will be repeated to-night. On Friday and Saturday nights the play will be Bernstein's "La Rafale," which has been performed here under the title "The Whirlwind," with Mme. Simone as the heroine.

LONGY CLUB GIVES ITS 3D CONCERT OF SEASON

Program Is Attractively Planned and Heard in Jordan Hall.

The Longy Club gave its third concert of the season last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Woollett, Cinq Pieces for piano, two flutes, clarinet and horn; Handel Trio in B flat for two oboes and bassoon; Gowvy, Suite Gauloise, Op. 90, for flute, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

The program was attractively planned. Handel's Trio was played for the first time at these concerts. Woollett's Five Pieces are melodious, soothing. The charming opening theme in the Prelude is repeated in the Finale. The combination of horn and piano is effective in the Nocturne. The Scherzo for flutes and clarinet has character and true gaiety. The Romance for the clarinet has a melancholy tenderness.

Handel's Trio displays oboes and bassoon to excellent advantage. The music is quaint and sharply rhythmic. Gowvy died at Leipzig in 1898. His Suite was played here some 13 years ago. His music is simple, tuneful. The influence of Mendelssohn is readily perceived.

It is always a pleasure to hear the excellent musicianship displayed by the club, and the audience was heartily appreciative.

March 9, 1917
"W. C. L." in the Herald of Feb. 28, asked for the words of that "inspiring song, 'McCarthy's Mare.'" We have received answers from "D. G. H." of Warren, "J. D. K." of Boston, who says the song was sung by Dan Bryant in the 60s; Mr. S. Harrock of Westminster; Dr. Edward E. Briry of Bath, Me., who writes: "For many years this song was always to be found on a sheet of songs, nearly the size of a newspaper, peddled around city streets on Circus Day and sold for 10 cents, called 'Popular Songs of the Day.'" We are indebted to these gentlemen for the interest shown by them, but they send only one verse or admit that they quote according to their recollection. The following letter is a little more definite:

McCarthy's Mare.

As the World Wags:
I notice the work that you have been doing to trace the history of our fragmentary ballads, and I am sending you three verses, and as I believe, the proper chorus for "McCarthy's Mare," referred to in the Herald of Feb. 23. The song was not one of Harrigan and Hart's, but was first sung in Boston, so near as I can discover, in 1874 at the Old Howard by Delehanty and Hinckler (sic). The home of these artists was in Albany, and doubtless they are still alive. They were very popular clog dancers and songsters, and introduced the famous song much more worthy of perpetuation, "Love Amongst the Roses."

Worcester. A. L. C.
The singing dancers were Delehanty and Hengler (not Hinckler). We are under the impression that one of them at least is dead. And is it McCarthy or McCarthy? Delehanty and Hengler were in the Union Square scene in "The Streets of New York" at the Boston Theatre early in 1872.—Ed.

"A. L. C.'s" Version.

We started for the fair
With spirits light and hearty;
Behind McCarthy's mare,
(It was a lively party)
Mahoney tumbled out behind
Believe me what I say,
I wanted to assist him
But the mare she went away.

Chorus.

For off she went, for off she went,
Be Goh, I wasn't worth a cent;
The safe lad was hard as flint;
Behind McCarthy's mare.

Mahoney held the reins,
McCarthy held Mahoney;
Whiskey filled our brains,
(The mare was tall and bony).
Mahoney tumbled out behind
And there we let him lay;
I couldn't help him up because
The mare she ran away.

Chorus
Hold her in, McCarthy cried
Stop her, said McCue
I thought I'd shake to pieces
As along the road we flew
My head was spinning like a top
My heart was in despair
The devil himself was in the wheels
Behind McCarthy's mare

The Chilled Heart of Song.

As the World Wags:

Some one, quoted in the Sunday Herald's musical notes, says this war has produced no striking song. Is that to be wondered at in view of the sweeping hatreds and detestations aroused by it? "A shudder ran through the house," says a Frenchwoman, at the mention of the name of the enemy. Words wholly failed. And so it is here where President Eliot writes of "torn and bleeding France and England" and we looking dumbly on. The accumulation of horrors day by day, the new, merciless, devastating forms of death and torture dry up the very springs of poetry and music in the soul. The whole world in contemplation grows sullen and sombre as if each being had a never to be forgotten personal wrong to avenge. It is a relief in some degree to turn to memories of our civil war and the heroism of our boys and to think of the spirit of their brave foes in the South. No poison gas, no liquid fire, no tear-producing shells, no deportations of men, women and children into slavery, no attempts with airships to destroy the weak and helpless non-combatants in that conflict. Bad as is war, that great contest had a clear and worthy issue and was followed by a general amnesty for political offenders and a chivalrous reconciliation all round. Today no man, no woman, no child sings who thinks of Europe aflame and engulfed in horrors. But the pit already yawns for Dragon.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston.
The writer quoted by Mr. Wright is an Englishman, and his statement was concerning only British song writers. The French have written many pathetic and stirring war-songs. Some of them, words and music, are by poets in the trenches.—Ed.

"Right Hand Man."

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me the origin and meaning of "right hand man." We use it to mean a staunch supporter or aid, but why? AVIS B. HOLLEY.

Tangerine Orange Co., Florida.
A right hand man was originally "a soldier holding a position of responsibility or command over the right of a troop of horse." Thus Peuys speaks of some one as not only being admitted into the Duke of Alexander's guards but also put "as a right hand man, and other marks of respect." This meaning is obsolete. Today the term is equivalent to "right hand," a useful or important person, an efficient or indispensable aid. As far back as 1522 we hear of O'Connor, the "right hand" of the Earl of Kildare, and in Tennyson's "Princess," "Lady Psyche was the right hand now"—Ed.

TEMPLE CONCERT

The final concert in the Tremont Temple concert course for the current season took place last evening. The artists were Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano; Howard White, basso, and Charles De Mallly, flute. Mr. H. Selter was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Organ, William Tell Overture.....Rossini
Aria, "When the Flame of Love," from
"The Fair Maid of Perth".....Bizet
Mad scene from "Lucia" (with flute)...Donizetti
Mme. Scotney.

Songs:
"Roses Softly Blooming".....Spohr
"Au Pays".....Holmes
"At Taper Time".....Zucca
"The Floral Dance" (By request)...Moss
Mr. White.

Songs:
"Impressions".....Sibella
"Hymne au Soleil".....Georges
"Lullaby".....Scott
"Wake Up".....Phillips
Mme. Scotney.

Flute solo. Mr. De Mallly.

Songs:
"The Young Warrior".....Burleigh
"Three Fishers" (By request)...Hullish
A Ballad Ballad.....(Old Irish)
Mr. White.

Songs:
"By the Waters of Minnetonka" (with
flute).....Laurance
"The Miller's Daughter".....Euzzi-Pecchia
"Bonnie Sweet Beatie" (By request)...Gilbert
Mme. Scotney.

Barcarole from "Tales of Hoffmann".....Offenbach
Mme. Scotney and Mr. White.

Mme. Scotney, one of the most familiar of the faces among the artists who have appeared at these concerts, was in the vein last evening; nor is it too much to say that she has never appeared in this course to better advantage. Her singing as the "mad lady" from Donizetti's opera showed her at ease in the florid passages. There was the assurance of the singer who knew her song; the trills were clean and well defined and the staccato notes were as chiselled.

Mr. White added to the pleasure of the evening in responding to the pulse of his audience with songs of the popular variety. Mr. De Mallly, excellent in the flute obbligato with Mme. Scotney in the mad scene, gave pleasure with the richness of his tone and his musicianly interpretation.

ANNE GULICK GIVES HER SECOND PIANO RECITAL

Is Well Trained and Her Hands Are Powerful, but Light-Fingered.

Anne Gulick gave her second piano recital at Stelnert Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Bach, overture from the 29th church Cantata; Schumann, Papillons, op. 2; Beethoven, sonata, A minor, op. 101; MacDowell, sonata Eroica Galmor, op. 60; Granades, Spanish Dance, Valse de Concert, Rubinstein, Staccato Etude.

Miss Gulick is a well-trained pianist. Her hands are powerful, yet they can be light-fingered. Her left hand shows unusual proficiency. She has a nice sense of proportion. Last evening her playing was intellectual yet not lacking in vitality. She will give a third recital on Saturday afternoon, March 24.

March 10, 1917

IN "LA RAFALE"

By PHILIP HALE.

COPLEY THEATRE: "La Rafale," a play in three acts by Henry Bernstein, acted by the Theatre Francaise of New York company.

Robert de Chacery.....Edgar Becman
Le Baron Lebourg.....Edmond Cassin
Amedee Lebourg.....Georges Sautieu
Braslin.....Bernard Rossetti
Helene de Brechebel.....Gilda Darthy
Le Baron Lebourg.....Jenny Diska
La Marquise de Doullence.....Anna Guichard

Bernstein's drama has been performed in this country in two or three versions. As "Baccarat" it was played in German in New York eight years ago. Mme. Marletta Oily, who took the part of Helene, played it the next year in English. As "The Whirlwind," in a translation by George Egerton, the play was seen in Boston at the Plymouth Theatre in December, 1911, when Mme. Simone, the original Helene in Paris, was supported by Emmett Corrigan as the baron, Edwin Arden as the lover and Charles Francis as the cousin.

The play itself is brutal and repulsive. The heroine in her chief scene begs her father, because he had forced her into a loveless marriage that he might climb higher on the social ladder, to give her over half a million francs that she may save her lover, gambler and thief, from prison. The lover, who evidently is Bernstein's idea of a "tres chic gentleman," sees no other way out of it than suicide, which he justifies because, forsooth, he is an aristocrat. Helene is unfortunate in her family. Papa is a hopeless snob; the Baroness is stupid; and what shall be said of the detestable cousin who finally gives Helene the required sum, but exacts from her the loss of the remains of her honor? Her sacrifice is in vain. Robert, the aristocratic crook, blows out his brains. It is a wonder that Bernstein did not bring in the cousin demanding his money back for the final curtain.

Now Bernstein borrowed the main idea of his play from an episode in Hervieu's novel, "Peints par eux-memes." Hingle, a clubman, is the lover of Francoise. A compromising letter written by her falls into the hands of Baron Munstein, who tells Francoise he will return it to her if she will yield to his desire. Hingle has tricked at cards and been expelled from the club. Resolved to kill himself, he will first save his mistress. He lures Munstein to a rendezvous and then gives him the choice of handing over the letter or receiving a bullet. The baron hands the letter to Hingle, who sends it to Francoise and then leaves this world. Bernstein has borrowed the situation of the hero, whose disgraceful act must inevitably lead to suicide; also the leading idea of the play, the flaming passion of the woman, who will sell her costly jewels, confess to her father, give her body to a man whom she loathes, all for the sake of a more or less attractive rascal.

The spectator knows nothing about the supposedly charming side of Robert. He is told by persons on the stage that Robert is a gambler; soon Robert owns that he is a thief, nor does he offer as an excuse his love for Helene. He gambled, he cheated, he stole, simply because gambling was his occupation. The only possible interest that can be taken in him is that he has inspired this wild passion in the breast of Helene.

When Mme. Simone played the part, her technique excited admiration, but this technique was so polished that it froze emotion. The spectator sat and was not moved. Mme. Darthy, a handsome woman, whose costumes are in striking contrast with the poverty and shabbiness of scenery and furniture, is an experienced actress who has played prominent parts in leading theatres of Paris. As Helene, she delivered the more emotional speeches with indisputable spirit, but her conception of

...the par... the temptation... he was sentenced for... he lived a year in the... outlay; but, lonely, he went... a valley and served Halla, a rich... widow.

Bjorn, her brother-in-law, a hard... wishes to marry her, and, jealous of Eyvind, now known as Karl, he learns one day the story of the theft and suspects Karl of being the thief. The next act gives a realistic picture of farm life; Karl confesses to Halla, also his love. Halla asks him to kiss her.

In the second act Bjorn, ugly because Halla refused to wed him, sets the officers on him, but Halla says she will be responsible for Karl for a few days until the question of identity can be decided. She insists on sharing the outlaw's lot. "Tonight we two shall ride alone in the hills."

The outlaw and Arnes, a tramp laborer, are in the mountains. Arnes makes love to Halla. Spurned, he leaves her not to return. "When I am sitting within prison walls, I shall remember you as the most beautiful thing I have ever seen." Bjorn with men comes in pursuit of the lovers. Halla throws her little child down a gorge. "The cub he shall not have," she shrieks, in answer to Bjorn shouting, "Now catch the foxes." Karl stabs Bjorn through the heart and runs away with Halla.

There is a wild snowstorm around the little hut in the hills. Halla and Karl reproach one the other. They have grown old and Karl finds his Halla homely. They have lived together 16 years, now they will die together. If Halla will have her way, she shocks Karl by declaring that there is no God. She would like to be a snowslide in the dead of night. "It would be a joy to see the people half naked running for their lives—chaste old maids with gouty hips, and snug peasant women with hellebore bobbing with fat." Karl calls her a monster and reads the Lord's Prayer. She broods over her life, of the two children she had slain, one by carrying it out into the cold, the other to save it from Bjorn. "If I could only have saved my faith in my own love, but I love you no longer, and it may be that I never have loved you. As a child I used to live more in my dreams than in the life about me. When I fled with you to the hills, I thought it was because I loved you, but perhaps it was only my longing for the strange and unknown." Karl goes out to bring in wood. Before he comes back, Halla leaves the hut and is carried by the storm. Karl, entering and not finding her, rushes out. "Two heartbroken cries are heard outside, the latter farther away and hushed by the storm. The snow comes whirling into the empty hut."

All this took place in Iceland in the middle of the 18th century. "The story of the two principal characters is founded on historical events. Halla's nature is moulded on a Danish woman's soul."

According to the historical facts, the lives of the two were saved by a traitor horse making its way to the hut of the starving couple. The dramatist used this ending when he rewrote the last scenes for the actress, Dybbad who took the part of Halla in Copenhagen, concluding with Halla's exclamation: "So there is then a God!"

It's a wild, powerful play, although we cannot echo the judgment of the translator, to whom the characters have "simple nobility." Leon Pineau wrote: "In this drama there is no haze of fantasy, no bold and startling thesis, not even a new theory of art—nothing but poetry; not the poetry of charming and fallacious words, not that of lulling rhythm, nor of dazzling imagery which causes forgetfulness, but the sublimely powerful poetry which creates being of flesh and blood like ourselves, to whom Johann Sigurjonsson has given of his own soul." Georg Brandes, equally appreciative, was not so rhetorical: "Poetic talent of high order manifests itself in this new drama, with its series of... Few leading characters, but these with a most intense inner life; courage

Mr. Beeman gave no explanation of Helene's infatuation by what he as Robert said or did. He told his shameful story as if he were describing a pleasant afternoon at Meudon; there was no tenderness in his direct appeal or byplay. The Jeweller really seemed to have Helene's interest more at heart. Mr. Casin as Lebourg was fairly efficient. The play will be repeated tonight.

When, by accident, we see what is called dancing in private or public ballrooms, we think with pleasure on a remark of the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland, pastor of St. George's Episcopal Church: "The jungle antics, shoulder lurches, pats and arm pumping, the claps, clutches and holds, seem in certain tolerated instances to suggest type reversions, a kind of ancestor worship, exhibiting a vestigial viciousness unlovely in our species." If the young woman, the middle-aged and the gray-haired could see for a moment what grotesque figures they were while prancing, falling, writhing, wriggling to the music of "cowbell, hammer and tongs," "box banging, whistle, rasp and rattle," would they persist in thus reminding lookers on of an awkward African squad fired by alcohol? How far we are from the nights of the waltzes, graceful, charming, voluptuous, danced to the music of Johann and Joseph Strauss, Metra and Waltenfel, waltzes that might have inspired De Quincey's gorgeous description of a ball: "A spectacle of young men and women flowing through the mazes of an intricate dance under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls—the blaze of light and jewels, the life, the motion, the like imitation of heads, the anamorphic of the figures, the 'anamorphic' or self-revolving, both of the dance and the music, never ending, still beginning, and the continued regeneration of order from a system of motions which forever touch the very brink of confusion."

Sir Thomas and the Sidewinder.

Who would associate that interesting animal the side-winder, with Sir Thomas Browne, the gentle humorist and sage of Norwich? Yet Sir Thomas discoursed nobly on the "use of doubts, and the advantages which might be derived from drawing up a calendar of doubts, false, and popular errors." But let us see what a correspondent has to say:

As the World Wags:

The recent letters about the side-winder in your column prompt me to ask your readers whether any of them know the origin of the legend. I had always supposed it to be a modern travel-tale, so I was a good deal surprised to find it treated by Sir Thomas Browne, "Dr of Physick" in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," published in London in 1646. He says: "That a brook, or badger, hath the legs on one side shorter than of the other, though an opinion, perhaps, not very ancient, is yet very general; received not only by theorists and unexperienced believers, but assented unto by most who have the opportunity to hold it and hunt them daily, which, notwithstanding, upon enquiry, I find reduced to the three determinators of authority, sense, and reason. For Albertus Magnus speaks dubiously, confessing he could not confirm the truth hereof; but Aldrovandus plainly affirmeth there can be no such inequality observed; and for my own part, upon indifferent enquiry, I cannot discover the difference, although the remarkable side be defined, and the brevity by most attributed unto the left." He then enlarges a little on the improbability of the existence of such a condition and of the resulting difficulty of locomotion, but says nothing about its being an adaptation to environment, i. e., living on a hillside. Albertus Magnus was born in 1193 and died in 1280 (Aldrovandus was much later), so we have here a legend at least 700 years old, and very probably much older. Can any one tell the origin? One other point before I close—note the similarity between the word "Brook" used by Dr. Browne, and the name "Prock" cited by Mr. Howard in his "Gleanings."

Brookline. DR. OF PHYSICK.

Brock was the old name for badger. It goes back to the year 1000. In 1550, it was associated with the word "brock," and so a dirty fellow, or one given to dirty tricks, was called a "brock," as one today calls a man a "brock." Sir Toby Belch characterizes Malvolio as a "brock," probably meaning in mind this meaning, although H. W. Sears thinks the allusion

ing as the of Malvolio. The allusion of Malvolio was suggested in 1955. Before that there were five editions of "Hortus Sanitatus" (1490-1517), in which it is said: "The brock has short legs and not equal on the two sides, but shorter on the left side, so that planting the left of the right side in the ruts made by wheels, it runs valiantly, and escapes its pursuers." Its brain boiled with oil cures all pains." Topsell in his "History of Four-footed Beasts" (1658), cautions: "His legs (as some say) longer on the right side than on the left, and therefore he runneth best when he getteth to the side of a hill, or a cart-road way." The careful Peignot in his "Dictionnaire Rographique" says: "Albertus Magnus was born in 1205. Bayle says 1193 or 1205. Leclerc prefers 'about 1200.'"

Gyascutus.

As the World Wags:

Re the possibly fabulous animal which has caused some comment and discussion in your instructive column. While I have never seen the animal nor found its name in the dictionary, I have often heard it referred to in conversation, but as "gyascutus," not "gyascutus." There is no authority available to indicate whether or not the additional syllable should be used, but in the absence of actual authority I submit that it is a more mouth filling, if not, as the elder Weller said, "a more tenderer" word. Boston. ORNITHOLOGIST

We have always heard "gyascutus." It seems to us that the shorter form is more expressive of the beast's ferocious nature.—Ed.

"Geevus"

As the World Wags:

Along in the '70s in the lesser polite circles of Boston society a police officer was called a "geevus," with the "g" hard, although the New York "cop" (not "copper" till years later) was sometimes used and well understood. The synonym "geevus" was absolutely unknown in New York and Philadelphia. Was this term local in Boston, or peculiar to New England? It would be interesting to know the origin, and just when the term became obsolete. E. W. W. Cambridge.

The Federal Street Church.

As the World Wags:

For the benefit of your correspondent "Balze" may I say that the old church on Federal street to which he refers in the Herald of Feb. 10th was the Federal Street Baptist Church. The corner stone was laid Sept. 25, 1826, and the building was dedicated July 18, 1827. The Rev. Howard Malcom was the first pastor, 1827-1835. He was succeeded by the Rev. George H. Ide. In 1847 the congregation occupied a new building on Rowe street and became known as the Rowe Street Church. The organization is perpetuated in the "Landon Street Baptist Church. PARK PRESSY. Boston.

Shakespeare No Sailor.

As the World Wags:

Talking of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses"—which nobody was—the following passage from a book on sea life may be of interest: "And yet on the strength of a single line he confuted the theory that Shakespeare had ever been at sea." "What was the line, Shaw? It's beyond me." "He said, somewhere or other, I can't give you the latitude and longitude, that a man's wits were dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage. If he had ever been at sea he would have known that old biscuit is soft and waxy." CAPTAIN BRAD BOUND. Boston.

THOMPSON STONE GIVES RECITAL AT STEINERT HALL

Has Uncommonly Fine Touch, but Technic Needs Sharpening.

Thompson Stone gave a piano recital at Steinert Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Mozart, Sonata in A major; Mendelssohn, Scherzo in E minor; song without words in F major; Chopin; Etude in F minor; Scherzo in sharp minor; Ravel, Pavane; Albeniz, Seguerdilla; Cyril Scott, Perrot, Verdi, Liszt, "Rigoletto" Fantasi.

Mr. Stone played in Boston a few years ago. He has an uncommonly fine touch. His tone has depth and beauty. His technic, however, needs sharpening. This was particularly apparent in Mendelssohn's Scherzo, where his runs often lacked crispness and were somewhat uneven.

In Mozart's Sonata he preserved a hastily classical outline. In the pieces by Ravel, Scott and Albeniz the pianist displayed a feeling for nuances and a keen sense of rhythm. As an interpreter of the modernists he thinks for himself. If he attains greater brilliance of mechanism, with his already acquired ability to color tone and his latent gifts as an interpreter, Mr. Stone's playing should give much pleasure. There was a large and friendly audience.

SYMPHONY PLAYS IN MEMORY OF MRS. SHAW

Repeats "Faust" Symphony with Soloist and Chorus.

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Liszt's "Faust" symphony was repeated in memory of Mrs. Pauline Agassiz Shaw. The orchestra was assisted by Arthur Hackett, tenor, and a male chorus from the Choral Music Society, prepared by Stephen S. Townsend.

The performance of the symphony repeated the deep impression made when it was heard last December. The orchestra controlled by the guiding genius of Dr. Muck played superbly. Mr. Longy, Messrs. Wittek, Ferir and Sand were conspicuous for their virtuosity, yet every man in the orchestra was eloquent. The chorus was impressive in the imposing finale. Mr. Hackett's beautiful voice and skillful singing again gave pleasure.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, March 23 and 24, will be as follows: Sinigaglia, overture to Goldoni's comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"; Bloch, Trols Poemes Juifs (first time in Boston), to be conducted by the composer; Brahms, Concerto for piano and orchestra, No. 2 in B flat major, op. 83. Carl Friedberg, pianist, will be the soloist.

On next Tuesday evening, in Jordan Hall, "Eyvind of the Hills," a drama in four acts by Johann Sigurjonsson, will be played for the first time publicly in the United States by the 47 workshop of Harvard University, under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, of which Prof. William H. Schofield of Harvard University is the president, and the Scandinavian Societies of Boston.

The profits will be given to the Red Cross for hospital work in the United States.

This drama and "The Hraun Farm," by Sigurjonsson, translated into English by Henning Krohn Schanche, were published last year in one volume by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York, as volume 6 of Scandinavian classics.

Sigurjonsson told the story of his life in a letter published in La Revue (Paris) July 1, 1914. "I was born June 13, 1880, on a large farm in the northern part of Iceland. Our household numbered about 20 people. A broad stream, well stocked with salmon; on both sides of the river, rocks where thousands of eider ducks had their nests; a view out over the Atlantic with high cliffs where sea-birds lived; lava-fields with unusual flowers; and in the distance blue mountains; such was the theatre where I acted my childhood pieces, and where I wrote my first poems. When 14 years old I was sent to school at Reykjavik; but after pocketing the diploma of the upper class my longing led me down to Copenhagen, where I chose the study of veterinary science. For three years I worked zealously at my studies, until suddenly I burned my ships and resolutely threw myself into the work of a playwright. At first one difficulty piled up after another. To begin with, I had to write in a language not my own. And then, what knowledge I had of human nature was limited to a most incomplete knowledge of myself and of a few college chums of my own age. Besides, it was not long before I had to concern myself about mere bread and butter.

"My first victory was an appreciative letter from Bjornstjerne Bjornson, wherein he promised warmly to recommend me to Gyldendal's, the great publishing house, which subsequently published my first play, 'Dr. Rung.'

"My second victory was the acceptance by the Dagmar Theatre of 'The Hraun Farm.' After the sometimes directors of that theatre resigned, my play passed into the control of the Royal Theatre. Finally, I made my stage debut with 'Eyvind of the Hills,' which was received with much enthusiasm both by press and public.

"In order to give as much actuality as possible to this drama I traversed Iceland on foot from north to south and saw the places high up in the wild mountain waste where Eyvind lived with his wife. In my little garret in Copenhagen I had learned by my own experience the agony of loneliness."

"Eyvind of the Hills," written in Danish, was published in 1911. A revised version appeared in 1913. The play in Icelandic, "Eyvindur," was published in 1912.

Eyvind was one of many childre. Towards the end of a winter, there was no food in the house. He went to the

the part... Eyvind... temptation... he was sentenced for... he lived a year in the... outlay; but, lonely, he went... a valley and served Halla, a rich... widow.

Bjorn, her brother-in-law, a hard... wishes to marry her, and, jealous of Eyvind, now known as Karl, he learns one day the story of the theft and suspects Karl of being the thief. The next act gives a realistic picture of farm life; Karl confesses to Halla, also his love. Halla asks him to kiss her.

In the second act Bjorn, ugly because Halla refused to wed him, sets the officers on him, but Halla says she will be responsible for Karl for a few days until the question of identity can be decided. She insists on sharing the outlaw's lot. "Tonight we two shall ride alone in the hills."

The outlaw and Arnes, a tramp laborer, are in the mountains. Arnes makes love to Halla. Spurned, he leaves her not to return. "When I am sitting within prison walls, I shall remember you as the most beautiful thing I have ever seen." Bjorn with men comes in pursuit of the lovers. Halla throws her little child down a gorge. "The cub he shall not have," she shrieks, in answer to Bjorn shouting, "Now catch the foxes." Karl stabs Bjorn through the heart and runs away with Halla.

There is a wild snowstorm around the little hut in the hills. Halla and Karl reproach one the other. They have grown old and Karl finds his Halla homely. They have lived together 16 years, now they will die together. If Halla will have her way, she shocks Karl by declaring that there is no God. She would like to be a snowslide in the dead of night. "It would be a joy to see the people half naked running for their lives—chaste old maids with gouty hips, and snug peasant women with hellebore bobbing with fat." Karl calls her a monster and reads the Lord's Prayer. She broods over her life, of the two children she had slain, one by carrying it out into the cold, the other to save it from Bjorn. "If I could only have saved my faith in my own love, but I love you no longer, and it may be that I never have loved you. As a child I used to live more in my dreams than in the life about me. When I fled with you to the hills, I thought it was because I loved you, but perhaps it was only my longing for the strange and unknown." Karl goes out to bring in wood. Before he comes back, Halla leaves the hut and is carried by the storm. Karl, entering and not finding her, rushes out. "Two heartbroken cries are heard outside, the latter farther away and hushed by the storm. The snow comes whirling into the empty hut."

All this took place in Iceland in the middle of the 18th century. "The story of the two principal characters is founded on historical events. Halla's nature is moulded on a Danish woman's soul."

According to the historical facts, the lives of the two were saved by a traitor horse making its way to the hut of the starving couple. The dramatist used this ending when he rewrote the last scenes for the actress, Dybbad who took the part of Halla in Copenhagen, concluding with Halla's exclamation: "So there is then a God!"

It's a wild, powerful play, although we cannot echo the judgment of the translator, to whom the characters have "simple nobility." Leon Pineau wrote: "In this drama there is no haze of fantasy, no bold and startling thesis, not even a new theory of art—nothing but poetry; not the poetry of charming and fallacious words, not that of lulling rhythm, nor of dazzling imagery which causes forgetfulness, but the sublimely powerful poetry which creates being of flesh and blood like ourselves, to whom Johann Sigurjonsson has given of his own soul." Georg Brandes, equally appreciative, was not so rhetorical: "Poetic talent of high order manifests itself in this new drama, with its series of... Few leading characters, but these with a most intense inner life; courage

to confront the actual, and exceptional skill to depict it; material fully mastered and a corresponding confident style."

The Societe des Instruments Anciens (Messrs. Hewitt, Casadesu, Dubrulle and Devilliers, with Mme. Regina Patorni), who gave rare delight by its concert in Jordan Hall last month, will give a concert at the house of Mrs. H. N. Slater, 448 Beacon street, on Monday evening, March 19.

This concert will be for a most worthy object; for the French artists and musicians who are in the trenches. Their families, who have no means of support, are sadly in need of help, and as one of the organizers of this concert aptly says, "It should be the privilege of those who have received so much at the hands of French art to assist them."

A limited number of tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Allan Forbes, 99 Beacon street, or of Mrs. J. Tucker Hart, 99 Marlboro street.

The money will be sent through the Union des Arts, a philanthropic institution that has been

"The Society of Ancient Instruments, in gathering together the violins that were most used in the 17th and 18th centuries, has striven faithfully to reconstruct the ensemble of sounds which were employed by the composers of that period. The instrumental grouping which was used the most was the quartet of violins with the addition of the harpsichord. All the original compositions written for this ensemble took on a particular character which our modern instruments reproduce only imperfectly. Founded in 1905 by Henri Casadesus, the Society of Ancient Instruments has seen its reputation grow from year to year, a fact readily explained by the happy choice of interpreted works and the truly ideal perfection of their execution on instruments of the period, faithfully prepared after the authentic documents. Tirelessly delving through the libraries of France and foreign countries, turning upside down every amateur collection and aided by the celebrated French composer, Camille Saint-Saëns, who is president of the Society, Henri Casadesus has managed to collect an ensemble of the 17th and 18th centuries, full of color, full of life, of originality and of high musical value."

The Herald publishes elsewhere a press agent's story about Mme. Yvette Guilbert's childhood; how one Sidler wished her to be a circus rider. According to the French dictionaries of biography, Mme. Guilbert, born at Paris on Jan. 20, 1863, studied six months with Landroi before she made her debut in "Reine Margot" at the Bouffes du Nord (1883). In 1889 she went to the Nouveautés, then to the Cluny, and in 1890 to the Varieties. It is said that she made her debut as a cafe-concert singer toward the end of 1890.

la Table ronde") on the Boulevard Barbes. In 1879 he founded the joyous Societe des Bree-Sales. Later he became the manager of the Concert Parisien which had failed six times in succession. Paulus says it was Mucssleek who launched Yvette. Up to that time she had not attracted attention. Meanwhile she observed, thought and planned. She saw it was necessary to create. "This young woman," says Paulus, "was a revelation; not pretty, sheathed by her tight dress, covering her thin arms with black gloves, singing without the explanatory gestures of her sisters, motionless, italicizing only a sardonic grin; her diction original, dry, jerky, but clear, seizing, carrying far, not letting a syllable die. Her repertory was taken at first from the song writers of Montmartre. That which, said by others would have been only a studio gag, thanks to her became an art song. She put into trifles such persuasion that she gave the illusion of something important. It was no more the Chanson, slanting the hat over an ear, pulling up the petticoat higher than the calf of the leg, a good Gallic girl; it was the Chanson of the day, without restraint, vicious, but from a marvellous interpreter."

The Flonzaleys will play next Thursday night a trio, "The Village Music Director," by Templeton Strong, who, a New Yorker by birth and known personally and musically in Boston, has lived for many years in Europe. To the best of our knowledge, no one of his more important works of a symphonic nature has been performed here. The Apollo Club of Boston produced in February, 1888, his "Trumpeter," for solo voices (Messrs. G. J. Parker and Clarence Hay), chorus and orchestra; "The Haunted Mill," for baritone (W. H. Edgerly), chorus and orchestra, February, 1889; "A Forest Idyl," for soprano (Mrs. J. P. Walker), alto (Miss Gertrude Edmands), baritone (W. H. Edgerly),

chorus and orchestra, February, 1890. Messrs. MacDowell and Noyl played his symphonic idyl for two pianos, "An der Nixenquelle," at the concert in memory of G. W. Sumner in November, 1890. His "Sinttram" symphony was produced by Anton Seidl in Brooklyn, April 12, 1892; his symphony, "In the Mountains," was produced at one of Mr. Van

rule pupils. The fugue lesson. To the fugue subject given by the director the pupils give hair-raising answers which provoke his wrath. He falls asleep—Traumerei—until awakened by his riotous pupils. Further wrath and discouragement.

As to the Adelphi Theatre being on Court street, between Cornhill and Brattle street, as I remember it the Adelphi was behind the present site of Jordan Marsh Company's, between Avon and Summer streets, with entrances from both Washington and Avon streets. This building was destroyed by fire in 1870, and afterwards rebuilt, and it was there that Billy Parks had his restaurant, before he moved to Bosworth street on the present site of the Parker House annex.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald wrote and asked why it was that Charles Fechter, a finished actor of his time, with a world-wide reputation, should be playing at the Howard, while Denman Thompson, who, up to that time, had had no experience whatever except playing farces in variety theatres, was playing in crowded houses at the Boston Theatre. John Stetson, as managing director of the Howard, answered this inquiry by saying that he made no distinction in the productions at his house, as long as they proved attractions, whether Salvini or a clog dancer, and they were willing to perform at his price.

ROLAND B. WINTERTON.
Boston, March 6.

"Leumuel R. Shewell, who first came to this city as the leading man at the Boston Museum, and was succeeded by the always popular and reliable Charles Barron, was later on an efficient stage manager at the Boston Theatre, and under his direction "The Two Orphans" was seen originally in Boston with a strong cast. He was from Philadelphia and claimed to be a near relative of Leigh Hunt, who was a native of that city, but whose literary life was spent chiefly in London, though he had an unconventional experience with Lord Byron in Italy. Mr. Shewell was a good actor in a solid sort of a way, but without any pronounced individuality."

Here is an extract from "A Century of Service," a book that contains quite a little historical information about old Boston, that may interest those who have read your story regarding the auction sales of Jenny Lind concert tickets:

"The Blight Tavern, near Faneuil Hall, built in 1795, was a three-story wooden house. During the first half of the 19th century this building was numbered 3 Market square. At one time it was known as the 'Blight of Logan,' which may have been its original name. Few of the names of old Boston landmarks have been more discussed than this. According to Webster a blight is 'a bend in the seacoast forming an open bay,' and the suggestion has been made that the name came from the town of Leogane on the west coast of Hayti, which lies in the angle or blight of the gulf of Leogane. Possibly some returned sea captain suggested the name. Certain it is that in the thirties the boys at the Fort Hill school, when studying geography, were taught by Charles Fox, the master, that the peculiar shape of the lot on which the Blight Tavern stood was a good illustration of that portion of the sea called a 'blight.' The teacher was a very old man, and insisted that the name of the tavern was originally Blight, but was gradually changed to Bite, as the latter related more to its use than its form.

'In one picture of Market square, taken probably in the early fifties, the word 'Bills' is conspicuous on the tavern signs. The house was a favorite resort for the merchants and marketmen

"Thorati Harris, the auctioneer, was known to thousands of Bostonians and his auction sales were always lively, for he was quick-witted and bidden rarely at the better of him. He was once auctioning the tickets for a Jenny Lind concert and the bids kept the prices at good figures. 'Sold to the Tremont House,' 'Sold to the American House,' he would say when accepting bids for the hotels. At last five tickets were run up to a price so high that the bidder hesitated to take the seats. 'Whose bid?' asked the auctioneer, but there was no response. 'What name?' again queried Mr. Harris, after a pause, and this time the answer, much to the amusement of the crowd, 'Bite Tavern,' Boston. J. B. CLAPP.

"The last concert of this season's series by the Kneisel Quartet in Boston, which will occur on March 13, will mark the completion of 32 years of the organization's activity in Boston and of uninterrupted labor in behalf of chamber music in the United States. Tho retrospect which the occasion invites is one of profound gratitude toward the public on my part, tinged only with the personal sorrow which accompanies the announcement which I feel compelled now to make.

"During all the long companionship which has existed between the organization which I have had the honor to lead and the public, I have been met with only expressions and the acts of kindness, encouragement and approval. What change there has been in the relationship between the Kniesel Quartet and the public in all this time has only been in the way of a mutual increase of appreciation and devotion to the form of art which the quartet and its patrons have been cultivating. There is nothing, I am sure, which the lovers of chamber music could have done differently at any time from the beginning of the quartet's activities till now, better calculated to stimulate and encourage me and my associates to strive for the ideals which we set at the beginning of our efforts. The desire that the high standard which has been before us from the beginning should not be permitted to suffer depreciation has of late years been a cause of great concern to me; and the responsibility has become a burden—so great a burden, indeed, that I have reluctantly come to the decision to end the career of the Kniesel Quartet with the last concert of this season. It is my purpose to devote myself hereafter largely to teaching, a work in which I am deeply interested and which I have pursued during the past 12 years at the Institute of Musical Art, in addition to my labors with the quartet. I will now have the opportunity to devote my whole strength and interest to this important task, hoping thereby to serve my art as well as heretofore. With what a commingled feeling of regret and of gratitude—for regret for a fond work abandoned, of associations broken (in which connection I need only mention my friend and colleague of nearly a generation, Mr. Svocenskí) and of gratitude toward an always kind, considerate, faithful and more than appreciative public, I find it impossible to put into words. I must leave it all to the imagination, carrying the full appreciation in my own heart.

"March 6. FRANZ KNEISEL."

"The reading of the symposium gave me pause—a little pause, it is true, for, in the main, I agreed with the majority on their chief point, to which reference will be made in a moment. Let me preface this by saying that there is hardly a name in the symposium that is not well known in native musical life; though it must be confessed that one would dearly have loved to hear the opinions of a few more of the real bigwigs! However, the individual opinions do not matter so much as the collective opinions upon a given point. When I was reading those individual opinions I could not help being struck by the comparative unanimity of the symposiasts on one point—a point which touches them all closely. It is in relation to the teaching, not which they, teachers all, give, but that which they, as youngsters, were taught. And, admirable dictu! the consensus of opinion is that they were taught nothing. For a moment may I become autobiographical, since my little story is very short and particularly apropos? A-many years ago, when I was a student abroad, I was residing in the same town in which Grieg was living. Now nearly a generation before (more or less) Grieg had passed through the then famous conservative in that town, and since then had made for himself so much of a European reputation that the committee of an English provincial festival had invited him to contribute a musical

those days Grieg knew next to nothing of modern orchestral scoring, but he was keen to undertake the proffered obligation. Therefore he revisited the haunt of his youth, for no other reason than to study modern scoring. There he worked at, with the Tsch. Hans Sitt, for the whole of the winter, and the result was his overture 'In Autumn.' So far for autobiography. Now for the application of the yarn. Grieg was, of all fours with his symposiasts I have referred to above. He had been through the scholastic mill, and had left, the 'finished' product. Yet, when he had to face the really greater life, he found that his early training was insufficient. So it is with the symposiasts."

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. First appearance here of Mme. Galli-Curci, coloratura soprano of the Chicago Opera Company. See special notice.

MONDAY—Hotel Tulleries, 270 Commonwealth avenue, 3:30 P. M. Second Folk-Song concert in aid of the South End Music School. Miss Elizabeth Gutman will sing these songs: Old English, My Lovely Celia; Haydn, Mermald's Song; Handel, O Sleep; Aron, Where the Bee Sucks; Moussorgsky, Jewish Cemetery; Mushrooms; Balakireff, Barcarole; Tschalkowsky, Serenade; Paschior, The Child; Lift Russian Folk songs, Mazurka, Sleep, Wife, Sleep, The Cossack Repentance, The Grave The Reapers; Yiddish Folk songs: Beautiful Rachel, The Jew Sings, Lullaby, Children's songs: Children Come, The A, B, C's, Potatoes, I'm so Pretty. Mrs Dudley Pitts, accompanist.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Third and last concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Beethoven, Quartet in F major, arranged by Beethoven in 1802 from his piano sonata in E major, op. 14, No. 1 (first time at these concerts); Brahms, Quartet in A Major, for piano and strings, op. 26; Scheenberg, Sextet in D Minor, op. 4. "Verklörnte Nacht," Messrs. Gebhard, piano, Bostelmann, viola, and Reardon, violoncello, will assist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Schumann, quartet, F major, op. 41; Templeton Strong, trio for two violins and viola "The Village Music Director" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Quartet in F Major, op. 59.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eugene Ysaye's second recital. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Emilio de Gogorza, baritone. Gluck, *Dante Imputoyable* from "Iphigenie en Aulide"; Gretry, *De ma barque legere*, from "Anacron"; Monsigny, *Adieu, Chere Louise*, from "Le Deserteur"; Gretry, *Chanson Bacchique* from "Anacron"; Brahms, *Feldensamkeit*; Rubinstein, *Es blinkt der Thau*; Strauss, *Cecile*; Carpeaux, *Le Seashore of Endless Worlds*; Rachmaninoff, *In Silent Night*; Korbay, *Marishka*; Alvarez, *Salto del Presi dario*; Ericlla, *Chanson basque*; Granados, *Cancion del Postillon*; Caplet, *Il était une fois jadis*; Lormand, *Le gardeur de chevre*; Massenet, *Premiere danse*.

Large and Enthusiastic Audience
Greets Him in Jordan Hall.

Samuel Gardner, violinist, gave a second recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Porpora, Minuet; Handel, Sonata in D major; D'Ambrosio, Concerto in B minor; Gardner, Romance; Suk, Appassionato; Joon, Berceuse; Cartier-Kressler; La Chasse; Dvorak-Kreisler Slavonic Fantasie in B minor; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Romance; Wleniawski, Polonaise in A major.

Mr. Gardner played here earlier in the season and made a favorable impression. Yesterday this impression was renewed and he was welcomed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

The young violinist has marked talent. His tone is pure and emotional in quality. His mind is not constantly occupied with thoughts of technic. That is to say, he has been graduated from the schoolroom and now thinks for himself. A sound musician, his phrasing is fine. He plays fluently with taste and musical understanding. He showed originality in familiar pieces, for example, in Handel's Sonata, a favorite with Mr. Kreisler. In this and other numbers on the program he displayed both warmth of tone and excellence of style.

March 2, 1917

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano of the Chicago Opera Company sang in Boston for the first time yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. She was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist. The program was as follows:

Giordani, Caro mio ben; Bonancini,
Per la gloria; Mozart, Voi che sapete;
Rossini, Tarantella; Delibes, Bell song
from "Lakme"; Old French: Minuet.
Les quinze ans de Rosette, Au bord
de la Fontaine; Grig, Solvig's song;
Ruben, Bourbonnaisse from "Manon Les-
cault"; Alvarez, La Partida; Alabiéff,

Queer Phrases

The World Was

Another old-time Jersey expression was "Take and stay." It was used in the way: A man was undecided about renting his little place in the country, because his wife could not make up her mind whether "to take and stay, or take and go." Either way is taking, but to me the expression was new and rather surprising. I do not know whether it was general, or copyrighted by the author.

While examining a machine in Boston some months ago, the young lady who had the explanatory remarks for distributing, prefaced each one with the appeal, "Let me tell you something." She did. But, being interested in such peculiarities, I am still wondering whether the phrase was an individual peculiarity or a common product of her home soil. Maybe you can switch on some light.

And there are others; but these will serve for today.

FREDERIC A. WHITING.
Framingham Centre.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "The Liars," a play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones.

Freddie Tatton.....Leonard Craske
Archibald Coke.....Cameron Matthews
Mrs. Crespin.....Florence LeClerc
Col. Deering.....H. Conway Wingfield
George Nepean.....Leon Gordon
Lady Rosamond Tatton.....Jessamine Newcombe
Dolly Coke.....Beatrice Miller
Lady Jessica Nepean.....Gladys Morris
Gilbert Nepean.....Fred W. Permain
Edward Falkner.....Lionel Glenister
Beatrice Bernice.....Doris Sawyer

This delightful comedy was revived in November, 1915, by Miss Grace George and her Playhouse company in New York. How well it stands the test of time! With what consummate skill and ingenuity has the author developed his theme, the indiscretion of a charming, neglected and linnnet-headed wife. The people in the comedy are cunningly manipulated to secure the desired situations. The tissue of lies is dexterously woven. The dialogue is fresh, witty, epigrammatic.

Both personages and incidents are true to life. Gilbert Nepean, the complacent husband, his brother George, the gloomy informer, Mrs. Crespin, cat-tish and gossiping Lady Jessica, restless, flighty, eager for admiration, these and the other actors in this comedy may be met today in any drawing room. Nor are episodes like that of Lady Jessica at the "Star and Garter" uncommon. Acted by the inexperienced, the consequences are the same. An innocent flirtation at once assumes tragic proportions. The cowardly are tempted to lies.

The play is well cast. Mr. Wingfield is a newcomer to the company. An experienced actor, he played Sir Christopher convincingly. So fine was his eloquence in delivering his speech in the last act, the speech in which Sir Christopher pays his tribute to conventional morality, that the audience, highly approving, applauded heartily. But Sir Christopher himself is a bit of a bore. Miss Morris was wholly charming as Lady Jessica. Her impersonation was delightfully feminine and there was also the necessary distinction. Mr. Glenister's Falkner was excellent. He was manly, an ardent lover, chivalrous to the last. He rose magnificently to his opportunity in the third act when in a dramatic and unexpected climax to an amusing scene he tells Lady Jessica's husband the truth. Mr. Permain as Gilbert Nepean was effective in a somewhat thankless part. The other members of the cast did fine work.

The play will be repeated every afternoon this week. Next week W. Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw" will be given.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"A Tailor-Made Man," a new comedy in four acts by Harry James Smith, with Grant Mitchell. First performance in Boston.

Mr. Huber.....Bernard A. Reinold
Mr. Rowland.....J. E. Conness
Peter.....Barlowe Borland
Dr. Gustavus Sonntag.....Robert Fisher
Tanya Huber.....Florence Shirley
John Paul Bart.....Grant Mitchell
Pomero.....Rowland Buckstone
Mrs. Stanlaw.....Minda Gale Haynes
Mr. Stanlaw.....Harry Harwood
Corinne Stanlaw.....Mona Kingsley
Mrs. Kittle Dupuy.....Lotta Linthicum
Bessie Dupuy.....Nancy Power
Mr. Jellicott.....A. P. Kaye
Abraham Nathan.....Frank Burbeck
Miss Slayne.....Gladys Gilbert
Mr. Russell.....John A. Boone
Mr. Cain.....J. H. Greene
Mr. Flynn.....William C. Hodges

of "The Well-Fitting Coat" by the Hungarian playwright, Gabriel Dregley.

John Paul Bart, Tailor Huber's second helper, is a fatalist. He believes that destiny will soon call him to a higher sphere in life. He has absorbed miscellaneous sociological facts from a book written by Dr. Sonntag, who is engaged to Huber's pretty daughter. John Paul is blessed with self-confidence. Chance throws in his way Jellicott's evening clothes and fur-lined coat. He appropriates them and goes to the Stanlaw party. Here he bluffs everyone, from the hostess to Abraham Nathan, the king of finance, who soon offers him a flattering position.

John Paul works wonders for the oceanic corporation; prevents, by his common sense reasoning, a disastrous strike. The young Stanlaw heiress sighs to wander with him about the hills at Lenox. But Dr. Sonntag, whose book John Paul is to publish at his own expense is jealous of Tanya's interest in him, which began in his tailoring days. Finding them alone together, he rushes to expose the impostor to the newspapers. John Paul, however, is forehanded and himself dictates his story for publication.

The last act finds the hero back in Huber's shop. Jeered at as a thief by his former associates, he is soon reinstated in their favor when the great Nathan himself, to whom John Paul has grown indispensable, calls to plead with him to return and accept promotion and a larger salary. Of course, pretty Tanya will go with him.

This comedy is capital entertainment, well built, fresh with the spirit of today. After a short time devoted to exposition, to a rapid delineation of John Paul's character, ideals and aspirations the action begins in the first act and holds the attention of the audience until the curtain falls. Suspense and curiosity are constantly maintained. There is a rapid succession of unexpected incidents. The endings of the first three acts are unusually effective. That of the fourth, of course, brings the traditional love scene. The author has treated an original theme with intelligence, skill and finesse. The dialogue is continuously brisk, witty, amusing. John Paul's views of capital and labor expressed in the third act are sound, well turned.

There is also shrewd portraiture of character. The Stanlaws, who are drawn from life, belong to the cringing rather than the bullying variety of the suddenly rich. The three settings, Huber's shop, the Stanlaw palace, the offices of the American Oceanic Corporation, provide an opportunity for the contrasting of varied types.

This play, thoroughly modern in character, should appeal to men as well as women. It is uncommonly diverting and deserves every success.

The company is excellent. Mr. Mitchell as John Paul at once awakens the sympathy of the audience. He is lovable, a dreamer, yet a scientific specialist in success. The actor played with unflagging spirit, with irresistible aplomb in the second act, in his verbal tilting with Mrs. Stanlaw, who asked awkward questions; in his successful attempt to awaken the interest of Nathan. In the third act he faced the labor delegates with coolness. He was courteous to the foolish daughter of millions, yet firm in his love for Tanya Huber.

Mr. Borland as Peter, the canny Scotchman, Huber's first helper, who increased his wages by acting as waiter at evening functions, was irresistibly droll. His genius for characterization was shown in walk, speech and facial

play. He dogged John Paul's footsteps like Nemesis, and convulsed the audience by his general behavior in the fulfillment of his duty or when overtaken by surprise.

Mr. Reinold's Huber was life-like, Mr. Fisher's Sonntag appropriately vehement and egotistical. That fine actor Mr. Buckstone played a small part with his accustomed skill. Miss Shirley was a girlish Tanya, but she sometimes spoke so low that she was with difficulty audible. Miss Haynes lent distinction to the role of Mrs. Stanlaw. Miss Linthicum was vivacious as Kitty Dupuy. Thus the whole cast might be enumerated and a word of praise bestowed upon each member.

A large audience laughed often and heartily. There was spontaneous applause. Mr. Mitchell made a little speech but the author, although summoned, refused to be lured from the wings.

"HANS UND FRITZ" AT THE CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

Musical Comedy Greatly Enjoyed by Patrons.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: "Hans und Fritz," musical comedy in three acts, by R. Dirks, originator of the Katzenjammer Kids. The cast:

Captain Hufnagel.....Louis Thiel
Mrs. Katzenjammer.....Berline Robinson
Hans.....Danny McCormick
Fritz.....Casper Weiss
Gertie.....May Walsh
Cora Von Burg.....Mary Telena
Inspector.....Dave Whitely

George.....Edward Sedan
Doney Jim.....Thomas Abington
Violet (a gold digger).....Frank Melino
Louie (an ape).....Joe Melino

This is a brand new musical comedy along unusual lines, introducing for the first time R. Dirks's popular and latest cartoon creations. The play is in three acts and three scenes. It tells an engrossing and diverting story. Mama Katzenjammer is very much in evidence; so are Captain Hufnagel and his pal and cronie, Schwachweizer. How they extricate themselves from the traps set for them by the champion juvenile practical jokers of the universe; how they woo Mrs. K., who persists in remaining a widow and a mother to her angels to the end; how the hero and the heroine outwit the villain and the vampire, is attractively and entertainingly told and interpreted. There is action from start to finish, with catchy numbers, songs and surprises. There are 35 in the company.

ANDREW MACK HEADS

THE BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Program Is Made up of Acts All New to Boston—Audience Is Pleased.

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is unique. The program is made up of acts all new to Boston. Andrew Mack, for many years featured as a singing comedian in plays of the shillelah, corduroy breeches and learing Michael Feeneys, heads this week's bill. His act is designated as "The Concert," yet the application of the title to the sketch is hardly established even with a most generous stretch of the imagination.

Mr. Mack is today and always was the comedian, the actor, the story teller, rather than the singer. Last evening some of his stories were good, but there were too many that had to be laboriously dug from the storehouse of a generation ago. The comedian sang an Italian dialect song and several of the plaintive, wailing Irish type associated with him in the past. But as a singer he is given over to this or that affected trick for the sake of harmony and again to the same frantic effort of "cork-screwing" his neck and chin to reach a note in the upper register—a not pale and anemic and without compensation.

A big feature of this week's bill is James B. Carson in a musical comedy sketch, "The Models Abroad." The piece is staged in three scenes; there is a praiseworthy effort to reach ur-banescue effects in the setting of the Parisian dressmaking salon, and there are some good comedy lines. The piece is first of all vehicular in a deliberate attempt to present a dozen or more pretty girls in garish and exotic dress—a wardrobe that is now conspicuous in its abundance of dress and again shockingly scant.

One of the best tumbling acts seen at this theatre was the pantomimic novelty, "Sports in the Alps," that aroused much interest in the novelty of the stage setting. Joseph Bennett and Edward Richards gave a surprise number; the act is so good that putting it in type would only spoil the pleasure of future audiences.

Other acts on the bill were James C. Morton and Mamie Diamond in a comedy act; Tang Cheong and Fook Lok in vocal and instrumental selections; Bonner and Powers, in a singing and dancing act, and the ninth episode of "Patria," the thrilling preparedness photoplay, featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

March 14 1917

THE KNEISEL QUARTET GIVES FINAL CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel quartet gave its last concert of its 32d and final season yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The quartet was assisted by Messrs. Gebhard, pianist; Bostelmann, viola player; Renard, violoncellist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quartet in F major (arranged by Beethoven from his piano sonata in E major, op. 14, No. 1, first time at these concerts); Brahms, Piano Quartet in A major, op. 26; Schoenberg, Sextet in D minor, op. 4 ("Verklarte Nacht").

It was eminently fit that the last concert of this famous organization should take place in the hall which the quartet dedicated in 1896. Perhaps there were some in the audience yesterday who remembered the first Kneisel concert. It was given in the old Chickering Hall on Tremont street, Dec. 28, 1885, and it began at 7:45 o'clock. The quartet was then composed of Franz Kneisel, Emanuel Fiedler, Louis Svecenski and Fritz Giese. The program was as fol-

lows: Volkmann, Quartet in G minor, op. 14; Mendelssohn, Canonetta from the Quartet in E flat major; Mozart, Menuetto from the Quartet in C minor; Beethoven, Quintet in C major, op. 29. Daniel Kuntz played the second viola.

From time to time there were changes in the quartet. Otto Roth became the second violinist on Nov. 21, 1887. He was succeeded by Karl Ondricek, Oct. 24, 1889. J. Theodorowicz followed, Oct. 7, 1902. Julius Roentgen was the next, Nov. 12, 1907. Hans Letz, the present second violinist, took his seat on Nov. 5, 1912. For two concerts in 1914 (Nov. 3 and Dec. 1) Samuel Gardner substituted, as Mr. Letz was detained by the war.

Fritz Giese, cellist, was followed by Anton Hekking, Oct. 28, 1889. Alwin Schroeder succeeded him Oct. 19, 1891; Willem Willeke took his seat on Nov. 12, 1907.

At first and for some years these concerts were supported by Maj. Higginson. As the fame of the quartet spread throughout the country and crossed the Atlantic, they became self-supporting. The quartet was finally acknowledged as an institution of the city. Boston took pride in it. For a good many years it was the fashion to attend the concerts whether the subscribers were fond of chamber music and intelligently appreciative of the high character of the performances, or were merely sensible of agreeable sounds, or were secretly bored. When the players left the Boston Symphony orchestra in the spring of 1903 to make finally their home in New York, there was a general feeling of civic loss. The glory, as far as chamber music was concerned, had departed. There would still be Kneisel concerts, but by the Kneisel quartet of New York.

The influence of the Kneisel quartet in awakening, strengthening and directing musical taste, not only in Boston, but throughout the United States, can not be overestimated. What Theodore Thomas did, arousing popular interest in orchestral music, Frank Kneisel did by acquainting the public with chamber music and sharpening the public's perception in the matter of performance. The quartet, during the 32 years, has shown the skill, taste, patience, catholicism and enthusiasm of Mr. Kneisel, no matter who were associated with him. We use the word patience, for Mr. Kneisel was not discouraged when subscribers rebelled against acquaintance with new compositions. If Cesar Franck's quartet and quintet were not at first appreciated they were played until they were. The great repertoire of the quartet would show at a glance the broad and fine taste of Mr. Kneisel.

Perhaps in the last few years Mr. Kneisel and his associates may have had occasion to think that their labor in Boston had been in vain. They suffered as other musicians of the first rank suffered, from an apparent lack of interest in the purest music.

There are debts that can never be repaid. However audiences may change, the aim of Mr. Kneisel was long ago attained. His quartet was recognized here and abroad as one of the few great chamber organizations in the

world. Whatever the interest in chamber music may be in this city, in New York and other American cities and towns it is due to Mr. Kneisel and his associates. They have passed into the musical history of the country. They have made the success of other string quartets possible.

Mr. Kneisel in his manly letter to subscribers, which was published in the Herald last Sunday, gave good and sufficient reasons why the quartet should now be disbanded. While his decision is deeply regretted by all lovers of music, they would be selfish to dispute it. He and Mr. Svecenski have given the best years of their lives to the education and the pleasure of the public. As teachers they will continue to serve music and rear successors imbued with their spirit and high purpose. The memory of the Kneisel quartet's concerts will be an abiding pleasure.

The program yesterday included Beethoven's arrangement of a piano sonata. Concerning this transcription biographers and essayists have little to say. The best that can be said of it by a hearer today is that it is interesting chiefly to the players of the sonata. It was met that a work by Brahms should be on the program of the final concert, for the Kneisels were never weary of playing compositions by him. No musicians played them with fuller understanding. This quartet, performed yesterday in a masterly manner, was not liked when it was first heard in Vienna. Even Hanslick found the themes dry and thin, good only for contrapuntal purposes, and he compared the whole quartet to the later and weaker compositions of Schumann. As if to show again the Kneisels' interest in the ultra-modern movement, the remarkable sextet of Schoenberg, composed before he became a poseur, was performed.

The hall was crowded and the audience was enthusiastic, giving every evidence of appreciation and also regret at the parting.

Mr. George Moore in his novel, "Lewys Seymour and Some Women," which is "A Modern Lover" rewritten, makes a

of an... in his life and to... in the final... T. A. Hoffmann's... He gives a... but is awakened by them, to his wrath and discouragement.

The first movement is appropriately amiable and cheerful, suggesting, with the help of the motto, a smiling landscape. Mr. Strong does not fall into the error of writing mimetic strains. There is no attempt to reproduce obviously twittering birds or babbling brooks. The music flows spontaneously, melodically and euphoniously. The second movement is beautiful in conception and expression, without falling into sentimentalism, without an incongruous note of anguish to describe the suffering and the loss. A composer of the ultra-modern school would at the thought of "suffering" have turned this village music-director into an Oedipus, a hero of titanic woe. But Mr. Strong is not of the ultra-modern school. In his Swiss retreat he writes as if Franck, Strauss, d'Indy, Debussy, Loeffler had never been born. He finds beauty and expresses it in the speech of 30 years ago. The last movement did not interest us greatly. It is not easy to be humorous in absolute music. The pupils were after all not so very unruly; the teacher not so raging; and when a composer puts a character asleep in a string trio he runs the risk of making his hearer drowsy.

It is hardly necessary at the end of the 10th season to praise at length the performance of this remarkable quartet, whose beauty of tone, exquisite phrasing, unity of thought and perfect sense of proportion have long set it apart and made it illustrious.

There was a large audience. Three concerts will be given next season: On Thursday evenings, Nov. 22, Jan. 24 and March 14.

Mr. Obadiah Belcher of Ipswich described last Monday the tribe of dolichocephalic dwarfs of the Nubian hinterland who clasp their drawers to "three warts grown at points roughly equidistant upon the waist line."

We are indebted to "G. C. W." for a copy of the Quarter Centurion of '89: Sporting Extra, prepared and published in May, 1914, by the Technology class then holding its 25th reunion. We quote from the sixth page:

FOR MEN ONLY

"Word comes to us from the biological laboratory that warts, hitherto deemed an annoying form of adornment, may become by proper cultivation not only exceedingly useful, but by the exercise of a little ingenuity, even ornamental. Prof. — (we withhold the name by request) informs us that after much annoyance in early life from these little excrescences, he began a series of experiments which led to the splendid results he now enjoys. He has succeeded in directing the activities of the said growths in such manner that he now has just six, symmetrically arranged at the waist line, to which he buttons his trousers, thus avoiding all drag on the shoulders, such as was unavoidable with old-fashioned suspenders. He is now experimenting as to the feasibility of raising a pair of collar buttons."

Is it possible that one of these dwarfs attended the "Tech" in its early years, or was the learned professor acquainted with the Nubian practice?

Marriage No Longer Necessary.

As the World Wags:

Permit me to communicate to the Wagging World and through it, to the remainder of the universe the greatest invention of the 20th or any other century, namely, a new substitute, safe, simple, and complete, for the intricate complex of relations and processes grouped under the head of marriage. Those who adopt it need never marry.

Thanks to Bernard Shaw the hopeless futility of the struggle of mere man to escape from the pursuit of the Superman is now generally recognized and understood. But is not as generally known that a vast conspiracy exists, covering the entire country in its meshes, for the sole purpose of driving the unhappy male of the species into bondage by taking advantage of the moment of helpless rage and blind desperation which comes upon him when he tries to put on in a hurry some article of clothing just back from the laundry, and finds a button gone. At such a time there is nothing a man will not do. It is a state of temporary insanity, and he will in his delirium marry the first Superman he meets on the sole condition that she will agree to sew his buttons on.

Now the conspiracy I speak of is a solemn compact between the unmarried Superman and the laundresses, who, for a commission to be paid after the victim is secured, undertake that there shall always be buttons off his inexpressibles and things, in sufficient numbers to accomplish the fiendish purpose of the plot. The Superman does not need like Shaw's heroine to chase her quarry all over the map. She merely

he's gone to work and got some poor feller he probably holds a mortgage on to suggest to the Sunday Editor that they publish some of his bligs. All I've got to say to him is that Albany is in Australia, as any sailor knows. I never had the experience with Albany, N. Y., and Holliston and them inland ports he seems to be so familiar with. I don't want to speak disrespectful of the dead, but once when I was skipper of the Halcyon, we was about a hundred miles off Perth, and we picked up a boat with a white man in it, near dead. I took him down in the cabin and the steward fixed him up a shot of rum and we brought him to. Soon he found out he was on a whaler he tried to jump overboard, but we hove him down into the focus, and started to make a whaler out of him. Seems he was a feller by the name of John Coffin, just like this (deleted by censor) that parades his ignorance in your valued column. He'd run away from a ship with all the money he could gaffle onto, and lay low till she'd cleared, then he come out and bought a little ranch back in the bush. He lived there a while and then sold it, and landed in Perth with his money and a thirst. He bought passage back in a ship and then got drunk, and spent the night under a barn, where he belonged. The next morning he set out and got drunk again, and went to look for the ship, but she had sailed, and some fellers on the dock told him she'd jest sailed, and she was an old tub, and he could get in a boat and catch her, so he bought a boat and a quart of rum, and started rowing after her. They say there's a God that looks after damn fools, drunks and summer yachtsmen. He must look after Coffins, too, cause this feller was all three except not knowing as much as a summer yachtsman, and they don't know nothing. Well, he'd been out long enough to sober up, which must have been quite a spell, when we picked him up. As I say, I hove him down the forrard hatch, and we went whaling. We worked north far's Pullaway island, going round into the straits of Malacca, and off there this here John Coffin disappeared. Hunted high and low and couldn't find hide, hair nor gristle of him. Mr. Cahoon wrote it all down in the log that he had scurvey very bad, and died about four bells, and that we buried him over the side, so everything would be shipshape. After that I worked around to the Friendly's and put in a season humpbacking, and came home round the Horn. That was the fall of 1871. Well, sir, I knocked all around the world till 1893, before I got off Pullaway island again. I was in the North Star then, and I went ashore at Melabu. When we come off, there was a young half-caste Malay standing by the boat that said he wanted to ship. I had use for another hand, so I tells him to hop in, and I'd take him. So in he hops, and we landed him on the Star, and squared away for New Bedford, being full up to the hatch comings. He didn't know we was bound home, and I never thought to tell him, me needing hands so bad, most of the crew having run away at Singapore. One night when we was most up to the line, off Annobon, he was at the wheel, and I got talking with him. Darned if he want the son of that John Coffin I'd picked up twenty-two years ago. Seems his old man had jumped overboard, swum ashore and been picked up by the natives, and adopted by them. He'd shined up to the old chief's daughter and married her, and when the old man died, Coffin he got his papers as skipper of the tribe. This feller was the youngest son. Well, sir, we got him back to New Bedford all right, and then he did his darndest to ship on a whaler bound for Sumatra. He made two or three voyages, and got in sight of Acheh Head once, but couldn't make his escape, as the feller says, but fetched up in New Bedford every time, so finally he got disgusted with whaling and settled down there and started a Chinese laundry, but he was so darn nasty that no one ever went there but once, and besides the Chinyemen got after him and said he want a real Chinyman, so he had to stop laundrying. Next I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a sailor that had got drunk and turned in on the wharf with his money in his pocket. After he got loose from jail he disappeared, and I never knew where he'd gone to till the other day.

(Capt.) MARTIN GALE.
Falmouth, March 11.

A Use of Take.

As the World Wags:

The curious use of "take," noted by your correspondent, is not confined to New Jersey. Is it not common among old-fashioned people the country over? In the expression "You can take and

he's gone to work and got some poor feller he probably holds a mortgage on to suggest to the Sunday Editor that they publish some of his bligs. All I've got to say to him is that Albany is in Australia, as any sailor knows. I never had the experience with Albany, N. Y., and Holliston and them inland ports he seems to be so familiar with. I don't want to speak disrespectful of the dead, but once when I was skipper of the Halcyon, we was about a hundred miles off Perth, and we picked up a boat with a white man in it, near dead. I took him down in the cabin and the steward fixed him up a shot of rum and we brought him to. Soon he found out he was on a whaler he tried to jump overboard, but we hove him down into the focus, and started to make a whaler out of him. Seems he was a feller by the name of John Coffin, just like this (deleted by censor) that parades his ignorance in your valued column. He'd run away from a ship with all the money he could gaffle onto, and lay low till she'd cleared, then he come out and bought a little ranch back in the bush. He lived there a while and then sold it, and landed in Perth with his money and a thirst. He bought passage back in a ship and then got drunk, and spent the night under a barn, where he belonged. The next morning he set out and got drunk again, and went to look for the ship, but she had sailed, and some fellers on the dock told him she'd jest sailed, and she was an old tub, and he could get in a boat and catch her, so he bought a boat and a quart of rum, and started rowing after her. They say there's a God that looks after damn fools, drunks and summer yachtsmen. He must look after Coffins, too, cause this feller was all three except not knowing as much as a summer yachtsman, and they don't know nothing. Well, he'd been out long enough to sober up, which must have been quite a spell, when we picked him up. As I say, I hove him down the forrard hatch, and we went whaling. We worked north far's Pullaway island, going round into the straits of Malacca, and off there this here John Coffin disappeared. Hunted high and low and couldn't find hide, hair nor gristle of him. Mr. Cahoon wrote it all down in the log that he had scurvey very bad, and died about four bells, and that we buried him over the side, so everything would be shipshape. After that I worked around to the Friendly's and put in a season humpbacking, and came home round the Horn. That was the fall of 1871. Well, sir, I knocked all around the world till 1893, before I got off Pullaway island again. I was in the North Star then, and I went ashore at Melabu. When we come off, there was a young half-caste Malay standing by the boat that said he wanted to ship. I had use for another hand, so I tells him to hop in, and I'd take him. So in he hops, and we landed him on the Star, and squared away for New Bedford, being full up to the hatch comings. He didn't know we was bound home, and I never thought to tell him, me needing hands so bad, most of the crew having run away at Singapore. One night when we was most up to the line, off Annobon, he was at the wheel, and I got talking with him. Darned if he want the son of that John Coffin I'd picked up twenty-two years ago. Seems his old man had jumped overboard, swum ashore and been picked up by the natives, and adopted by them. He'd shined up to the old chief's daughter and married her, and when the old man died, Coffin he got his papers as skipper of the tribe. This feller was the youngest son. Well, sir, we got him back to New Bedford all right, and then he did his darndest to ship on a whaler bound for Sumatra. He made two or three voyages, and got in sight of Acheh Head once, but couldn't make his escape, as the feller says, but fetched up in New Bedford every time, so finally he got disgusted with whaling and settled down there and started a Chinese laundry, but he was so darn nasty that no one ever went there but once, and besides the Chinyemen got after him and said he want a real Chinyman, so he had to stop laundrying. Next I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a sailor that had got drunk and turned in on the wharf with his money in his pocket. After he got loose from jail he disappeared, and I never knew where he'd gone to till the other day.

(Capt.) MARTIN GALE.
Falmouth, March 11.

YSAYE GIVES

By PHILIP HALE.

Eugene Ysaye gave his second recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He was assisted by Maurice Dambois, pianist and violoncellist, and by Lee Pattison, accompanist. The program was as follows: Lazzari, Sonata for violin and piano, op. 24; Viotti, Concerto in A minor, No. 22; Ysaye, Chant d'Hiver (Poem, No. 3); Divertimento; Saint-Saens, La Muse et le Poete (duet for violin and cello); Messrs. Ysaye and Dambois; Saint-Saens, Havanaise; G. Faure, Berceuse; Wieniawski, Polonaise in D.

The first movement of Lazzari's sonata was played here by local musicians as far back as 1893. We are under the impression that the whole sonata had been heard here before yesterday, but surely there has been no performance approaching that by Mr. Ysaye and the excellent pianist, Mr. Dambois. The sonata shows unmistakably the influence of Cesar Franck in mood when not in melodic lines; yet there is also

individual expression and that of a poetic nature. The first movement would bear condensation. There is unnecessary repetition. There are abrupt changes of feeling which at first exciting admiration and pleasure lose their significance by at last becoming an old story. The second movement is more firmly knit and has genuine emotional quality. In the brilliant finale Mr. Dambois displayed a fine rhythmic sense and glittering mechanism.

There are few violin concertos that are so enduring without the orchestra as

Viotti's in A-minor. It is said that Viotti was assisted in the orchestration, but the fact or the false statement is of little importance. The charm of the music is in its classic beauty and serenity, which at times remind one of Mozart. The music is pure, without trickery for a virtuoso's advantage. Mr. Ysaye's cadenza, skillfully constructed, was in keeping with the general character of the work. Saint-Saens's duet, originally with orchestral accompaniment, bears the date 1909.

Mr. Ysaye was wholly in the vein.

Seldom has he displayed here more ravishing tone, a warmer feeling, more nobility, purity of taste. Many of us have heard great violinists of former years: Wieniawski, Sarasate, Joachim, of whom Wilhelmj said, with reference to his coolness and classic accuracy, that he was a good summer violinist. Let us rejoice in the fact that one who the right to stand by the side of Wieniawski and Sarasate is now living and in the full possession of his powers.

There was an enthusiastic audience of good size.

They that are interested in problems of heredity should not fail to read the following letter:

The Elder Coffin.

Editor As the World Wags:

I been over to the Vineyard quite spell serving on jury, and aint had no chance to reply to this human tape-worm from Holliston. I see he's got such a itch to see his name in print

he's gone to work and got some poor feller he probably holds a mortgage on to suggest to the Sunday Editor that they publish some of his bligs. All I've got to say to him is that Albany is in Australia, as any sailor knows. I never had the experience with Albany, N. Y., and Holliston and them inland ports he seems to be so familiar with. I don't want to speak disrespectful of the dead, but once when I was skipper of the Halcyon, we was about a hundred miles off Perth, and we picked up a boat with a white man in it, near dead. I took him down in the cabin and the steward fixed him up a shot of rum and we brought him to. Soon he found out he was on a whaler he tried to jump overboard, but we hove him down into the focus, and started to make a whaler out of him. Seems he was a feller by the name of John Coffin, just like this (deleted by censor) that parades his ignorance in your valued column. He'd run away from a ship with all the money he could gaffle onto, and lay low till she'd cleared, then he come out and bought a little ranch back in the bush. He lived there a while and then sold it, and landed in Perth with his money and a thirst. He bought passage back in a ship and then got drunk, and spent the night under a barn, where he belonged. The next morning he set out and got drunk again, and went to look for the ship, but she had sailed, and some fellers on the dock told him she'd jest sailed, and she was an old tub, and he could get in a boat and catch her, so he bought a boat and a quart of rum, and started rowing after her. They say there's a God that looks after damn fools, drunks and summer yachtsmen. He must look after Coffins, too, cause this feller was all three except not knowing as much as a summer yachtsman, and they don't know nothing. Well, he'd been out long enough to sober up, which must have been quite a spell, when we picked him up. As I say, I hove him down the forrard hatch, and we went whaling. We worked north far's Pullaway island, going round into the straits of Malacca, and off there this here John Coffin disappeared. Hunted high and low and couldn't find hide, hair nor gristle of him. Mr. Cahoon wrote it all down in the log that he had scurvey very bad, and died about four bells, and that we buried him over the side, so everything would be shipshape. After that I worked around to the Friendly's and put in a season humpbacking, and came home round the Horn. That was the fall of 1871. Well, sir, I knocked all around the world till 1893, before I got off Pullaway island again. I was in the North Star then, and I went ashore at Melabu. When we come off, there was a young half-caste Malay standing by the boat that said he wanted to ship. I had use for another hand, so I tells him to hop in, and I'd take him. So in he hops, and we landed him on the Star, and squared away for New Bedford, being full up to the hatch comings. He didn't know we was bound home, and I never thought to tell him, me needing hands so bad, most of the crew having run away at Singapore. One night when we was most up to the line, off Annobon, he was at the wheel, and I got talking with him. Darned if he want the son of that John Coffin I'd picked up twenty-two years ago. Seems his old man had jumped overboard, swum ashore and been picked up by the natives, and adopted by them. He'd shined up to the old chief's daughter and married her, and when the old man died, Coffin he got his papers as skipper of the tribe. This feller was the youngest son. Well, sir, we got him back to New Bedford all right, and then he did his darndest to ship on a whaler bound for Sumatra. He made two or three voyages, and got in sight of Acheh Head once, but couldn't make his escape, as the feller says, but fetched up in New Bedford every time, so finally he got disgusted with whaling and settled down there and started a Chinese laundry, but he was so darn nasty that no one ever went there but once, and besides the Chinyemen got after him and said he want a real Chinyman, so he had to stop laundrying. Next I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a sailor that had got drunk and turned in on the wharf with his money in his pocket. After he got loose from jail he disappeared, and I never knew where he'd gone to till the other day.

(Capt.) MARTIN GALE.
Falmouth, March 11.

A Use of Take.

As the World Wags:

The curious use of "take," noted by your correspondent, is not confined to New Jersey. Is it not common among old-fashioned people the country over? In the expression "You can take and

stay or you can take and go" there seems to be the same sense of "take" as in the familiar phrases "You just take and do what I say" or "He took and broke my cart." It seems to be used to give emphasis to a statement or command. Is this use of "take" an Americanism? There is another use of "take" which I thought was an Americanism, as in "How you take on" or "She was in such a taking," but the Oxford Dictionary traces that use back for several hundred years. W. E. K.

Reward Offered.

As the World Wags:

I was greatly interested in Mr. Strout's account of the Maine plunkus, especially as we used to have one for a pet. He was a cute little feller, but we had to keep his tail tied up over his back with a string to his neck to keep him from making dents in the hardwood floors. He seemed rather lonely, so we were very pleased one day when a German friend gave us a polyporous platypus which he had got in East Africa. This animal is equally at home on land or in the water; it has a duck's bill with a fine set of teeth, it lays eggs and suckles its young, is covered with hair and sings like a bird. As its name implies, it has very broad feet, two of them, and will stand for weeks on one foot. In fact, we had a bet on once as to whether it would change feet before Villa was captured. When stroked it will make a noise like a tuning-fork. It is called polyporous because it perspires freely. When lying near the fire the water will gush out all over its body as from the end of a watering pot. It is still with us, but our plunkus has disappeared, and is perhaps the one seen by Nahum Snow. We will give one new half-dollar for its return. URA NUTHER.
Boston.

Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Second Book of Operas" published by the Macmillan Company is written in his most entertaining vein. While there is sufficient regard for "facts" to benefit the student of musical history, there are many digressions and excursions that are delightful reading for the man or woman who goes to the opera house to hear this or that singer without thought of what the opera may be.

We have mentioned the word "facts." There is an excusable slip on page 240. The opera "Aphrodite" is assigned to "Baron Erlanger." The composer is Camille Erlanger, not the Baron Frederic d'Erlanger.

Biblical operas are first considered. Mr. Krehbiel believes that there is "a vast amount of admirable material in the Bible (historical, legendary or mythical, as one happens to regard it) which would not necessarily be degraded by dramatic treatment, and which might be made entertaining as well as edifying, as it has been made in the past, by stage representation." Nothing is gained by shifting the scene or throwing a veil over names. He makes merry with the change of Gounod's "Reine de Saba" to "Irene" to suit English taste. When "Herodiade" was performed in London, John the Baptist had an alias and "fair skinned Ethiopians" sang "Schma Yisroel" and "Adonal Eloheinu" in a temple which surely was that of Jerusalem. There is pleasant gossip about the early years in which the partition that divides oratorio from opera was very thin. Have we not heard in our own day of "Elijah" performed even in New England as a stage work with scenery, costumes, and action? The biblical operas are reviewed, Rossini's "Moses," which as an oratorio was for a long time a battle horse of the Handel and Haydn Society; "Kain," by Balthaus, also by d'Albert; the latter's extraordinary "Tote Augen," in which Christ's healing of a blind woman is turned into melodrama; Mehul's "Joseph," a noble work in its simplicity, without a woman in the action. This leads Mr. Krehbiel to free his mind about Strauss' "Josephslegende." "It was not until our own day that an author with a perverted sense which had already found gratification in the stench of mental, moral and physical decay exhaled by 'Salome' and 'Elektra,' nosed the piquant, pungent odor of the episode of Potiphar's wife and blew it into the theatre." Mr. Krehbiel gives a long list of operas, ancient and modern, founded on biblical stories.

He devotes a chapter to Rubinstein's work in this direction: "The Tower of Babel," "Paradise Lost," "Moses," "Christus" and the others. Greatly admiring Rubinstein, the pianist, Mr. Krehbiel thinks that he was moved by the thought of an art work which should stand by the side of Wagner's "Ring" and have its special home like Bayreuth. "It may have been a belief that his project would excite the sympathetic zeal of the devout Jew and pious Christian alike, as much as his lack of the capacity for self criticism which led him like a will-o'-the-wisp along the path which led him to failure and disappointment."

Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila" has a chapter to itself. There is a study of the two chief characters with

As the World Wags:

The curious use of "take," noted by your correspondent, is not confined to New Jersey. Is it not common among old-fashioned people the country over? In the expression "You can take and

Music by the Boulanger sisters will be heard tomorrow afternoon at the concert Gaslois in Steinert Hall. Lili won the first Prix de Rome of the Paris Conservatoire in 1913, the first woman to be awarded that honor. Her sister Nadia took the second Prix de Rome in 1918. It was said that she deserved the first but the judges then were averse to giving the first to a woman. They are the daughters of Boulanger, who, as a Prix de Rome, was known as a composer of operas and a singing teacher at the Paris Conservatory. Lili was 9 years old when she won the prize. Nadia is well known as a pianist. Miss Gertrude Peppercock, an English

Making music for munitioners is the latest pastime of society, and I hear that a great many well-known amateur and professional musicians are devoting their time and their talent to getting up dinner-hour concerts as a means of mitigating the monotony attendant upon munition making. The new venture, which is being supported by Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Blyth, has already demonstrated that music is as pleasantly just as welcome in the work shop as in the trenches for the aud-

The Daily Telegraph (London) asks why piano tuning should be confined to the masculine sex. "To the uninitiated

with a fine voice and "temperament" is in love with Neroni, a composer of the new school. Consolo of the old school will train her if she will sing only his music. He falls in love with her; she loves his music. Constant to him for a while, she leaves him for Neroni. The final scene is at La Scala, where she is to take the leading part in Neroni's new opera. Consolo comes in, accuses her of infidelity to him and the "supreme treason" of singing Neroni's music. He strangles her as the curtain falls. Among the characters are Carabolo, the deep bass, who is always reading the notice and the

the first the (the) has (the) ...
And, the peacock (the) ...
the date of the (the) ...
an (the) ...
the American student of ...
he has tried every method in Italy ...
A joke that was at least an hour
and a half too long proved the ultimate
result of "Reconstructing the Crime," Sir
James Barrie's latest charity play, pro-
duced at the Palace Theatre Feb. 15.
The play is described as a sort of "Trial
by Jury," without songs and with inter-
polated plays showing the scene of the
crime as in "On Trial." The crimes are
harmless foibles of well known play-
ers "Mr. Nelson Keys" deserts Mr. Ar-
thur Playfair because he, Mr. Keys, has
fallen in love with himself represented
in feminine guise on a film. Mr. Donald
Calthrop is commissioned by Sir George
Alexander to murder Mr. Dion Boucicault
for wearing a white bowler hat ...
There is a curious and not very pleas-
ant little episode in which Gerald Du-
Maurier, as a young Anglo-Indian
officer finds all the ladies making love
to him—the real truth being that they
want to give him their mosquitoes ...
A little of all this would have gone a
very long way. It was just egregiously
too long and slow."

To the Editor of the Herald:
The Two Brougham and
Adelphis and Bland's Adelphi
was on Court
Other Theatres street, as I stated
in a recent communication. It
flourished for a time in the late
forties. Mr. Roland B. Winterton,
however, is right in saying there was
some 20 years later an Adelphi Theatre
on Central court, back of the Chickering
building, on the present site of a part of

the establishment of Jordan Marsh Com-
pany. This playhouse was originally
constructed for an aquarial garden,
which moved there from Bromfield
street. A live whale swam about in a
tank in the centre of its principal ex-
hibition hall, and light dramatic perfor-
mances were given on a stage in the rear.
For a time P. T. Barnum was interested
in it and Benjamin F. Lowell was his
resident manager. After it ceased to be
attractive, the place, which the boys
used to call the Fish Theatre, was
named Andrews Hall, and used for fairs
and other non-dramatic purposes.

In 1886 or thereabouts Jason Went-
worth, a keeper of a toy shop at the
corner of Temple place and Washing-
ton street, was impressed by the pantom-
imic and other conceitivities of J. S.
Maffit and W. H. Bartholomew, and he
had the hall again refitted for a play-
house under the name of the Theatre
Comique, with these performers as
resident stars. There they shone particu-
larly at first in their singing of
"Johnny Schmoker," with an accom-
panying burlesque waltz. After Mr.
Wentworth retired from its proprietor-
ship, the name of the theatre was
changed, and John Stetson was at one
time its manager before he assumed
control of the old Globe Theatre.

I remember very well Charles Fech-
ter's engagement at the Howard Ath-
naeum to which Mr. Winterton alludes.
The actor was then in his decadence and
was playing without inspiration, mechan-
ically imitating his own former bril-
liant effects. The late Fred Stinson,
then in John Stetson's employ, brought
Fechter from Pennsylvania, where he
was living on a farm, trying vainly to
win back the health that he had foolishly
lost. He had strutted his brief
hour upon the stage, and after this en-
gagement was seen in Boston no more.
One feature of his last stay here was his
giving away the bride when Sadie Mar-
tinot was wedded to Fred Stinson at
the Revere House. The marriage was
as ill-starred as Fechter's final exit
from the neighboring stage.

E. L. Davenport was the original rep-
resentative in this city of the Indian
in "The Octoroon," while he was man-
ager of the Howard Athenaeum. Maffit's
performance of the character, of
which Mr. Winterton speaks, I never
saw, but admirable as he was in dumb
show, he could not have surpassed the
artistic finish of the older actor's inter-
pretation of the ever romantic noble red
man.

In my preceding paper I might have
mentioned other managers, but my ob-
ject was to recall only those I had
known intimately in the early days of
my theatre-going, though I believe I
forgot to refer to Arthur Cheney, who
brought the comedian George Honey
here from London as a member of his
company, when the Globe Theatre was
rebuilt after it was burned down for
the first time; also Mr. Floyd who was
his efficient stage manager when Bron-
son Howard's "Saratoga" was first seen
here.

After his Theatre Comique experience
Mr. Wentworth for a time managed the
house now called the Bijou, which I
first knew as the Melodeon, and when
as a small boy I used to go to sleep at
lectures and listen to Handel and Haydn
oratorios with Anna Stone to the fore.

The Chickering building, which was
between Central court and Avon place
(now street) contained a hall where I
remember hearing Allen A. Brown, the
Boston Public Library benefactor, sing
in an amateur performance of "The Two
Cads."

Billy Park's hostelry was next door to
the playhouse on Central court. I knew
the genial landlord well in other loca-
tions. First in Devonshire street, where
his father established an English ale
house, afterwards on Morton place, now

the extension of ...
Franklin to Milk street, and ...
B. Worth street. He was one of the old-
time hosts, like George Young and
Gus Taft, who always personally vis-
ited their guests at table, to ask if their
wants were fully satisfied. He was at
one time a member of the General
Court, and there is a legend to the ef-
fect that he once proposed a speech on a
certain measure but when he arrived at
the legislative hall he found that the
subject had already been considered and
decided. This, however, may have been
only a weak invention of the enemy
that pursues all public men. There be
Welsh rabbits now, but for the old-tim-
ers they do not run as merrily as of
yore with a mug of Park's musty ale
for a chaser. The chimes of midnight
were pleasant, but I leave them to the
other fellow now. JOHN W. RYAN.
Dorchester.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M.
Song recital by Mme. Julia Culp. See
special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song
recital by Greta Torpadie, Conrad V.
Ebo, accompanist. Haydn, My Mother
Bids Me Bind My Hair; Handel, Sky-
lark, Pretty Rover; Anon, Flugo per
mio dilecto; Lange-Mueller, Eftenaar;
Peterson-Berger, Titania; Sibelius, En
Silanda; Stenhammar, Fylgia; Sinding,
Sylvan; Backer-Grondahl, Edir, en
Sommerfugl; Lenormand, Lamento;
Dupont, Mandoline; Poldowski, Crepus-
cule du Soir Mystique; Dell'Acqua, Le
Clavecin; Decres, L'Oiseau bleu; Wolf,
Das Verlassene; Maegdelein; Schubert,
Die Forelle; Brahms, E traumte mir.
Das Maedchen Spricht; Twedy, I'm
Telling Ye Goodbye (MS.); Jonson, My
Fawn (MS.).

Copley-Plaza at 3:30 P. M. Piano re-
cital by George Copeland, assisted by
Miss Elizabeth Gordon, pianist, and
Louis Bessner, violinist. Lekeu, third
movement of violin and piano sonata;
Sequiera, Alborada; Gilbert, Berceuse
(Indian); Unknown, Temariuta (Japa-
nese Folk Dance)—these pieces for the
first time here, as are Gilbert's Nocturne
from "Indian" Suite and Albeniz's
Rhapsodie Espagnole for two pianos.
Violin pieces, Sarasate, Players; Schu-
mann, Abendlied; Gul, Orientale. Piano
pieces, Debussy, Clair de Lune, Danse de
Puck, Reflets dans l'eau, Poissons d'or,
La Cathedrale Engloutie, Les Fesces sont
d'exquises danses; Grovlez, evoca-
tion, Albeniz, Malagueña, El Polo,
Castillas.

Stierner Hall, 3 P. M. Third concert
Gaulois in aid of the fund for French
musicians. Miss Emelie Frank, Sergei
Adamsky and Ramon Blanchard will
sing the cantata "Faust et Helene," by
Lili Boulanger. Excerpt from "La
Sirene," by Nadia Boulanger (Mr.
Adamsky); three pieces for violin and
piano by Nadia Boulanger will be
played by Miss Collingbourne and Miss
Siedhoff, and her Cantique de Sœur
Beatrice will be sung by Miss Jean Mac-
Lellan. The program will also include
a quartet and a piano piece (Mme.
Lassange-Mercier, pianist) by the sisters.
Sketches and portraits will be shown.

TUESDAY—Stierner Hall, 3 P. M. Mme.
Yvette Guilbert will lecture in English
on the art of interpreting songs: The
special vocal technique necessary to a
singer of songs as compared to that
of an operatic singer; how to penetrate
and amplify the text of the author; how
to create "atmosphere"; the expression
by the different forms of tragedy; the
comic spirit; the expression of joy as
characterized in colors, gray, purple and
red; the plastic art.

WEDNESDAY—Stierner Hall, 3 P. M.
Mme. Yvette Guilbert's second lecture
on the art of interpreting songs: The
development of the faculty of obser-
vation of the science of tempo in de-
claration; musical rhythm; eurythmic
expression of the body; how to ac-
quire the indispensable quality of per-
sonal magnetism and charm; how to
acquire facial mimicry; the soul that
must animate the true artist.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second of the
special concerts of Georges Longy and
Miss Renee Longy. Assisting Conmemu-
sionists: Mme. Eugénie Frisch, soprano;
Miss Gertrude Marshall, viola d'amour;
Miss Adeline Paakard, violin; Mr.
Gebhard, pianist; female chorus from
the Cecilia Society. Compositions by
Charles Martin Loeffler: Two Rha-
psodies; L'Arche, La Commemure for oboe,
viola and piano (Mr. Longy, Miss
Paakard, Miss Longy). Songs: Ton
Souvenir, Je te vis, A vous ces vers, Tout
que l'enfant; "L'Arche" (fantastic legend
for voice, female chorus, viola d'amour
and piano (Mme. Frisch, Miss Marshall,
Mr. Gebhard, Mr. Longy, conductor).

THURSDAY—Stierner Hall, 8:30 P. M.
Song recital by Mme. Yvette Guilbert.
"Songs of my Youth," typical songs and
types of Montmartre. Begins at night and
the Latin quarter, with an explanatory
introduction in English. Gustave Ferrari,
pianist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.
18th Symphony concert, Dr. Muck, con-
ductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Stierner Hall, 3 P. M. Third
and last piano recital of Miss Ann
Gulick. Raff, Jig with variations, op.
91, No. 2; Chopin, Preludes in A flat
major and B flat minor; Nocturne, E
major, op. 62, No. 2; Ballade in A flat
major, op. 47, Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 3 and
12; Scherzo, C sharp minor, op. 39; R.
Strauss, sonata for violoncello and piano,
op. 6. (Rudolph Nagel, violoncellist.)
Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by
Susan Metcalfe-Casals, soprano; Miss
Ruth Deyo, pianist, and Pablo Casals,
violinist. Roentgen, Sonata in B
minor (Miss Deyo and Mr. Casals);
Chausson, Nanny, G. Faure, Clair de
Lune and Soir; Duparc, El, Moor
Chanson, Le Rouet; Loeffler, Timbres
Ombles, To Helen (Mme. and Mr.
Casals); Loeffler, Poeme Espagnole,
(Miss Deyo and Mr. Casals).

1915

Where liberty dwells there is my keden-
try. C. R. Dennett.
I wish it to be distinctly understood that
I want the Union to be reserved. M. T.
Nash.

Westward the bee of Empire Stars its
way. George N. True.

All Up.

As the World Wags:

In these days of unbridled allied pa-
triotism when we joyously rise from our

seats at any public gathering to chant
the national anthems of those countries
with whom we are so warmly in sym-
pathy as well as that of our own, I
find myself not alone in the feeling that
although I am moved to card with the
best, I am hampered in my expression
of enthusiasm by the fact that I do not
know the words of any of those stirring
airs which so deeply move my heart. I
had thought of appealing through your
columns to have classes of instruction
formed for this purpose, but before this
suggestion is advanced I should like to
ask—in all respect and loyalty—if the
President or Senate or any other fed-
eral body has the power to revise the
words of that national hymn now ac-
cepted as our own. For a long time I
was in puzzled ignorance as to exactly
which of two familiar airs was the sig-
nal for me to rise to my feet, and was,
obliged to, teeter tentatively on the edge
of my seat until some one else gave me
a lead whether to rise or remain quies-
cent, but I have lately been informed on
competent authority that though I may
rise for both, I must do so for that one
which is entitled the "Star Spangled
Banner."

My education as a child was much
neglected and I felt great humiliation
upon realizing that I had not the faint-
est knowledge of the words of this
poem, and I at once took steps to pro-
cure a copy. Since it has been my
privilege to live in Boston I have en-
deavored to repair the neglect of youth,
and have so far succeeded in self-edu-
cation as to have experienced a certain
thrill of horror when I found that I was
required to express my patriotism by a
hymn of which the opening words are
"Oh, say,— Now, I am a good deal
worried about this. I know that poeti-
cal license excuses many idiosyncrasies
not permissible in conversation, but on
the other hand I have a friend with
whom I have long labored in the en-
deavor to break her of the habit of pre-
facing her remarks with—"Say," and
if she can point to such an authority as
this, I am sure that all my labor will
have been in vain. Would not a peti-
tion from so highly cultivated (three
years ago I should have used the word
cultured) a public as that of Boston
move the country to a sense of literary
values that would demand a revision?

Far be it from me to evince any spirit
of carping criticism. I speak from a
desire to guard jealously the literary
honor of the land.

ANNABELLE ARROGANCE.

Boston.

Titles and Other Things.

As the World Wags:

What do you know about titles? I
noticed recently that a group of noble
dames, the wives of Canadian knights,
patronized a charitable function in Bos-
ton and were accorded high honors by
the scribes who love to chronicle the
doings of the aristocracy. It was lady
this and lady that all over the report of
the affair. Now, I contend that the
wife of a British knight has no legal
right to the title of "Lady," although
it is customary thus to distinguish her
from the common herd. Mind, I am
not hinting that our Canadian visitors
are not perfect ladies. The women of
the great Dominion are among the
loveliest on earth; qualified by nature
and education to adorn even the throne
itself.

Having once (only once!) had the
honor of being recognized by a member
of the Blood Royal of England, I am
interested in these things. It is true
that this recognition consisted of a
very gracious nod from His Royal High-
ness, but the memory of that crowded
moment still thrills me. I have noted
with feelings of humiliation the con-
fusion which exists in the minds of my
fellow-Americans when foreign titles
are under discussion, and, to be entirely
frank, my long residence in a com-
munity where most of us are called by
our first names, and only retired ship-
masters have titles, has somewhat ob-
scured my own knowledge of the sub-
ject. It is a fact that some of us oc-
casionally get letters in which we are
styled "Hon.," but as these missives are
from politicians, we ignore them, ex-
cept, of course, the one that brings the
expected check for "getting out the
vote."

If I am wrong about the style in which

the wives of knights should be ad-
dressed, I trust you will set me right. In
view of our coming participation in the
European war it is absolutely essential
that we should make no mistakes when
we mix with the English nobility in the
trenches.

What do you know about the origin of
"coach," meaning a tutor or a "grind-
er"? In her very entertaining volume,
"In the Courts of Memory," Mme. de
Hegermann-Lindencrone mentions the
word in one of her letters from Paris to
America in 1863, and she explains it: "I
don't mean a carriage, but a man who
can coach, after the English school
system." Was not this meaning known
in this country at that time?

Did you see how the pro-ally writers
in a neighboring column flayed poor
Halliday Witherspoon when, a few
weeks ago, he gave us the opinions of
his milkman on the war? Served Hal-
liday right! He should not have strayed
beyond the bounds of this department,
where he is always sure of a hearty
welcome and gentlemanly treatment.
Now these outlaws of the Public Letter
Box are doubting the very existence of
the Hon. John Savage Shaghellion!

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Cape Cod.

The noun "coach," a tutor, has not
been traced in England back of 1548.
"Slang and Its Analogues" quotes
Thackeray's use of the verb in "Vanity
Fair" (1846): "The superb buff himself
* * * coached him in play hours."
At Exeter and at Yale in the 70's we said
a man was "tutored," not "coached."
—Ed.

JULIA CULP IS

Mme. Julia Culp sang at Symphony
Hall yesterday afternoon. The pro-
gram was as follows:

Schubert, Der Lindenbaum, Lachen
und Wiener, Gretchen am Spinnrade,
Litanei; Sharp, Japanese Death Song;
Lieurance, Indian Love Song; Deep
River (arranged by W. A. Fisher);
Foote, "I'm Wearin' Awa', Jean"; Four
Old German Folk-songs; Brahms, An die
Nachtigall, Schwalbe sag, Mir an Wie-
genlied, Vergebliches Staendchen. "Co-
raad V. Bos played the singer's accom-
paniments and these pieces: Mozart,
Sonata, C major; Rachmaninoff, Elegie;
Beethoven, to Elise; Chauvinade, Pier-
rette.

Mme. Culp's program was conserva-
tive. The songs were thrice familiar.
It was interesting to hear her interpre-
tation of the beautiful Negro melody,
"Deep River"; but this song has been
discovered by almost every visiting
singer this season. Next week Miss
Hempel's version will be heard. And is
not the time near at hand when
Brahms's well worn Cradle Song and
Vergebliches Staendchen will cease to
occupy a serious place on the programs
of accomplished singers? Even a Sun-
day afternoon audience deserves more
stimulating fare.

The size of the audience yesterday
was a tribute to Mme. Culp's art and an
evidence of the admiration felt for her
singing, here, as in other cities of
America and Europe. She was vocally
well disposed, as ever a skilled and re-
sourceful mistress of song, a subtle,
many-sided, emotional interpreter.
Gretchen's rapture, the occult mystery
of Sharp's Japanese death song, the
pretty sentiment of Lieurance's Indian
love song, the spiritual significance of
Schubert's "Litanei," the quaint humor
of the charming German folk songs, all
these moods were eloquently voiced by
the singer.

A feature of the concert was the first
appearance here of Mr. Bos as a solo
pianist. Since he first came to Boston
with Dr. Ludwig Wuellner his admir-
able accompaniments have excited the
warmest praise. As a pianist, with his
beautiful touch, his brilliant technical
equipment, he also showed that his
playing has warmth, color and original-
ity.

Next Sunday afternoon the concert
will be given by Miss Frieda Hempel,
the celebrated soprano of the Metropoli-
tan Opera Company.

March 20, 1917

'JACK STRAW'

By PHILIP HALE.

COPLY THEATRE: "Jack Straw,"
a comedy in three acts, by W. Somerset
Maugham.

Francis.....J. C. Weston
Florence Squareroes.....Lillian Woolard
Lady Wansley.....Gladys Morris
Ambrose Holland.....H. Conway Wingfield
Jack Straw.....Lionel Glenister
Mrs. Withers.....Florence LeClerc
Rosie Abbott.....Dorrie Sawyer
The Rev. Lewis Abbott.....Leonard Craske
Cousin Adrian.....Cameron Matthews

Mrs. Parker-Jennings.....Jessamine Newcombe
Ethel Parker-Jennings.....Beatrice Miller
Vincent Parker-Jennings.....Nicholas Joy
Mr. Parker-Jennings.....Fred W. Permain
Lord Serlo.....Leon Gordon
Frederick.....J. Caster-West

Fifty Years Ago.

There was no As the World Wags
In the Herald the, which con-
tains the state of the issue of March

Glenn Ridge, N. J.

"Cop," a word well known in England for policeman, is supposed by some to be associated with the root of the Latin "cap-io," to seize, or with the Cypsy "kap" or "cop," Gallic "ceapan," but it is more probable that its roots are in the Hebrew "Cop," meaning a hand or palm, with reference to the act of snatching. ("hceese it," thieves' slang for leave off, he off, was common in England over 100 years ago. Some think it to be a corruption of "cease it.") The "Charlestown Enterprise of March 10, 1871," published an interesting article on old-time guardians of the peace, signed "T. Raining Field." "'Coppers' is the accepted youthful title for the policemen now, but 'geevus' they were called a half-century and more ago. The guardians of the night were known as watchmen, each armed with a big wooden cattle and a hook with a stout, wooden handle, which worked on the knock down and drag out principle. Canes were carried by the day constable, while whistles came into use at a later day." "Copper," but not "geevus," is in George W. Matsuell's "Vocabulum" or the "Rogues' Lexicon" (N. Y., 1859) Ed.

As the World Wags:

There is a cousin of the sidewinder which none of your correspondents has spoken of and which is a still more interesting animal. It is known as the treesnake, and is especially abundant near King & Bartlett's camp, in the Dead river region. The trail between King & Bartlett's camp and Spencer Lake is almost as it were infested with them, and is especially dangerous to travel over at night on this account. The story is told of one camper from the city who did not take the warning advice given, but who very fortunately had a gun with him on a trip over this trail. He came back to the camp minus the gun, which only goes to prove that the animals were so thick and pressed him so hard that in order to escape he had to drop the weapon. Any of your correspondents who had visited this region can vouch for the truth of the above statements. A CAMPER.

*This Piece Was Presented with
Much Success in the Theatre
des Varietes in Paris.*

Mr. Beeman gave specialties between the acts.

"Le Bonheur, Mesdames" will be repeated this evening. "L'Aventuriere" will be given on Wednesday evening.

At a hotel in Normandy the countess, on her honeymoon, is recognized by Maj. O'Toole, who knew her as Fanny Le. She persuades him to keep her secret. Her husband's parents are by a singular coincidence staying at the same hotel. This enables Fanny to lie successfully into the dual good graces and she is made a member of the Purity League, the dual hobby. Prince Ponatelli is also an inmate of the hotel. He recognizes Fanny as the charming woman who fainted in his arms one evening at the Folies Bergeres. He, too, however, is successfully silenced.

Act three is a familiar setting. At the prince's bachelor apartments at Analf, also at eleven P. M., he awaits Fanny's arrival. The room is comfortable, although the wall paper screams. There is an alcove bedroom. The Prince is thoughtful, experienced. He has provided champagne, the very brand which inevitably figures in such scenes. He has also provided a costly Japanese kimono. Fanny arrives heavily veiled. There are the customary banalities. There is the eternal masquing of vice by sentiment. Fanny plays for time. She wishes to fool the Prince yet provide evidence for divorce and a scandal. The Prince, however, is justly insistent. He has paid his price. He has even added a substantial cheque which Fanny later hands the commissary of police. Just as he takes her in his arms her husband arrives with the police.

In act four Fanny has again changed her nationality. As Fannetta Lear she has gone back to her dancing in Paris. She is the rage but, of course, pure at heart she has forced mother Lombard to abstain from hair dyes and to ride reluctantly on the water wagon. But her profanity still flourishes. Maj. O'Toole, fresh from the front,

becomes her ministering angel. Dick still loves her. She was mistaken about his behavior with his parents' ward, a sweet young thing, now Mrs. O'Toole. Dick, himself, returns to clasp Fanny in his arms and no doubt face an uneasy and suspicious future.

It is evident that the play was written with both eyes on the actress. There are many opportunities for Miss Bates. These include scenes of cajolery with Dick, of indignation with the Prince, her harangue of the aristocrats at the close of the second act, her outburst of weeping at the end of the third. Still the character of Fanny is poorly drawn, unsympathetic. She is insincere, a liar, an adventurer.

In the second act her vanity and extravagance, two notes sharply sounded by the dramatist, make the audience incredulous of her complete reform. Thus she remains true to luck is a detail. She is mentally unwholesome. It is large for her to tell the truth. Mr. Potter has neither succeeded in an effective portrayal of an incident in the life of a grande anourse, nor has he successfully depicted a great and redeem-

And what is to be said of Miss Bates of her restlessness, her nervousism? An accomplished actress, remember, for many excellent impersonations and recently for her subtle and distinguished acting in "Diplomacy," the part of Fanny, although in some respects a fat one, does not suit her. It may be said that with the vague outline suggested by the dramatist even an actress like Miss Bates of more than the average mentality, emotional force and personal charm would find it difficult to make the character definite, consistent, to stamp it with sincerity.

Miss Bates was feminine, often charming, yet she was always acting. Her gestures were few, but nervous, and always significant, constantly repeated. The fine technique which made her a delight in "Nobody's Widow" seemed to have momentarily deserted her.

Mr. Lattava's impersonation of the Prince was the feature of the performance. His Italian accent came easily. He was smooth, suave, polished, interesting. He acted with consummate skill and distinction. Mr. Barrow as the Duke played a small part with the requisite austerity. Miss Lewis was very like Mrs. Lombard. Mr. Hammond, who took the part of Guilhem in "Sermetto," carried in the season, bore himself manfully. An audience of good size was discreet in its applause.

Eva Tanguay, "the bombshell of joy," tops a bill of excellent merit at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Miss Tanguay romps about in her riotous manner and uses her unmusical voice in irrelevant song. She has added many new costumes to her act, yet as before, most of her songs are about herself, attacking her personality and gently reproaching her ways. The audience applauded long and loudly, and after all her purpose is to please the audience and in this she undoubtedly succeeded. She concluded her act with "I Don't Care." with "I Don't Care."

Among the newcomers on the bill are Clark and Hamilton, English comedy artists, in "A Wayward Concoit." It is doubtful if an act at this theatre in recent years caused such genuine and continuous laughter. Mr. Clark, an actor of many attainments, appeared as a low comedian. Much of the act was horseplay and slapstick stuff, but not relying on this style of comedy. As the shabby genteel, he was often funny in his fussiness, in the subtlety of this or that detail. Not the least interesting feature of the act was the serious touch of the concluding Chinese scene.

Another new comer, making his first vaudeville tour, was David Sapirstein, pianist, who has appeared on the concert platform of Europe. He is of a different type than usually found on vaudeville programs. He is free from disconcerting mannerisms and conducts himself with becoming modesty. In a group of heavy pieces he displayed a virile and musical tone, a sure and sympathetic touch.

Others on the bill were Hunting and Frances, in a sketch, "Love Blossoms"; Nina Payne, in character studies in dance; Moon and Morris, the "original" "two in one" dancing comedians; Bernie and Jaker, in a musical act; Rose and Ellis, in an acrobatic act, and the 10th episode of "Patria," the photoplay featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

Soprano Has Light Voice but It Is Admirably Trained—High Notes Soft.

Miss Greta Torpadie, soprano, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Conrad V. Bos was the pianist. The program was as follows: Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Hide My Hair"; Handel, "Skylark, Pretty Rover"; Anonymous, "Tingo perallo diletto"; Lange-Muller, Efteraar, Peterson-Berger, Titanla; Sibelius, En Slanda; Stenhamner, Flygvis; Sinding, Sylvelin; Backer-Grondahl, Efter en Sommerferg; Lehmann, Lamento; Dupont, Mando-line; Poldowski, Crepuscule du Sol; Myxteine; Dell' Acqua, Le Clavecin; Decieux, L'Oiseau bleu; H. Wolf, Das Verlassene Maegdelein; Schubert, Die Forelle; Brahms, Estrauente Mir, Rillde Kuli; Tweedy, 'I'm Tell'n 'u 'Gudbye, Land' (MS); Jonson, "My Fawn" (MS).

In December, 1915, Miss Toppade appeared at the Copley-Plaza in a new operetta, "Mamselle Mariette" with Elmar Linden who were in here last

In the songs by Haydn and Handel the singer disclosed a sound technique. In the Scandinavian songs she was sympathetic, charming. She was particularly eloquent in her expression of pathos as in Lange-Muller's beautiful "Efteraar," Lenormand's "Lamento" and Wolf's "Das Verlassene Maegdelein." In the difficult song by Sibellus her intonation did not slip. Full value was given to the words of the text in the songs by French and German composers. Miss Torpadie's attractive personality, her girlishness, modesty and repose gave added pleasure. A large audience was justly appreciative. There was applause for both singer and accompanist.

Woman pudding and baby sauce And little boy-pie for second course, He ate them all without remorse The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Cannibalism and Water.

As the World Wags:

Seafaring men have had much to say in this column. It is possible that some of them can throw a little light on the singular subject of cannibalism as practised by castaways, unhappy men drifting helplessly in lifeboats and on rafts, and crews marooned on barren islands. The late Thomas Hood has beautifully expressed their feelings in verse.

Within the past decade we have had numerous well authenticated cases of prolonged fasting, with and without water. Dr. Tanner's famous 40-day fast has been beaten several times. College men have yielded up their bodies to the meticulous tests of professors of hygiene, their hours of abstinence counting as class room attendance. Numerous systems of treatment are based on periodic fasts, or near fasts. We have the exclusive milk, grape or orange juice diet.

The singular point in which all records agree is this: in every case, after a few days of frantic fasting for the vanished flesh-pots—a period rarely lasting beyond a week—all hunger ceases. Thereafter the patient enjoys a serene and unruffled calm. His mind works with unusual clarity. His body grows weaker, but suffers no pain. Unlike those deprived of water, whose sufferings increase until death releases them, and whose brains are tormented by visions of gurgling brooks, frosted pitchers and seductive siphons, the fasters cease to desire food. And when they break their fast it is necessary to begin with a little gruel, a glass of hot milk or beef tea and work back very gradually to solid food in quantity.

Yet, unless we have been cruelly deceived, seafaring men without food go as long as they possibly can, growing hungrier all the time, and when unable longer to endure it cast lots and kill and eat one of their little playmates, and sometimes two or three, one particularly sad case recording a sole survivor who had, in a manner of speaking, devoured an entire crew of 10 by the luck of the draw.

In the light of unquestionable scientific records I should like to inquire if there is any real sanction for cannibalism? Or are seafaring men possessed of unusual appetite? Does the salt air make them peckish? In this connection is there an authentic record of cannibalism on any of the great fresh water lakes? And lastly, how can famished and debilitated men partake of a fellow mariner, cooked or au naturel, when physicians insist upon a day or two of liquid foods as essential?

I am anxious to have these questions solved. Dr. Tanner, at the end of three weeks, felt disgust at the very thought of food. His successors felt either disgust or a supreme indifference. Castaways about that time keep one eye on the horizon, the other on their plump mate. If pressed too far they emulate the South Sea Islanders and prepare a mess of "long pig."

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Plymouth, N. H.

These are interesting questions. Mr. Carrick says nothing about seafaring men going mad after eating human flesh. In the account of the sufferings of the crew of the Thomas used by Byron in his description of the shipwreck, in "Don Juan," it is said that those "whose stomachs retained the unnatural food soon perished with raging insanity." Sir Richard F. Burton, who looked upon cannibalism as a necessary condition by which civilized society rose to its present state, alluded to this belief, found that the Wadood negroes proved, if proof were necessary, that there is nothing unwholesome in man's flesh. "Without cannibalism," says Burton in his "Highlands of the Brazil,"

Zealanders have no physical development. Certainly not by eating his bat and rat," but all of Burton's notes on cannibalism relate to the practice, either religious, sentimental, or enforced by need of meat, on land. We doubt if the precise questions raised by Mr. Carrick in a spirit of anthropological, not to say anthropophagical, interest have been discussed.—Ed.

Too Late.

As the World Wags:

The arousing letter of Mr. Archimedes P. Edison confirms suspicion that I have long entertained. When I lived with "Ole Doc Young" in Chicago we patronized a gentleman of the oriental race, one Charley Sam. Charley was about as bland a Chinaman as I ever met; unworried, cool and efficient. But the finest thing that he did was to take off all of the buttons on a shirt and put them on again with a little library paste. It made Doc so mad! And Doc must have been suspicious of the same plot that Mr. Edison uncloaks, for he was suspicious of every charmer that passed him, apprehensive lest he be enveloped in a long black cloak some night and spirited away to become the bridegroom

of an heiress. It worried Doc so that he resorted to wearing a wide black cord attached to his eyeglasses; as a sort of a disguise. When I last saw him he was safe, but it has now been over a year since I have had any word from him and the worst is feared for his safety. What I want to know is this, Why didn't Mr. Edison make his discovery known sooner? It might have saved Doc. FOREST D. SIEFKIN. Cambridge.

A Vexed Question.

As the World Wags:

Since we lost sight of Senor Villa and his merry men our concern over the appellations applied us by our "friends" south of the border has died a natural death. Chancing to pick up "Aylwin" of Theodore Watts-Dunton I turned to the preface and found therein:

"Now that so many of the gryengrocs (horse dealers), who form the aristocracy of the Romany race, have left England for America, it is natural enough that to some readers of 'Aylwin' and 'The Coming of Love' my pictures of Romany life seem a little idealized." Throughout the novel, particularly in part 3, the author refers to the "gringoes" and "gringrocs." Has the mystery of the origin of the term "gringoes" been solved, or am I still in time to add to its theories? Horse dealing was the trade of the gringrocs and the southern states favored pursuit of this occupation. Is there anything in this theory, and has it been advanced before?

Waverley.

CELTIC.

YVETTE GUILBERT HEARD IN SONG LECTURE

Mme. Yvette Guilbert gave the first of two lectures on "The Art of Interpreting Songs" yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall.

These lectures given in Mme. Guilbert's picturesque and fascinating English are a rare opportunity for teachers and pupils, for all those interested in the art of interpretation. Mme. Guilbert discloses and discusses many secrets of her work and methods. Self-taught, she early realized the necessity for acquiring a special vocal technique which would permit realistic imitation of a great variety of voices, the voices of children, men, women, soldiers, priests, under various conditions.

The next step was a minute study of phrasing of the significance of eloquent pause. These cause the understanding and amplifying of the text, the science of creating atmosphere, the important development of facial mimicry and expression.

Mme. Guilbert illustrated every point by songs which she analyzed to show the fundamental principles of diction, expression and color. There was a large and interested audience.

The second lecture will be given tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

McK 22 1917

LOEFFLER'S ART

By PHILIP HALE.

The second "special concert" of Mr. Longy and Miss Renee Longy took place last night in Jordan Hall. The program consisted of compositions by Charles Martin Loeffler: Two Rhapsodies, "L'Etang" and "La Cornemuse," for oboe, viola and piano. (Mr. Longy, Miss Adeline Packard, Miss Longy.) Songs: Ton souvenir; Je te vis; A vous ces vers, Tant que l'enfant (Mme. Povla Frijs). "L'Archet," a fantastical legend for voice, female chorus, violon d'amour and piano (Mme. Frijs, chorus from the Cecilia Society, Miss Gertrude Marshall, Heinrich Gebhard). Mr. Longy conducted.

This was an unusually interesting concert, showing certain characteristics of Mr. Loeffler's art; or should we say, early phases of this rare art? It is the fashion for some to divide the works of any prominent composer into three

periods. Several have divided his into an arbitrary division. Brahms, Wagner, Richard Strauss, and others. Thus of Strauss it is said, there is first the ultra-classical period, then the period that expressed romanticism in the manner of Brahms; and last, the wildly neo-romantic period in which the exuberance of his fancy ran riot.

It might be said of Mr. Loeffler that from the first he showed a marked individuality, a passion for harmonic invention and unusual instrumental speech, but as a composer sure of his resources; not as an anxious experimenter. If he were influenced in the earlier years, the influence was that exerted by Chabrier and Gabriel Faure; but the chief influence was literary. From Flaubert he learned that there is the one and only phrase in music as in a romance; he learned to be severely self-critical, fastidious. The French poets of the later schools worked their spell on him, as did the Maeterlinck of the little plays. And in his earlier works the fascination of the Macabre compelled his pen. The plain-song of the "Dies Irae" obsessed him. Purely lyric poets, as Verlaine, came into his creative life. When Poe inspired him it was the Poe of Helen, not the Poe of the grave and the worm. As Gustave Kahn sought new poetic forms, so Mr. Loeffler was moved by him to write beautiful music, not formless, but in a novel form of expression.

The two Rhapsodies performed last night were first played at a concert of the Longy Club by Mr. Longy, the composer, and Mr. Gebhard, late in 1901. "L'Archet" was brought out early in that year at a private concert when the singer was Miss Marguerite Hall. At a Cecilia concert early in 1902 Mrs. Julie Wyman was the solo singer.

The spell of the macabre over Mr. Loeffler is fully revealed in these Rhapsodies suggested by two poems in the collection "Les Nevroses," by Maurice Rollinat, whose brain, as Edmond de Goncourt described it, was haunted by outlandish, perverse thoughts; who finally died in a madhouse. From him Mr. Loeffler took the subject of his brilliant "Villanelle du Diable." But Mr. Loeffler is too fine an artist to attempt liberal translation of verse into tones. In "L'Etang" there is no idle or grotesque mimicry of frogs or old blind fish; there is the musical impression of the horror incited in the poet's mind by the dank pool and the spectral moon. So in "La Cornemuse" the chief expression is that of the loneliness and mournfulness of the poet's soul still reminded of the bagpiper's lamentation near the cross-roads, although the piper was long dead.

Forsaking Baudelaire, Verlaine who attracted him both by his lyrics and his macabre spirit, forsaking symbolists and other "ists," Mr. Loeffler turned to Charles Cros, whose "Santal Wood Casket" reminded Mr. Arthur Symonds of the moment in French literature when the "Parnasse" was turning to a temporary kind of decadence. The composer did not choose a poem with a dark sense of "the soiling mystery of death"; he chose "L'Archet," romantic, not without a touch of mediaevalism, recalling an old Scottish ballad of the strangely fashioned harp by the bonny milidams of Binnorie; for Charles Cros's lover strung his bow with the wheat-blond hair of his mistress when she died, and going about playing melodies in which the thought of death was mingled with the song, he bore away a queen, for which the bow reproached him until the escaping ones perished on their way and death took back the tresses. Other music has been set to these verses of the poet with Negro blood, but Mr. Loeffler is here alone and incomparable.

That sorcery long had its hold on Mr. Loeffler was proved by his "Pagan Poem," in which he went back to Virgil and Theocritus; but his latest work, the "Hora Mystica," shows a religious mysticism, a spiritual outlook, a devotional contemplation that are as the opening of a hitherto unknown chamber in his palace of art, a chamber with an altar and the sound of solemn chanting.

Whether his musical expression is all so fantastic; or whether as in his later works there is a deeper, more meditative note, heard also in songs that are only for an imaginative and sensitive interpreter, as in the "Pagan poem" and the "Hora Mystica." There has been from the beginning in Mr. Loeffler's career a pure devotion to art, a subtlety of invention in the composer's nature and not acquired, a shrinking from the commonplace though it might be gorgeously colored and make an immediate appeal.

We are sure that many of our readers will join with us in wishing Capt. Martin Gale a speedy recovery.

Distressing News.

As the World Wags:

I am inclosing a clipping from the Falmouth Bee, which may be of interest to your readers:

"WOODS HOLE, March 15

"We are sorry to have to report the sudden and serious illness of one of our most respected citizens, Capt. Martin Gale of Quamquisset Harbor. About 1 o'clock, Sunday, Freeman Bassett saw and talked with the captain, who

seemed to be in his usual good health and spirits, and made the remark that he intended to take a trip to New Bedford some day this week. At half-past one Mrs. Abbie Swift, the captain's daughter, with whom he resides, went to the little office in the barn where he spends much of his time in winter, to call him to the telephone. She found him in an unconscious state and hurriedly summoned Dr. Nickerson. Upon the latter's arrival stimulants were administered to the captain, but the doctor, unfortunately, had nothing of sufficient strength to react upon the latter's system. He was taken to the house and placed in his bed and up to the time of going to press had not recovered consciousness. Dr. Nickerson, when interviewed by a member of the reporter staff of the Bee, said:

"This case is unique among the many which I have treated in my professional career. I found Capt. Gale in a comatose condition with a copy of a Boston paper spread out in his lap, open to a story of a sea faring man by the name of Coffin, and which he had evidently been perusing. The captain had every symptom of having taken a powerful anesthetic. As near as I can diagnose the case, he had just suffered a terribly severe shock to his alimentary organs; in just what manner I am not yet ready to state. I have my suspicions, and, if correct, I have no hesitation in stating the fact that I fully believe that in the case of a less sturdy individual than Capt. Gale the nausea certain to attend the sudden shock would have been fatal."

"Although Capt. Gale has but recently passed his 90th birthday, we have hopes that his rugged constitution will pull him through this sickness and that we will soon see his face among us again."

As a fellow-member of the board of selectmen, assessors and overseers of the poor, I called on my colleague, Capt. Gale, today, and found him greatly improved. In spite of his 90 years of age he is a man of considerable energy, and in full possession of his faculties. I feel sure that a few days will see him on his feet and on deck again.

GIDEON TOPP.

Nobska road, Falmouth, Mass.

We hope at no distant day to publish the full account of a strange adventure that befell Capt. Gale back in '73. "In the Foxhound, a bluff bowed feller, built in Dartmouth about the year one." Meanwhile we are awaiting anxiously cheering news from Mr. Topp.

The Pinkie.

As the World Wags:

I had a nurse (not wet but medical) who came from Lancashire and who used the phrase "Sitha! lutha! lucksta!!!" in crescendo for pointing out important or exciting events. But what I started to say was that an apparent instance of your adjective pinkie for diminutive is in the old-fashioned pinkie stern schooner. It is true the pinkie stern was not only sharpened but stuck up in the air. Still it was decidedly small and pinkie (by the way, isn't dinkle the same word) as compared with the square stern of the usual fishing smack.

Boston. JOSEPH LEE.

Pinkie or pinky, a narrow sterned fishing boat, apparently comes from "pink," a sailing vessel, "originally one of small size used for coasting and fishing, described as flat-bottomed and having bulging sides; in the 17th and 18th centuries applied to ships of considerable size, especially warships; a common characteristic in later times appears to have been a narrow stern." In "Rigging and Seamanship" (1794) we find: "Pinks are Mediterranean vessels and differ from the Xebec only in being more lofty, and not sharp in the bottom, as they are vessels of burthen. They have long, narrow sterns, and three masts carrying latteen sails." Or "pinkie," meaning a fishing boat, may come from the middle Dutch "pinkie." The origin of "pinkie," the diminutive, is obscure. The Dutch "pink" means the little flinger. "Dinky" is an English provincial word meaning tiny, very small.—Ed.

Old Families.

As the World Wags:

In the chronicles of the Hurrah family let us not forget Charley Hurrah, a gentleman of color, who carries or carried the mail between Hickory and Hominy, North Carolina.

And I maintain that the Aborigines of this continent are never rightfully called "Americans." This is a term which the early settlers and explorers brought here, and gave to themselves and their children, not to the original inhabitants. These were called Indians, or "Salvages," or were maybe known by their own tribe names, as Iroquois, Pequot, Apache, or what-not, but never American.

EDDIE DAGGY.

Melrose.

"Look It."

As the World Wags:

Under this heading, in the last few days, I have noticed the different opinions in regard to the origin of "Look it." In the first place, as I remember the expression (60 years ago), it was "You look it," and was used in a jocose way

Mrs. Yvette Gullbert interested and charmed a large audience in Stetert Hall yesterday afternoon by her second lecture on the art of interpreting songs.

She spoke of two kinds of tragedy, the tragedy of an incident as described by a spectator and the tragedy as expressed by the chief actor in the incident—one descriptive, the other vitally personal. She also described various expressions of joy in terms of colors, gray, purple, red, vermillion. She uses these relative colors in her teaching to assist pupils whose lack of intellectual development makes it impossible for them to understand the suggestion to interpret a poem in the spirit of Mollere, Scarron or some other equally famous author.

The plastic art which may be acquired by dancing lessons, or by the daily study of sculpture and painting in museums, the way to develop personal magnetism and charm were other questions discussed.

Miss Gullbert, a host in herself, was in vein, exuberant, fascinating. The songs she sang as illustrations of the various points of her lecture gave much pleasure and amusement.

This evening at 8:30 she will sing songs of Montmartre, of nocturnal Paris, of the Latin quarter, of the Chat Noir, the songs from the "Repertoire des Gants Noirs," which first made her famous.

copy - ne
122
men 231517

We have received several letters relating to the legend of the showman, of whom, and the zyscutus. They substantially agree, although not in the locality where the fearsome animal broke loose. We gladly publish the following letter because it has much to say about the friend of our boyhood, Capt. Mayne Reid.

At the World Wage:

No, no—they are all wrong. Not *Gyasutus*, but *Gyasutis*, from *Gyas* or *Gyas*, a giant, and *Cutis*, skin, the animal being a pachyderm, midway between the elephant and hippopotamus in intellect, but unlike them arboreal in its habits, as is proved by the fact that your correspondents have all been barking up the wrong tree. The best account of him was in one of Mayne Reid's delightful books—*The Scalp Hunters*, was it?—or perhaps *The War Trail*—in which an itinerant showman fills the theatre of a mining town with an audience to see "*The Only Gyasutis in Captivity*," and then, after much uproar, the howling, clanking of chains, and the sound of breaking boards behind the curtain rushes in front with a warning cry of "*Run! Run! The Gyasutis is loose!*"—which everybody obligingly does, leaving him to decamp with the box office receipts. It was a simple plan, but these are degenerate days, and it may be doubted whether it has ever even occurred to Mr. Keith, or whether he would have the nerve to execute it if it did. And what would a Boston audience do, anyway?

Good old Mayne Reid! Do you remember the trappers, Old Rube and Garey, who appear in so many of the stories—the former a fascinating, lean, taciturn, elderly person with no ears and no scalp, they having been removed by Indians at an earlier period, a fact which he strove to dissimble by never taking off the coonskin cap with a long tail which was de rigueur with all frontiersmen in those earlier and better days of the republic; the latter, Garey, younger, taller, handsomer, but an equally accomplished horseman, trapper and shot. They both carried the "old-fashioned, true grooved, soft metalled rifle" with a preternaturally long barrel 30 or 22—with which they unerringly brought down galloping buffaloes and charging grizzlies, the bullet invariably passing through the animal's heart. They never fired more than one shot, and rarely nearer than 100 yards, but death was always instantaneous.

Then the heroes—always dashing army captains and the heroines—always beautiful Spanish señoritas with eyes indefinitely deep and proportionally lupid, and the villains—were there ever such villains as Roblado and Vizcarra in the "White Chief"? Weren't they just awful?

For Mayne Reid—he died in a hos-

really was to obtain and I did not
break him. He ought to have been
kept as a champion foreign language
in his living suit. In one immortal
line there are six mistakes in seven
words of French. But he was great on
apophories to Nature, and always
called Mexico the "land of Anahuac."
I wonder if any Herald reader can sup-
ply the whole of a burlesque of his
style, which begins: "Land of An-
huac! Where the taunting monotone of
the jassasse, or donkey, quivers and
vibrates through the shrinking frondage
of the tehiztl, its dally food!"

Mayne Reid—his full name was Thomas Mayne Reid—was reared for the church. He came to this country in 1840. After an adventurous life in the South and West, he turned journalist and was a correspondent of the New York Herald when he enlisted as second lieutenant in the 1st New York volunteers for the Mexican war. He served with conspicuous bravery and was severely wounded at the taking of Chapultepec, so severely that he never fully recovered, although he did not die until 1883. His "Rifle Rangers" was written at the house of his friend, Don Piatt. Late in his life Reid came back to this country and edited a magazine, but his health was shattered and he returned to England. Does anyone remember his treatise on croquet? It was one of the earliest ones in English.—ED

As the World Wags:

As one of the most remarkable feats of Uncle Mike was when he was peep hunting. He saw a whole row of peeps perching calmly on a fence rail down in the woodlot and determined to bag them all with one shot. To do this he merely crept around till he could look along the length of the rail, and then he fired, intending to clean off the whole row. He fired a bit too low, however, split the rail open, the toes of each bird dropped in, and as the bullet passed out the other end of the rail the split closed up, locking in every single mother's son of those peeps.

FLO GARTNEY.

*With Characteristic Eloquence
and Vitality, 'She Sings Songs
That Made Her Famous.*

A very large audience filled Stelnert Hall last evening at a recital by Mme. Yvette Gullbert of the songs that made her famous.

No doubt many in the audience had heard Mme. Gullbert at the beginning of her career, when she first sang of the Chat Noir and the Moulin Rouge, of Montmartre and the Quartier Latin. For a younger generation, there was the golden opportunity of hearing these songs for the first time sung by an inimitable artist.

Mme. Gullbert with her genius for characterization, her expressive face, the eloquence and vitality of her whole person, voiced the spirit of each song with characteristic force and vividness. The Apache and his woman, La Pierreuse; the melancholy student, the wretched, drunken woman; all these were present for the moment. Life at "L'Hotel No. 3" was ironically described. Then came "L'Idiot" and "La Glu," two of the most famous songs in Mme. Gullbert's repertoire. "La Priere des Femmes," a poem by Piona McCleod, to which music has been set by Mr. Ferrari, is a curious and sublimated addition to this repertoire. It is true that the poem presents emotional and dramatic opportunities, that they are interpreted by Mme. Gullbert with touching pathos and tragic sincerity. Yet, the spirit of the poem itself is forced, its bitterness too general.

Mme. Gullbert was assisted by Gustavo Ferrari, pianist, and Miss Emily Gresser, violinist, who played pieces by Mozart, Gluck, Kreisler, Sarasate and Wieniawski. There was just appreciation of Mme. Gullbert and hearty applause.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent's side-winder stories remind me of Uncle Mike's dog. One day Uncle Mike and his dog were out rabbit-hunting. The cur had chased a likely young rabbit all over Beechwoods and finally came back to the barnyard, which he raced through at terrific speed. Just as he rounded the corner of the barn, however, he ran smack into the old scythe and cut himself in two. Luckily Uncle Mike was quite a runner and was trailing along just a little behind. He clapped the two halves together quick-like before anyone could say "Jack Robinson," only he got two legs up and two legs down by mistake. The dog kept right on running lickety-split, and caught the rabbit, too, for no sooner had he become tired running on two legs than he flopped over and ran on the other two.

of gathering before me a highly interesting, like Baron Munchausen's, story. In many ways, we do not know what the stories are confined to one town, or whether there really was at some time a cycle of yarns, varying but fighting in detail, and known over a large area. But let them speak for themselves.

Uncle Mike, as the second of the hunting stories runs, when in his little cabin one autumn day, heard the wild ducks going over southward. He seized his old muzzle-loader from behind the door and peered up the wide fireplace to see if he could see them. Just at that moment the flock passed directly over the top of the chimney's sonic distance up. Uncle Mike wasted no time, but fired up the chimney at once. In his haste, however, he forgot to remove his ramrod and as a result he split ten ducks on it. The German Baron himself never made a more fruitful shot than this, unless it was the time he planted the peach stone in the forehead of a deer, to see it later grown to a flourishing tree.

But these are not all. While Uncle Mike was rabbit hunting one frosty morning his dog started a rabbit, which immediately dodged behind a hay-stack and managed to keep on the opposite side from Uncle Mike, who chased it round and round. Seeing that the bunny was too clever for him, the old backwoodsman stopped suddenly, bent his gun over his knee, and quickly fired round the hay stack. The bullet, they say, chased the rabbit about the stack 33 times and killed him.

Mr. Edison Corrected.

As the World Wags:

I should like to say a few words to Mr. Archimedes P. Edison, but I am at a loss where to begin to set him straight. His mind seems to be such a welter of misconceptions concerning trifles like marriage and Bernard Shaw, and important things like buttons, that I can only conclude that his garments must be in a particularly precarious state. In the first place his use of the word "superman" as a synonym for "woman," though doubtless intended as a subtle compliment to the sex, would make Shaw tear his beard with rage. Any one who has ever taken the trouble to read the preface, the third act of "Man and Superman," or the "Revolutionist's Handbook," printed with the play, knows that when Shaw speaks of the superman he is not inventing a new name for woman—she has plenty already, thanks—but is harking back to the doctrines of Nietzsche. Since lauding my peerless Terence I have allowed my mental processes to get a bit dusty (my economist continues to scatter cheese about after the mouse is caught), but I still remember enough about the play to state that when Shaw speaks of the superman he is talking about the product toward which the Life Force is supposed to be taking the human race. We were monkeys once; we shall some time be supermen—that is, men intellectually and morally superior to our present political products. (No, Wilful Willie and Blustering Bob, you needn't worry about this. Keep your seats, gentlemen. It's going to take a few thousand years!

Of course this confusion of terms by our Archimedes is merely the result of undigested reading, as is his conception of woman as the pursuer in marriage. I have numerous quite reliable statistics. (I know they're all right because I made them myself) to prove that she is not among them the fact that fewer widows than widowers remarry. If woman were really the pursuer she would be able to set the trap better the second time; if man were really the quarry he would know better than to step into it again, partly because he would be extra cautious, and partly (and just here, Archimedes, we come to your crowning display of ignorance) because he would know that the bait is not even genuine. For, listen to me, innocent bachelors, wives do not necessarily sew on buttons. This revelation will shock you I know, but I deem it my right and duty to maintain the honor and dignity of my sex by making it. For further information on the subject all buttonless bachelors should apply to Mr. Terence Tempest, 13 Cyclone avenue, Tornado Centre, Mass., and receive accurate data concerning the proportionate number of buttons now firmly attached to his shirts, diseases likely to be promoted by gaps in the BVD's, language suitable for home use when buttons are missing, and kindred topics. If, Archimedes, after thorough investigation, you still insist on marrying some hypothetical needle-book, don't blame me. I warned you.

HERESA TEMPEST.

As the World Wags:

The utter of Annabella Arogrance
anent our national hymn, "Star-Span-
gled Banner," and the objection to the
cant phrase, "Oh, say," is, to my mind,
correct but if the opening words are
disturbing and belittling to the dignity
of the song, the following words, "can
you see," are more so. The author must
have had in mind a person of defective
vision, or it may have been (as the poem
was written aboard ship) he was ad-
dressing some old salt that had been
splicing the main brace the night before.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Singalia, overture to Goldini's comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," Op. 32; Bloch, Trois Poemes Juifs, Dance, Rite; Cortese Funebre (first performance in Boston); Brahms, Concerto in B flat major, No. 2, for pianoforte and orchestra, Op. 83. Carl Friedberg, pianist, was the soloist.

Mr. Ernest Bloch appeared yesterday both as composer and conductor for Dr. Muek had invited him to direct his Jewish Poems. He was born at Geneva, Switzerland, the son of a merchant. He soon showed musical talent and when he was eight years old began to play the piano. Jacques-Dalcroze and Tories Rey taught him solfeggio, the elementary principles of music, and the violin. At Brussels he continued his violin studies with Eugene Ysaey and worked at composition with Rasse. After studying at Frankfurt-am-Main with Ivan Klorr and at Munich with Ludwig Thuille, after a visit to Paris in 1903-4 he returned to Geneva to become book-keeper in his mother's shop. Spare hours were devoted to his opera "Macbeth." Mr Bloch also gave lectures on aesthetic subjects at the Conservatory of Music. Romain Rolland, visiting Geneva, heard and praised his symphony led by the composer.

Miss Maud Allen engaged Mr. Bloch as conductor of the orchestra to accompany her in her tour through this country. He made his first appearance in America as conductor in New York at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre Oct. 16, 1916, when the orchestra played orchestral pieces, among others his "Hiver-Printemps."

At an extra concert last January the Flonzaley quartet made known to Boston Mr. Bloch's Quartet in B major, an important and striking addition to the literature of modern chamber music. The expectations awakened by this work were not disappointed yesterday.

The Jewish poems are the first work of a cycle, dedicated to the memory of Mr. Bloch's father and composed in 1913. It is not his purpose or desire to attempt a "reconstitution" of Jewish music, but to write genuine music, his music. It is rather the emotions of the Jewish soul that interest him, that he wishes to hear within himself and to transcribe in his music. The poems are first of all impressive, remarkable for their originality, for the power and heauty of their emotional expression. The orchestration is rich in color. There are effective combinations of instruments. The Danse is exotic, in turn sensuous, languorous, frenzied, passionate. Rite has a solemn ecclesiastical character, the sombre loftiness of an ancient ceremony. The Cortège Funèbre, perhaps the most remarkable of the three, is an extraordinary and poignant expression of grief, its violence, its despair. Mr. Bloch is thoroughly versed in the art of sounds and rhythms. In this poem the reiteration of severe rhythms suggests the Reaper, stern, inexorable, deaf to the anguish of those left behind. Then there is the passionate outburst, the impotent walling and lamentation; finally the mourners are resigned, a sorrowful peace comes to them with the consciousness of faith, the eternal and living memory of those who have gone before.

In 1909-10 Mr. Bloch conducted subscription orchestral concerts at Lausanne and Neuchâtel. Yesterday his experience as a conductor was at once evident. He conducted simply. His wishes were expressed with authority. There was intensity, but nothing spectacular.

Mr. Friedberg, who played here with the orchestra for the first time, is also a conductor and composer. As a pianist he is intellectual, brilliant. His mechanical proficiency is indisputable. The first movement of Brahms' Concerto is long-winded, tedious. The second is wholly superfluous. Only the third and fourth commend themselves to a throng of restless audience. The pianist's task is thus the more difficult. Mr. Friedberg's performance evidently absorbed the attention.

Sinaglia's overture to Goldoni's comedy "The Chigoggian Fawls," is amusing descriptive music. It was brilliantly played. There was applause for Dr. Muck, for Mr. Bloch and his music, for Mr. Friedberg and for the orchestra. The concert will be repeated this evening.

Copy That

THREE MUSICAL ARTISTS IN CONCERT AT JORDAN HALL

Pablo Casals, 'Cellist; Mme. Metcalfe-Casals, Soprano, and Ruth Deyo, Pianist.

Pablo Casals, 'cellist; Mme. Metcalfe-Casals, soprano, and Ruth Deyo, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Rontgen, Sonata, B minor, op. 56; Chausson, Nanny; Faure, Clair de Lune, Solr; Duparc, Phyllis, Moor, Chanson, Le Rouet; Loeffler, Timbres Oublies, to Helen, Poeme Espagnol.

The program was unusually interesting. Rontgen's Sonata and Mr. Loeffler's Poeme Espagnol were performed for the first time in Boston. There were beautiful songs.

Rontgen's Sonata is by no means an inspired work. It is long, episodic, elaborate. Here and there appears a voluptuous melody to be sung by the cello, but the composer often repeats himself. The second movement is the most interesting, sharply rhythmed, curiously oriental in character.

Mr. Loeffler's Poeme, on the other hand, excited admiration, gave pleasure. It is imaginative music that tells a story, with the charm and mystery of an ancient legend. The familiar rhythms of intoxicating dances are suggested. There is a tragic ending.

In both works Mr. Casals displayed the virtuosity for which he is famous and the extraordinary ability to give many colors to his instrument. In the Poeme he was as a rapt improvisator. Miss Deyo's performance was musically intelligent.

Mme. Metcalfe-Casals, known to many as Susan Metcalfe, has grown greatly as an interpreter. Her voice is light and cool except in the upper notes, which take on a warmer color in emotional outbursts. But it is chiefly other qualities, her finesse and ability to paint vocal pictures, to convey the meaning of the text effectively, that make her singing delightful. She was at her best in the songs by Faure, Moor and Loeffler. A voice of greater opulence, of more sensuous beauty is needed to paint the lazy, purple passion of Duparc's Phyllis.

A very large audience was enthusiastic.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. Ryan's reminiscences about former Boston actors and managers brought to my mind the good old days when the theatre and all things theatrical were steeped in romance. I recall as if it were but yesterday the deep impression made upon my palpitating heart by Neighbor Jackwood's daughter at the Boston Museum, and of how eagerly I watched her from my obscure seat in the gallery on those joyful Wednesday afternoons which came all too infrequently. It was the same gallery, and may have been the very same seat, from which T. Russell Sullivan tremblingly followed his first venture as a dramatic author, in the course of which he went across the street to a convivial resort to get something to sustain his courage, only to hear a disgusted individual at the bar pronounce the play "not worth a damn." Speaking of criticism, my father used to tell of an old-time actor who, was great in sailor parts. One morning after a first performance of a Jack Tar character, this actor was in a certain coffee house in the Federal Street Theatre region scanning the newspaper, when his companions were startled by his wrathful ejaculations. It seemed that the dramatic critic of the paper had savagely criticised the sailorman's trousers and had struck a tender spot in the actor's anatomy. This Thespian was a contemporary of a certain stage king whose pasteboard crown was hurriedly held in place by a black cord plainly visible to the audience. In a fidgety moment the top-piece fell off, giving added emphasis to the familiar line:

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The death of C. Leslie Allen brings to mind the old Boston Theatre stock company in the days when he used to play the part of the aristocratic colonel in "The Lady of Lyons," with Edwin Booth as Claude and Agnes Booth as Pauline, together with Louis Aldrich and Shirley France. As a play that was rather different stuff from Shaw's "Getting Married," Shaw evidently takes a malicious delight in knocking Romance in the head, and has almost as much use for the spirit of chivalry as the average Prussian. By the way, has anybody thought to mention those old Tremont Temple orchestral concerts, when the prim Boston women carried their knitting and busied themselves with it throughout the afternoon? They were brought up to feel that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do," and they evidently did not mean to get

on during the performances, and I am sure why I was carried there, to do penance for my numerous sins. How thankful I was when the orchestra reached the end of the Ninth Symphony, after having played, it seemed to me, the other eight, and there was nothing more to do but to go happily home. A little "Kultur" must have been pounded into me later on, for I can hear a Symphony concert now without wincing. When Adirondack Murray preached in Music Hall there was some good music by a large and competent chorus, with Myron Whitney, Tossenden and Mrs. H. M. Smith as soloists. Eugene Thayer played the big organ and gave recitals after the service. I am sorry to state that Murray's favorite piece was "The Sweet By and By." The "Inflammatus," I fear, left him cold.

Mr. Ryan refers to Billy Sunday. I did not go to hear him hold forth, for the reason that I preferred to remember him as a ball player on the Chicago nine, when he used to come here with "Pop" Anson, Ned Williamson, "King" Kelly, "Silver" Flint and those other worthies who were the joy as well as the despair of Boston fandom. It seemed to me in execrable taste for the Reverend William to consign his old associates so glibly to eternal damnation. Happily, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy, and I imagine that the Overseer of the Elysian Fields will find plenty of room there for everybody who is ferried across the dark river, whether "Billy" likes it or not.

Boston, March 5.

J. W.

Notes About Musicians and Music New and Old

epic "Tsar Boris" was played for the first time in London at a Queen's Hall symphony concert Feb. 10. The Daily Telegraph said that the composer's creative talent, judged from this overture and his symphony, was of an exalted order in the matter of invention, but there is no denying the neatness and polish of it, or that the composer, who died ere yet his gifts had come to fullest fruition, was a master of his craft. "Curiously enough, there is nothing epic about this overture. It is a plain-sailing work of a very charming lyrical character, but it has little of the strength of the subject matter of the epic it apparently seeks to illustrate, at least atmospherically. Yet in its way, this, perhaps, is no particular fault—or possibly our own fault, in that we cannot see the potential strength. Be this how it may, the overture is a welcome addition to the repertory, if only because of its fine melodiousness."

From a recent concert notice: "She has evidently made a close study of intonation, and some of the most striking effects in Verdi's 'Re dell' abisso affrettati' were got by the substitution of minor for major tones and small semitones or diatonic, and by a free use of the two sixths and three or four sevenths of the scale." It is, of course, "striking effects" of this sort that make concerts so jolly for simple-minded folk. —London Daily Telegraph.

Jean Nougues, the composer of the operas "Quo Vadis" and "L'Aigle," conducted a concert of his own works at Berkhamsted early last month.

Eugene d'Harcourt's "Neo-Classique" symphony was performed in Chicago, March 2, 3. The composer, who visited Boston some time ago, and is again in this country, says on a flyleaf of the score: "The name of this symphony indicates the spirit of its composition—the taking of the old masters as its model, and the employment of the processes which the moderns have put at our disposal. . . . In presenting to the public a work of sincerity, which I believe is sanely constructed, I have essayed to bring about a reaction against the musical neurasthenia which menaces us to the great detriment of the primordial qualities of our race." The symphony was performed for the first time at Paris, in November, 1906. In 1915 it was played in San Francisco. So M. d'Harcourt is setting back the hands of the clock.

An English writer asked to say something about British women in music names Ethel Smyth, the composer; Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist; Kathleen Parlow, Marie Hall, May Harrison, Isold Menges, Marjorie Hayward, Sybil Eaton, violinists; Mmes. Foster, Butt, Kirkby Lunn, Edna Thornton, Agnes Nicholls, Maggie Teyte, Carrie Tubb, Ruth Vincent, Rosina Buckman (New Zealander), Mignon Nevada (American living in London), Daisy Kennedy (New Zealander, but Russian by marriage), Ada Crossley and Meiba (Australians).

Zandonai has completed a new opera, "Verso la Finestra." The librettist, Giuseppe Adami has taken the story of Scribe's Comedy, "La Femme qui se jette de la fenetre."

The Daily Telegraph comments bitterly on the "news" that Mazac has completed a symphonie burlesque based

on Busch's "Max and Moritz." This new composition was performed here by the Symphony orchestra four years ago this month.

With reference to some remarks appearing in this column recently on the subject of 5-4 time, Mr. N. Kilburn has called our attention to a chapter in his informing volume on "Chamber music"

in which is quoted a passage from a string trio by William Shield. "Musician-in-Ordinary to his Majesty," and published in 1790, the quotation being from a movement in 5-4 measure. Curiously enough, the section is labelled "Alla Sclavonia," which, in Mr. Kilburn's view, betokens "some connection between Russian music and this unusual kind of time." Shield was a contemporary of Clementi, who was mentioned in our paragraph among old-time composers who had "anticipated" Tschaikowsky in the use of 5-4 time. —Daily Telegraph.

A point worth notice by those interested in the problem of the child and the cinema is that small boys form by far the greater proportion of the audience in those performances advertised solely for juveniles. Whether this is because of the superior independence of boys or the comparative indifference of little girls to the charms of "the pictures" we do not know. This show for juveniles—known to the youngsters as "the penny push"—is generally an extra to the ordinary performances timed to begin immediately after school hours, and made possible by the earlier afternoon school session that has been general throughout the winter. The "penny push" thrives most on Mondays, the day when separation allowances are paid. —London Daily Chronicle.

The London Times of Feb. 22 spoke of a puzzle in dance and music provided by Miss Margaret Morris and her pupils. It was called "Angkor." "After seeing it, one can easily understand that it would not be well received by the audience of a large music hall. A Coliseum audience is never frightened by anything merely because it is new; it will accept the queer readily enough. 'Angkor' is new, darsingly new; and it is queer, mighty queer. The spectacle is, shall we say? Cubist; the music (played by Mr. Franzella and others, with strange singing by two lades) is Stravinskist; the whole thing is—it would be unfair to say funistic. To see it in the little theatre for which Miss Morris doubtless designed it is to be deeply interested, however challenged and puzzled. With all its queerness, it has details of great beauty in color, movement and color at which it aims. But we believe its weak point to be not the extreme queerness of its music; not those extensive exercises with the legs which the ladies in the harem perform; not that undressing on the stage with the undoing of hooks to music, not even the wildest wildness of its various movements; but just that lack of structure which corresponds to the lack of science in Miss Morris's dancing."

Mr. Benham's Quartet in A was recently produced by the London String Quartet. The Times called it peaceable, old-fashioned music. "Mildly melodious, it is the sort of thing that you might listen to unagreedly when you have one ear closed and the other not open. Its only homage to modernity is the absence of a slow movement. The finale consists of variations on a 'Negro Folk Song,' in which Sambo frisks heavily when he is not calling himself a poor ole nigger."

Miss Berthe Bert gave an organ recital in London the other day. It appears her playing was curiously uneven. In Bach's music she awakened high expectations but bungled Chopin's B flat minor sonata and Franck's prelude, chorale and fugue. She gave the greatest pleasure in pieces by the unfortunate Granados. These included the "Compliments Galants."

Mr. Harty's conducting at the concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, March 5, was thus praised in the Telegraph on the following day: "He conducts as he used to accompany—delightfully, with the same qualities that always made his work interesting. Sometimes there seemed to be rather a negligent air, as if he did not really care how it sounded. When, all the while, he must have cared intensely, otherwise it could not have come out so entirely right. Then, too, he used to give a special finish of explanation to

some unobtrusive passage which had not seemed so important and leave the obvious beauties to look after themselves. He did the same yesterday in the "Unfinished Symphony" and in Glazunov's No. 6, and this non-existence on the "pretty bits" in the latter symphony proves very valuable.

Some New Plays Seen in London

"Doctor O'Toole," a little comedy by James Bernard Fagan, was presented at the Coliseum, London, March 5, by a company of Irish players headed by Arthur Sinclair. The Times said of the performance: "It is one of the brightest pieces of work that the variety theatres have given us for some considerable time. At present it is a little too long; it played yesterday for three-quarters of an hour, though even then the audience showed no signs of wearying over the happenings in the doctor's consulting room. Life in an Irish village is away from Mr. Fagan's beaten track; some of his characters might have stepped from the pages of 'George A. Birmingham.' There is the doctor, whose daughter wishes to marry the son of the wealthy farmer. There is the farmer's wife, who had hoped that her son would become a priest, and who has tried to cure her husband's fondness for the whiskey bottle by placing

therein a guaranteed cure for inebriation and finds herself on the point of arrest as a poisoner. Finally there are the complications which follow upon the plot of the doctor to obtain the farmer's consent to the marriage. It is all delightful fun and was admirably played by all concerned."

The same paper printed an amusing review of "The Man Who Went Abroad," by the authors of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," when it was lately produced at the Globe Theatre.

"Here is a play, about secret agents without a single revolver or cry of 'Hands up.' You are driven to presume that these particular thrills, like d--ns according to Bob Acres, have had their day. They were universally beloved, though not respected, and their disappearance must be recorded with regret. Perhaps, however, it is only a temporary eclipse.

"Anyhow, it is a comfort to think that there still are 'the papers,' those dear, compromising papers in cipher, which every one is anxious to wrest from everybody else and hold to the light to make sure of the watermark and convey by wire or express train to 'the Chief' or 'my government' or the police. They provide the additional ecstasy, in this play, of being 'spooft'; indeed, the whole play is a 'spooft' adventure, with plenty of telephone (another old stage friend, still apparently as flourishing as ever) and a hero in bed, then in his bath, and finally in a safe. You perceive that this gives Mr. Kenneth Douglas great opportunities—opportunities of lovely silk pajamas, opportunities of dressing-gowns and towels, opportunities of dodging—disrobed, as they say in high-toned literature—behind a curtain, with Miss Iris Hoey playfully frisking and threatening to peep on the other side, opportunities for the nice conduct of the famous eye-glass.

"There are opportunities for Miss Hoey, too, opportunities for some charming gowns, opportunities for getting rolled up in the counterpane while American husbands do furiously rare, opportunities for playing generally the impudent, bewitching minx. Item, a terrific game of fisticuffs in the dark. Item, a revolving picture of the Kaiser, leading to a secret passage through which—but no, the story must not be given away. It is just the sort of story to be found in those all-fiction magazines which you buy by the half-dozen at Euston and used to throw away at Crews, but now send to the soldiers. You understand that the sale of these magazines baffles statistics—and accordingly the popular attraction of such plays as The Man Who, etc., etc., needs no demonstration."

London critics were pleased with "Remnant," produced on March 3, at the Royalty Theatre.

It is the simple, idyllic story of "Remnant," by Mr. Michael Morton and Mr. Dario Niccodemi, and gains much from its picturesque setting, in which Bohemian Paris of 1840 is contrasted with glimpses of its fashionable life, with those charmingly quaint Gavarni costumes.

The link between the two is Tony, a young engineer, who lives in a garret with one Manon, an unsuccessful singer. "Remnant" is a child of the streets, with a philosophy and morality derived purely from intuition. She makes Tony's acquaintance by being sent home with his laundry. From this point the play is a study in the development of "Remnant," with, of course, the inevitable climax of an attachment between her and Tony. Meantime, Tony's married friend, Jules, a member of the government, tries to make love to her. How it ends is charmingly told in the last act, where the sweetness and simplicity of sentiment, in this and in the other acts, constitute much of the appeal of the little play.

A Little Street Waif.

Barefooted and in rags, Miss Marie Lohr made a naive and touching figure of the golden-hearted little street waif, and later, in a Gavarni costume (with ringlets), she is irresistible. She handled the scenes between herself and Tony with exquisite delicacy. Mr. Dennis Eadie, as Tony, was excellent in his scenes with Manon, as well as in love-making. As a Bohemienne of the period Miss Hilda Moore gave a very clever study, and in the remaining roles, Mr. C. M. Downe, Miss M. J. Pope, Mr. E. H. Paterson, and Mr. H. Vibart were all equally good. The costumes and mounting of the play,

which had an enthusiastic reception, are both effective and artistic.

The play was admirably staged and the calls increased in number as it proceeded, ending with 15 for the heroine of the evening. Mr. Dennis Eadie responded with a few remarks, and told the audience that Mr. Dario Niccodemi, the well-known Italian playwright, was fighting in France, and Mr. Michael Morton had just assured him that he was not in the house! —Daily Chronicle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Baker's play, "Partnership," was given early in the month at the Court Theatre. Although the Telegraph found the men of the piece frankly those of a "woman writer," there were many good points in its favor.

"We fancy that Miss Elizabeth Baker

...and so, no "revelation" is possible. A "revelation" is only a "revelation" so continuous that the term "revelation" cannot properly be used in

Let us hope that the passing of time will bring with it performances at the Metropolitan of "Indromenco," whose brilliantly colored orchestral score has been called "the foundation of all modern orchestration"; of "The Abduction from the Seraglio," which has recently given such pleasure in London; of the little comic opera "L'Oie de Caïre," which has been successfully presented (with a libretto adapted by Victor Wilder) both in Paris and London; and of "Così fan tutti," whose charming music would also benefit by a new libretto translation!

Yesterday afternoon Miss Anne Gulick gave the last of three piano recitals in Steinhert Hall, playing music by Raff, Chopin and Richard Strauss, whose sonata for piano and 'cello was performed by Mr. Nagel and Miss Gulick. Miss Gulick again showed the thoroughness of her training, her own indisputable talent for music and for the playing of the piano, and the earnestness with which she studies her art. She has now an enviable technical foundation, an appreciation of music of many styles, a sense of form and intellectual understanding of the compositions which she interprets, rare in a pianist of her years. She played much of her Chopin in a romantic spirit and with appropriate tone color. She and Mr. Nagel gave an excellent interpretation of Strauss' sonata. Again the audience was a large one, and enthusiastic in its approval.

Next Sunday afternoon at the concert in aid of the pension fund the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. K. Muck, conductor, assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society and Harvard University Glee Club, will present a most interesting program, as follows: Rhenberger, Theme and Variations for violin and organ, op. 150, played by the entire violin section; Bach, Motet, "I Wrest and Pray"; Wagner, Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde"; Brahms, Song of Death; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," overture to "Tannhäuser."

LAETA HARTLEY

By PHILIP HALE.

Mendelssohn's Variations are well-worn, often, when heard, too serious, but Miss Hartley by the contrasting of moods, by a noteworthy command of nuances, and by a pervading musical spirit gave the movements fresh life.

Chopin's Scherzo there was now and then too marked nicely in the treatment of detail, but this nicety and its thoughtfulness and the desire to bring out all that is in the music. To our mind, however, the Scherzo should have a more constantly demoniacal rush except, of course, in the contrasting middle section.

An audience of good size applauded heartily. This of itself meant little or nothing. It is the fashion in these days to applaud everybody and everything in a concert hall. A finer tribute to the pianist yesterday was the close attention paid her; the quiet of pleasure that is louder in praise than the customary clapping together of hands.

On the Foxhound.

As the World Wags:

That gorilla yarn Shagbillion had put in the Herald Sunday didn't sound half so improbable as some I've heard. An old feller that's boarding with us now, a professor he is, I think he works in the college at Cambridge, he said 'twas a piece of work that Baron Munchausen himself needn't a been ashamed of. So, just to let him know that they's strange things as that that happened to me, I told him about a happening I had back in '73, in the Foxhound.

The Foxhound was one of them old bluff bowed fellers, built in Dartmouth about the year 1. She'd brought home a good deal of ile, and by the time she was cussed onto me it was about time she was sent over to the Ralhaven junkyard. As the old, chanty goes, "She wouldn't wear, and she wouldn't stay," and more mates had cussed their way into hell aboard of her than all the rest of the fleet put together. When old Howland tells me I was to take her out next voyage, me having lost the Wild Goose the year afore, with 400 barrels of ile, I says to him, "I've heard of skippers being punished afore, for losing ships, but dont ye think this sorter comes under 'eruel and unusual' punishments?" He laffed, and solemnly promised me that the next voyage I was to go in the Traveller, so I let him fox me into going. First off, I had the worst crew ever sot foot on deck planking. I dont believe they was one of em was ever nigher salt water than Chicago, afore they was cussed onto me. The only men aboard that had ever seen blackskin was the boatsteers and the four mates. Well, sir, we managed to get down off Java, dutting in as high as one out of every 50 whales we lowered for, which was doing well for this crew. Pretty darn near clean we was-dont believe we had more'n 200 barrels all told. Seems though when we was lucky enough to get a whale alongside he'd turn out to be an old dryskin. One old feller I remember, we got 14 barrels out of.

Come along July, and it was hotter'n the hinges of hell, ad we met up with the Matilda Sears, bound home. We had a gam, and her old man said he'd run past quite a pod of' whales the day before, but, being full up to the hatch combings he didn't lower. I sot out to hunt em up, and the next day sure enough, the foreinst head sung out, having raised half a dozen or so off our larboard bow. They seemed to be a pod o' cows, and we lowered all five boats, me going along with the rest of 'em. I run up alongside of a sizeable cow, and my boatsteerer, nigger feller from Fogo, he was, put both irons in up to the hitches, and off we went. Now generally a whale heads right up to windward, but this one didn't. Want much wind blowing, and no sea at all to speak of, but I'd noticed when we left the ship that the glass was dropping, and sorter callated we'd get a storm afore very long. John Hathaway, my mate, was laid up with a hile, and he was keeping ship. I went forward, after the whale sot off, and we tried to haul the boat up to her, but you might's well have tried to haul up the foreinst. She kept it up till well after dark, and then I made up my mind to cut, she not showing no signs of weakening. So I cut, and off she went with half a mile of ilne and half a dozen drugs I'd bent on, and two new irons. They was a little breeze sprung up, and we stepped the mast and listed sail, and sot out for the old Foxhound, steering by compass. Next morning, when the sun come up, there was a bark, about 400 tons by guess, not more'n a mile off to looard. Thinks I, I'll run over and see if she's seen the Foxhound. We made a hitch over to her and run up under her quarter, and I halted her. Not a darn sound did I get out of her. Seemed funny, too, her laying there with all sail furled and not a sign of life aboard her, so I says to the men, "lay me alongside and we'll board her." When I stepped on her deck I see right off they was something wrong.

The boats was all on their davies, and everything would a looked all right to a landlubber, but I knew there was something mysterious aboard. I stuck my head down the after hatch and saw about 50 marline spikes and belaying pins and such flew up to meet me, and the dernedst chipping broke loose below I'd ever heard. I went over the side 'bout as quick as I ever left a ship, and the men pulled off a couple of strokes and we lay there watching. Mind you, I knew they want no human men ever made no such noise as I'd heard, and I wasn't going to take no chances below decks with whatever

that was in there. The old potter got morn two barrels of a whale's blubber afore something came out of the foreinst scuttle and ran along the deck to the after hatch. All brown it was, and seemed to be covered with hair.

One of the men sung out that it was Davy Jones, and I had to hit him with the tiller to make him behave. Then a couple more came out, and we see they was great, big monkeys, same as you see in circusses. Thinks I, I guess we can handle a passel of monkeys all right, between us, so I says to pull alongside again, which we did, and darned if them monkeys didn't man the rail and drive us off, heaving all sorts of hardware at us, and one big feller had broken out the spare irons, and darned if he couldn't heave one like a Gay Head Indian. I see it want no place for us, and we give it up and sot out for the Foxhound, getting aboard about six bells that afternoon. I told Mr. Hathaway about it, and arter we'd chewed it over amongst us, I made up my mind I was going to have another look at that there bark. She would be laying to looard of us, so down we run, and next morning there she was. This time we lowered three boats, and I took my rifle along, and when we pulled alongside, and one of them darned apes showed up, I let him have it. He give a sort of shout, and over the rail he went, all whango. The rest of 'em didn't show hide nor hair above decks, so arter hollering a while, we pulled up alongside and hopped aboard. We all had either boarding knives or boat spades, and I figgered, we'd be able to hold our own with any monkeys that might be aboard.

I took a look down into the cabin and didn't see any monkeys, so Mr. Nye, the second mate, and me went down. We found things was in a pretty mess, clothes thrown all around, and things busted up pretty thorough. Fust thing I looked for was the log, and found it in a corner, with the covers torn off, and all chewed up, but I was able to make out that she was the bark Von Essen, of Hamburg, out of Singapore, with a miscellaneous cargo, including five orang utangs for some zoo in Germany. The last entry was made a week afore, and didn't say nothing about no trouble, but it was easy to see that somehow or other them critters had got out of their crates and hove the crew overboard. Next thing was to kill 'em and get control of the ship again. Sounds easy, as the feller says, but try it some day when you ain't got nothing else to do, and see how you like it. Fust off, my boatsteerer, great big strapping black Portugee he was, too, he says he's going to clean 'em out of the forecast, so he takes a boatspade, and down he goes. Soon as he got outer sight we heard him yell, and then a couple of thuds below, and that was all. Mr. Nye he stuck his head down the scuttle and got hit with a piece of wood big as your head, and we pulled him back just about one inch ahead of a big hairy paw big as a spare toptail. That was enough exploring for any of us. We had the deck, and the monkeys had the below-decks, and they didn't dare come out, and we didn't dare go below. We hung around all day, trying one thing arter another, such as throwing sulphur down and trying to burn 'em out, but they managed to put the fire out every time, finally grabbing a Kanaka that pulled tub oar in my boat, and hauling him down o' sight. When it come dark we left her, not caring to take no chances with them monkeys when we couldn't see 'em.

Next day Mr. Nye come down and called me, soon as it was daylight. "They've got sail on the bark, Cap'n," he says, "and I can just make out their topsils from deck." I thought the darn fool must have gone crazy in the night, and I jumped on deck and started to give him hell. But darned if it want so. It was light by that time, and way off to looard there she was. I clapped all sail on the old Foxhound and sot out after her, but she had the start of us, and was a better sailer too (she couldn't have been any worse), and we didn't get any nearer than to be able to see a couple of them big apes run up the rigging and lay out on the main yard through my glasses. I passed a half dozen whales trying to get up to her, but it want no use, and by night she was hull down, and next day she was gone. I come home with 1629 barrels and told Mr. Howland his old marine curio had been outtalled by a Dutchman manned with monkeys, and when he heard that he got mad and gave the Traveller to Ezra Glibbs, saying I must have been drunk all that cruise instead of only part of it as I usually was.

I just want to say, in closing, for the benefit of John Coffin and any other farmyard sailors, that when they hear a whaleman refer to Albany, they mean Albany, Australia. Probably that was so far away that this here Coffin never knew they was such a place. Ever hear of Australia, Coffin? Get chart 923 and find where it lays.

(Capt.) MARTIN GALE.
Falmouth, Feb. 20, 1917.

WILBUR THEATRE—"He Said—and She Believed Him," a farce in three acts by Frances Nordstrom. First performance in Boston.

Jane Mason.....Josephine Drake
Harvey.....Robert Capron
Max Small.....Albert Howson
Philip Garrison.....Frederick Eric
Dovie Garrison.....Mary Young
Marvin May.....Dudley Hawley
Cora Dallas.....Betty Barnicoat
Fred Dallas.....C. R. McKinney
Sarah May.....Grace Valentine
Mrs. Rockwell.....Grace Reels
Mary Dillon.....Kala Ryan
Vida Thomas.....Florence Huntington
Officer Murry.....Thomas F. Tracy

This farce does not invite serious attention. It is doubtful if it could stand the acid test of such pieces. The crucial question is, is it funny?

The plot appears to concern the unsuccessful attempt of one Philip Garrison, a passionate disciple of free love, to prove his theory. For when Dr. May, a philandering physician who uses the same vocabulary for every female patient, awakens Dovie Garrison's soul with a kiss, Philip joyfully gives his wife to the doctor in accordance with the principles of his belief. Unfortunately Dr. May is married. His wife, who has been flirting abroad, returns at the usual awkward moment. Two other married ladies also imagine themselves the doctor's affinity. Dovie, however, like the unklssed wives who sometimes figure in divorce cases, longed only for love instead of theories. When her husband showed himself more fond she preferred him to the doctor and led him home in triumph. Other difficulties are adjusted in the last act.

The situations are neither new nor particularly diverting. Now and then a salacious line is introduced to enliven the dialogue. Speed and agility is required of every member in the cast. There are two overworked staircases, two doors abused in a like manner, besides a noisy and active telephone. There is a general impression of fluttering ladies in elaborately haremlike attire. There is a monotonous indulgence in hysterics.

Miss Young, who was chiefly required to be guileless and coquettish, played Dovie with vivacity. Mr. Eric, now strangely wandering from romantic and Shakesperian fields, was not unrealistic as the puzzled theorist. Mr. Hawley was mildly seductive as Dr. May. Miss Ryan was lifelike as Mary Dillon. Others in the cast worked hard and entered into the spirit of forced merriment decreed by the playwright.

An audience of good size gave Miss Young and other locally well known members of the cast a hearty welcome.

MISS HOFFMANN

Gertrude Hoffmann and her large company of dancers and instrumentalists heads the 23d anniversary bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the house was crowded with a pleased audience. This season Miss Hoffmann offers an elaborate entertainment and yet the piece is not to be compared with the excellence of her "Sumurun" of a year ago.

Not wishing to be outdone by the "Yankee Doodle Boy," she has a rousing climax to one of her scenes, in which she majestically sweeps down a perilous incline as Liberty and unfolds an American flag that uses up the entire expanse of the stage.

Her act opened with the "Spring Song" dance. The setting is something to remember. There was youth and promise in the picture as she gracefully and with studded abandon rode on the swing that shot through the much flowered arbors. Miss Hoffmann's playfulness, her fleetness and the joyousness of rampant youth were all in the picture.

The dancer next offered her impressions of Ruth St. Denis. In this act Miss Hoffmann was always convincing, for her body lends itself readily to the contortions, the wriggles and the angular style of the serpentine dance. Interest was also added as the dancer unwound her garments before the introduction of the live snake that he might taste the comfort of her own flesh.

The Kiras Royal Singalese troupe of instrumentalists was next heard in a weird, noisy and unmusical performance on instruments of their native country, and Miss Hoffmann followed with her Impressions of Eddie Foy, George M. Cohan, Bert Williams and Anna Held.

Paolo Azzaroni and Nina Valieri were interesting in the brutality of their Apache dance, and then there was the colorful spectacle of the can-can dancers. It was in this scene that Miss Hoffmann gave her impression of Doralina, the Hawaiian dancer, who has aroused much attention at the Montmartre restaurant in New York. While the dancer was interesting, there was nothing that has not already been revealed in a half dozen acts of this kind at this theatre already this season.

The act ended with the bathing and diving spectacle that was nothing more than a scene of youthful playfulness. The dancer has surrounded herself with a company of shapely and pretty young girls that too often in the ensemble show a lack of spontaneity and unity in the dance. Nor is there one among them with a pleasing voice and yet they all take their turn at song. The act above all, showed the wonderful versatility and the indefatigability and sincerity of Miss Hoffmann. This was more than ever shown last evening as she took her place in the orchestra and played the "traps." With many times the instruments usually found at the seat of the drummer, she handled them all with amazing dexterity.

Other acts on the bill were Henry B. Toomer and company in a comedy sketch; Claud and Fannie Usher in "Fagin's Decision"; the Bowman brothers in a blackface act; Three Bohs, in an Indian club act; Ruby Raymond and Charles O'Connor in songs and chatter; the Brightons, "artistic ragpickers," and the 10th episode of "Patria," featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

COPLEY THEATRE

This week the Henry Jewett Players will revive two of the most popular plays in their repertoire. "The Liars," Henry Arthur Jones's delightful comedy of English life, will be presented every evening. Miss Morris, Mr. Glenister and C. Conway Wingfield have important roles and as a whole the company is seen at its best.

At the Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees Miss Morris will again appear as Nora Helmer in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." The two plays will afford this clever actress an excellent opportunity to display her versatility.

These revivals are in response to requests of patrons. Some regular attendants at evening performances were unable to see "The Liars" because of its previous production at matinees only. Others were turned away because of crowded houses during the first productions of "A Doll's House."

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

"Americans."

As the World Wags:

Eddie Daggy maintains "that the aborigines of this continent are never rightfully called 'Americans.' This is a term which the early settlers and explorers brought here and gave to themselves and their children, and not to the original inhabitants." May I be allowed to point out that this notion is directly contrary to the actual facts? For 200 years after the discovery of America, by "Americans" was always and invariably meant not the Spanish or the French or the English settlers in North or South America, but the aborigines of those continents. Similarly, the word "Virginians," as first used, meant not the English settlers in Virginia, but the Indians of Virginia. Also the word "Canadians" originally meant not the French settlers in Canada, but the Indians of Canada.

No instance of the application of the noun American to an English colonist here is known until about 1700, and such use of the noun did not become common until the middle of the 18th century. Even as late as 1800 the noun "Americans" often meant Indians, and the word is still occasionally met with in this sense.

A. M.
Boston, March 23.

Cannibalism and Sharks.

As the World Wags:

In your edition of even date, under "As the World Wags," you have an essay on "Cannibalism and Water" which is on a par with everything that is wrote on the sailor. I doubt if there could be proven five cases in 100 years of sailors eating their shipmates. It is on a par with the man-eating shark. I have known in 50 years' experience one case of men eating their shipmate, and even in that case it was negative testimony, as they refused to say anything about it. In the shark case, I have spent a good portion of my life in man-eating shark waters and have never met any man who knew of his own knowledge that a shark bit a man. "Enough of that." I find that the general public is willing to believe any fantastic or cruel story about a sailor, in spite of the fact that the J. Fennimore Cooper-Mayne Reid sailor and the Morgan Robertson one also disappeared many years ago. I was happy enough, through the press, in the Morgan Robertson case, to prove him a liar in one of his stories. Now, Mr. Editor, do you not think it is about time to stop this attack on sailors, in view of the fact that Uncle Sam wants lots of them? No less than five sailors have spoken to me today in re your article saying that "We

Somewhat Violent.

As the World Wags:

Pacific, pacifist, pacifism!

Those words have a meaning, I think. But what meaning have those horrible words of today, spoiled pacifist and pacifism! They have no meaning at all. They are only one more illustration of that endless procession of imitative fools who go about in the world picking up the slipshod English of some worn-out newspaper reporter, who, coming wearily to the office, writes his report of a meeting of pacifists and leaves out the "ic." The result is that no one can look at pacifist, and pacifism without a thrill of horror and indignation against, one more instance of gross ignorance of ordinary speech. Why, even a "peacer" or a "peacerist" or "peacerism" would sound as well and have some sort of meaning.

It is a long time since I, as a purist for good speech, communicated with you, because you always treat my suggestions with flighty persiflage, but, in spite of that, my fine sense of good language brings me once more to the front as a protestor.

PORTLAND.

Pacifist and pacifism are equally objectionable, as words and persons. When did we ever treat our correspondent in Portland, Me., or any other correspondent with "flighty persiflage"? Possibly with "airy persiflage," though by nature we are a sad man and serious.—Ed.

BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony in C major (Rietler-Bledermann, No. 3); Rameau-Kretschmar, Ballet Suite: Musette, Rigaudon, Menuet, Rigaudon from "Acanthe et Cephise"; Minuet from "Acanthe et Cephise"; Gavotte from "Acanthe et Cephise"; Handel, Concerto Grosso in D minor, Op. 6, No. 10; Dvorak, Concerto for Violoncello (Joseph Malkin, violoncellist).

Handel apparently took a peculiar pride in his Concerti Grossi. He published them himself, and by subscription. They would probably be more popular today if all conductors realized the fact that music in Handel's time was performed with varied and free intonations; that his players undoubtedly employed many means of expression. As German organists of 40 years ago insisted that Bach's preludes, fugues, toccatas, should be played with full organ and rigidity of tempo, although those who heard Bach play admired his skill in registration, many conductors find in all the allegros of Handel's concertos only a thunderous speech and allow little change in tempo. In the performance of this old music, old, but fresh, the two essential qualities demanded by Handel's music, suppleness of pace and fluidity of expression, named by Volbach, are usually disregarded. Unless there be elasticity in performance, hearers are not to be blamed if they find the music formal, monotonous, dull.

The 12 concertos were composed within three weeks. Kretschmar has described them as impressionistic pictures, probably without strict reference to the modern use of the word "impressionistic." They are not of equal worth. Romain Rolland finds the seventh and three last mediocre. In the 10th he discovers French influences and declares that the last allegro might be an air for a music box. However this may be, the music as performed yesterday was aristocratic and noble, justifying Mr. Runciman's remark: "Mr. George Frideric Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music."

Dr. Muck used Seiffert's arrangement. The notes in the program book had reference to the original edition played at a previous concert. Dr. Muck played the thorough-bass part on the piano as Handel had played the cembalo with two banks of keys before him. An old picture thus represents Handel, with the violoncellist of the "Concertino" at his right, two violinists and two flute players in front of him, the other players behind him, while singers are on his left. Dr. Muck, who was heartily applauded as he took his seat, often played at will, as did his great predecessor. In Seiffert's arrangement the "Concertino" has less individual work, but in this instance arrangement is not necessarily perversion. The allegros were given in a spirited manner, like the rushing of many waters in the forte passages, and with relieving passages, while the stately Air, an air that only Handel could have written, was sung majestically.

Haydn's Symphony, written for a Parisian orchestra and first played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1899, is not too familiar. It is a delightful and, in some ways, a

surprising work, witness the delicacy of the modulations for Ives, the delicacy of the workmanship, the originality of the treatment, as in the use of the wind instruments at the end of the Andante. Grace, brilliance, astonishing virtuosity marked the performance. The exquisite playing of Messrs. Maquarrie and Longy was not the only noteworthy feature.

Rameau's ballet music as arranged by Kretschmar was performed here for the first time. Mottl's disarrangement of the charming Minuet from "Platee" has been heard. Rameau wrote the minuet for strings alone, employed no double basses, and gave this indication: "after the manner of the violle," that is to say, after the manner of the hurdy-gurdy. It is needless to add this hurdy-gurdy was not the street organ to which the name is now given. It was a species of violin and the player turned a wheel to play the melody on one string and a drone-bass on the others. Mottl changed the pretty little minuet into a pompous, swollen thing with drums and trumpets and all that. Kretschmar contented himself with adding flutes, oboes and clarinets, an impertinence, because Rameau had these instruments at his disposal and used them freely in "Platee"; indeed, he was one of the first, if not the first in France, to use clarinets and horns in F. It would have been a pleasure to hear this minuet as Rameau wrote it; and all the ballet music would have gained if it had been possible to perform it with a small orchestra and in a small hall. Tinkered as it was by Kretschmar and played by the orchestra in Symphony Hall, it nevertheless gave great pleasure. It would not have been easy to copy Rameau's string parts for the minuet from "Platee" in time, and the hall was necessarily the customary one. It is a good thing to be reminded that there was beautiful music in the 18th century; that the French composer, as well as Handel and Haydn, was not dependent on a huge orchestra; that fine or lofty ideas could be fully expressed by strings and a few wind instruments. This ballet music of Rameau well suited the gallantry of the age.

Mr. Malkin, an accomplished virtuoso, gave a skilful performance of Dvorak's formidable concerto.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Clapp, Symphony in E flat major, first time, conducted by the composer; songs, Schubert, Sei mir gegruesset and Staendchen; Strauss, Morgen (Mme. Culp); Franck, Symphonic Piece from "The Redemption"; songs, Wolf, Verborgenhelt; Mahler, Ich atmet' einen Linden-duft and Rheinlegendchen (Mme. Culp); Chadwick, Theme, Variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra (John P. Marshall, organist).

ACTORS' FUND

The annual benefit for the Actors' Fund of America took place yesterday afternoon at the Tremont Theatre. It was said that \$2500 had been realized by the entertainment.

The program, which began at 1:30, was long and varied. Representatives from leading Boston theatres contributed acts which included comedy, drama, farce, vaudeville and burlesque.

Sketches, specially written and rehearsed for the occasion, predominated. "A Regular Business Man," by John Stokes, was the rapid rise to business efficiency within a single hour of Robert Hornblower, a pleasure-loving young lawyer. "Food," a tragedy of the future, by William C. de Mille, was an amusing tale of a happy home wrecked because of a wife's craving for eggs. "At Night, All Cats Are Gray," by Robert Garland, with Mr. Grant Mitchell in the leading role, was a thrilling episode of two crooks and a detective. But the most striking of the four sketches was "Laughing Harry," by Carlyle Morgan and Leonard Mudie, acted by Guy Bates Post, Ian Robertson and associate players, a dramatic and timely portrayal of the ghastly transformation wrought upon the average man by close and continued contact with the horrors and savagery of modern warfare.

Miss Blanche Bates, Wilton Lackaye, Miss Gertrude Hoffmann in "Imitations"; Miss Adelle Ritchie in songs, Miss Minna Gale Haynes in recitations were others who appeared. Cecil Lean auctioned the autographed program of the afternoon and finally knocked it down to himself at \$25. George M. Cohan, hastily recalled to New York by the illness of his little daughter, left a friendly message and a check for \$1000.

Other acts were contributed by the "20th Century Maids" company, the "Cherry Blossom" company, Rose Sydel's company, Ted Loraine and Miss Frances Pritchard from "The Blue Paradise" and others, while Miss Mary Young and her associate players gave the first act of "He Said and She Believed Him."

There was a large and appreciative audience.

APR 6 1917

The use of a chorus at Symphony concerts this season in Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Loefler's "Hora Mystica," with the appearance of a chorus this afternoon, in the Pension Fund, concert and the report that a chorus will

be employed next season at three concerts of the orchestra, brings to mind a little chapter of ancient history.

In the reign of Arthur Nikisch and in the season of 1892-93, it was thought best to give a few concerts in the regular course with a mixed chorus. This chorus was called the Boston Symphony Chorus. On Dec. 16, 17, 1892, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed. At that time the more conservative in Boston disapproved Mr. Nikisch's "modern treatment" of classic works. It is not then surprising to find that some of the newspapers published unfavorable reviews of symphony concerts with or without a chorus. The late Benjamin E. Woolf wrote for the Saturday Evening Gazette a masterpiece of destructive criticism, but he confined himself chiefly to an attack on Mr. Nikisch as conductor. Admitting the great difficulties to be overcome by the singers, soloists and chorus, he remarked that "the choral section was sung much worse than we can remember to have ever heard it sung before and with an absence of rhythm and tunelessness that made confusion worse confounded." The whole reading of the work was characterized by Mr. Woolf as "puerile and inadequate." Mr. Louis C. Elson found that the choral music was "very jaggedly sung," "the chorus was a continual blur." The late William Foster Aphor, on the other hand, first stating that a thoroughly fine performance is "virtually impracticable," declared that the performance was "unusually fine, with but very few flaws, and often truly magnificent." "The chorus sang admirably well—always considering the music."

On Feb. 3, 1893, Arthur Foote's "Skeleton in Armor," Brahms's "Song of Destiny" and Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn" were performed with the assistance of the Boston Symphony chorus. Brahms's "Song of Destiny" was produced here in 1874 at a Theodore Thomas concert when the chorus had been prepared by J. B. Shattland. The Cecilia Society performed it in 1893. Mr. Woolf said that the choral body was not large enough, "lopsided in respect to balance of voices." "We have become so accustomed to the almost perfect work of our prominent singing societies that we are scarcely prepared to derive pleasure, enjoyment or satisfaction from such unsteady, colorless and unfinished singing as that which the Boston Symphony chorus vouchsafed last night. It was not worthy the orchestra whose name it shares."

Mr. Aphor took the broad view that the concerts in which a chorus sits round the orchestra are not the ones in which the orchestra sounds best. He found no good reason for the Boston Symphony orchestra giving choral concerts. "The game is not worth the candle." He argued that the field had been amply worked in Boston for many years. "We have already all the choral concerts we know what to do with." Then he contrasted conditions in Paris and Boston. "Our chorus singers are almost without exception amateurs; their voices, as a rule, are neither so strong nor so telling as those of trained professionals and to get an effective chorus you must have more of them. This encumbers the platform. As amateurs, they all have regular vocations which they must give up to attend rehearsals and performances; they sing mainly for their own enjoyment or from good will toward the concerts, and cannot be worked as paid professionals can. To get them together is no slight task, and it is no mean effort on their part to go through the work of rehearsals and concert. Thus it is not rationally worth while to form and rehearse a chorus unless you get a good deal of singing out of it. To take all these pains for the sake of one choral number on a program is out of all due proportion between effort and result. It is especially unwise, as the mere presence of the chorus on the platform injures the effect of all the orchestral numbers; and to ask volunteer singers to sing in one number, and wait in the green-room until their turn comes, thus preventing their hearing the rest of the concert is not the part of common courtesy. The chorus can be made musically worth while only by giving it the lion's share of the program; and this turns the whole thing from a symphony concert into a choral concert."

It is a pity that Mr. Aphor and Mr. Woolf could not have heard the male chorus in the performances of Liszt's "Faust" symphony. That a chorus of "amateurs" can show patience in rehearsal and zeal in performance has been conclusively shown. His point, however, that a chorus grouped about an orchestra dampens the orchestral effect, was well taken. In the performances in Symphony Hall the chorus was at the back of the stage and sang over the orchestra; yet on this stage there is not enough room for the full orchestra and a large chorus. In Paris at Colonne's performances of "The Damnation of Faust," the chorus numbered between 75 and 90—but they were all picked singers and paid for rehearsal; the orchestra would number about 125. In the choral performances in Boston the orchestra is usually absurdly small in proportion to the chorus.

in A But...
Jardin...
Convent...
du Carnaval.

The program, excellently chosen to play Miss Schroeder's ability, was agreeable. Unlike certain other young artists, she did not find it necessary to select two sonatas of sturdy build upon the audience in order to prove her worth and justify her appearance.

Miss Schroeder has an agreeable touch. She can sing a melody. Her technique is well developed. Her runs are even. In rapid passages she has lightness and agility. Her performance showed fine musicianship and a thorough understanding of the wishes of the various composers. Her playing is conspicuously feminine. This quality, with a certain crispness and delicacy, was charmingly revealed in Scarlatti's Pastorale, Schubert's "Moment Musical" and Chopin's Mazurka.

There was an interested audience of fair size.

APR 31 1917

Strictly Personal.

As the World Wags:

Another spring, and here I am, still behind the counter, still on the wash goods, domestic and imported. Summer and winter are bad enough, God knows, but spring is awful on the wash goods for me, even if nobody else does seem to mind it. I walked around Jamaica pond yesterday. I could sniff the damp earth. It made me think of tops and marbles and crocuses and bounding balls and maple syrup down home.

When I got back to the room the old musket on the wall seemed to give me the laugh. It's the one the first D. Marmaduke Sullivan carried in the revolution, so I'm eligible to the S. A. R. Grandfather had it changed from a flintlock to a percussion when the crows got thick in the upper pasture. Father sent it to me after I came to Boston to make my fortune. He said it would keep me straight and make me think of home. It does. I wish it wouldn't.

All I'm making is twenty a week. That's more than I'm worth, the boss says, and maybe he's right. Sometimes he is, even if he is a Swedenborgian. They tell me the people in the ready-to-wear make lots in spiffs. There's no spiffs here, though, so my twenty is all I get, but I will say this is a good house and treats its customers and employees right.

What I want is a rich woman to take an interest in me—object matrimony. I'm not so bad looking, of good height, pleasing manner, weigh 160 (without overcoat but with winter underwear on), and have a good voice. (If I had have had the proper encouragement when young, probably I'd been an actor.) I don't care how old she is if she's this side of 50, or how bad looking. It's all right as long as she's rich and white and single and not a cripple.

Anything to prove myself worthy of my ancestor! Just think! The first D. Marmaduke Sullivan pulled a trigger against the British in 1776. All I'm doing in 1917 is pulling a time clock every morning at 8:20.

D. MARMADUKE SULLIVANNE, 2d.
Jamaica Plain.

P. S.—Three days later. It's all off. I'm in New York with the certainty of a job in a smart specialty shop, commencing immediately, at \$27.50 a week. If their promises are good, I'll be an assistant buyer in six months. I saw their ad. in a Sunday paper. I'll make good, all right, for blood tells. D. M. S., 2d.
New York.

What Nahum Snow Did.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if Uncle Mike ever crossed up his bees with lightning bugs so's to make them work all night? Nahum Snow did, and didn't brag about it none, either. Speaking plainly, I'm not accusing anybody of being untruthful, but when he shot those peeps on the wall he didn't do it. Not by considerable he didn't. That was one of Nahum's most famous shots, only it was a dead limb and partridges instead of peeps, and not going into details about the event I will say that the gun had been loaded for some time and when it went off it blew up as it were. "Na" has a list of animals the pieces killed, not to speak of the recoil knocking him over backward into the lake, where the seat of his trousers filled up with smelts and a button succumbing to the unwonted strain burst off and shot down on the opposite shore.

This happened just before "Na" met up with Joe Knowles—I think that's what they called him, maybe 'twas Adam—but at any rate you know who mean. "Na" died after that historic meeting.

JEFF STROUT.

reducing the size of their head-ear "Sometime ago their heads bigger than those of the inhabitants of Patagonia, whilst their bodies resembled those of Lilliput, but now their features are set off by becoming well-dress," Gen. George Washington formal visits to this theatre, seeing among other plays "The School for Jealousy." Over the box that he was occupied by the United States coat of arms. At the entrance to the theatre soldiers were posted and four soldiers were generally placed in the gallery. Mr. Wiggell (the low comedian), in a full dress of black, with his hair black or else powdered in the fashion of the time, and holding two wax candles in his hands, was accustomed to receive the President at the box door and conduct him and his party to their seats. At that time Mrs. Hallam was the only American in the cast of Sheridan's play, "The favorite lady of the company was Mrs. Morris, tall, handsome, reserved to mysteriousness, and so used to being seen by daylight that she had a gate made from lodgings in Maiden Lane to make her get to the theatre by running across John Street, without walking round through Broadway, and exposing herself to the gaze of the people. There is no complete record of the plays produced at this theatre, which ceased on Jan. 13, 1798. "The plays produced between April and May were not advertised in the newspapers, the managers, Hallam and Henderson, being prudent men, who did not care to spend money merely for the information of posterity." The site of

undergoing to revive 'The Constant' for a single performance, the Drama League of Boston believes that is fulfilling a patriotic service to its community, as well as endeavoring to create an interest in the history of our theatre and the beginnings of our American drama, by visualizing the manners, customs and conditions of the period from which both developed. Its belief is its sole excuse for making an attempt, and its only concern is to strive to place the fact of the performance before all those who would

The first act of "Fashion" will be held on Tuesday evening, April 10, in the Play Hall, at a benefit performance of the Brooklyn Friendly Society. A prize of \$100 has been offered for a play of one, two or three acts, appropriate to the Christmas season, which would play in not more than an hour and a half, and have not over a dozen important speaking parts, with a certain number of small parts or groups, perceiving of the use of supernumeraries, especially of young people. The demands for setting and lighting should be modest and the cost as simple.

Note the following false statement about Handel's "Messiah": "This excellent oratorio was originally performed about the year 1741, but by some unaccountable caprice in the public taste, met with a very cold reception. The composer thereupon went over to Dublin, where it was honored with universal applause, and on his return to England, it found all the approbation it was entitled to, and has ever since been the favorite of the admirers of this species of composition."

arch, but they have an immediate ex-
ercise in the music which is provided in
if a dozen of these on as many weeks;
and an Englishman would always
cher avail himself of the ostensible
use than be at the pains of finding a
reason for a thing that he quite well
knew why he does.

You may go in beneath a sculpture of
an archangel weighing men's souls, as
our banking accounts are weighed
by, or up a flight of steps too
steep to belong, as it seems to belong
to a bookseller's shop, or under that
pile which of late, when frightful
was in the street, looked more su-
perbly beautiful than any of London's

when the heavy... motor horns and... receptive mood, out of... begins. In order... that the right notes are there... the only suitable music... with some exceptions by way of contrast, is that which consists of many thirds wove into one strand, and every note must come, and more especially go, punctually. And the days work in the city, which is largely the navigation of cross-currents and the seizure of the tide that waits for no man, is better interpreted by this instrument than any. Those who listen to it can hear the solution of the problems like their own, and go away certain that their's, too, have a solution if they will take up and drop the threads at the proper time.

While the prologue to Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" is unrolling, the spectacled young man brings out a pocket book and enters the whole of the program for future use on the third Sunday in the month, when the organist at Stoke Newington will want a substitute. He has come here on business, he clearly says, what else should anyone suppose. And a very sensible plan too. How much we wish now, many of us, that we had kept our old programs with jottings as to what and whom we liked, the margin filled with scraps of themes noted as we heard them or pencil sketches of our neighbors; nothing is so curious as the chance details that hitch a tune into the memory.

In the middle of a pew, scornful its stiff support, sits an elderly man, his chin on his hands and his hands on a stick, thinking perhaps of his son in France, and going through some necessary figures, since he cannot fight himself; and they seem to come out the better for the violin which is just then threading its way through coils of melody which the paper calls a Sonata in E minor by J. S. Bach. Ah! If fiddlers knew how their instrument sounds in these old churches, whose pillars break up the echo and whose cold stones retort upon the ear every fragment of tone, they would fight for the luxury of hearing it.

Nearby is a dreamy boy, too young to know why people should want to hide their feelings, whose eyes ask if there can be anything more heavenly than Mendelssohn's "O God, Have Mercy"; and one forgets on the instant all that Handel and Mozart ever wrote and looks back agreement with him. Just in front is a girl who has been sitting with her hands in her lap since the beginning of the recital and has never raised her head. She is fitting the music to some thoughts of her own which are not our business, for she has not once looked to see what is being played. She does not know why it is that we have lately discovered that Blow's "Gavotte" and Arne's "Comus" are music worth listening to; and they would mean little more to her if she were told that she was listening to them within a few yards of the bones of John Dunstable, whose tablet says that he "who could expound the secrets of the skies and spread the arts of beauty through the world now shines a constellation 'mid the stars, welcomed by hymning angles as their own." When the hymn comes, one of the six real hymns in our language, she shyly hands a book to her right-hand neighbor in order to acquaint him with those words which he has sung on the

days that have made epochs in his life; he gratefully accepts, and then stares through the printed page into ineffaceable memories rather than break the conspiracy of pretence. There is a larger organ and more brilliant playing to be heard not far from where Dunstable's great successor, Purcell, lies buried; but it comes when the day's work is done, and has too much of the concert about it. Music may be good, and yet time and place may make it sound better; and when we listen to it in company of Wren and Grilling Gibbons and Renatus Harris, and out of the bustle to which we must soon return, it seems to say:

Calm Soul of all things! Make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar.
London Times, March 10.

EDDY BROWN GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

Plays with a Fine Tone and Well Developed Technic.

Eddy Brown gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. L. T. Gruenberg was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 47 (Kreutzer); Bruch, Scotch Fantasia; Chopin-Arger, Nocturne; Paganini-Brown, Caprice, No. 22; Beethoven-Kreisler, Rondino; Harnati, Little Caprice (first time); Kreisler, Tambourin Chinois; Sarasate, Spanish Dance, A minor; Paganini-Behon, Caprice, No. 24. Mr. Brown played here at a Symphony concert last December. Yesterday he asked to be excused for appearing in his street clothes, as his trunks had failed to arrive. He is an accomplished violinist, with a fine tone and a well developed technic. His playing is manly, round, artistic. Mr. Gruenberg, an excellent pianist, gave additional pleasure by his skillful accompaniments. There was a small, but appreciative audience.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY-Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.
TUESDAY-Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth and last concert of the series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.
WEDNESDAY-Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 20th Symphony concert. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.
THURSDAY-Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 20th Symphony concert. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.
FRIDAY-Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 20th Symphony concert. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.
SATURDAY-Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 20th Symphony concert. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

April 2 1917

PENSION FUND

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave a second concert in aid of the pension fund yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a great audience. Many stood. The orchestra was assisted by the Radcliffe Choral Society, Mrs. H. H. Gallison director, and the Harvard University Glee Club—a combined chorus of 200 voices.

The program was as follows: Rheinberger, theme and variations for violin and organ, Op. 150 (John P. Marshall, organist, and the entire violin section); J. C. Bach, Motet, "I Wrestle and Pray," conducted by Dr. A. T. Davidson; Wagner, prelude to "Tristan and Isolde"; Brahms's, "Song of Destiny," Op. 54, conducted by Dr. Muck; Wagner, prelude to "Parsifal." Selections from "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaemmerung" (arranged by Richter); Funeral Music from "Goetterdaemmerung"; overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Rheinberger's theme has a simple beauty, and the variations are not forced or too pedantic; they are true variations in which the theme does not remind one of blindman's buff. Mr. Marshall registered tastefully and with a fine sense of proportion. The violins were eloquent.

The chorus, which generously assisted, was conspicuous in the motet and in Brahms's cantata for vocal freshness. The voices were young, without the tang and bitterness that come from long experience. The singers had been admirably drilled. Seldom have we heard a chorus that was so fully in sympathy with the orchestra. There was one great homogeneous body, responsive to the slightest wish of the conductors. The attack was remarkably precise; there was full volume; and, above all, there was a command of nuances that many small choruses might well envy.

The motet has more than historic interest, whether it were written by Sebastian Bach or by his uncle, Johann Christoph. As for Brahms's "Song of Destiny," it is among his most poetic and imaginative works. Hoelderlin's pessimistic poem, contrasting the serene life of the immortals with that of the complaining millions of men appealed to Brahms, for there was in the man a peculiar melancholy. The late John F. Runciman insisted that Brahms, like Tschalkowsky, was terribly afraid of death, but in a less manly fashion, if the statement be not paradoxical. There was a defiant note in Tschalkowsky's fear; while Brahms often came dangerously near whining at the thought of the inevitable; nor did he show the resignation that characterizes so many of the Greek poets in their everlasting farewell to earth and sky. Yet in this instance Brahms was not content to end his cantata in Hoelderlin's gloomy vein. For once he had hope, perhaps faith; and so he added an orchestral postlude that is one of the most beautiful and impressive pages in all his literature.

With this postlude the concert might have ended; but there was pleasure in store for the lovers of Wagner, whose music was played under the direction of Dr. Muck, famous as a conductor of Wagner's music dramas in the opera houses of Germany and at Bayreuth. At the same time the impression left by that page of Brahms remained through the solemn prelude to "Parsifal" and the brilliant music from the "Rings" with the magnificent dirge from "The Dusk of the Gods."

Yesterday the Herald published the opinions of the critics in Boston when there was a Boston Symphony chorus under Mr. Nikisch. We well remember the performances. They were lame and impotent. The strictures were deserved. Even Mr. Apthorp, who usually took a cheerful view of musical conditions in Boston, did not see the necessity of choral concerts in the Symphony course. The times have changed. Dr. Muck

...that sang in Liszt's "Faust," excited the admiration even of New York critics, who dislike Liszt and all his works. With the Boston chorus at Dr. Muck's disposal, and with the chorus that assisted yesterday, there is every reason why great choral works should be performed occasionally in the concerts of the Symphony orchestra. It is already rumored that there will be at least three choral performances next season. There is talk of Beethoven's 9th symphony, Bach's Passion music according to Matthew, and possibly a symphony by Mahler. May the rumor turn out to be a fact!

It has remained for an American weekly paper to distinguish the difference between birds and birds. It was like this: A young woman entered a bookshop in Chicago and asked the help of the clerk in selecting suitable reading. She especially desired some native American fiction, she said. "Why not try Allen's 'Kentucky Cardinal'?" said the salesman, taking a book off the shelf. "That's a very popular book." "No; I don't think I care for those theological stories," said the lady. "But this cardinal was a bird!" "I am not interested in the scandals of his private life," replied the young woman; and out she walked.—London Daily Chronicle.

An Old Song.

As the World Wags: - Your recent allusion to an old comic song leads me to say that the only time I ever heard it was in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York city, about 1843 or 1844. It was sung by a comic entertainer of those days—Dr. Valentine. What I remember of the song is as follows:

O potatoes they are small
Over there,
O potatoes they are small
Over there,
O potatoes they are small
And they plant 'em in the fall,
And they eat 'em skins and all.
Over there,
The next verse I remember only part—
O mosquitoes they are small,
Over there,
O mosquitoes they are small,
And they bite through boots and all,
Over there,
And that is all.

I think this performance was in connection with the panorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill. At any rate it was in the old Tabernacle which was then the concert hall of New York. The first oratorio I ever heard was the "Messiah," given there (not later than 1844) by the N. Y. Sacred Music Society, U. C. Hill, conductor; H. C. Timm, organist; Miss Julia Northall, soprano; Mme. Pekoc (?), contralto. I cannot recall names of other soloists at this writing, but they may come to me later.

Marvelous Feats.

As the World Wags: This feat, somewhat similar to the one which Flo Gartney ascribes to "Uncle Mike," is, I think, narrated in one of Beadle's Dime Novels: A man, when hunting, came upon a flock of birds perching upon the limb of a tree. All the birds happened to be ranged in a row in a direct line from where the hunter stood, and the hunter, using his ramrod as the charge of his gun instead of shot, let drive at the row of birds and strung the whole caboodle of them on his ramrod.

That peep-catching story told of "Uncle Mike" calls also to mind a somewhat similar Indian-catching story which has been told of Capt. John Lovewell. According to that Indian-catching story, a party of seven Indians came upon Capt. Lovewell as he was at work in the woods and purposed to kill him. Capt. Lovewell was engaged at the time in trying to split a log with a wedge, and he asked the Indians to assist him in splitting the log before putting into execution their purpose to kill him. The Indians kindly consented to do so, and, ranging themselves on opposite sides of the log, inserted their hands in the cleft, whereupon Capt. Lovewell suddenly knocked the wedge out of the log and had the Indians caught fast in the cleft, the captain then slaying them all with his axe. That Indian-catching story, which, with varying details, has also been told of Daniel Malcomb and "Ford, the Indian Fighter," doubtless has no better claim to be regarded as veracious history than has the peep-catching story which is told of "Uncle Mike." OBSERVER.

An Invaluable Compendium.

As the World Wags: I trust that this volume will be consulted by Mr. Herkimer Johnson in compiling the Elephant Folio: "Drink and Welcome," by John Taylor, water poet. The subject is thus set forth in the preface: "The famous historie of the most part of drinks in use now in

the kingdoms of G. Brit. and Ire-land, with an especial observation of the potency, virtue and operation of our English ale. With a description of all sorts of waters, from the ocean sea to the tears of a woman. As also the causes of all sorts of weather, faire or foule, sleet, hail, rain, frost, snow, fogges, mists, vapours, clouds, storms, windes, thunder and lightning compiled first in high Dutch tongue by the painfull and industrious Huldricke van Spiegle, a grammatical brewer of Lubbeck, and now most learnedly enlarged amplified and translated into English verse and prose by John Taylor." Boston. J. D. K.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

As the World Wags: Will the editor or some reader give the name of the author of the following lines, which are probably a toast? This beautiful sentiment indelibly photographed itself on one page of my book of memory, but whether from eye or from ear I do not now recall.

"Here's to the hand of friendship
Sincere, time-tried and true,
That smiles in the day of triumph
And laughs at its joys with you;
Yet stanch in the night of sorrow
Close by where the shadows fall,
And never turns the picture
Of an old friend to the wall."
DR. EDWARD E. BURY.
Bath, Me., March 13, 1917.

April 3 1917

'EAST LYNNE'

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—"East Lynne,"

a drama in five acts.

Lady Isabel.....Blanche Bates
Madam Vine.....Marie Ascaraga
Barbara Hare.....Miss Louise McIntosh
Miss Carlyle.....Miss Jeffries Lewis
Joyce.....Ethel Downie
Archibald Carlyle.....Charles Hammond
Sir Francis Levison.....Wilton Lackaye
Lord Mont Severn.....J. H. Barnes
Richard Hare.....Ford Fennimore
Mr. Dill.....Charles W. Butler
Officer.....George H. Shelton

Mrs. Henry Wood, whose first novels were reproached for their sensationalism and sentimentalism, won the applause of the critical at the end of her long career by the stories purporting to be told by Johnny Ludlow, but for many years she was known to the world of novel readers only as the writer of "East Lynne." Popular as the play founded on this novel has been, many as are the versions that have been produced; it took courage for Miss Bates to appear in the year of our Lord 1917 as the Lady Isabel and Madam Vine. The audiences that were moved to tears when Matilda Heron, Lucille Western, Mrs. Bowers, Ada Gray and others wrung their hearts were less sophisticated than are the spectators of this year. Would Clara Morris, playing Miss Multon, were she at the height of her power, repeat her triumph now? We doubt it.

And yet the play is concerned with simple emotions and passions that for centuries have thrilled in the theatres. Why is it that "East Lynne" seems now as old as "The Stranger"? Perhaps because it is no longer played in the grand manner; perhaps because the actors and actresses are too conscious of some absurdities and the forced sentimentalism. Probably they themselves, for the most part, look upon it as a "sob drama." They might insist on having this motto on the bill: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

That "East Lynne" still has a certain emotional force was proved last night by the unabashed use of pocket handkerchiefs by some; by the curtain calls that followed the death of Little Willie and the mother's frenzied shriek. That the modern audience is more sophisticated than in past years was shown by the giggling in pathetic scenes, and the disposition of the gigglers to regard Sir Francis as a comic character. This disposition was, however, largely due to Mr. Lackaye's interpretation of the part. He certainly did not play the villain in the grand manner.

At times he was humorously mephistophelian; at times in the endeavor to modernize that which is distinctively old-fashioned, he was too jaunty, thinking only of his epigram. There was no sincerity in his wooing. Even the jealous Lady Isabel would not have trusted herself with him for a moment. Mr. Hammond was gallant and sympathetic as the husband; Mr. Butler played Dill in the good old style, but the one actor that played in the melodrama as melodrama of the sixties should be played was the sterling and authoritative J. H. Barnes. He even led one to forget the delicious line in which Lord Mont Severn pitied from the bottom of his aristocratic heart the daughter of a peer because she had no servant in her lodgings. He has only two scenes in the play, two singularly old-fashioned scenes, but he vitalized them by his dignity, his repose, his diction.

Miss Lewis also played throughout in the appropriate key. It is pleasanter to think of Miss Bates in "The Darling of the Gods," "The Girl of the Golden West," and in other parts than to discuss at length her performance of the jealous and then heart-broken woman in "East Lynne." Her

ing of the type and character of each sonata, with an entire absence of any attempt at self-aggrandizement. The beauty, grace and spontaneity of Mozart's Sonata were eloquently voiced with commanding virtuosity. The impressive dignity of Beethoven's work superbly classic, with its solemnly beautiful adagio and joyous scherzo was enhanced by the nobility and distinction of the performance. And as a fitting climax to so rare an occasion Messrs. Bauer and Thibaud again enchanted their audience by their admirable interpretation of Cesar Franck's Sonata. Both played with the fullest realization of the entrancing spiritual and human qualities of this work, wonderful in workmanship and in continuous eloquence of expression. In this music, too, Mr. Thibaud's tone, now pure, now saturated with emotion, gave great pleasure.

"...as it is not only as loyal, with preference it may be, but a true and a superfluous to suggest that it could not fit into the same series, for temples on hills, we still look to Athens and Rome, to Angkor and Incun, rather than to All's Jolly, Arizona and that a moral and admirable dramatic effect might be produced by turning a special chorus to show what is before the last word in the last of the line."

In all candor I admit that I do admire the character of "Liberty" but as to glorifying it does not "thee" and "thy name" being the common objects of "love." Regarding above, one would say it must be to the forb at in order that the rail of the best in paradise (what I mean).

And now comes into court Anne Arrogance, whose pseudonym (or, appropriately, nom de plume) commands the port and wild young of the old-time novel, and dare her one J. B. B. as the villain (named Willoughby). The vehemently protest against the work "The Star-Spangled Banner" they begin "Oh, s--- But, do I (and J. B. B.) is it not true that the efforts of national uprisings judged by the mark of the year 1814 Francis Scott Key has more idea he was with General than Tom Moore had with at about the same period.

"Believe me, if a lady who is a young charmer," * * * "What I wish to convey was, "Oh, tell me that I have no orders. Please," and so I think, * * * how fun it is to the blessed Milford."

Fifth more, J. B. B. allows that the words "can you see" are "nothing but the song," and indicate that the defective eye girl is a person. Not good Mr. Lovace. The line of the question, sustained through the whole poem, is that one of the American is taken on the British ship, with eagerness to know the result of the night bombardment of Fort Mifflin, and a friend if he can make out the face in the light of dawn, whether their life is a thing And the answer "Our flag is still there."

National and ems are, not made. To meet a particular occasion, someone not necessarily much poet, write out a song, which fitted to an appropriate popular fervor, and joined together words and (especially the tune) gradually the recognized and to last of permanent emotion, the natural expression of love of country. I feel that apart from any question of literary merit, I think quite deserving the authors of these songs he once heard.

Francis Chatterton
Colonel (Retired), M. V.
Stoneyhill, Lancaster

The Pirate's Anthology
As the World Was.

I have just gained possession for a short time of "The Life, Trial and Execution of the Pirate Albert W. H. H. H. was executed at Bedford, July 1, 1860 also "The Life and venture of Captain Thunders, Capt. Lightfoot, who was hung Boston (Cambridge). The title and covers are gone, but it was printed at Brattleboro, Vt. 1844. The life of H. H. H. contains a preface signed "T. C. C." Brookline, June, that appears to be written by the son of Eugene Aram, with an account of the drama (Hycroft) of "Glad."

The lighthouse faded with the shore
The clouds of night came on
The silent shark's grim shadowy form
Beneath the moonbeams shone
As gaily over the dashing foam
We held our course along.

And now an outcast death I die,
My hands with gore imbued,
The Christian's grave were mine, had
The temple's gates will good,
Nor shed brother's blood for gold,
To forfeit gold for blood.

WESTMINSTER. S. HARROD

There was a statue of "a certain named Hiv" in Antwerp Ward. This "statue" had also been explained by Mr. Ward as Wm. Fohn, Nap. Borspart, Duke of Wellington, the Laker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham, and other noted persons. When it was shown in Canada as Sir Edmund, the governor-general, some folks thought it a art to say that the statue looked like Sir Edmund any more than did any other person, to which a reply was made: "That is the best beauty of the statue. It is the best and if you see another like it."

Nat M. Wills, in his monologue heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last night there was a large and highly pleased audience. Mr. Wills never lets his act fall into a rut. Seeing the comedian once, there is joy at seeing him again. Last evening he not only offered a line of talk that excelled in its comedy element and spontaneity, but his monologue was pertinent to the day, and he took his fling at preparedness and the issue now before the country; and best of all, he handled the two subjects without any suggestion of offensiveness.

Violet Dale, the American mimic, in her impressions of stage favorites, was one of the bright spots on the bill. The act is one far removed from the general run of acts of this kind. A winning personality adds to a remarkable versatility; nor does the actress endeavor to limit herself to resembling ~~stars~~ ~~stars~~ or that person she would impersonate. Covering a wide range of subjects, she turns from loquacious Belle Baker to the screaming burlesque of Lillian Shaw; from Mrs. Leslie Carter to Anna Pavlova in the "Death of the Swan," and then there is the lingering impression of Nazimova in "War Brides," too often screeched or turned into distressing nasal speech. All of these the actress reproduced with unerring fidelity.

Other acts on the bill were Jack Wyatt and his Scotch Lads and Lassies in songs and dances of the land of the heather; Valerie Bergere, who repeated her act of last season with a new company; Henry Sylvester and Maudie Vance, in songs and chatter; Ralph Dunbar's Tennessee Ten, in a riotous act of southern melodies and dances; Weber and Rome, eccentric dancers; Archie and Gertie Falls in an acrobatic act, and the 12th episode of "Patricia," featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

"Present "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" at Copley.

Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is again to bill at the Copley Theatre this week as interpreted by the Jewett Players. That this "idle fancy" was given by the Jewett Players three weeks ago seemed to make but little difference to the patrons of the house. It was received with the same enthusiasm that characterizes the usual presentation of a play by these artists, who lost no opportunity of the snap and artistry in the intervening weeks.

"The Passing of the Third Fl Back" is a most appropriate play Holy week. It is a sermon filled with appeal, a sermon that might well taken home by the average Bo-ton. Withal, it is well played, holding from the opening of the prologue to the final curtain of the epilogue.

The fourth and last concert Gaultier, under the direction of Helen Slater Portier, took place yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano, and the Boston Quartet of Ancient Instruments—C. De Maillart, flute; A. Gietzen, viole d'amour; I. Belinski, viole de gambe, and Charles W. Adams, harpsichord—took part. The program was as follows: Loeffler, sonate a trois; Caix d'Hervey, solos for viole de gambe; Milandre, solos for viole d'amour, and ballet music from Sacchini's "Chimene." There were also these songs: Rameau, Le Rossignol; Amoureux, and Garat's Le Beau Louis; Les Adeux du Cid, Dors blary au Henri IV. a Gabrielle.

The concert was thus devoted to the works of the epoch of Marie Antoinette and it was in aid of the fund for French musicians. Mr. Louis J. A. Mercier Harvard gave an instructive account of Marie Antoinette's interest in music under her patronage of Gluck and other foreign musicians. He dwelt on Gluck's career in Paris and had a good deal to say about that remarkable singer and man, Pierre Garat. There is a wealth of anecdote about Garat, of whom the queen thought so highly that she sent a coach and six for him when he came to descend to make an appointment for singing to her, but Mr. Mercier's tale was necessarily limited. Garat, at the Revolution, a frequenter of Barras's salon, a table companion of Tallien and Don Juan and a Beau Brummel, chief of the Incroyables, knotted his cravat at the right, while the ordinary citizen knotted it in the middle. His costumes were striking, as for instance, a green coat, red trousers and high yellow boots. When some one of him he was so skilful a singer it was a pity that he did not understand music. Sacchini replied: "But he is musician himself." Paul Lafond has written Garat's life and drawn an entertaining picture of the times in which he flourished. He was Talleyrand who told young Guizot that anyone who had not lived in the years about 1789 had no idea of life.

The music for this concert was chosen and the charming pieces the songs gave the audience true pleasure.

Harold Bauer, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Sonata in B flat; Beethoven, Sonata in minor, op. 30; Franck, Sonata in major.

These justly celebrated artists played together in December, 1913, at Symphony Hall. The beauty of Mr. Thibaud's to his exquisite taste, the purity and elegance of his style, his emotional fervor are famous. Brilliant, romantic, intellectual, a delightful player of music Schumann and Franck, Mr. Bauer this year displayed increasing warmth and glowing inspiration as an interpreter. Both artists have the modesty, simplicity of the truly distinguished. Their respective gifts blended in complete artistic sympathy. The word

This Mr. Hopkins, that says he's spent
t of his life in the water waiting for
ark to come along and bite him, is
ed wrong about sailors not eating
other. They do. It happens every

I like this. Every green hand that has to lay his hand on the scuttle must swear by the seven-haired beard of Davy Jones that he'll never drink water when he can get grog, always obey orders, and eat and be eaten as the primates decides. And any time the crew gets to hankering for fresh meat, I sends aft and lets on to the Old Man. He fines 'em up and counts out like this:

Inty minty tiblyty ag,
Della dorma norma nlg.
Hycha pycha dorma nycha,
Ong pong tusk;
Alloga ballaga boo,
We'll eat Y-O-U.

the one that's chose out shacked
all around and gives himself a
have and they logs him as having
from the main yard on a thir-
Only man o' war's men and
don't have to take the bath-
There's too many landmen with dell
at st. cricks in the navy, and after
n has been a cruise in a spoute
gets under his skin and spoil
sailing purposes. So whalers is
good dead nor alive. Worthless

Mr. Hopkins will tell these five
men that he speaks of to sign on if
they say, or go whaling they'll be safe
and quite welcome to the infirmary.
JOHN COFFIN.
The tone Farm.

Tell Mr. Hopkins that a shark did
bite a man once, for we have a picture
of it in the Boston Art Museum! And
the man afterwards, I have been told,
came mayor of London. H. E. H.
Boston.

G. McGlone of Danvers writes: "Some time ago I read a quotation relating to the power of the press in England. It was, I believe, from either Burke or Pitt, and contained a reference to the three recognized estates with a further comment on the press as the 'fourth estate.' To be exact, the quotation was at the time used in connection with the play 'The Fourth Estate.' I would deeply appreciate any assistance you might give in obtaining the quotation, and any information concerning the power of the press in America."

Thomas Carlyle wrote in "Hero and Heroism" (lecturo 3): "Burke said the three estates in Parliament, but the Reporters' Gallery . . . there said the fourth estate more important far than they . . ." The three estates is a phrase that has been used to denote the three powers whose concurrence is necessary for legislation: the Crown, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons. No one has been able to find in Burke's writings the statement attributed to him by Carlyle. There is no confirmation of it. It has been said that Brougham used the phrase in the House of Commons in 1823 or 1824, and it was thought to be original. As for the fourth estate in the United States, I refer you to Artemus Ward's description of the editor of the Bugle-Horn in 1844.

April 4th 17

A correspondent sends us a California undertaker's advertisement:

"Perfect funerals ½ Trust Prices. Our perfect Funeral at \$75 is unsurpassed at this price for magnificence of paraphernalia and equipment or perfection of service. Trust undertakers would charge \$150 for the same funeral—this is Trust compulsion. We are independent and charge half. . . . No extra charge for funerals in any part of Los Angeles county."

There is nothing so depressing as an imperfect funeral. It casts a gloom even over those who expect to inherit.

National Anthems.

As the World Wags:

I confess my fault of sinning

...the body of the...
...well...
...in Hed...
...please! (I had... in there...)

April 5 1917
C
April 6 1917

The State Street Trust Company has published the 12th pamphlet in the series relating to the history of Boston. The handsomely printed and illustrated volume of 60 odd pages contains much that is entertaining. Thus we note a picture of the staff officers of the New England Guard about 1856. Mr. Lyman appears to have indulged himself in a close shave. Three have mustaches and at least two of them "siders." Mr. Lizzie has an open upper lip, "siders" and a smooth chin. There is not the wild luxuriance of whiskers shown in photographs of heroes taken in the early years of the civil war. This picture faces one of the New England Guards encamping at Savin Hill. The epitaph of the Guards was as follows: "The only militia organization in the country which died from patriotism, most of its members capable of bearing arms having gone into active service in defence of the Nation's integrity."

As the fight between the Kearsarge and the Alabama was witnessed by many on the French coast, so people on the shores of Hull, Nahant and Marblehead in 1813 saw the conflict between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. "It was about luncheon time and many of the wives complained because their husbands dropped their knives and forks when they heard the roar of the guns just northeast of Boston light." What was "luncheon time" in 1813? Did many dine after 2 or 3 o'clock?

Who was the first American traitor? There is an article about him. He was Dr. Benjamin Church, a graduate of Harvard College. Condemned to the Norwich jail in Connecticut for his secret correspondence with Gen. Gage, he was allowed to leave this country on account of his health. He sailed for the West Indies and his ship was never heard from. The writer says: "As he has no descendants in New England today so far as can be learned, a sketch of his unworthy career may be ventured upon." As there are descendants of those who took an unenviable part in the rendition of Anthony Burns in 1854 the account of that disgraceful affair is necessarily somewhat incomplete. A distinguished lawyer and journalist, born in Salem, who died here a banker, once told us that the proudest moment of his life was when he was handcuffed to a Negro and marched to Charles street jail for taking part in the Burns "riot."

Editors of "social columns" should not be the only ones interested in the account of the ball for the Prince of Wales in 1890; but no poet of this city, not even Dr. Holmes, equalled the lyric flight of some one immortalizing the ball in New York to the Prince:

But soon the floor was set aright,
And Peter Cooper's face grew bright,
When, like the swell of an organ,
All hearts beat time to the first quadrille,
And the Prince confessed to a joyous thrill
As he danced with Mrs. Morgan.

Then came the waltz, the Prince's Own—
And every bar and brilliant tone
Had music's sweetest grace on it;
But the Prince himself no longer felt its charm
Till he slightly clasped with circling arm
That lovely girl, Miss Mason.

The Prince then danced with Miss Camilla Hoyt.
Besides these three he deigned to yield
His hand to Mrs. B. M. Field,
Miss Jay and Miss Van Buren,
Miss Russell, too, was given a place—
All beauties famous for their grace
From Texas to Lake Huron.

The first article treats of Bartholomew Gosnold; the last tells of Gen. Frederic Townsend Ward of Salem, who became a Mandarin, married a Chinese woman of high rank, was killed in the battle of Ningpo, and now has his shrine as a god at Sungkiang. The account of the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown is not pleasant reading, even at this late day. It is good to know that the burning was denounced by Otis and Quincy in Faneuil Hall as "a base and cowardly act."

There is a curious old picture of pirates swinging by the neck on Boston Neck. We are wrong; they are about to swing; for the parson is still haranguing them with his hands upraised. He is, indeed, a sight. When John Quelch and five other pirates were hanged on "Charles river, Boston side," in 1704, a Salem writer composed these lines, which should be added to the Pirates' Anthology:

Ye pirates, who against God's laws did fight,
Have all been taken, which is very right.
Some of them were old, others young,
And on the flats of Boston they were hung.

Nix's Mate and Bird Island were used as places for the execution and burial of pirates. Mr. William Fly's bones hung and dangled on the gibbet on Nix's Mate for many months. The two islands practically no longer exist.
What glorious customs were observed

...the old... A new England wedding...
...and drinking New England rum...
...there was no wedding trip."

We are reminded of the burning of Medfield and the attack of Capt. Wadsworth of Milton on the Indians at Sudbury. Capt. John Smith, with his fierce whiskers, looks at us from page 3 straight in the eye. We like to think of him calling the cape now known as Ann, Cape Tragabigzanda, after the Turkish sweetheart who rescued him from slavery.

There is an account of the taking of Louisburg. Hence Louisburg square in Boston. The writer, with unconscious humor, states that the statues of Aristides the Just and of Columbus, "are in no way connected with the Louisburg expedition"—which reminds one of the tag in a menagerie story: "This accounts for the milk in the cocoanut, but not for the hair on the outside."

There is information about the Harvard College Ferry, the first muster of militia, the first New England cologne, the strange adventure of one Philip Ashton, Mt. Desert Island, Capt. James Mugford, Mrs. Deborah Sampson Gannett of Sharon, who enlisted in the continental army and was known as "the blooming boy"—she afterwards went lecturing, as there were no enterprising vaudeville managers in 1802—visits of Washington and Lafayette. There is a long sketch of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch. Truly is this pamphlet an interesting one and valuable.

April 7 1917

20TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloists were Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano, and John P. Marshall, organist. The program was as follows: Clapp, Symphony in E flat major (first performance); songs with orchestra; Schubert, Sei mir gegruesset, and Staendchen; R. Strauss, Morgen; Cesar Franck, Symphonie piece from "The Redemption"; songs with orchestra: Wolf, Verborgeneheit; Mahler, Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft und Rheinlegendchen; Chadwick, Theme, Variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra.

Mr. Clapp conducted his symphony, which was composed in 1916-17; the first two movements in Hanover, N. H., where Mr. Clapp lives as director of music at Dartmouth College; the finale in Boston. This symphony is an improvement on his first symphony performed here three years ago; it is less pedagogic; the ideas are clearer defined and have more musical importance. The second symphony also has the merit of being shorter than the first; less complex, less involved.

There are some fine moments in the first movement; the concluding section of the second movement, the music that suggests a dirge, is impressive. The finale is the least important, the least interesting of the three movements.

We have said that there are fine moments in the first movement. These ideas unfortunately suffer too often from cumbersome orchestration and a lack of effective contrasts in the development. Mr. Clapp employs a huge orchestra: three oboes, four clarinets, English horn, bass clarinet, eight horns (including a quartet of small tubas), five trumpets, everything in proportion; a swollen orchestra that does not aid him in musical expression. He uses the brass extravagantly, and at times curiously; as his emphasis by trumpet on the attack of a melodious phrase for strings. His employment of bells seems incongruous, without significance, even the disturbance of an otherwise pleasing musical thought. The whole work is injured by a lack of clarity in the orchestration. We should like to hear the symphony scored skillfully for a much smaller orchestra. There have been poets who have begun by portentous epics. Thackeray poked fun at a contemporary, introducing him as one of the characters at Mrs. Perkins's ball. Mr. Clapp is a serious musician, a man of acknowledged talent, and he is to be taken seriously. Let us hope that he will give up for a time the writing of "colossal" works and learn to express himself simply, gracefully and beautifully.

The symphonic movement from Franck's "Redemption" is not an example of Franck at his greatest; the phrase for trombones, while it is energetic, is dangerously near the commonplace, but the long melodic phrase at the beginning is serenely beautiful, eminently Franckian, and it is used afterwards in a masterly manner. Note also the clearness throughout, the luminous thought and expression. Franck taking no less a subject than "the joy of the world which is changed and made radiant by the words of Christ" found an ordinary orchestra sufficient. Although he was an organist, he did not think it necessary to introduce that instrument, nor did he summon to the rescue an extra pair of kettle drums, cymbals, triangle, snare drum, bass drum, tom-tom, bells and two harps.

Mme. Culp, accompanied by the orchestra led by Dr. Muck, who was loud-

ly applauded when he appeared, gave much pleasure by her voice and art. Schubert's "Sei mir gegruesset," however, seemed too long by reason of the unvaried treatment of the strophes, but this might be said of other songs by Schubert. Schoenberg's instrumentation for the "Serenade" is discreet and effective. Note again what can be done with a few instruments. Mahler's songs are melodically interesting, especially "Ich atmet' einen Lindenduft," and ingeniously orchestrated; witness the absence of violoncellos and double basses, the few wind instruments used unerringly. Mme. Culp sang with her accustomed fervor. She did not indulge as in the past in certain mannerisms, such as a vexing slowness in tempo to show her command of breath with injury to the melodic line. Her performance of "Rheinlegendchen" was vocally not so secure as that of the preceding songs, but she sang with delightful appreciation of the folk spirit.

Mr. Chadwick wrote his variations and fugue to show the possibilities of combining and contrasting a modern organ with the orchestra. It was said long ago that the use of organ with orchestra was unwise; that the one would not brook a union with the other. This was said when organs were distinctively organs; with dominating diapason tone. The modern organ, devised to obtain orchestral effects, generally weak in true diapason quality, is another machine. Mr. Chadwick's piece, which was played at a Symphony concert eight years ago, when Wallace Goodrich was the organist, is well constructed to show his purpose.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Debussy, Gigue (first time here); Iberia, Rondes de Printemps; Schubert, Symphony in C major.

Maine Fauna

As the World Wags:

I have been greatly interested in your investigations and comments regarding the rarer fauna of New England. It is certainly a step in the right direction. Most of us know practically nothing of the wild animals of this section of the country, and the Herald is to be congratulated for the part it is doing to arouse the people in this great educational work.

I have seen the "hell-bender" mentioned several times, but as far as I can learn, none of your correspondents has actually seen the animal. I think I am in a position to throw a little light upon the subject, and also state how it secured its name.

The woods and mountains in northern Franklin county, Me., have long been known as favorite haunts for the rarer wild animals, and the "hell-bender" has actually been seen in that region. I had a friend, unfortunately now deceased, else he would vouch for this story, who was something of a sportsman, and every year made a long trip in the woods in search of wild game. Deer, moose, bear, raccoons, hedgehogs and wood-pussies had all crossed his path with fatal results to themselves. When he learned that a strange animal had been seen and heard up near Mt. Abram in Franklin county, he immediately started for the scene. He described to me his experiences with the "hell-bender" in the following words: "We put up over night at an abandoned farmhouse on the slope of Mt. Abram, and on the morning of the second day I started through the pasture toward the woods. Just as I was about to climb over a stone wall I heard a sound on the other side, and paused. What was my astonishment to see a big, ungainly animal nearly the size of an ox rise up and look me square in the face. It was of a greenish color with alternate red and yellow stripes running the length of the body and terminating in a bushy tail. The head was about the size of a wash-bowl, with a parrot-like beak. He was low-legged, and had webbed feet. His eyes were blue, and he wore a hungry expression. My hair rose on end. I was too frightened to either shoot or run.

and I stood rooted to the spot waiting for his next move. The animal looked at me for a few seconds, grunted two or three times, gave a loud snort, turned three backward somersaults, and then started hell-bent toward the woods. He was out of sight before I could shoot."

As far as I know, this is the only time the animal has actually been seen and identified by a responsible party. The animal gets its name from its somewhat precipitate mode of retreat in the face of danger. I have heard it described differently, but believe the above account is fundamentally accurate. But little can be learned regarding its habits. Instead of being a sort of overgrown "swash-buckling" combination of Injun, devil and grizzly bear, as some of our Maine woodsmen state, it is really a quiet, retiring, timid and inoffensive animal. Some of our Maine guides contend that as old age begins to creep upon it, the animal, builds a nest in a large pine tree, and remains there until it pines away. I won't vouch for this however.

Lewiston, Me.

Who Wrote These Lines?

As the World Wags:

A controversy has arisen over the authorship of the following lines; some

assert that Emerson wrote them, others deny it. None, so far as I am aware, have produced any evidence to support their claims. Perhaps you can settle the question:

"If a man can write a better book or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten track to his door."
POLYHISTOR.

Williamstown.

Told by Many.

As the World Wags:

Culled from Arthur Stringer's story, "The Plant of the Blue Pear," in Hearst's for April is the following: "But I suddenly thought of that old story of Owen Meredith's about the court lady who threw her glove into the lion's cage as a test of her lover. That lover rescued the glove but he flung it flat into the haughty lady's face."

It would be interesting to know what proprietary rights Owen Meredith has in a story that has been handled by Schiller, Leigh Hunt and Browning in turn, and was originally told by Poullain de St. Croix in his "Essais Historiques sur Paris."
CAPT. BRASSBOUND.
Boston.

"The Beautiful Unknown" Heard in Boston for the First Time

By PHILIP HALE.

Majestic Theatre: First performance in Boston of "The Beautiful Unknown,"

operetta in three acts, book and lyrics adapted by Edward A. Poulton from the libretto by Leo Stein and Leopold Jacobson; music by Oscar Straus, with additional music by Sigmund Bomberg. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at Hartford, Ct.

Col. Tottle.....	Charles Judels
Capt. Polideau.....	Charles Purcell
Theodore Lampelle.....	Sam Edwards
Antonio.....	Net Monroe
La Malachet.....	Borace Sinclair
Jureau.....	Arthur Geary
La Victorien.....	Paul Burnett
Le Conde.....	J. W. Kelly
Elaire.....	Dorothy Folles
Lydia Petrowska.....	Josephine Whittell
Mme. Ida.....	Maud Odell
Charlotte.....	Helen Gunther
Mimi.....	Joan Winton

When this operetta was produced at Hartford, Miss Frances Demarest took the part of the prima donna; Miss Sari Petras, the Hungarian, took the part that she had played at Budapest and Vienna, and the leading male characters were played by John Goldsworthy, Charles McNaughton and Lionel Belmore. Miss Odell was in the original American cast.

To suit the times the Austrian-Hungarian officers introduced are now gallant Frenchmen, but the uniforms worn by them are hardly French, and Mr. Judels's accent is not that of Paris or Tours. This, however, is a minor matter.

Something in our heart tells us that this operetta in the original version and played and sung by Austrian-Hungarian comedians is more entertaining than the American adaptation performed by the present company. It is true that the material of the librettists is not wholly new. There is the gay young officer, a man of many sweethearts, searching an unknown and hoping to identify her by a glove; there is the rich old bachelor uncle in quest of his ideal and trying to find the foot for a slipper, bald-headed and foolishly amorous; there is the rich widow throwing herself at the cholerical colonel of the regiment; there is Lydia, the traditional stage woman with an eye to her lovers' bank books; and there is the sweet little daughter of the colonel, loving the gay officer and distracted by his attentions to the handsome actress. Then there is, of course, the comic servant of the captain. The material is all familiar, but the story is coherently told, there is opportunity for varied characterization; there is the occasion for spirited performance with relieving sentimental passages.

As for the music, there are agreeable waltz measures, a stirring march, and some elaborate ensembles. The solo pages have little character. There is a pleasing sextet. The orchestral score is commonplace, heavy, far inferior to that of "The Chocolate Soldier."

The chorus has much to do, and the chorus singers are unusually good, the male section in particular. The orchestra, led by Gaetano Merola, is a large one.

After all the chief question to be asked about the performance of an adapted operetta or of any operetta is: "Did it please the audience?" The question in this instance was answered in the affirmative by the large audience last night. Yet the performance struck us as often laborious. All the players were very noisy in the first act, noisy in speech and in song. No doubt in the course of the run they will take things easier. Miss Folles, the Colonel's daughter, recovered herself after her first song, and when the music was not beyond her range sang simply and prettily. Miss Josephine Whittell, heralded as a member of the Chicago

Mr. Padewski gave his last recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Variations and Fugue on Theme by Handel; Beethoven, Sonata in E-flat major, op. 27; Schumann, Carnaval; Chopin, Ballade in F minor, two Mazurkas, Nocturne in C major, Scherzo in B-flat minor; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody.

One or two of Brahms' variations were perhaps swollen to undue proportions and delivered with the thunderous speed that has sometimes marked the pianist's playing of late years. On the other hand, the performance of Beethoven's Sonata was remarkable for its beauty, tenderness and humor. In Strakosky's Carnival there was the infinite variety in touch which aids expression. In this music, too, Mr. Radzewski showed himself a great artist by his rhythmic sense, in his infinite wealth of dynamic gradations, in his sense of continuity.

Many wondered why Miss Blanche Bates revived "East Lynne." It was said in New York that probably Mr. Milton Lackaye suggested the revival, as he has a peculiar brand of humor. He certainly did his best last week by costume, actions and speech to turn Sir Francis Levison into a comic character. His part was not new to him. In the performances of McKee Rankin's version nearly 20 years ago he was playing Sir Francis. With him were Nance 'Nell, Rose Eyrtinge (Cornelia), McKee Rankin (as the shocked uncle of Lady Eyrtinge), the excellent H. A. Weaver (Dr. McKee Rankin had written a new first act and modernized the drama. When the drama was produced here at the Columbia Theatre it was said that he had made novel departures. The Herald then said: "He has made Sir Francis Levison a scoundrel, of a type not often seen on the stage nowadays—a perfect man of the world's level on which he lives, cool and collected, possessed of an easy, devil-may-care and sneeringly sarcastic manner, who brings forth both applause and derision from the gallery, strange as that may seem."

"Nothing," was the reply, "but I have been reading a most touching story." "What is its name?" "East Lynne," and I think it will make a great play."

Mrs. Henry Wood's story was then publishing for the first time in this country in the Baltimore Weekly Sun. The editor, Thomas J. Black, an Englishman, had been "a bad actor of the heavy" parts, but he was also a gentleman and a man of rare intelligence. Tayleure made a rough sketch of the play and sent it to John T. Ford of Holliday Street Theatre. Tayleure had expected to rewrite and polish the play for production. To his surprise Ford sent a note to him saying that the play seemed good to him and he was announcing it for performance.

"East Lynne" was produced in Baltimore on Monday, April 21, 1862. It was announced as "an ingenious and thrilling new play, written expressly for this theatre by an experienced dramatist." The cast was as follows:

Lady Isahel.....	Lucille Western
Madame Vine.....	
Miss Cony.....	Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Barbara Hare.....	Henrietta Osborne
Joyce.....	Mrs. O. B. Bishop
Little Wille.....	Julia Parker
Archibald Carlyle.....	A. Knight
Sir Francis Leveson.....	S. K. Chester
Earl Mount Severn.....	Thomas A. Hall
Mr. Dale.....	O. S. Fawcett
Richard Hare.....	O. B. Doud

Other characters were Justice Hare, Capt. Thorn, Tom Herbert, Meredith, Peter, Mrs. Hare, Wilson, Susanne, Lucy.

Julia Parker married J. B. Polk. O. B. Doud won fame as Oliver Doud Byron.

And now comes the saddest episode in the history of this tear-soaked drama. John P. Smith, representing James H. Meade, the husband of Miss Western, wished to purchase the play outright. Tayleure consulted Ford, who named \$100 as a fair price. "So great and pressing were my needs that, disregarding Mrs. Tayleure's earnest protest against my parting with it, I consented to accept the sum named in full judgment for the absolute sale of the drama. My own gladness over the transaction did not prevent my noticing the sadness of my friend Smith; and learning upon inquiry that he too was being much oppressed by poverty, chiefly through his adherence to the cause of the South, I let him have \$25, and so carried relief to his household, as he had brought it to mine. True, I had parted with a fortune for a mere pittance. But 'twas a bargain, made with open eyes, and I adhered to it with scrupulous honesty. Upon my sideboard, within sight of where I write, is a costly service of silver. I value it less as a gift from Lucille Western than as a recognition of my fidelity to principle. Which in this connection shrank not from asserting itself at the point of a pistol and at the peril of my life."

Now, James H. Meade, talking in 1894 said that his own wife, Miss Western, had read the novel and thought a good play for her could be made out of it. Meade thereupon asked Ford if he knew any one who could make a version. Taylure was not occupied at the time. "I commissioned him to go ahead with the play. When it was finished, which was in an incredibly short space of time, the parts were given out and rehearsals were called. At the second rehearsal two or three members of the company threw up their parts altogether and refused to play them. Mr. Ford and pretty much everybody else seemed to think the play would be a terrible failure. Taylure himself approached me and said he was disgusted with the work and sorry he had undertaken to do it so quickly. He was sure the piece would be a frost. I went to Miss Western and asked her what she thought about it. She said she would make certain alterations in the play, more particularly in her own part, and we would go along and produce it." Taylure felt so badly about it that he didn't want to charge me anything for the work he had done, but I insisted on paying him for his actual trouble and finally induced him to take \$100. It came along the night of the performance, and there was a great crowd in front. After the third act I met Taylure rushing out of the theatre, tearing his hair and moaning about having sold for \$100 the greatest play he had ever seen. Miss Western's success was simply astounding, and the audience cheered her as I have rarely heard an audience cheer. Taylure was terribly broken up over his share in the affair, but we afterward did one or two things for him which considerably lessened his disappointment."

Now Tayleure in his story said that he had no hand whatever in the rehearsals; "and circumstances prevented my witnessing the performance until

Taylor's old play was the other version of 'East Lynne' for Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and the label of 'East Lynne' was put in the title in 1853 with John T. Raymond, George F. Devere, J. A. Herne, O. S. Fawcett and Marie Bates in the cast. A third version adapted from 'Miss Mul-ton' (but seven years anterior to Mrs. Cauffman's adaptation) I produced in Buffalo, Sept. 22, 1871, under the title 'Isabel's Expiation,' with that best of domestic actresses, Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau (for whom it was written), as the heroine, and Frank Mordaunt, the best of general actors, in the opposite role. The fourth and latest version I wrote for Mrs. Chanfrau. 'Tis a practically though unpleasant compliment to the superiority of this latter work that a very general disposition has already been shown to abandon the old and well-plundered version and to 'adopt' in its stead the newest one."

Mr. Tayleure wrote at another time a strange story told by John McCullough and Edwin Forrest.

Speaking apropos of Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau's success in her "New East Lynne" and the Courier-Journal's graceful recognition of her superior artistic excellence, McCullough said and the first production of the original play in Washington in 1862: "I was then, as you know, travelling with Edwin Forrest as his chief support, and accompanied him to Washington, where at Ford's National Theatre he was to play an engagement of alternate nights. 'East Lynne' had made a great hit in Baltimore, and Ford resolved upon producing it, on the off nights, in Washington. A special cast was selected. It assigned to me the role of Archibald Carlyle, Miss Annie Graham, Lady Isabel, James A. Herne, Capt. Levison, and Mrs. J. R. Vincent of Boston—an excellent 'old woman,' now retired—Miss Corney. Public curiosity was excited, and the signs of the box office and the streets all prophesied a rich success.

"These predictions were seemingly realized. The first night was a jam, and the production passed off capotally. Forrest had been induced by the fame of the piece to witness the representation from a private box. Of course, the actors addressed their efforts chiefly to his judgment, and watched with solicitude the features of the great master of their art to see if they could gather from them any idea of the effect they strove to achieve. All of the cast thought the old man, as they called him, was being evilently impressed, but I was more familiar than they in reading his mind's construction in his face," and knew that it expressed more of resentment than sympathy. I saw that he was angry, but what about I could not just then divine.

"At the close of the performance, which passed off with marked success, Forrest sent for me to his room at the hotel. He looked very gruff and sullen upon my entrance, and a costume in a tone of extreme asperity, declared that the performance he had just witnessed was the most demoralizing he had ever seen and that I ought to be ashamed of my connection with it. I protested that I was merely an actor in the east, and that by no distortion of logic could that fact be twisted into personal indorsement of the play. Besides, I added to clinch the argument, the general interest felt in the work by all classes incontrovertibly demonstrates its sympathetic truth.

"'Bosh!' replied Forrest, with characteristic fervor and energy, 'd—d bosh. Apply that principle generally and you will not find much difficulty in stifling the crucifixion of Christ, the poisoning of Socrates and the murder of other martyrs to truth. No, the woman is a bad woman. There isn't the slightest justification of her crime, and the attempt of the dramatist to win sympathy for her is a measurable prostitution of the best power of the stage, a very dangerous lesson for women, who are only too apt to kick over the traces of social restraints, and to make every fancied wrong doing of the husband an excuse for their own lapses from virtue.'

" 'Don't you like the play?' I timidly inquired. 'Certainly I do. It is a good play, but that makes the matter so much the worse, because it needs but a slight alteration in one of the last speeches to cure the defect and to preserve the purity of the stage.' 'If you will write the speech,' I said. 'I will take it upon myself to win our friend Tayleure's consent to the alteration, and will speak it.'

"He consented, and on the succeeding day handed me a copy of the speech. Forrest possessed a remarkable degree of intellectual power and had the faculty of expressing his thoughts with greater lucidity and terseness, I think, than any man I ever met in our profession.

"Well," continued McCullough, "I read the speech with care, and thought it might be a go. It concerned myself alone, so I did not think it necessary to inform either Ford or Miss Graham of its interpolation into the piece. The Governor, as I used to call Forrest for short, was again in the box, and by many little signs and looks made me understand the deep interest he felt in the result.

The speech occurred in the last act of the play, when the betrayed husband

At last the religious tones began to predominate, and when that the first of faith to her consolation of that young girl, Lucy Isabel, who had seized to on the reluctant hand of her husband, and through her ears, "Oh, Ar! I feel I am upon the verge of eternity. Before I cross it will you not speak one loving word to me?" Will you not say that you forgive my sin, and when I am dead will forget it?" The answer to this touching appeal was fanular to perhaps two-thirds of the audience, and they were evidently in woful accord with its tender sentiments.

"Fancy, therefore, the general surprise, the sympathetic shock which ran through the house when instead of Carlyle's accepted speech of pity and forgiveness, I gave a quick glance at Robert, who was leaning half out of his box to catch the full effect of his introduction, and began the reply thus: 'Se down' for me. It was his substance: 'No, Israel, I can neither forgive nor forget. Forgiveness is the prerogative of the God alone whose holiest commands you have outraged, have trampled under the feet of your pride and passion.' Nor can I forget the wounds whose scars yet deface my life, whose pain yet rankle in my heart." I gave no cause for this cruel wrong, but grant that you fancied such a cause to exist, yet you concealed your doubt from me, and concealed it is the grief of domestic love. In that grave you buried not only your own peace, your children's highest pride, your husband's dearest honor, but you buried also all human right to interfere between your sin and its moral consequences. Pray heaven to forgive, but ask me not to forget. Farewell."

"The curtain fell without one lane of applause. The audience withdrew in sullen and resentful silence, and the next day I received as many as 50 letters protesting against my outrage upon the sensibilities of the public, against my violation of the 'instincts of humanity.' The revulsion was so extreme that Ford was compelled to withdraw the piece immediately. For the first and perhaps the only time in its history, 'East Lynne' had failed. Ford's improvement had killed the play.

"So I told the Governor, but he wouldn't have it thus. He vigorously contended (and few men were superior to Forrest in conversational power or argumentative force) that he was right and the public wrong. Society, in the concrete, he said, would doo to unrelenting condemnation and punishment an woman who, for any cause, would so flagitiously offend against its wise canons. Yet a few fools, who represent nothing but morbid sentimentalism, dis-

regard alike the teachings of prudence, the demands of justice, to denounce a good man like Carlyle, simply because he can't approve a bad wife's folly, and won't condone her hideous crime. 'By Heaven,' he said, 'tis infamous, 'tis brutal,' and stalked indignantly out of the room.

"But the soul," added McCullough, "has instincts wiser than the canons of society. I have no wish to quarrel with this higher law of humanity, and so, whenever I afterward personated Carlyle, I always took precious good care to omit Forrest's speech."

"McCullough yet retains the original MS. of the speech, and when he presents it to me, as he has promised to do, I shall place it conspicuously among the many memorabilia of my most precious scrap book."

The New York Sun commented on this story as follows: "The curtain fell in silence on Forrest's interpolation because the audience did not wish to be cheated out of its crocodile theoretical sympathy. Not a man or a woman among them would have socially received a Lady Isabel. No doubt, Forrest drew a distinction between a wife and mother who sinned with her eyes open and the girl who sinned with her eyes shut to the consequences. The great teacher never admonished any husband to take again to his bosom an adulterous wife. The divine forgiveness was spiritual, and it ought to be so in man."

It might here be stated that Mrs. Henry Wood never received a penny from any dramatist or manager who had utilized her novel; and yet in 1882 an English dramatist sued another for "damages attending his infringement of the other one's play founded on 'East Lynne' and obtained a substantial solatium for his wrongs." Caroline Heath made a fortune by playing Lady Isabel. In 1882 an English journalist said that an expert had figured that if Mrs. Wood had received only a slight percentage of a nightly fee she should have received for her property \$380,000. There have been many amusing criticisms written about the various versions and performances. When Miss Nance O'Neill appeared in McKee Rankin's production in New York in 1898 the Sun said that she belonged to the "East Lynne" period of the American stage. "With her youthfulness and intelligence, she is still a derelict in the pocket handkerchief epoch. . . . Miss O'Neill is a most effective tear producer. Never did 'East Lynne' harbor a more melancolic girl." . . . The audiences at the Star succumb, and follow—Miss

O'Neill's tactics... until the play... day can better play... old way. That is pity. Lackey is not seen at his best without whiskers and other disguises, and his figure is acquiring heavy proportions. But he is a forcible actor in this company. McKee Rankin astonishes by speaking what seems to be the author's lines. At all events, they do not sound like the actor's customary raucous improvisations."

Mr. J. H. Barnes, who played Mont (or Mount) Severn at the Tremont last week, played Levison with Miss Heath at the Olympic Theatre, London, in 1873. H. Reeves Smith took the part of Richard Hare. It was then said that Miss Heath had acted the part of Lady Isabel for over 1500 nights.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The first performance of "The Contrast" was at the John Street Theatre, New York city, on April 16, 1787. The play was repeated on April 18, and May 2 and May 12 of the same season. This on the authority of Thomas J. McKee, a New York lawyer who made a study of matters relating to the stage and who is recognized as an authority. William Dunlap made a mistake in giving the date of the first performance and writers who base their statements on his "History" generally make the same error.

April 4. J. B. CLAPP.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Some of the Boston papers were recently led into a curious error when, in speaking of the late Mark Price, they said that before joining the company at the Boston Theatre he had been leading man at the Howard Athenaeum in this city. In making that statement they were confounding him with two other actors, Mark Bates and Ed Price, each of whom had been at one time the leading man of that establishment.

The same papers said that when "The Voyagers in Southern Seas" was produced at the Boston Theatre in 1880 Mr. Price played Lord Glenarvon. It was Oils Skinner who assumed that role. Mr. Price being cast for the part of Ayrton, mate of the Britannia. At that time M. J. Jordan made his first appearance in the Boston Theatre as the villain, Burke. Though outsiders never knew it, Mark Price and M. J. Jordan were the Damon and Pythias of the dramatic profession and were known as such to theatre folk throughout the United States. Together, as poor boys, they had worked in the mills at Leeds, Eng. Together they emigrated thence to this country and went to work in the mills at Lawrence. And together they went on the stage, their close friendship continuing until Mr. Jordan's death a few years ago.

They were seldom in the same company, as their lines of business were too much alike, but during the season of 1886-7 they, together with Ed Lamb, starred as Lamb, Jordan and Price in "On the Rio Grande," a play written by Mr. Price himself.

In 1914 he wrote another play that was so well received by those who had read it that when Charles Frohman called on the ill-fated Lusitania he took it with him to read, with an eye to its future production, and today that play lies at the bottom of the ocean within 100 miles of Kinsale, the place where Mr. Price was born.

The last time I saw him was in December, 1915, when he told me of a pleasant visit he had recently had at Stamford, Ct., with his old friend Leslie Allen. And now both are gone.

The mention of their names together brings to mind the play of "Kit," which was presented at the Boston Theatre for 14 consecutive years. The general impression has been that it opened the season every one of those years, but as a matter of fact it never did open the season, though it was always one of the earliest attractions. The cast of the play during the season of 1890-91 contains many familiar names. F. S. Chantrel was, of course, the Kit; Mark Price the Mangel Bond, Welsh Edwards the Wash Stubbs, H. E. Chase the Lord Fitzfoote, George Parks the James Temple, Leslie Allen the Judge, Dan McGuinnis the Major, S. E. Springer the Bart, Otis Skinner the Jerry Sleepers, J. T. Craven the J. Cesar Smith, J. W. Taylor the Captain, Arthur Moulton the Barker, Margaret Lanner the Alice Redding, Rachel Noah the Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. M. A. Pennoyer the Mrs. Temple, and H. A. Cripps the Frau Pedders. Of that number Rachel Noah, Otis Skinner, H. A. Cripps and J. W. Taylor are now living, the latter being still connected with the theatre.

The following verses, which were read at the funeral service in New York last Sunday, reflect his character and the esteem in which he was held by his friends.

MARK PRICE.

Died March 31st, 1917.

We who have known Mark Price and known him well.

In body or in spirit rather here, Some story of his kindness to tell, Or lay some tender tribute on his bier.

The audience knew him but as one Who scowled or sneered through wicked, cruel parts.

But we beneath the surface saw his fun, And little children took him to their hearts.

The clearest dictation... from the rest. Portraying manhood... or sturdy age. His character would... the sharpest test. Revealing him an... to the stage.

We fear no future for a man like him. However steep the jerry appear, or dark. Our faith is certain, though our eyes be dim. And so we say, "Good-bye, God bless you, Mark."

QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline, April 4.

Notes About

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Elizabeth Baker's "Partnership" noticed in the Herald of last Sunday:

"Half of the act is taken up with the young man preaching the simple life, which is very tedious. We all know all about the simple life, and how charming—and expensive—it is. So long as we know the sort of fellow, we could well have afforded to cut out the sermon and get on with the play."

The London Times of March 7 said of John Ireland's new sonata in A minor for violin and piano: "This was rightly received with a favor usually kept for the music of composers on whom fashion has set her seal. At a first hearing it is a brilliant and attractive work, rich in melody, and very much alive. Though the elaborate piano part sounded more decorative than structurally inevitable, it may be that on further acquaintance it would all be found essential. Harmonically, of course, the Sonata is in the modern manner which has taken the place of the older 'concord of sweet sounds'; and if anyone exclaimed that the piano's progressions jarred against the chime of the violin's melody; he would be set down as a musical frump. Nowadays we know that the powder is really nicer than the jam. In form, the Sonata does not scorn earlier models, and certain devices are adopted which were well liked by Brahms. But except in a legitimate way the composer is not reminiscent. He has feelings and thoughts of his own to express which were well worth expressing."

When the author of "Petticoats" responded to a hearty call on Saturday night he proved to be in khaki, and thus vindicated his right to make light-hearted jokes about the war. But the rest of us, mere civilians, felt perhaps some little misgiving at having laughed so freely at a moment when, outside the playhouse, the jocular aspect of the matter is decidedly among things not convenient. You bethink yourself once more of Stendhal's "Interroge-toi quand tu ris." Some of Mr. Maltby's best fun, however, is well and truly aimed. We can all laugh without a qualm at the silly people who are forever expecting the immediate end of the war. One of the 17 ladies in Mr. Maltby's cast understands it may be over at any moment, and the rest rush eagerly to the tape on the chance of finding the expectation confirmed. The fact is, they each have, or hope to have, a personal interest in the matter, because the end of the war means the return of Capt. Fletcher, V. C. (in publicly advertised) search of a wife. Unfortunately for them the gallant captain, tired of waiting for the end of the war, has married a Frenchwoman, and thus, as one of the disappointed expectants remarks, "puts the lid on it." After jokes about war, jokes about women, which are necessarily the oldest jokes in the world. The joke of the women taking possession of the state in the absence of the men, yet secretly longing for the men to come back, is at least as old as Aristophanes and none the worse for that. Then there are jokes about lady-doctors, lady-lawyers, lady-parsons, etc., etc. It is said that Chinese mandarins, in the intervals of conversation, gravely exchange slips of paper, inscribed with traditional jokes. These paper slips might have been exchanged between many of the ladies at the Garrick, but then, to be sure, we should have had a pantomime instead of what its author called it, a freak-play. All the 17 ladies work together with spirit and humor. To attempt to distinguish between them would be a delicate, possibly a dangerous, adventure.—London Times, March 12.

Some of the quaint trades of the Midlands are profiting as a result of the war. The Jews' harp making industry, which is practically restricted to Birmingham and Cradley, in South Staffordshire, was until recently in a very parlous state; but owing to the immense demand for "music" for the trenches, the supply of mouth-organs, concertinas and accordions being quite inadequate, the Jews' harp has entered upon a new lease of life.—London Daily Chronicle.

"Illustration for Orchestra" of two passages from the Book of the Revelation by the Russian Ostraglazoff was produced in London March 10. The Times had only this to say: "You might say of this as much as Bishop Hare said of the Book of Job, 'The performance is very well for a young man,' but not more." The Daily Telegraph said in illustrating the words "And I looked and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death." The composer would seem to have been mainly bent upon giving rhythmic emphasis

to a somewhat... shall we... 'material' interpretation of the... Of purely thematic interest the later section of the work afforded stronger taken, but neither from this standpoint nor from that of orchestral technique was the impression gained that the composer had anything particularly new or vital to say."

A piano sonata by a Russian, Bortkiewicz, but not very typical of the modern Russian school, more reminiscent than individual, and suggesting Grieg's influence, was played in London on March 10.

The Daily Telegraph hails Miss Sybil Eaton, an English violinist, as a "wonderful genius, already one of the elect." "The Times was not so noisy in praise. 'Her ringing tone, swinging, rhythmic sense and easy fluency of execution are compelling enough, but when the interpretation demands warmth of color, delicacy or gracefulness, one has to confess to a feeling of disappointment. The playing gives one an intellectual rather than emotional satisfaction.'"

Many admirers of Claude Debussy will be glad to hear that he is so far recovered from his recent illness as to have been able to take part in a couple of concerts in Paris, the programs of which consisted largely of his own compositions. In conjunction with Miss Rose Fearn, Mr. Walter Morse Rummel and others, the concerts were given for L'Aide affectueuse aux Musiciens, a work subvented by the city of Paris.—Daily Telegraph, March 10.

Of "See Saw" at the Comedy Theatre, London, the Westminster Gazette (March 7) said: "A 'trench episode' which has been contributed by Capt. Bruce Balrnfather is an amusing addition to this lively show. Outside the shattered remains of a humble Cafe de la Paix, 'somewhere in France,' three cockney 'Tommy's' discourse after their work on the war and things in general. 'I was reading in an Almanack the other day,' says one, 'that the seventh year of the war is going to be the worst and arter that every fourteenth.' To which one of his pals replies, 'I tell you, we shall miss this war when it's over.' Presently enters an excitable Frenchman, the proprietor of the cafe, whose voluble efforts to explain his trouble are entirely lost on his khaki listeners, who eventually come to the conclusion, however, that he has come to pinch the stairs for firewood, and unceremoniously boot him

off the premises. Back he comes again, however, with a British sergeant, and this time his excitement is explained, for he proceeds to search for and discover a cash-box in the ruins, with which he goes off in triumph, while Old Bill and Bert and Alf look at once another with anguished eyes at the thought of such treasure trove overlooked. It is an eminently racy and realistic little turn, which demonstrates that Capt. Fainsfather's artistic talents are by no means confined to his pencil, and it was received with the heartiest approval last night."

In Italy music lovers have a way of expressing their feelings with an honest fervor wholly foreign to our own insular temperament. The London public will endure almost anything uncomplainingly. Indeed, an example of their placidity and patience occurred only a few days ago, when their powers of endurance were tested to the extreme limit by a work of appalling monotony which occupied one hour—or more—in performance. In recent years we can only recall one occasion upon which a London concert audience voiced its disapproval strongly. "That was when Arnold Schoenberg's 'Five Orchestral Pieces' were introduced to the Proms patrons by Sir Henry Wood, and many of the audience vented their displeasure in loud hisses. But in Italy that kind of demonstration is common enough where musical events are concerned. A case in point was furnished by the recent production in Rome of a work by Alfred Casella, a composer who claims a foremost place among the leaders of the 'new school' of Italian music. In the 'Musical Times' appears an interesting account of the performance, under Casella's 'Heroic Elegy,' written 'in Rene-Baton, the French conductor, of memory of the Sons of Italy who have fallen fighting for her greatness.' With such an appeal to the patriotic instincts of the audience, it might have been thought that the work, even if it failed to please, would have received a respectful hearing. But apparently the composer's modernity proved too much for the Roman public's patience. 'No one failed to see in the composition a reproduction of all the extravagances of modern Russian and Austrian writers—extravagances and exaggerations sometimes more painful than those of Stravinsky and Schonberg.' There resulted a 'tumult of shouts and whistles,' and so violent became the uproar that it was 'impossible to hear whether the composition was finished or not; and only when the orchestra struck up the 'Marcia Reale' did the hurricane subside." Imagine, if you can, a phlegmatic London audience working itself up into such a frenzy of excitement over any conceivable kind of music!—Daily Telegraph, March 10.

"General Post" by J. E. Harold Terry (The Haymarket Theatre, London, March 14), starts with the premise that the present war has turned the world upside down, that there are only two classes in England now: Those who

work in some way for their country and those who do not. Betty the squire's daughter, fell in love with her father's tailor. Her defiant reply to parental objection was: "He is a better man than you." The war came. The tailor was a colonel; the squire's Alice was a subaltern in the colonel's regiment; the squire was a private in the national reserve. Before the end, the tailor was a brigadier-general. The squire wished her to marry the great man, but Betty asked if she should not have wedded Edward Smith, the tailor, should she marry Smith, the brigadier-general. It is true as Mr. Walkley informs us that this tailor was no ordinary one; he was a philosophical tailor

who could talk of Nietzsche and Sudermann. Of course Betty finally accepted Smith. "The same principle of symmetry provides a complex character for the country gentleman; he says and does since the war precise opposite of what he said and did before it. And the children can always fill up the dialogue with 'Dear old mater!' and 'Oh, isn't Pa funny?' Plain, honest English farce, you see, no kickshaws, and that is just the menu a Haymarket audience likes."

Mr. Percy Burton has written from New York to the Pall Mall Gazette a letter about unpunctual audiences: "In an interview with Miss Gerlie Millar, which appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette, and has been widely quoted here, I see it stated by that admirable and charming actress that in New York 'the entire theatrical audience is punctual and plays commence with a full house at 8 o'clock or 8:20 as the case may be.' May I say that this is altogether contrary to my experience—an experience extending over many years. It is the hardest thing in the world to get an American audience seated by the time the curtain goes up—whatever time it is—with the result that a theatrical manager almost invariably advertises his attraction to begin 10 minutes or a quarter of an hour before he intends it should start, and the audience just as conscientiously allows itself a generous grace to get seated. To my mind New York is much worse than London in this respect."

The London Times, praising the pianist, Moisevitich, said of Ravel and Debussy: "Yes, if one could always hear their virile sense through the maze of notes brought out like that, and not smothered in the whirlwind of gabble one is generally condemned to by pianists and pianolesque pianists." The Times says of Mr. Moisevitich: "He does not try to amaze or to mystify, not even to bewitch. He is neither fanciful nor didactic. His sane and vigorous style lays the music before you exactly as the composer must have conceived it. Playing that has outlived the follies of youth and has not contracted the bad habit of age is sure of its appeal."

Balzac's "Mercadet," which Mr. J. T. Grein promises to produce at his new repertory theatre, was a source of keen disappointment to the author. The Comedie Francaise, for which it was written, refused it, and the Theatre Historique would accept it only if amended so drastically, as Balzac protested, as to change it from a comedy into a hard melodrama. In the end it remained unplayed until after the writer's death, when it was staged, in a much shortened and altered form, at the Gymnase. Some years later an English version by George Henry Lewes was produced in London under the title of "A Game of Speculation." Charles Mathews playing the leading role with great success.—London Daily Chronicle.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. "Elijah" performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

MONDAY—The Tulleries, 270 Commonwealth avenue, 3:30 P. M. The Fuller Sisters will sing British and American folk songs for the benefit of the South End Music School; The Song of the Playactors, Sleep My Baby, Here Comes a Girl, O Waly Waly, Lizzie Lindsay, My man John, Botany Bay, Give Ear to My Fancy, The Waggle Taggle Gypsies, Dance to Your Daddy, I Left My Darling Lying Here, Dashing Away with the Smoothing Iron, Moving the Barge, The Lybbo Wabe Dirge, The Lark in the Morn, Land of My Fathers, Brixham Town.

Stelner Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Eleanor Brigham. Beethoven, Sonata in B flat, op. 22; Schumann, Papillons; Glinka-Balakireff, The Lark; Paganini-Schumann, Caprice in E flat; D'Indy, Poeme des Montagnes.

WEDNESDAY—Copley Plaza, 8:30 P. M. Concert in aid of the North End Union by Miss Dora Gibson, dramatic soprano, and Wright Symons, baritone. Rosa, Star Veldna; Pessard, Bonjour Suzon, Old French; Bergeze legere, Agente; Lemaire, Vous dansez Marquise (Mr. Symons); Monteverdi, L'Estate del Moreire; Debussy, Romance; Delibes, Omer, ouvre toi (Miss Gibson); Giordan, Gerard's monologue from "Andrea Chénier" (Mr. Symons); Puccini, Suicidio from "La Gioconda" (Miss Gibson); Johnson, Absence; Grinnell, Dark and Dawn, Crist, Vesteyere; Warford, Earth is Enough (Mr. Symons); Lashover, Martin, Valzovini's Boat Song; Russian folk songs, Mother Dearest, Three Cavaliers; Montagu Phillips, Sing Joyous Bird (Miss Gibson); Massenet, Duet of the Oasls from "Thaïs."

THURSDAY—Stelner Hall, 8:30 P. M. Song recital by Miss Gertrude Aud. Her first appearance here. Ten folk songs, Serbian, Bohemian, Greek, Dutch, Hungarian, Japanese, English, Moorish, French, Ravel, a Dutch enchanter, Le Grillon; Bruneau,

Thackeray, who was the chief feature of the performance. The stupor of the audience from the plays in which she had acted, her foolish opinions the moment she ventured to speak for herself, the ease with which she forgot Arthur as soon as she was assured of her engagement in a London theatre—these were admirably expressed.

It may be permitted to say that Miss Houston was also the strikingly handsome woman who fascinated others than poor Arthur. Miss Macellar was a charming, womanly Laura, playing with the requisite sincerity and simplicity. Miss Menken had a very good idea of Blanche Amory, whereas Fanny Bolton was more of a woman than Miss Worth made her appear. Miss Skipworth was conventionally amusing.

Mr. Kingsford's Arthur was a carefully dressed person, graceful enough, but, perhaps through the fault of the dramatist, only a lay figure. Mr. O'Brien was melodramatic as Morgan. On his first appearance it was easy to see that he was a desperate villain. The wonder was that the Major ever engaged him. Mr. Kennedy's Costigan in the prologue lacked the necessary mucus quality. He was more like an old friend in the first act. Mr. West was not a virile Warrington. The Warrington that drank beer from pewter and wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve. Nor did Mr. Phelan give us a strong characterization of Pokes.

A very large audience was greatly pleased. There were many curtain calls.

McINTYRE AND HEATH APPEAR IN NEW ACT

Comedians Lead Interesting Bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre.

McIntyre and Heath lead an interesting bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Their new act, "On Guard," has all the elements of success in the hands of these comedians; no doubt many shared the opinion last evening that the piece in other hands would fall flat. The sketch is replete with the quarrelsome dialogue and bickerings featured in their former successes. Mr. McIntyre, as Hannah Fadocia Liverlip, burlesques the wench as only he can, and yet he never missed the opportunity to send home the human touch; nor is he less interesting in dressing his character, and for incongruity of attire he has a shade the better of Gaby Deslys. Mr. Heath was funny in his monumental bluffing. It is a pleasure, not without a tinge of sadness, to contemplate this pair, the sole representatives of a style of acting that will pass away with them.

Elizabeth Brice and Charles King, presenting a bit of musical comedy in a vaudeville way, were one of the features. Mr. King has a certain elegance of style, both in the manner of his singing and dancing, that at once puts him on good terms with the audience. Sardonically, he leaves nothing to be desired and there is no attempt at exaggeration. Essentially and always the comedian he tempered his act with a song in the sentimental vein and he sang softly and with finely colored tones as though we were all on intimate terms in the parlor. Miss Brice, she of the gospel eyes, was a vivacious partner.

Others on the bill were Hickey brothers, acrobatic dancers; Ward and Van, instrumentalists; Conlin, Parks trio, in a singing and dancing sketch; Lady Louise Agnese and her Irish Colleens, in a singing and dancing act; Eddie and Birdie Conrad, in songs and impressions; Lillian's comedy dogs, and the 13th episode of "Patria," featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

"MY IRISH CINDERELLA" AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Miss Cecil Spooner Appears in
Comedy Written by Her.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"My Irish Cinderella." Comedy in four acts by Cecil Spooner.

Mother McGee.....Marie Warren
Mike, a laborer.....W. Jackson
Peggy, a poorhouse brat.....Cecil Spooner
Bill Mansfield, a detective.....Frederic Clayton
Wingate Earl, a young barister.....

Norman Houston
Burton, a butler.....Joe Kennedy
Annie, a maid.....Anne Kingsley
Robert, a chauffeur.....George Kelly
Geoffrey Carewe, Earl of Lonsdale.....

George Lessey
Margaret Earl, his niece.....Helen Elden
Clifford Morgan, an American aviator.....Douglas Dumbrell
Mon. Antone, a music teacher.....Clyde Armstrong

Marie, a maid.....Elsie Graham
A new play was given for the first time here in Boston at the Castle Square last evening. Its author and its

leading actress is Miss Cecil Spooner, long and favorably known to playgoers throughout the country. "My Irish Cinderella" is a comedy drama that relates incidents in the life of a little girl, Peggy McNeill by name, brought up in an American orphan asylum. The first act shows her experiences there. Then she goes to England to become as she

the heiress of a great fortune, tries to fit herself into her strange surroundings. That Miss Spooner is a versatile young actress there can be no doubt. She is a dancer as well, the embodiment of gaiety, light-heartedness and childish spontaneity as Peggy McNeill. Her Irish jigs are cleverly done. She is supported by an excellent company, including Mr. Lessey who, as the Earl of Lonsdale, made an entertaining figure of a great English nobleman. The stage setting, specially prepared for this production, are effective. Interpolated songs gave diversity to the performance. Some 200 members of the Legislature were present.

WILBUR THEATRE—The Dolly Sisters in "His Bridal Night," a farce in three acts by Lawrence Rising, revised and elaborated by Margaret Mayo. First performance in Boston.

Joe Damorel.....John Westley
Lent Trevett.....James Renzie
VI (Mrs. Joe Damorel).....Rozsika Dolly
Tiny (VI's sister).....Yanci Dolly
Julie.....Lucile Watson
Sloan.....Jessie Ralph
Algernon.....Harry Lillford

This farce was first given at Atlantic City, May 1, 1916. Later, when it was played in New York, Mr. De Cordoba took the part of Lent.

The theme of mistaken identity, in this case ingeniously employed, is particularly appropriate to the dramatic requirements of the Dolly Twins. These young women, who, by their dancing have given pleasure to many, appeared last evening for the first time in Boston in speaking roles. These roles were unpretentious, requiring chiefly a display of aggressively feminine characteristics, and the ability to wear becoming and varied costumes. The twins rose charmingly to the occasion. They were piquant, dainty, alluring in brigal array, negligee and pyjamas. They spoke their lines prettily, while Miss Yanci's more pronounced accent afforded the audience a helpful clue in distinguishing her from her sister.

The farce is based on the adventures of Joe Damorel on his bridal night. Before leaving with his bride for their honeymoon they quarrel in her boudoir. She tears her wedding ring from her finger. Her conventional aunt is in tears. Tiny, VI's twin sister determines to give her a lesson. When the bride leaves the room in hysterics Tiny hastily dons her veil and enters the waiting motor with the bridegroom.

Arrived at their destination, the house of a friend in Tuxedo, loaned for the happy occasion, the pseudo-bride regrets her haste. Damorel waxes amorous. He cannot understand the coldness of his wife. Complications are added in the shape of a knowing and efficient butler.

Soon the real bride turns up, then the conventional aunt. The mistaken identity theme is subjected to exhaustive treatment. There are scenes of jealousy between the sisters. The butler is scandalized, then distracted. The happy idea of branding the real Mrs. Damorel's neck with a cigarette is hit upon. Of course the conventional aunt, then Tiny are the unintended victims. The aunt finally solves the problem, for VI has a mole on one of her ankles, and when this is disclosed all is well.

The farce is generally amusing, sometimes a little broad in its humor. The theme, of course, invites traditional pleasantries that are not always in good taste. The lines are occasionally loud. Some are redeemed by the artless and engaging manner in which they are spoken by the sisters.

Mr. Westley plays an exacting role in an exaggerated manner. His business in the second act, his expression of impatience, would be more effective if less emphatic. The part itself requires a Gallic subtlety. It is easily made vulgar. Mr. Lillford is capital as the butler. He is sagacious, sympathetic, a trained servant, highly respectable. That delightful comedienne, Miss Lucile Watson, distinguished and incisive as Julie, the conventional aunt, is wasted in so small a role.

In the second act the Dollys had an opportunity to dance. At the beginning of the third they sang a little song. Miss Janesi made a little speech of thanks. As a whole the Dollys and their play provide light, agreeable entertainment. The settings are attractively modern. An audience of good size laughed heartily and signified its approval by applause.

COPLEY THEATRE—"She Stoops to Conquer," a comedy in four acts, by Oliver Goldsmith, and played by the Jewett Players. The cast:

Mrs. Harcastle.....Beatrice Miller
Mr. Harcastle.....Fred W. Permain
Dolly.....Lillian Woolard
Tony Lumpkin.....H. Conway Winfield
Kate Harcastle.....Gwladys Morris
Constance Neville.....Jessamine Newcombe
Jack Slang.....J. Casler-West
Dick Murgins.....Henry Bell
Aminadab.....George Reed
Tom Twist.....Frederick Allen
Singo (the Landlord).....Nicholas Joy
Pot-Roy.....Ann Remilg
Bar-Maid.....Marion Winship
Young Marlowe.....Lionel Glenister
George Hastings.....Leon Gordon
Postillon.....John Burton
Digory.....Cameron Matthews
Dick.....Allen Pope
Roger.....Ernest Stone
Thomas.....Charles Brown
Jeremy, servant to Young Marlowe.....J. Casler-West

Sir Charles Marlowe.....Leonard Craske
"She Stoops to Conquer" is so entirely different from anything the Jewett

Players at the Copley Theatre have attempted during the present season that it proves the versatility and wide scope of acting of which these players are capable, and the remainder of this week will prove a treat for the lovers of clean comedy of a past generation.

Cameron Matthews as Digory, one of the servants of Mr. Harcastle, is the real mirth producer of the play. Lionel Glenister as Young Marlowe, in his mistaken idea that the home of his father's friend, Mr. Harcastle, is a public inn, forms the basis for the numerous mistakes which finally ends in his marriage to the daughter of his host, Kate Harcastle, played by Gwladys Morris. Fred W. Permain as Mr. Harcastle, the host, interprets his part as cleverly as is his usual wont. Leon Gordon makes a handsome and convincing George Hastings, who also finds his heart's desire in the charming person of Constance Neville, as portrayed by Jessamine Newcombe. Leonard Craske makes the Sir Charles Marlowe of Oliver Goldsmith live again.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Garden of Allah," dramatization of Robert Hichens' novel of like name, in four acts and eight scenes:

Domini Enfiliden.....Sarah Truax
Suzanne.....Pearl Gray
Count Anteon.....Howard Gould
Captain Roublar.....Albert Andruss
Captain De Trevignac.....Edward Everett
Batouch.....Leo De Valery
Hadj.....Said Courty
The Sand Diviner.....Saleem Ayobb
Sheik.....Charles Abbott
Mueddin.....Saleem Ayobb
Garcon.....Alphonso Fabre
A Trappist Monk.....Ameen Ayobb
Irene.....Faddma
Tamonda.....Aemasa
Sella.....Frosline
Boris Androvsky.....William Jeffrey

Last night's performance reminded one of the palmy days of melodrama.

Most of the principals in last night's performance had the true melodramatic strut. Not only were the old-time mannerisms conspicuous but the tones of the players voices took many in the audience back to the nights when they witnessed "The Span of Life" and other famous thrillers.

If one likes melodrama, he no doubt will be pleased by the acting of Miss Truax, and especially by that of Mr. Jeffrey. It may be that a Trappist monk who falls in love with a beautiful young woman, marries her, then repents at his broken vow of celibacy and goes back to the monastery would act as Jeffrey did.

Among the bright spots in the show were the flute playing in the garden by one of the Arabs and the oriental dancing of one of the girls of the tribe, whose name, we understand, is Faddma. It might also be stated that Miss Gray was a clever French maid. The work of Edward Everett and Albert Andruss was the best of any in the cast.

April 11, 1917

Some years ago Miss Marie Corelli wrote a novel entitled "Wormwood," in which the perennial herb with bitter, tonic and stimulating qualities entering into absinth was held up to execration. There was of course a dramatic use of the third Angel sounding the trumpet and a great star falling from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, "and the name of the star is called Wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood, and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

And now Miss Corelli, on the editorial page of the Pall Mall Gazette, attacks the potato, that apparently innocent plant with farinaceous tubers; attacks with even greater violence all Englishmen and Englishwomen that mourn the scarcity and the dearness. She reminds them that Henry VIII, "a goodly King, ate greedily, drank heavily, married profusely, but never a potato adorned his groaning banquet board." Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt were fought on other food. In all probability Shakespeare struggled up to manhood without a potato baked, boiled, or fried. But her strongest argument is her warning against the "potato belly." "There is such a thing; and it is not at all a desirable ornament. Women who wish to keep graceful, svelte figures never eat potatoes." Miss Corelli ends: "Potatoes are no more necessary to life and health than the hot roll, of which the following amazing report appears in the press: 'The passing of the hot roll is the chief sacrifice.' (Think of these noble words! 'The chief sacrifice!') One would imagine it was the life of a hero!" And she mocks the "tens of thousands of people who will lament the loss of a breakfast luxury," saying that if they do not lament to better purpose than for the daily indigestion provided for them in hot roll at breakfast, it is high time they felt the pinch not only of no potatoes but no food at all "for a wholesome period of fasting, with shame and penitence."

Attributed to Emerson.

As the World Wags:

The original of the passage of which "Polyhistor" inquires the authorship is, I guess, the following, which is to be found on page 528 of vol. viii. of the published Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "If a man has good corn or wood or boards or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods." By way of comment upon that passage, the editors of the Journals have the following footnote: "There has been much inquiry in the newspapers recently as to whether Mr. Emerson wrote a sentence, very like the above, which has been attributed to him in print. The editors do not find the latter in his works, but there can be little doubt that it was a memory-quotations by some hearer, or, quite possibly, correctly reported from one of his lectures—the same image in different words." The following passage, which, in substance, bears some resemblance to the one which "Polyhistor" inquires about, is in the chapter on "Community" in Emerson's book entitled "Nature": "He goes to the post office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens, for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs; he sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning and shovel out the snow and cut a path for him." OBSERVER.

Democratic March.

The statistician-antiquarian is at work again. He has found out that March is a bad month for Kings. "Gustavus III. of Sweden (16-3-1792), Charles III. Duke of Parma (27-3-1854), Alexander II. of Russia (13-3-1881), and George I. of Greece (18-3-1913) were each murdered in this month. Gustavus IV. of Sweden was dethroned by his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, March 13, 1809, and Nicholas II. of Russia has signed his (and his son's) abdication March 15, 1917. In this fatal third month the unlucky 13 has thus figured three times."

Well, well! How about other months?

April 12, 1917
By PHILIP HALE.

Many noteworthy deeds of aged men have been recently recorded. Thus we read of a spry old gentleman of 104 years in Texas who has taken unto himself a young wife. When he wished to enlist in the confederate army he was told he was too old. Still more remarkable is the case of Mr. A. K. F. Oliver of Georgetown, Me. It has escaped general attention, although the stirring incident was promptly recorded in the Bath Independent. Sitting alone in his store on a Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Oliver saw a mouse running about. "Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Oliver, and took out his jack-knife. "Now the next time he comes out I'll throw this at him." The mouse did not come out, but was tempted to appear when a trap was set near his hiding place. Mr. Oliver fell on him with his good right bare hand, and on the third trial caught him. Nothing is said concerning Mr. Oliver's ability to read fine print without spectacles, or his use or avoidance of strong waters and tobacco, smoking or "cating" tobacco, plug or fine cut.

Slaughter in Alaska.

As the World Wags:

I read in the Herald your story of a man who, finding some birds sitting on a branch, managed by using his ramrod as a projectile, to secure them all "en brochette." Now, I have been something of a hunter myself in my time, and I should hardly consider such a story as you have recounted in talking with my friends. I hesitate to tell you a real worth-while story for fear that you may not believe it. However, here goes, and it is the truth:

In the summer of '91 I was on the U. S. S. — cruising along the peninsula of Alaska. One day I landed on the island of Little Kouloushia for ptarmigan, but finding enormous flocks of thoutkchees flying about, out of curiosity I determined to find out how many I could kill with both barrels. You, of course, know that thoutkchee is the Russian name for Least Auk. (You flatter us.—Ed.) You also know that the Great Auk is now extinct, and that the Least Auk is the only living representative of a once great family or, rather, order.

These birds are smaller than a sparrow and the flocks at a distance resembled a swarm of mosquitoes. When they get between you and the sun they hang a veil of crape over its face. Now when one of these flocks, numbering millions, swooped down on me, I let go both barrels, the nearest bird being not more than 10 feet away. I picked up 336

...the next winter in Honolulu. I had a surprise found that he had been in the same island and had tried the same experiment. His bag was 410 pounds. I shouldn't have believed it unless I had done nearly the same thing myself. Some people say that the little pie is rather good, but I have fancied it.

X.
Burlington, Vt.

...the way "Cape Cod" writes that he was on the Cape never sit on a rail. He has the address, Plymouth.—Ed.

For Temperance.

...why one of our readers, constant, sporadic, interested or indifferent, ever drank "chowder beer," made by boiling black spruce and adding molasses to the decoction? Webster, Noah, not Daniel, mentioned it as early as 1828.

An Old Phrase.

Not long ago we published a note from "T. H. B." of Brunswick, Me., asking the origin of the phrase "From head to Ballyhack." No one has answered, or quoted an early use in literature. Now Ballyhack is near the head of Waterford harbor in the county of Wexford, Ireland. The *Conner-Gazette* of Rockland, Me., names other "Ballys" in the county of Waterford: Ballyvaughan, Ballygorey, Ballymacart, Ballymacorney, Ballyduff and so on. It also states that a portion of South Thomaston, Me., is known as Ballyhack. The *Conner-Gazette* asks the origin of the appellation in Maine.

And what is the meaning of "bally"? We find the word in other compounds than those of towns. Ballycog in Scotland is a milk pail. Ballymuck in Cornwall is an ill-constructed thing. The noun ballyrag, Cornish slang, is coarse abuse, or a free fight in jest, and the verb, Irish and English, means to abuse violently, to play a practical joke, to mob or bully a person. A bally-breeze is the same as baldfire, any large fire. Then there is the modern slang "bally," giving intensity, equivalent to fearful, dreadful, terrible, outrageous, confounded. Ballyrag is also bullyrag.

In Re Darby and Enroughy.

At the World Wags.
Darby and Enroughy are not the only ones whose dear no: Videlicet:
...one were some people called Montague, whose home life was not always Montague, which they did change their name. They were known just the same. The beautiful curie of their Montague.
N. B.—Their original name was Moses, but they changed it to Montague.
Boston. ROBERT MILTON.

April 13 1917
We have received several interesting letters that are too long. We again request correspondents of the fact that letters can be sent in a quarter of a column or even in a stick!

Mr. Santayana's Farewell.

At the World Wags.
Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan's request for Mr. Santayana's farewell to the old Boston Latin school recalls to me the characterization of two or three of the teachers. First, Mr. Santayana mentioned the "Lordie Moses" (Merrill, master of the school), then

...him (Cudwick) who when he gets mad says that our Latin is most shocking bad. And so proceeds in the most reckless manner to violate the rules of English grammar.

There was also this reference to Mr. Santayana's head-master.

...to connect happy and complete, was great in me I need not here repeat, I regret that my unworthy pen could say words to that name a fitting homage pay!

Among the references to former graduates was this to the present head of the Harvard Divinity School

...in Phillips's guise. Some of these prizes and carried off the prize. Capen ("Cudjo"), Mr. Groce, Mr. ... and others were mentioned in such a way that I do not recall. H. B. H.

Sound Sense

...another ordering her household and the care of her children and making prudent arrangements for the future is doing a patriotic duty as useful as holding a gun.—New York Evening Post, April 11.

The Uncle Mike Cycle.

At the World Wags:
Another glimpse of domestic life may be seen in the next yarn. Uncle Mike's wife, Aunt Sukey, by name, made brown bread one Saturday night. It looked delicious, but when Uncle Mike tried to cut it with a table knife he found it rather hard. He fetched the carving knife and tried again. When this did not succeed he tried the meat cleaver and even the axe. When all these had failed he set up the loaf of brown bread in the yard and used it as a stepping-stone to look for more than 30 years. Mr. Mike's wife is still current about it. How long ago they originated it, I do not know. We notice that

...the Hingham packet on after-noon, just ahead of a rain storm, which was rapidly approaching from the north. He whipped up his horse and finally was going at such a speed that, although the storm came right up behind him and the back of the wagon was all awash, he himself did not even get damp. Now, the Hingham packet ran before the laying of the railroad, and the railroad has been down more than a half-century. Aside from these meagre facts our knowledge of the origin and time of the Uncle Mike stories is nil.

Should we regard these tales merely as inventions of some agile mind in idle moments? Should we think of them as confined to Satuit and its vicinity? Or should we consider them as the local outgrowth of a great forgotten cycle of stories, an Uncle Mike cycle, as it were, like the Arthurian cycle? Many of the yarns are known in slightly different forms among westerners, we are told. If this is so, why could not Uncle Mike be one of the semi-mythological heroes of the age of our early pioneers? At any rate, Uncle Mike is fit to be set in the niche beside Baron Munchausen and Till Owlglass to be one of the quaint heroes of a former generation—now but romancers to please the youngsters.
Wollaston. FLO GARTNEY.

21ST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Debussy, Images (Gigues, Iberia and Rondes de Printemps); Schubert, Symphony in C major.

Debussy's "Gigues" was performed here for the first time. Although it is placed as No. 1 of the "Images" it was the last of the three to be composed and performed in Paris. The original title was "Gigue Triste." It is a pity that this title was not retained, for it characterizes the composition, which must be ranked high among the works of the elusive and fascinating Debussy. The two chief themes are strongly defined, more direct in their melodic appeal than is customary with this musician; the melodic contents and the pronounced rhythm will be appreciated by those who persuade themselves that the music of the modern French school is "vague"; but the great charm of "Gigues" to others is in the prevailing mood and in the exquisite instrumentation. The composition might be called "The Ghostly Jig," for rarely no feet of clay ever danced to the two tunes. It is haunting music, music that reminds one of Debussy's eloquent sentences in which he spoke of the sadness incited in the breast of one seeing dancers, fair and young, gallantly dressed, radiant in their evolutions in a festal, gorgeous hall.

"Iberia" has been heard here several times, but the performance yesterday outstripped all those preceding. The second section, "The Odorous Night," is incomparable in its beauty. Walt Whitman's famous apostrophe to the night of the large, few stars, "mad, naked, summer night," might serve as motto. How admirably this movement comes between the two dazzling impressions of Spanish life and gaiety! The performance of these impressions was extremely brilliant; that of "The Odorous Night" was entrancing.

"Rondes de Printemps," in which the old French children's song "Nous n'irons plus au bois" serves as the leading idea, but ingeniously transformed and often veiled, is not so noteworthy as the other "Images," yet it breathes the freshness and joy of spring.

Then came a noble rendering of Schubert's great and long symphony. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week includes Norn's symphony "Vita" (first time in America) and Brahms' Variations on a Choral of Haydn.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," a drama in four acts and an interlude, by Hall Caine, founded on his novel of the same name.

Miss Mabel Carruthers
Father: Donovan... Whitford Kane
Mary O'Neill... Miss Mabel Tallaferrro
Aunt Bridget... Miss Josephine Moss
Lord Raa... Mr. Crawford Kent
Dr. Conrad... Cecil Magnus
Mrs. Conrad (Christian Ann)
Miss Maude Milton
Daniel O'Neill... Edmund Breece
The Bishop... Frank E. Jamison
Martin Conrad... Derwent Hall Kane
Anna Lier... Mme. Yorska

...Cain's novel. In its essence it is a divorcee's tale of English life. The treatment of the attitude toward the boy church in the question, it is a thing on the subject of "sex," which so obsessed the novelist that he could have spelled the word always with a capital "S," there is no denying the fact that it was for a long time among the "best sellers." It was read by thousands in spite of the reviewers.

It may well be argued that a play based on this novel will excite the curiosity of those that read the book. There will be many anxious to learn how the dramatist treated the peculiar relationship between Lord Raa and his wife and the still more peculiar relationship between the wife and Martin. Others will yearn to see Alma on the stage, Alma with her sensual lures. Some may expect to go with Mary her weary way in London and be harrowed by a death-bed scene.

In the drama, Alma is no longer the convent friend of Mary; she was the mistress of Raa before he married. The scene in which she is introduced is good melodrama; that is to say, preposterous. So is the scene in which Mary rushes up stairs to Martin's room, while the husband looks on, with visible signs of agitation and indignation, but knowing that he will be comforted by a call before the stage curtain. We hasten to add that there is a "happy ending."

As the novel was popular, so the play will undoubtedly draw large audiences. A spectacular melodrama is to many a strong attraction. It is true that the play is wordy. This is especially true of the first act. The dialogue is often stilted, but that goes with melodrama of this sort. The great majority of playgoers will be delighted at meeting old friends: the hard-hearted father, the brutal husband, the gallant lover, the plain-spoken maid, the good old priest, the siren with a sinuous walk, a foreign accent and daring costumes. They will be thrilled by Mary's behavior on the wedding night and by her headlong rush to her lover's chamber. Then the interlude—the Antarctic with polar sledge dogs, the howling wind, the awful ice, the gloom of the night, the vision seen by Martin—the cyclorama scenes all this will be an irresistible call to many.

Neither the play nor the novel is to be weighed with the utmost seriousness. The drama is mounted effectively; scenery and stage equipment show the careful attention and labor of the producers. The company includes actors and actresses that have a large following. The two that stood out last night in bold relief were Mr. Breece as Daniel O'Neill and Mr. Kane as Fr. Donovan. The former's impersonation was authoritative, without exaggeration. The ambition of the man, his pride in his success, his glory in mating his daughter to the descendant of the haughty aristocrat that had cursed and lashed him as a boy and his mother, his contempt for such a thing as love, the arrogance of the self-made man, were deftly shown. Mr. Kane as the good priest, mourning over Mary's fate, yet absolutely holding her to her duty, was a genial, sympathetic and dignified figure.

Mr. Caine was far from being an ideal Martin. He spoke constantly in a tragic bass, even when wooing. As far as bearing and grace were concerned, he was a dull foil to the dissolute husband. Perhaps Mr. Kent was for the most part too delinquent as the unspeakable Lord Raa of the novel. Only when he bullied Mary and struck her in the third act did he reveal the innate brutality that should at least have been suggested in earlier scenes.

Miss Tallaferrro is miscast as Mary. The part demands an actress of greater dramatic force. Mme. Yorska played the wicked woman in a conventionally seductive manner, she was artificial and not convincing. Miss Milton gave an honest performance of Martin's dotting mother.

The theatre was crowded. Mr. Caine made a speech after the third act.

How Women Can Serve.

At the World Wags:
Women can best help in the war by good housekeeping, and by watching the garbage pail. Probably the waste that goes out of most of the back yards would provide a French family with food for a month. Take one instance. Sandwiches were being prepared for a small tea. Three large loaves of sandwich bread were ordered. The sandwich cutter took out the soft part of the bread and the rest was thrown away, "because I had no idea what to do with it." Think of the bread pudding and the various ways in which the waste bread could have been used with a little knowledge, a little care, a little thought.

The Women's Municipal League has been trying for years to teach the very things that are now coming up under the head of "Preparedness." Any one not prepared can be taught by calling at the league headquarters, 6 Marlboro street.

Boston. L. N. B.

What Henry Did.

At the World Wags:
Reading about the marvelous exploits of Uncle Mike and others, I am reminded of an old playmate in the early sixties. At his house one day we went into the kitchen. The old man was boasting about his smart boy Henry. (There was not so much pro-

...when he was a boy, Henry was a little bit of a mischief maker. He was in and out of the house, and when he came out the old man said "Henry, you haven't beaten it yet. You can climb up a tree backwards and peel the bark off with your teeth as you go up." Well, Henry did that, so he was smarter than the wildcats. Some boy was Henry.
Lakeport, N. H. V. F. H.

Information Wanted.

At the World Wags.

I am one of those greatly interested in the study of the rarer fauna of Maine. It may be that I have failed to see some of the communications to your valuable column, but I have so far not read any discussion of some of the creatures known to me as inhabiting the woods of northern Maine and more especially the forests of Oxford county and those surrounding the Hangeley lakes. There are, for instance, the tree squeaks and the wimpuses, usually found together, the swamp cogan, who lives on bog oranges, and the slide-hill badger, whose distinguishing mark is the buttonhole in his tail. Then there is the phillion bird so often wind-bound, and the willy cahoodie, perhaps the most frequently encountered of any of these interesting creatures. I have been told also of the occurrence, in garrets of deserted houses in clearings, of the croquetidids, though these I have never seen.

I have never been able to spend sufficiently long time in the woods of Maine to make the exhaustive study I have wished to make of the rarer fauna to which I have referred. I shall therefore be very grateful if through your column I may obtain fuller information in regard to some of these denizens of the forest.
BOSTON. FYNELIS

Correspondents, intrepid naturalists and hunters, have already described the tree-squeak and the slide-hill badger. We do not know the "phillion," the killoloo bird (or killulu, for the name is variously spelled) lives on dilson berries that grow on the pamela hush.—Ed.

Handel's Name.

At the World Wags:
I noticed the other day in reading the Symphony program that while the superfluous "e" has been knocked out of "Haendel" and added to the hitherto truncated and incomplete "Georg," nothing has as yet been done for his middle name which appears as neither German nor English, but simply as "Friederic." Cannot something more be done for George Fred? Though one knows the "F." out of Kelly it would still be Kelly to me; but I somehow wish some bold innovator would knock the "F." out of Friederic—and make this magnificent and stately figure a thoroughly reconstructed Briton without any Teutonic savor. The time is ripe for this. Germany is neither in the position nor the disposition to object by the exercise of force at present, and perhaps the moment has come for averting the final tie that serves to remind us that the eminent composer was a transplantation.
Lowell. ANAXAGORAS JONES.

One reason why "Friederic" appears in Handel's name in the program books of the Boston Symphony orchestra is because Haendel spelled it that way when he was living in England. In German we have "Friedrich" not "Friederic."—Ed.

DENTON HEARD IN PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Oliver Denton gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: MacDowell, Sonata Eroica; Ravel, Pavane; Scriabin, Etude op. 8 No. 10; Enesco, Bourree, 10, No. 4; MacDowell, Midwinter, Indian Idyl, From a Log Cabin, The Joy of Autumn (from the New England Idylls); Liszt, St. Francis Walking on the Waves, valse oubliée, Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 10.

The more prominent pianists, with the exception of Mme. Carreno, neglect or ignore MacDowell's compositions. One of these pianists, who has played many times in Boston, told us frankly that he saw little in them; that they did not appeal to him. He therefore might be excused for not putting any of MacDowell's pieces on his programs, yet one would like to examine his bumps. The great majority of visitors prefer to play thrice-familiar pieces over and over again. Occasionally they venture to play something by Debussy or Ravel, as a rule in an unsympathetic and unpoetic manner, or they look towards Russia.

Surely the better compositions of MacDowell—we say "better," for he, like Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others comfortably seated in the Hall of Fame, wrote pot-bollers—are worthy the attention of the greatest. It was a pleasure to note that Mr. Denton was not ashamed to play MacDowell's music not simply because the composer

was an American, but a musician of uncommon gifts and profound individuality.

It has been said that MacDowell played his own music in a manner that no other pianist can hope to rival. This is an exaggeration; it is only partly true. Certain passages, those of great rapidity charged with a demoniacal energy, or those of a peculiarly capricious, elfish character, MacDowell played infinitely. But his technique was not always secure, at times was almost brutal in fortissimo passages; his touch was seldom velvety. No pianist should be discouraged from playing MacDowell's music because he has thus been misinformed.

Mr. Denton gave a singularly impressive interpretation of the sonata, expressing fitly the varying moods, bringing out the nobility—one might say grandeur—the Celtic tenderness and passion with its touch of melancholy, the suggestions of elf-land, the chivalrous spirit. He missed the subtlety of Ravel's Pavana, which should always have its full title, declaring its association with death. There was a brilliant performance of Scriabin's interesting Etude, also of Enesco's Bourree, which, played here for the first time, well suited to a virtuoso, is not conspicuous for striking musical ideas. We are not of those who put the New England Idylls among the finer works of MacDowell.

Mr. Denton is a pianist with whom one must reckon. There might be more colors on his palette, but he has more than ordinary musical intelligence, an imaginative nature, and ample means of expressing his artistic and emotional intentions.

Mr. John Drew is here in "Pendennis," a play by Langdon Mitchell in which names of Thackeray's characters are given to Mr. Mitchell's men and women. Nevertheless Mr. Drew's impersonation of the Major is well worth seeing, even though the dramatist has softened the nature of the selfish, worldly old elubman. Miss Houston's Fotheringay and Miss MacKellar's Laura Bell could not be bettered, and Miss Menken's Blanche Amory is wholly plausible. The lover of Thackeray might wonder where Arthur obtained all his good clothes when he was a struggling journalist, and he might wonder at other features of the production, but the performance as a whole is entertaining.

We speak of "Major Pendennis" again because a dramatization of "The Newcomes" was produced in New York last Tuesday. "Colonel Newcome" is the work of Michael Morton. As we have stated in times past, and as every one knows, the novels of Thackeray do not lend themselves to the stage. The New York Evening Post of April 11 spoke soundly on this subject: "The really great novelist—not, of course, the mere teller of the story of sensational action—is completely at the mercy of the theatrical thinker, with his scissors and solder, who chops out the principal figures, strips them of individuality, explanation and environment; stirs them up recklessly in a medley of disconnected incidents, selected or invented; calls the resulting travesty a play, and offers it as an epitome of all the most gracious gifts of the original creator."

Passing from the general to the particular, the Evening Post characterizes "Colonel Newcome" as follows: "As a reflex of 'The Newcomes' Mr. Morton's product is a woeful and doleful, not to say abominable, misrepresentation. True, it is seasoned with frequent passages from the original text, which glitter in their cheap and dull settings, and with an occasional scene—often wrenched from its proper position—which is pure Thackeray; but, as a whole—with the exception of the Colonel himself—the piece is a confused maze in which the various personages, with all their essential flavors squeezed out of them, are jumbled together in mad haste and confusion. Of the minute and brilliant characterization of the original, of its humor, satire and analytical and descriptive power, there is scarcely a suggestion. Even considered in the light of an independent comedy of the early 19th century introducing Thackerayan personages and incidents, it is so incoherent, episodic and unreal that not much can be said in its favor."

The critic describes Sir Herbert Tree's Colonel as a wonderfully clever bit of external portraiture and something more. "It showed sense of character as well as habit. It reflected the fine old-fashioned courtesy of the man, his personal courage and honor, his gallantry, his tenderness and his hot-headedness. But the pathos of it did not ring true—except in an occasional note in the distressful scenes in the poor lodgings of the last act—and something was lacking of that unconscious simplicity of innate goodness of instinct and principle, which was, perhaps, Tom Newcome's most distinctive virtue."

The reviewer ended by saying that the entertainment was "enlivened by more than one of those patriotic demonstrations which he (Sir Herbert) knows so well how to provoke and foster."

Correspondents of the Herald have from time to time written about the old song "Captain Jinks," and asked questions about Lingard, who made it famous.

William Horace Lingard appeared in New York as manager of the Theatre Comique on Aug. 17, 1863. With him was

Alice Dunning, then announced a socialist. David Braham was the musical director. In the company were Fizzie Wilmore, Lucy Edgerton, Ettie Romer, J. K. Emmet, Prof. Hilton, ventriloquist. It is said that a few nights before Miss Dunning, then in her 22d year, appeared at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White."

The Theatre Comique in New York was partially destroyed by fire on Dec. 4, 1863.

Lingard and Miss Dunning, his second wife—his first wife was Minnie Foster, and he married Miss Dunning in 1866—came to Boston. The Theatre Comique, 240 Washington street, was under the management of Jason Wentworth. Lingard was announced on the bills as "the great William Horace Lingard," as "the great Harry McCarthy," the world-renowned comedian, had been announced before him.

On Jan. 1, 1869, Lingard appeared with a company composed of Alice Dunning, Ethel Norman, Dickie Lingard (her name was Harriet Sarah Dunning and she was a sister of Alice), Lena Edwards, Clara Massen, Louisa Massen, George Atkins, Harry Vallance, B. Kilburne, Conway Cox. David Braham was the musical director.

On that night Lingard sang these songs: "Captain Jinks, Italian Guila Pig Eoy, As thro' the Park I go, A Gent of the First Water, the Young Widow, Walking Down Broadway, Sergt. Cop of the N. Y. Police, The Grecian Bend, and recited Mr. Fiddlebram. He also gave his "Statue" song, "as performed by him over 1000 nights in London, and for the past 6 months in New York to brilliant and fashionable houses, in which he represents the following distinguished persons: Hon. J. K. Hoffman, Governor-elect of New York; Napoleon Bonaparte, Horace Greeley, Benj. F. Butler, Andrew Johnson, Horatio Seymour and Gen. U. S. Grant." Alice Dunning was heard in a "bouquet of melodies," "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" was performed. Photographs of Lingard by Gurney were sold.

Later at this theatre Lingard sang: "On the Beach at Long Branch, You Couldn't Do Without Us." "Orpheus and Eurydice, the Young Gentleman Who Charmed the Rocks," was performed on Jan. 19, 1869; "first time in America." Orpheus, Alice Dunning; Pluto, Lingard; Apollo, Dickie Lingard; Eurydice, Lina Edwin; Proserpine, Lillie Hall; Cerberus, E. Andrews; Charon, Conway Cox; Aristaeus, Ethel Norman. The burlesque had been "revised, reconstructed and rewritten by Henry B. Farnie, Esq., of New York."

Lingard went back to New York, and appeared at the rebuilt Theatre Comique, Feb. 1, 1869.

The Theatre Comique, Boston, was later known as the Adelphi, Lingard, manager, and on Sept. 6, 1869, Alice and Dickie appeared in the burlesque "Kenilworth." "The Silver Lining" was on the bill. On Sept. 13 Lingard resumed his sketches. He sang "Fifth Avenue," "The Butcher Boy," with others already known. In his stock company were C. W. Couldock, George Parker, J. K. Kruger. Lingard was manager when on Oct. 11, 1869, "David Garrick" was performed for the first time in America, with E. L. Davenport as Garrick, and Edith Challis as Ada Ingot. Davenport was also seen in "Black Eyed Susan" the same night.

In December, 1869, the theatre was known as the Adelphi Theatre Comique. George F. McDonald manager. James Pilgrim succeeded him, and McDonald returned for a time as manager. The theatre on Aug. 29, 1870, was known as the Worrell Sisters Adelphi, "Sophie Worrell, dressdress." M. W. Leffingwell played in "Romeo Jaffer Jenkins," and a version of Offenbach's "Blue Beard" was performed, with Sophie Worrell as Blue Beardi and Jennie Worrell Barre as Boulotte. "The peerless Morlacchi" danced. Later in 1870 the name of James S. Maffitt appeared as manager. John L. Hall ran the theatre late in January in 1871. In February of that year the theatre was burned. The last performance that season was on Feb. 4, according to the note on an old play bill.

There were good bills in 1870 under

McDonald, that of Jan. 1, for example: "The Lauris, the Betty Rigi Ballet Troupe, Sheridan and Mack, Gus Williams, Charles Howard."

We do not attempt to give a history of the Theatre Comique from the beginning—only with reference to Lingard and his successors.

Alice Dunning, born on July 29, 1847, began her career at the Grecian Theatre, London. She studied singing with Operli. It has been stated that she for a time was director of the Adelphi Theatre in Boston. In 1882 she appeared in this country as an actress, playing in "Divorcons," Gunther's "After the Opera," etc. She died in 1897.

Dickie married in 1876 David Dalziel. In 1879 she was seen in her husband's play "In Pajamas" at the Dudley Street Opera House. The company was called the Lingard Folly Co. She played in "Boulogne" at the Boston Theatre in September, 1879.

We well remember the Theatre Comique in 1863 and 1866, when Maffitt and Bartholomew gave their pantomimes, La Statue Blanc, Les Quatre Amours, Robert Macaire, Nicodemus, Simon's Misadventures, Kim-Ka, Mazulma, Joeko the Brazilian Ape, Jack and the Boastful, The Conscript, Old Dame Trot and other joyous pieces. What has become of the women that gaily danced—Kate Pannoy, Millie and Clara Fowler, Annie

La Pont, Juliette Grogan, Mary Ann, Eveline Leblanc, etc. etc. etc. Cardiner, nor do we forget Madame Zanfretta? Visiting Boston, a con-grester, the Theatre Comique was the one theatre that attracted us, although about that time we saw "Henry Dunbar the Convict" at the Boston Museum and shuddered at the sight of a corpse brought on the stage. We also remember seeing at Young's Hotel in the days when no woman was allowed there as a guest, and when Mr. Young stood behind us at dinner and said: "And how does the young gentleman relish his steak?" a picture of John Wilkes Booth, who was then playing Lucius Junius Brutus in some theatre in town.

What became of our old friends Constantine and Frank Lacy, agile and daring, at the Theatre Comique?

But we are far from "Captain Jinks." We are indebted to Mr. Jay Burns of Watertown for a copy of the song as he heard Lingard sing it:

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse good corn and beans.
Of course it's quite beyond my means,
But I'm captain in the army.
I teach young ladies how to dance, how to
dance, how to dance;
I teach young ladies how to dance, for I'm the
pet of the army.

Spoken—Yes, the ladies, bless their dear little hearts, they just dote on the military. As I passed a couple the other day upon Washington street, I heard one say to the other: "Why, Phoebe, who was that military gentleman that saluted you?" "Why that was Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," etc.

I joined my corps at 21, of course I thought it capital fun.
When the enemy came I cut and run, and that wouldn't do for the army.
Mama she cried when I went away, when I went away, when I went away;
Mama she cried when I went away, "Your not cut out for the army."

Spoken—I said, my dear mama, just look at your son's exquisite figure (whirling around) and I assure you my dear mama you will ever find me a dutiful son, and your truly, Captain Jinks, etc.

The first day I went out to drill at the bugle sound I felt quite ill,
Right shoulder shift, my hat it fell, and that wouldn't do for the army.
The officers, they all cried out, they all cried out, they all cried out,
The officers they all cried out, "Why kick him out of the army."

Spoken—Kick me out, Well that's really a good joke, I can retire gentlemen and with the most profound reciprocity of feeling, I remain your truly, Captain Jinks, etc.
"No, 'Miss Jinks' was never sung by Lingsrd. It was originally sung as a burlesque by that great star minstrel, Johnny Allen, at the Continental Theatre, when it was under John Stetson's management as a variety theatre. Allen dressed the part as a pompous swell lady, with huge puffed hair and immense train, striding down Broadway. The tune was not the same, the time being much slower, to accommodate his burlesque stride."

Mr. W. J. Ryan of East Boston writes asking whether William Horace Lingard is the same who in the '80's and '90's regularly toured the British and Irish provinces with his comic opera company, giving "Falka," "Pepita," "Fauvette" and "The Old Guard." "Lingard was a host in himself, especially in 'The Old Guard' as Polydore Poupart, innkeeper and mayor of a French village. His encounter with the dissolute old marquis, whose valet he had been in pre-revolution days, and their duet with eccentric dance, 'The Merry, Merry Days When We Were Young,' and then his burlesque of an old guard with song, 'The Dashing Militaire,' were always drawing cards. Dear old Lingard! You will be remembered when many better men are forgotten."

Strange to say, the English dramatic papers and almanacs of the '60's had nothing to say about William Horace Lingard.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Referring to your interesting story about "East Lynne" in last Sunday's Herald, you may care to see the list of players that were advertised for McKee Rankin's "New East Lynne" at the Columbia Theatre for the week beginning April 11, 1898. The week before John L. Sullivan's Vaudeville Combination had occupied the stage. The players for "East Lynne" were Wilton Lackaye, McKee Rankin, Andrew Robson, H. A. Weaver, Mrs. J. T. Raymond, Rose Eytling, Nance O'Neil, Alice Evans, Ricca Allen and Harriet Sterling, "assisted by 20 artists of ability." Doubtless these 20 artists included the musicians and stage hands, as it would have been hard to find places for them in the cast. Mr. Lackaye's performance of Sir Francis was the same then as now, for he "guyed" the part from beginning to end. Boston, April 12. J. B. CLAPP.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

Theatres, music halls, cinemas, etc., of Paris are now open every evening of the week and for two matinees, instead of only three evenings and two matinees.

Brieux's "Damaged Goods" was produced in London at the St. Martin's Theatre, March 11, "before a crowded, fashionable and entirely enthusiastic audience." Three years ago John Pollock's English version, the same one used last month, was received at the Little Theatre "furtively and coldly beneath the censor's ban." Now it seems there is special need in London of this zealous tract—and has been since the breaking out of the war. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "Even as a play—though it is useless to pretend that it

"Ghosts," "Damaged Goods" had just the right effect from the propaganda point of view. It thrilled people into a receptive mood for the sermon. And what an excellent sermon! How clear, clean, reasonable, common-sensible, informative, sympathetic, sane! Above all the great thing about 'Damaged Goods' is that it is not just an alarmist affair. It 'purifies' not only by 'city and fear,' but by hope—something that Aristotle forgot! When it gets to the right and larger public it will probably not only help incalculably to prevent folly, it will help to prevent despair, which is just as important." The critics all praised J. Fisher White's impersonation of the doctor, and the remarkable performance of the girl of the streets by Miss Joan Vivian Roes.

Tribute was paid Miss Genevieve Ward on March 27 at the end of the performance of "The Aristocrat." She had attained her 50th year. The tribute took the form of an address written by Louis N. Parker, illuminated on vellum by Percy Macquoid, Miss Mary Glynn spoke these lines of Mr. Parker:

"Not eighty winters—four times twenty
Springs,
Have filled your soul with fair imaginings,
These, in your turn, you've lavished on
Mankind,
By Beauty, Grace, and Genius refined,
From song to speech you passed, from
Grave to Gay,
Triumphed in Opera, queened it in the
Play,
Roamed the wide world, High Priestess of
our Art,
There, and in King Street, conquering
every heart.
Each of us murmurs—'Happy be your lot,
God ward you, Genevieve—Forget me
not!'"

Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson came out of his retirement March 23 to appear at the London Coliseum in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in aid of a war fund. He played the part "simply and spiritually—to say which is to say all; for the two words express the fine flower of acting and of personality that vitalizes acting."

H. B. Irving will give a performance of "The Bells" at the Savoy, London, on Sunday, April 22, for the benefit of wounded soldiers. Only invited guests will be present. It is said that he first appeared as Mathias in Chicago Dec. 18, 1896.

Miss Ena Grossmith, daughter of George Grossmith, was married March 28 to Capt. Mawson and given away by her father in his naval uniform.

A comedy-drama, "The Girl and the Blackguard," by Royce Carleton, was produced at the Battersea Palace March 26. It is the story of an English governess in Germany whom William Cronpruss and William Cayser attempt to destroy. "The author does not mince matters, and when necessary calls a spade a spade. We are not going to quarrel with him for this, or even for the fact that nearly all the characters find their way into the English governess's bedroom at midnight. It is merely necessary for the continued action of the play that this incident should happen." There is also an attempt to ruin the British ambassador and the British military attaché.

The American manager, if certain stories be true, does not learn very much about old furniture in the theatre. I heard of one who listened patiently to a long discussion between two actors about the respective merits of Sheraton and Chippendale. Presently he joined in the conversation and very soon made it apparent that he thought his friends were talking of Sheridan, the dramatist, and Chippendale, the old actor. I must have been the same gentleman who, having heard something about the charm of Wedgwood, ordered Wedgwood furniture for a drawing room scene in his next play. Not only the chimney-piece, but chairs, tables, sofas and even the piano were freely ornamented with Wedgwood designs.—The Stage, March 29.

The Pioneer Players produced at the St. Martin's, London, March 25, a tragic-comedy in two acts, "The Hired Girl," by Herman Heijermans, translated by Christopher St. John. This play by the gloomy Dutch realist is a study in the art of blackmailing. The hired girl was jealous of her young married mistress while she served as drudge in the house of her mistress's mother. This foolish mistress misconducts herself one night with a pianist. The girl sees him leaving her mistress's room. Then she rules the house until the husband returning, sees that something is wrong. He at last wrings the truth from the girl and his wife. Miss Sydney Fairbrother gave a "brilliant portrayal of bullying brutality, vulgar malignity and envy, long suppressed at last repaid in full."

"Gudgeons," by Louis Parker and Murray Carsons, a 23-year-old play, now rechristened "Wonderful James," was performed at the Garrick, London, March 26. "It is still a most pleasant, witty comedy, but one realized how much more lenient and easy going we were 23 years ago. It was not only a question of 'asides,' and the butler with an impediment in his speech and old tricks like that; the whole tone and stress of the play is milder and less exacting. A pair of young lovers proposing in four different ways just for the sake of doing it again—and in a last act, too! What playwright would allow himself even the leisure now? At the same time, how full of true wit—the rarest of modern commodities—and bright ideas it is."

English journals speak of a short modern Italian opera, "A Lover's Quar-

entire and from the fact that because like all of them, they are the very last of their kind. In other words, the drama holds attention even when the actors and actresses possess only moderate ability. One might say with Theophrastus, Duke Athens, "I will hear that play; for never anything can be amiss, when simplicity and duty tender it."

The general performance last night was intelligent and often effective. Miss Le Clerq was an excellent Mrs. Rummel. Mr. Matthews comprehended Borland's character and was pompously didactic and oratorical. Miss Sawyer often gave clear insight into the mind of Dina. Miss Miller's confession to Lona was deftly spoken, without incongruous hysteria, with fine reserve, for Martha was a self-contained woman. Mr. Joy should remember that Nilmar is something more than a comic character, and we see him older than Mr. Joy made him. That the audience evidently regarded Nilmar as a funny man proved that Mr. Joy played in the wrong key. Really the three merchants should provide themselves with more impressive whiskerage. When they entered, it was as for a vaudeville act. Mr. Glenister was a wily simple Johan. Mr. Wingfield was beyond his depth as Bernick in the last act, but in the acts preceding he gave a fair idea of the man. Miss Newcombe's Lona was interesting. In its way excellent. But was this the Lona of Ibsen? She is one of his mysterious women. Did she really understand herself? One of the features of the performance was Mr. Pearmain's Krap. Mr. Gordon as Aunc showed his versatility.

Some will appreciate these words of Emile Bergerat:

"Have you ever asked what ought to pass in the brain of a hundred-year-old parrot, peevish on his perch by reason of approaching death, miserable with his falling feathers, when he tries to understand the meaning of 'Polly Wants a Cracker,' spoken by him for a hundred years? This problem is that of all writers who have reached maturity. What have they said since they began to write? Words, words!"

"Ballyhack and Tandem."

As the World Wags:

Noting with interest the references in your column to Ballyhack in Ireland, I write to ask if you can tell me the origin of the expression: "To raise Ballyhack and Tandem"? I have heard it used in the sense of making an unwarrantable violent commotion of any sort, as in the disturbing of the public peace.

By the way, is Mr. Herkimer Johnson's great work on sociology (elephant folio) yet in print? I am unable to find it at the libraries. Perhaps Mr. Johnson is still experiencing difficulty in finding a publisher, in which event I sympathize with him. I have myself compiled a valuable work in 49 volumes, entitled, "The World's Best Wit and Humor" (children's bright sayings excluded), but the editors to date have proved unappreciative.

If any of your readers would care to arrange a private printing for me, I should be pleased to discuss terms with him. He would find 763 references to "As the World Wags" in my work, among which might be some of his own contributions. ROBERT MORSE.

Andover.

We have not received the first volume of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, although we were among the earliest subscribers. The publication was announced for April 1, and as Mr. Johnson is a sad man and serious, we do not accuse him of a childish jest. Even if the first volume were now in print, it would not be accessible to readers at the Boston Public Library; it would undoubtedly be put in the "Inferno." Prudish souls have already consigned to the "Inferno" William G. Sumner's "Folkways," a valuable work published by the highly respectable and educational firm of Ginn & Co. The book is not even indexed in the card catalogue with other works of the Yale professor. It is rumored that Mr. Johnson has been confined to his room, suffering from a lingering sickness.—Ed.

Emerson's (?) Saying.

As the World Wags:

Many years ago I was born and brought up in Bedford, adjoining Concord, and have always been familiar with Concord matters, more or less. I think that Henry D. Thoreau was the author of the saying recently discussed in the Herald and attributed to Emerson. MARTHA C. DAVIS.

Georgetown.

"Among Those Present."

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following beautiful "pome":

CAPT. C. TUCKETT WAS THERE.

We take up the papers and read every day Of the current events, the sports and the play And frequently, yes often, you'll find it some-where.

"And Capt. C. Tucket was there."

You read of the ships that go down in the sea, Of the high cost of living which hits you and me, Now look for it closely, to miss it is rare, "And Capt. C. Tucket was there."

The deaths are recorded, the marriages too, The war news is mentioned of old world and new, But tucked in some corner with exquisite care Is "Capt. C. Tucket was there."

...to a foreigner, no read of Miss ... of Bill Bryan, of Cap. Cook once ... in 1808. We don't miss these people—it's not our affair if Capt. C. Tucket is there."

... of the seized ships as the first act of ... were present a few of the "Navy Yard ... of the Customs a few of policemen their share. And Capt. C. Tucket was there."

CONCERT FOR RED CROSS

Mme. Martha Atwood-Baker, soprano and George Copeland, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall for the benefit of the American Red Cross. James Eckert was the accompanist, except in the songs by Debussy-De Greve, De Fleurs, Poldowski, Colombine, and Des Baux des Fleurs and Le Temp de l'Amour et de la Mer. Mme. Atwood-Baker also sang songs by Leroux, Palmgren, G. Paure, Jui Riego, Brandt, Silver and Crist. Mr. Copeland played pieces by Bach, Mozart, Mac Dowell, Stravinsky, Satie, Debussy and a group of Spanish dances by Villar, Turini, Albeniz and Chabrier. An audience of fair size found pleasure in the excellent performance of the artists.

SALLIE FISHER

Sallie Fisher and company head the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a highly pleased audience. Miss Fisher's act, "The Choir rehearsal," is often amusing in its homely speech and there is a feeble attempt at character drawing; one could imagine the actress, reading the sketch, promptly seizing it as an excuse for using her attractive voice in song. Thus the singing numbers are its real asset.

Miss Fisher possesses an agreeable voice and sings with uncommon clearness and purity. She was capably supported by John Hogan, John F. Ryan, John Keefe, Al Stuart and May Ellison.

Mme. Doree's Celebrities in impressions of operatic artists was by far the most interesting feature of the program. With a group of unusually good singers Mme. Doree presented ensembles and operatic arias. Besides impersonating this or that character in opera the singers were made up as Caruso, Destinn, Martinelli, Tetrazzini, Mary Garden, Plancon, Scotti, Homer and Farrar. Physically and in make-up the resemblances were good. All of the singers were new to Boston with the exception of Luigi Manero, who was heard with the Boston Theatre opera company under Bevanl. Mr. Romito, who sang Canio's Lament from "Il Pagliacci," while impersonating Caruso, sang robustly and with fine imagination.

Other acts were "The Edge of the World," a futuristic display of color schemes; Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales, in a laughable singing and talking act; the three Sullys in a snappy comedy act, introducing some clever dancing steps; Andy Rice, in a monologue; the Gaudsmilts, in a comedy acrobatic act; Virginia Lewis and Jean White, in songs and dancing, and the 14th episode of "Patria," featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

Ophisaurus Ventralls.

As the World Wags:

The glass snake to which "Vermonters" refers is not a snake—it is a legless lizard. Its "scientific name" is Ophisaurus ventralls, variants of the first half of its name being Uphiosaurus and Opheosaurus—not that it matters. It is very similar to the blindworm or orvet, found in Europe and western Asia. In some parts of this country it is known as the joint snake. Let "Vermonters" observe it closely; he will find that it possesses eyelids and external ear-plugs, articles the true serpent gets along very well without. In addition it has a fixed mandible, and cannot disengage its lower jaw from its upper in order to swallow something larger than itself, as can a snake. Lizards sans legs are not uncommon, and many of them possess shoulder-blades and breast bones. The Ophisaurus ventralls is a true lizard of the skink family, the family of small-limbed lizards. It sometimes grows to the length of three feet, one-third of that length being properly body and the rest tail. Its tail is poorly articulated and a slight blow is sufficient to cause it to part company with the body. While it left in peace a new tail will grow, this second tail is a pretty poor substitute at best for the original. Nevertheless, this second-growth tail has furnished material if not for song, at least for story, for it may be traced wild tales of the reunion of disjuncta membra. (Vide "Vermonters.") The Ophisaurus ventralls is armoured in rather stiff scales and does not quite enjoy the extreme sinuosity of the serpent. It feeds on insects and the smaller molluscs. It is quite harmless and is said to be intelligent and easily trained, though I never tried it. Yet it may be so.

But to digress in quest of a row, "Vermonters" in professing knowledge of the West sets the seal of the New Englander upon his own brow. He prates of "Miz-

... planist, both ... and fine ... this last ... to ... nient of Indiana. The geographical centre of this country is 10 miles north of Smith Centre, Smith county, Kansas. This is vouched for by the last census statistical atlas. Or to put it differently, it lies almost on the boundary between Kansas and Nebraska, and very nearly centrally between the eastern and western boundaries of Kansas. Every point mentioned by "Vermonters" is east of this geographical centre. It is painful to attempt to force upon the realization of the average New Englander that there are 200 more miles of actual existing bona fide real estate between Kansas City and Los Angeles than between Kansas City and Portland, Me. I do not wonder that "Vermonters" never heard of a sidewinder. Sidewinders flourish in that region where one soothes his ear with hissing Spanish, blisters his intonations with Spanish cooking and shelters his phiz with a Spanish sombrero. The only Spanish in "Mizzoura" is in Chataqua and mutual improvement societies. And in the haunts of the sidewinder this spare real estate we have gets kinda carelessly and stands a good bit on end in places. No, I don't wonder—"Vermonters" never was West.

Since living in Boston one of my amusements has been the establishment of the Yankee idea of the West by means of newspaper clippings—that "Chelsea Girl Marries Western Man" kind. I started with St. Louis; Chicago was easy; Indianapolis was easy; the chase slowed a bit through Ohio, but Cincinnati, Toledo and Akron were all so many scalps to my belt; when I found a paragraph with Buffalo referred to as "the West" I thought I had reached the limit—but no! I discovered one happy day the Syracuse crew dubbed "Western Oarsmen." I will swear that before commencing my collection I saw Schenectady placed in the "West"—but, of course, I can't count it unless I have culled it. I am now looking for Albany to be similarly misnamed. When I find a Worcester clipping I shall die triumphant—unless Boston first kills me of mirth. OCCIDENTUS.

Boston.

An interesting reference made by "Occidentus" to Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas will be published tomorrow.—Ed.

APOLLO CLUB IS HEARD IN FOURTH CONCERT

One of Most Interesting of Current Season.

The fourth annual concert of the 46th season of the Apollo Club took place in Jordan Hall last evening. The hall was crowded. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted. The club was assisted by Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano; Frank H. Luker, accompanist, and Dr. Archibald T. Davison, organist.

The club sang pieces by Bantock, Bossi, Mair, Crowley, German, Alecock, Berlioz-Silver, Kern, Liebe. Mrs. Littlefield sang pieces by Puccini, Handel, Dells, Horsman, Foster, Messrs. Luker and Davison played from Widor and Gullmunt.

The concert was one of the most interesting of the current season. Mrs. Littlefield chose an exciting program. Especially brilliant in sustained song, her interpretation of Handel's "Sky-lark, Pretty Rover," was finely colored. Dr. Davison and Mr. Luker, at the organ and the piano, played with fine musical intelligence and warmth of imagination.

MME. ONDRICEK

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Kalova Ondricek, violinist, assisted by Mrs. Bernice Fisher-Butler, soprano, Miss Claire Forbes, pianist, and James Eckert, accompanist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Nedbal, sonata in B minor to violin and piano, these violin pieces: Nicolaleff, Andante and Allegretto, Kosloff, Melodie Tartare, Moussorgsky, Gopak; Wieniawski, Tarantella; Tschalsowsky, Canonetta, Rehfeld, Spanish dance; Hubay Heire Kail, and these songs: Tschalsowsky, "Why," lullaby; Sokoloff "My Field"; Rachininloff, "Spring Floods"; Whelpley, "Spring Song," Bachelet, "Chere Nult."

Oskar Nedbal, born in 1874, was first famous as the viola player of the Bohemian quartet. He has been known since as a conductor and the composer of a ballet, an orchestral Scherzo, a Suite, piano music and songs. His violin sonata was played yesterday for the first time in Boston. The first movement is the most important of the three. The introductory pages arrest the attention. The chief theme, of a restless, fiery character, is well developed. The second theme, of a sentimental nature, is less significant. The second movement is a long cantilena rising from sentiment to passion. The Finale would have been described by Artemus Ward as "rapid fiddling." It is spirited music, showing little invention, but with a brilliant part

for the pianist as well as for the violinist.

Mme. Ondricek is recognized as an emotional violinist, with a full tone, masculine strength when the music demands it, and a dashing delivery. She and Miss Forbes gave an intelligent and interesting performance. The latter, a pianist of marked talent, is proficient in ensemble.

Mrs. Fisher-Butler gave pleasure, and not only by her singing. She recalled the days of the Boston Opera House Company of which she was a conspicuous member. We shall not soon see a Micaela that will equal hers and she has still been unrivalled as Gretel. Nor were these the only parts in which by charm of song and action she proved herself an artist.

An audience of fair size applauded spontaneously.

April 20 1917

Louis Veuillot in his bitterly polemical book "Les Odeurs de Paris," published a half-century ago, had this to say about Russia.

"The Muscovites flatter themselves that they will rule the world, and if this happens I shall not be astonished by it. This triumph does not depend on their advance in civilization, but on force and the duration of their taste for tallow candles. The Muscovites, not the Russians, will conquer the world. The Russians speak French, write books, cheat at cards and play the pianoforte; they will not go far. But the true Muscovites, the monijks, they will be the conquerors; those who grease with tallow and rancid oil their beards and hair. Men rubbed with tallow and rancid oil should transform those rubbed with benzoin and scented waters."

The Poet of Unnatural History.

As the World Wags:

When one wishes to further his acquaintance with the inmates of the Museum of Unnatural History mentioned by the editor, he of course turns to the "Diune Weeks" of Sainste Du Bartas, and reads the Fifth and Sixth Days of the first week—Fishes and Fossils, and Beasts and Man. Almost the whole of the Sixth Day is worthy of place in these voracious columns. I quote some pertinent matter from Joshua Sylvester's translation of the Sixth Day.

What shield of Alax could avoid their death By th' Basilisk whose pestilential breath Doth pierce firm Marble, and whose baleful eye Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dy? Lord! if so it be, then for mankind's didst rear This rich round Mansion (glorious every where) Alax! why didst thou on this Day create These harmful Beasts, which but exasperate Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleased to form Th' Innumerable Scorpion, and the Viper-worm, Th' horned Cerastes, the Alexandrian Skink, Th' Alder, and Dryas full of odious stink Th' Lige, Snake, and Dipsas (causing deadly Thirst);

Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?

The "horned Cerastes" mentioned is certainly not the Crotalus cerastes, or sidewinder, unknown in the 16th century to Europe. In all probability it is the horned African viper, no doubt a neighbor of the Alexandrian Skink. In a later passage the poet finds consolation in reptilian enmity and internecine strife.

O gracious Father! th' hast not onely lent Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent Wherefore these foes threaten his feeble life: But (for his sake) has set at mutual strife Serpents with Serpents, and hast rais'd them foes

Which, unprovoked, felly them oppose. Thon mak'st th' hateful Viper (at his birth) His dying Mothers belly to know forth: Thon mak'st the Scorpion (erewhile a fier food) Vnaturally devour his proper brood: Whereof, one scaping from the Parents hunger, With's death doth vengeance on his brothers wronger: Thon mak'st the Weasel, by a secret night, Murder the Serpent with the murdering fight. Who so surpris'd, striving in wrathful manner, Dying himself, kills with his beens his Baner.

Surely a good thing for all concerned. The raisons d'etre of many items of perfectly natural history have, I make no doubt, assumed the nature of a theological mystery perplexing to any number of us in our younger days. Much is explained by the acceptance of a Personal Devil. OCCIDENTUS.

Again in Maine.

As the World Wags:

I have read with interest the letter of Pynellis asking for information in regard to some of the comparatively little known Maine animal life.

They have in the past been somewhat neglected by naturalists, and it is refreshing to find, now and then, an inquiring and receptive mind ready and willing to learn of these denizens of the Maine woods.

Being a resident of the timber country of Maine I have seen something of these peculiar animals, and have been able in some cases to imitate their calls and thus get sight of the shy things. One should never expect to see a tree squeak, much less hear one, except upon a windy day. At all other times they remain silent in some remote, inaccessible part of the forest. The Jabberwock is bolder, and may be seen in old deserted

length in A c

A 19 World Wage

We have already shown that the phrase "Cheese it!" is much older than the incident described by Mr. Haskins and Miss Tiffany.—Ed.

Am 21 917

By PHILIP HALE.

An old English philosopher remarked that the life of man was short, brutal and nasty. With the substitution of "long" for "short" this description would just as well be applied to the "Vita" of Ishmael Gottlieb Noren.

Mr. Norr's "Doubt" has Schizzo "Doubt" as the further explanation "In a manner". The third movement "New Year"; the finale, "The Joy". It would have been better if the first had been written for a million and the performance of it was the movement of the whole. It is a very good one of the four, the one with the most musical form, the one that is the most constructed. If this music, as they say, were not so abundant in Norway, it would be a pity. It is our own Mr. Clapp, too, who plays a huge orchestra of anvils and a wind instrument.

It is not easy to see why Dr. Muck, a musician of fastidious taste, should have spent his energy and skill on the production of this banal and pretentious symphony. The explanation may be this. He wished by a tour de force, by his own genius and as leader of the superb orchestra, to make the music plausible to persuade the audience that, after all, this symphony was worthy of its attention. For Dr. Muck can be ironical, and he has a lively sense of humor.

A the World Wars

Now in quite a new book by Prof. Weekley of University College, Nottingham, entitled "Sur-names," he says that the modern English names, Telfer, Telford, Talfourd, Tolver and Tilver—"Telfer," by the way, is the way they pronounce Talliaferro in Florida—are all from the French Tallesfer, which dates from before the Domesday Book, and he quotes Cotgrave's French-English dictionary of 1611 that Tallesfer was "the surname of the old Earls of Engoulesme; so termed because William the second Earle thereof, clove with his sword, at one blow, an armed captain down to the stomach." So that Tulliver is really Cut-Iron an example of what Mr. Weekley cleverly calls "the Shakespeare type of surname."

This fits in very well with the statement in "American Ancestry," volume 9, page 58, that the first Tallafferro in Virginia was Robert, of Essex county, who received in 1655 patents of land in Gloucester county, including one of 5300 acres jointly with Col. Lawrence Smith, whose daughter married Robert Tallafferro's son, and that the elder Tallafferro was born in 1655 "probably in Italy." Right there uncle's notes stopped, but I couldn't help wondering what this Robert Tagliaferra—straight from Italy, was doing in Virginia anyway; and after a while it occurred to me that perhaps, after all, his people were Italians living in England, and maybe he never saw Italy at all. It somehow seemed more appropriate that a great Virginia planter should come from England.

I hope you will print my letter. It will please uncle, and Miss V. M. Keyes and Mr. F. L. Mudgett, and Mr. J. C. Clark to see my signature in the Herald and I hope those kids in the reading room will see it, too, and realize that

know little about the diet of the starfish that gave his name to the process. He was by no means a light eater. In his "Letter on 'Carpulence'" he writes: "I have discovered that quality in food is the chief desideratum, and that the question of quantity is mere inane babble. I take the most savory viands, game pies, etc., that my cook can concoct. I endeavor, however, to abstain from bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer and potatoes."

As the World Wags

The dog of Uncle Mike's which Flo Gurney, in the Herald of March 21, says cut himself in two by running into a tree, but which, after its severed jaws had been clapped together by Uncle Mike, "kept right on running," had its prototype in a knight whose similar feat is narrated in Berni's Riscamento of Bojardo's "Orlando Innamorato," wherein it is narrated that in a single combat between the knight and Orlando the knight's head was severed from his body, but that the knight, disregarding the wound which he had received, kept on fighting.

He with his fate none aimed so vain a blow
And severed with sure aim the pagan foe,
That still, as one the separate parts adhere,
And still entell the mind the man appear'd.
And, as the fates, while aiming at a blow,
No sense of anguish from the wound appear'd
So the true knight with valor yet unrob'd
Fought on though dead, unconscious of the
stroke

Brookline. OBSERVER

April 22 1917

Joseph Bonnet, organist of the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, made a deep impression on musicians of this city when he gave an organ recital at the Old South Church, Boylston and Dartmouth streets, last Monday evening, April 16, under the auspices of the New England Conservatory of Music.

This opportunity to hear the successor of Alexandre Guilmant on the fine organ of the Old South Church was arranged by the New England Conservatory, in whose organ school the principles of the French school of organ playing have been followed for many years past. The programme which M. Bonnet presented on this, his first appearance in Boston, showed that he stands for the highest achievements in organ playing and musicianship, having, like so many of his French and American contemporaries, an especial predilection for the composers of 17th and 18th century France. He has, of course, the national fondness for Sebastian Bach, whom he interprets in a masterly way.

M. Borner has himself composed much for the organ, but he modestly placed only one of his works on the Boston programme, a composition that revealed the same qualities of solid musicianship and respect for the natural capacities of the organ that are apparent in his playing.

The programme was as follows: Alexandre Guilmant—Sonata No. 1, in D minor, op. 42 (introduction and allegro pastorale and finale); François Couperin (1668-1733), *Sœur Monique*; Dietrich Buxtehude (1637-1707), *Fugue in C major*; Padre Martini (1706-1784), *Gavotta* (from the 12th sonata per l'organo); Johann Sebastian Bach, *Toccata and Fugue in D minor*; Seth Bingham, *Chorale*, upon the tune of St. Flavian (dedicated to Joseph Bonnet); César Franck, *Chorale*, No. 3, in A minor; Joseph Bonnet, *Variations* de Concert.

Distinguished Musicians Are Heard
in Boston.

Harold Bauer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a recital of music for two pianos yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in C minor (arranged by Harold Bauer); Mozart, Sonata in E major; Chopin, Rondo; Schuett, Improvisation; Rocco, Saint-Saens, Minuet; and Gaviotte, Scherzo; Arensky, Suite (Gilhouettes).

These recitals by two distinguished pianists, both favorites in Boston, have been for several years among the most enjoyable features of the musical season. A very large and enthusiastic audience, certain that its anticipation of pleasure would be rewarded, filled the hall.

The program was attractive, not too familiar. Mr. Bauer's arrangement of Bach's Prelude and Fugue is skilful and effective. Schmitt's Impromptu No. 10 is noisy, insignificant music, lacking distinction, a too evident trap for applause. Arensky's Suite, a miniature carnival, has marked character. The silhouettes are outlined with grace, delicacy and imagination.

The pianists were wholly in the vel. The freshness and spontaneity of the performance delighted. Certain individual characteristics of their playing: M. Bauer's incisiveness and brilliant colleague's romantic and caressing tone were happily blended and there was

The Herald set out a review of these "Pillars of Society" as performed at the Comedy Theatre, referred to the criticism published in Boston when the drama was produced at the Columbia Theatre in 1885. These reviews make entertaining reading today.

One critic described the play as "a comedy with a broad vein of satire of the good-natured sort," and preferred the play to such "gruesome productions as 'The Doll's House' and 'Ghosts,' both of which occasioned a series of gasps even from hardened theatre-goers."

Another thought that the fourth act "was weakened by anti-climax in the shape of a presentation of a silver service, which, though formal enough, was not very dignified." As though this presentation were not the climax of the grim irony sustained from the beginning in both dialogue and in situations!

The most distinguished of the Boston dramatic critics at that time rejoiced in the fact that Ibsen's "pessimistic view" does not generally involve the pursuit of "sex" in this play. The frankness of Ibsen "often so illuminates as to appal or repel." In this play there "is the exhibition one after another of the various crimes and shames, the intricate frauds and perjuries, the inevitable decline of the sin-corrupted soul until it reaches its lowest hell in the deliberate attempt to murder, the hideous spectacle being made at every point more offensive by the hypocrisy in which, as reeking slime, all the other vilenesses are involved and soaked."

Another critic found that Ibsen has "an almost entire contempt for poetry, art, a frankness that is brutal, a grasping to sensitive natures." The critic found no new doctrine in Ibsen. "Have those who are making such a fuss over Ibsen forgotten the lessons taught in the Bible . . . He is not teaching new truths, . . . and some other authors have done it quite as effectively and a good deal more agreeably." The headlines of this review included these: "Ibs's Shrifts Alms at the 'Hypocrites and Scoundrels.' " "But It Was Witnessed Chiefly by Refined Ladies."

One of the critics wrote a column which he, no doubt, thought would dispose of Ibsen forever. He admitted that Ibsen was a "strange, crude, rugged, ill-regulated literary force." Ibsen also characterized him as "a literary fad." "There are misguided individuals so lost to all sense of decency as to make a display of irritability when dull, uninteresting and fatuous statement which falls in effectiveness is supplanted by that favorite expression of the Ibsenite: 'Ah, but how true it is!'" The "great truths" in "The Pillars of Society" are "all in the Bible, but much better expressed." The play itself "does not fittingly represent him and all that he stands for . . . The plays which best represent him, his thoughts and his purposes, those dramas which are most closely associated with his notorious name are decidedly unhealthy and most pernicious in their influence. These are the plays which have raised the question as to whether or not the theatre is the place for the young person. Should the young person, innocent, inexperienced, uneducated, or shall Ibsen, be excluded from the theatre? . . . Ibsen) has his place, but that place is not the public theatre, open to all classes, to both sexes, to persons of all degrees of intelligence and judgment. Our stage is bad enough as it is. It can get along very well for a few years without fresh importations of filth from Norway."

This indeed is entertaining reading.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton in a letter to the Evening Post of New York has to say about William Vaughn Moody's drama "The Great Divide":

"When 'The Great Divide' was first produced I felt that the play would have been better if Stephen Ghent had forcibly possessed himself of Ruth Jordan. I reported this impression personally to the author, and Moody answered me as follows: 'You may be right. When I first began to think about the theme, I started out upon the basis that you have suggested. But, when I talked the story over with certain friends, I soon began to see that I based the play on rane. It would be all chance of being accepted in the commercial theatres. The public was not ready. So I began to think of the story in this new way, and wrote it as I see.' This conversation, of course, is repeated verbatim. I have merely tried to write a record of a recollection that is not nearly a little dim after many intervening years."

This Moody agreed with Alexander Dumas the younger in his opinion of a play by Emil Bergerat. Bergerat had written a novel entitled "Le Voleur" which appeared first in Gil Blas, then, published by Ollendorff, met with great success. On this subject he found a drama in three acts, "L'Homme d'Éprouve." Managers of the first theatre in Paris declined to produce it. He then showed the play to Dumas, who answered, "I have read your play, and it is, in my opinion, full of talent, wit and invention, but after the time has elapsed at which it does not sell, and

more than a business and a hobby for which there is no money in the theatre. It is a business, more, the theatre is a public place in horror. Barriere wrote a remarkable play, "L'Outrage," which never reached on account of the subject. Sardou's "La Haine" met with the same fate for the same reason, and in "Balsamo" I broke my nose over the same difficulty. Dumas, however, suggested that Bergerat might succeed where others had failed, if he would devise a new solution of the problem—what should a husband do in the matter?

At last "Flor de Prileuse" was produced at the Ambigu, Dec. 10, 1885. The story is as follows: A young wife is drugged and violated by a valet. So the husband believes. But, unlike the disposition of events in the novel, the husband finally learns that the servant had no thought of wronging the woman; he drugged her only that he might pass into the chamber of another. There was only one performance to which the press and friends were invited. Bergerat has written an amusing account of the difficulties he met in producing the drama.

"L'Outrage," a drama in seven acts, to which Dumas referred, was written by Theodore Barriere and Plouvier. It was produced at the Porte-Saint-Martin, Feb. 25, 1889. A young girl, who had suddenly become insane, was cured by a friend of the family. He fell in love with her and married her. On the wedding night she recalls the fact that her insanity had been caused by the shock resulting from the intrusion of some unknown man into her bedroom. She now feigns madness, but her tears betray her. "She weeps," cries her husband, "before she did not weep. She is not mad!" There is a distressing explanation at the end of which the husband leaves in search of the unknown.

Sardou's "La Haine" was produced at the Gaite, Paris, Dec. 3, 1874. Offenbach was then manager of that theatre and he composed incidental music for the play. The subject is an episode in the strife of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Cordelia, a proud aristocrat of Sienna, from the balcony of her palace, insults with bitter taunts on his low birth, Orso, a hero of the people, who had ventured to throw a Garland to her. In a street fight between the factions, her palace is invaded, and Orso works his wicked will. But Cordelia, thirsting for vengeance, did not see Orso's face. She could recognize him only by his voice. The story of the two becoming lovers and their fate did not suit Parisian taste. "The fighting and burning in Sienna reminded them too poignantly of the Commune." Yet by many, this play divides

with "Patrie" the honor of being Sardou's masterpiece.

The repulsive subject was not abhorrent to dramatists or audiences in the years of Elizabeth and James.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The Old 'Un remembers how much the success of Kate Bateman was due to the vigor and ability of Papa Bateman's management, for which nothing was too audacious or too insignificant. She was presented as "Miss Bateman" in dignified form, which rebuked any flippant familiarity with the Christian name. Mr. Bateman was "claqueur" in ordinary, and the duty of "counting the house" in the ticket office never prevented him from turning up at the proper time at the back of the theatre to inflate and maintain the applause for his "star" with the impact of his mighty hands, caulked by long experience. In one particular he surpassed the modern publicity man, who often hardly pretends to any personal faith in the wares which he exploits, purely as a matter of art. The old man's belief in his daughter's merits was no pose. It was sincere and solemn. When "Evangeline" was played, the heroine at one point lay asleep upon a bench on the stage, which represented the deck of a steamer, the apparent motion being effected by the movement of a panorama of the Mississippi at the back. In those simple days ("twas 60 years since"), people enjoyed a panorama of itself, and spent money, and an hour and a half, to watch Banvards. One night the narrator was chatting in the theatre lobby with Bateman while this scene was going on, when he broke away through one of the doors into the auditorium, and took a good part in the clapping which had greeted presumably some striking feature on the canvas. Not such was Bateman's interpretation, but, as he turned back to resume his conversation, he explained: "No one living can lie on a bench like my daughter."

Boston. OLD 'UN. Kate Bateman, whose death is reported, is hardly a name to the younger generation of our playgoers, yet she was once a famous actress. Born in Baltimore in 1842, she appeared on the stage at Louisville, Ky., when she was four years old. Her first appearance in London was in 1851 as Richmond in "Richard III." The play "Evangeline," of which "The Old 'Un" speaks, was produced in New York in 1860. Miss Bateman made a sensation as the heroine in "Leah." Nast caricatured her amiably in the part. In 1875 she played Lady Macbeth with Irving. Prominent in the classic and romantic

day in 1905 she was seen as Lady Kew in "Colonel Newcomb." She played in London as late as 1912 in "The Younger Generation."

"The Old 'Un" speaks of "Papa" Bateman, Mr. Bateman, Bateman. "Colonel Bateman" if you please. It was Bateman that brought over the first opera bouffe company with Tostee.

When Miss Bateman first came to the Boston Theatre, April 23, 1860, in "Evangeline," she was announced as "The Renowned Child-Artiste." In March, 1866, at the same theatre, she played Leah, and in "Romeo and Juliet," "The Lady of Lyons" and "Fazio."

When Miss Bateman played Evangeline in 1860 in New York Joseph Jefferson took the part of Baptiste and J. H. Stoddard that of Father Pelicien.

N. M. Ludlow, managing with Smith the St. Charles Theatre of New Orleans in 1850-51, describes in "Dramatic Life as I Found It," the engagement of the Bateman children, Kate and Ellen, for 10 nights. "These children were truly wonderful, the first being 7, the second 5 years of age. These were the children of H. L. Bateman and Sidney Cowell, daughter of old Joe Cowell. They were very successful for a few years as children. When arriving at early womanhood Ellen married and withdrew from the stage, but Kate continued as an actress to this present writing (1883), and is married to a Mr. Crowe but plays under the name of Kate Bateman. During this engagement at New Orleans Kate played Richmond in "Richard III" to her sister's Richard, Portia, Macbeth and in comedies and farces now forgotten. Their father played with them.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The Sunday Herald has mentioned some very enjoyable concerts, given years ago, in the old Tremont Temple. Although a constant reader of your musical and dramatic columns, I have never seen any article relating to the old "Orchestral Union." That organization, although only 25 men, formed the real nucleus of our renowned B. S. O., and to hear their concerts, the program of which might seem today unique, the real music lovers of Boston would gather in the old Music Hall every Wednesday afternoon to enjoy what at that time was a real musical treat. The Union was a co-operative association, started in the early fifties. Carl Zerrahn was the conductor and William Schultze the leader.

The personnel of the orchestra was not invariably the same, for there were comparatively few good musicians in Boston in those days—and some members were likely to have a very important engagement. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club—then in its zenith—were all prominent members of the Orchestral Union. At that time no musician ever heard of the iron clad rule "no substitutes."

My first recollection of the orchestra was as follows: First violins, William Schultze, Carl Meisel, G. F. Suck, Carl Gautner, and sometimes Henri Suck, Francis Riha; second violins, Charles Eichler, Julius Eichler, Theodore Venon, August Schneider; violas, Thomas Ryan, Fritz Zohler (Gustav Krebs); cello, Wulf Freis, Lo Blanco, Jugnckel A. Suck; bass, A. Stein, A. Kammerling, A. Kehrhaahn; flutes, George Koppits, F. W. Schlimper; oboes, A. L. De Ribas, Carl Paulwasser; clarinets, Joachim Schultz, Alex McDonald; bassoon, Hohnstock-Kalkmann; cornets, Anton Heinicke, John Plinter; horns, Maas, Trojsi; trombone, Stein, A. Regestein; drums, Keach, Stohv; English horn, De Ribas.

From first to last the oboe and cornet section remained the same. Other sections were frequently changing, especially during later years—with the advent of new musicians. George Loesch, William Rietzel, the Helndel brothers, William and Ernest Regestein, Ferdinand Zohler, Charles Venon, Ernst Weber, Louis R. Goering and Prof. Louis Coenen, whose advent was announced as "den Herr Louis Coenen from Rotterdam," joined later.

The program included six numbers. Overture, waltz, symphony, solo, selection and finale, and for symphonies we had Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Gade. During the novelty and popularity of the great organ there were solos on that instrument by Dr. Tuckerman, J. H. Wilcox, Eugene Thayer, B. J. Lang, George Whiting and last, though not least, Mrs. Frohock.

The concerts commenced with 25 cents admission, six tickets for \$1. Afterwards single tickets were 50 cents and packages, three for \$1. The raised price, together with the concerts of the "Howard Musical Association" proved disastrous, and after 1868 the Orchestral Union became a thing of the past and unknown to many of this generation.

ELIZA HALL. The Orchestral Union, Carl Zerrahn conductor, gave its first concert in Boston Music Hall Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 22, 1854. Here is the program: Reissiger, overture to the Romantic opera, "The Roekmill"; Osborne and De Beriot, Duo for violin and piano, William Schultze and L. Heki; Wittmann, waltz, "Magic Sounds"; Mendelssohn, Sinfonie Scherzo from the Sinfonie in A minor commonly called the Scotch Sinfonie; Wagner, grand overture to the

opera "Tannhauser"; Schubert "Eulogy of Tears"; German Song, Zerrahn, Prairie Polka (first time); Meyerbeer, Coronation March from the opera "The Prophet." Dwight's Journal of Music said: "Among the 30 we recognized 10 or 11 of the old familiar forms and faces of the Germanians, besides several of the best resident musicians who eked out the strength of the Germania last year."

The Boston Musical Fund Society, F. Suck conductor (also C. C. Perkins and J. C. D. Parker, directors), gave a concert in the Boston Music Hall as late as April 21, 1855. Its first concert, conducted by C. H. Mueller, was in Tremont Temple on Nov. 27, 1847. The orchestra numbered 55, "all the available talent of the city."

The last concert of the Orchestral Union appears to have been on March 4, 1868, when Miss Natall sang and George W. Sumner, pianist, made his first appearance in public. The program was as follows: Sterndale Bennett, overture to "The Nalds"; Verdi, "Ernani Involami." Miss Natall; Mendelssohn, Capriccio in B minor for piano and orchestra (Mr. Sumner, pianist); Vioutemps Reverlo arranged for orchestra; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Eekert, Swiss Echo Song (Miss Natall); Meyerbeer, Soldiers' Chorus, Prayer and Barcarole from "The North-Star" (by request).

Mrs. Frohock, to whom Miss Hall refers, was Mrs. L. S. Frohock. Organists appeared with the Orchestral Union in this order: W. Eugene Thayer (Jan. 13, 1864); B. J. Lang (Jan. 20, 1864); J. H. Wilcox (Feb. 3, 1864); Dr. S. P. Tuckerman (Feb. 3, 1864); Mrs. Frohock (Feb. 24). "The distinguished lady organist will make her first appearance in Boston, performing two solos, in the severe and free styles, viz., the celebrated Toccata in F by Bach, and an offertoire by Battiste (sic), first time in Boston"; J. K. Paine (March 2, 1864); Henry Carter (March 9, 1864); George Whiting (May 11, 1864). It seems that Mrs. Frohock had won fame in western cities as Miss Tillinghast. Mr. Dwight gently chided her for "change of stops" in her performance of Bach's Toccata "where Bach intended none." Mr. Dwight did not know that Bach was admired by those who heard him play for his skill in registration.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was on Oct. 22, 1881. As the Orchestral Union stopped giving its afternoon concerts in 1868, it can hardly be said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was its direct successor. The Harvard Muscal Association, Carl Zerrahn conductor, gave symphony concerts from Dec. 28, 1865, to March 9, 1882. The Philharmonic Society of Boston, Bernard Listemann, conductor, gave concerts in Boston Music Hall from Oct. 24, 1879, to May 5, 1881. On Nov. 10, 1881, Dr. Louis Maas became the conductor, for Mr. Listemann had become concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Philharmonic concerts under Dr. Maas continued until April 13, 1882. They began again, Mr. Zerrahn, conductor, Nov. 29, 1882, and ended on April 4, 1883. In the early 90's the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Mr. Listemann, gave concerts at the Boston Theatre and at the Tremont Theatre.

Years ago there was another Philharmonic Society in Boston. Its first concert was on Dec. 9, 1843, when J. G. Jones was the conductor. He was followed, in turn, by Mr. Herwig and by Mr. Schmidt. Mr. Zerrahn became the conductor on Nov. 24, 1855. The last concert was probably the one on April 11, 1863. Different orchestras took part. Thus, in 1849, Gungl's, the orchestra of the Italian opera, Loder's orchestra and Max Maretzek's orchestra were billed.

Mr. August Suck of Roxbury could tell many stories about these early orchestras. He celebrated his 80th birthday on March 16. He was the violoncellist at the opening of the Boston Theatre, Sept. 11, 1854. In Vienna he played under Abt and the elder Johann Strauss. Here he was a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 14 years. Over 80 years old, he is still teaching.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The recent performances of "East Lynne" at the Tremont Theatre brought to mind the old days when this play was one of the standbys at the Boston Museum, when Annie Clarke made the house weep over the woes of the tortured heroine. I recall a pair of red-headed twins, husky boys, classmates of mine at the Mayhew School, prototypes of Glosie and Grosia McCarthy in Nalbro Bartley's story, "Have a Heart!" One of the twins, during a tense moment in the play, swallowed a candy ball and had to be hustled out into the hall of curls and slapped vigorously on the back to keep him from choking. These lads had a sister very like the Margot of the above-mentioned story, who, in intimate moments, used to extract a delapidated chamol case from the depths of her left stocking, spilling out during the process a startling array of Attleboro jewelry. It is doubtful if the present fashion in skirts would make this receptacle so safe a hiding place as it was in the sixties and seventies. This reminds me of Barrie's play, "A Kiss from Cinderella," wherein one of the characters describes the "infallible" test adopted by Scotland Yard to determine whether a woman is a lady or just common clay. It seems that a lady may forget all her other refinements, but she never loses the habit of tucking her valuables in her bodice.

"Strange," muses Mr. Bodie "I wonder who was the first woman to do it? It couldn't have been Eve."

Speaking of the Mayhew School twins, I think that Mrs. D. P. Bowers had a son there in my time, and there was a boy in the same generation who went there and who had theatrical aspirations which were persistent enough to eventually make him a fairly good actor in minor parts. Many a wink I have given him across the footlights when he was in the throes of announcing. "Mo lud, the carrago waits." John Gilbert was the bright particular star of the Mayhew outfit, but he came earlier on the scene.

Passing through Aiden street the other day I thought of John Stetson, the youthful sprinter, and his publishing activities in that reminiscent region. Then I looked up at the old Howard, where so many good performances were given when E. L. Davenport was in his prime. "Ichabod, Ichabod," I mused, "the glory is departed." The region is now overrun by the movies, and the staid Bostonian of an older generation must wonder at the change. Maj. Pondennis, seasoned old stager that he was, finally found that he couldn't, even with his valet's assistance, keep up with the procession. The wig of time was too much even for his dauntless spirit. Rabbi Ben Ezra many years ago remarked:

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be!
which is probably true, if you look far enough ahead and forget the present; but, for an elderly man with gouty feet, shuffling along Tremont row in the crush of wild-eyed bargain-hunters, it is a hard thing to believe. J. W. Boston, April 8.

The London Daily Chronicle of March 24 says: "At a recent meeting at St. James's Theatre Mr. Neville Chamberlain declared that amusement is as essential a part of national work as eating and drinking. The war office likewise has spoken in the same sense. And yet the way of this 'indispensable' entertainer is made hard by the fact that he has no one to employ to help him in his entertainment. National service has snatched the scene shifter, the electrician and the stage carpenter. If the terms of a new order are retained theatrical enterprise will become an impossibility in this country. Whilst none can deny the needs of food production—and we least of all—common sense and

gratitude to a particularly patriotic body of persons should dictate a reasoned line of conduct with stage hands. Let them be entitled to pursue their old occupations—after 6 P. M. in that way neither national service nor the theatre

would be hurt. In these days, when the yeast of entertainment is needed to leaven the lump of hard work in mine or munition factory, or months of danger and physical hardship at the front, it is certainly unfortunate to hinder

those whose talent and capital are engaged in this enterprise."

The Daily Chronicle adds: "The war has not, apparently, limited the number of theatrical performances, either in Berlin or in the large provincial towns. In a number of cases prices have been reduced, and in a number of others performances begin at an earlier hour; but neither as regards the number of houses open, nor as regards the character of the entertainment, is there much, if any, change.

"If we take a recent issue of the Berliner Tageblatt we find no fewer than 30 houses in full swing. Some of these are theatres for the entertainment of the masses, and not much skill or beauty is placed before the spectators. Operettas are numerous. But farcical comedy or burlesque is not a prominent feature in Berlin theatrical life, and it is questionable whether the police would tolerate too much of it.

"At the Royal Opera House we have 'Mignon,' at another opera house 'Tannhauser.' At the better class theatres we have representations of Shakespeare ('Othello'), Schiller, Ibsen, Hauptmann, and the ever popular 'Alt Heidelberg.' The comedies, as a rule, are good—several of them classical.

"In Vienna great gaiety exists—a gaiety that has been reproved by the press, on the ground that the tone of the plays produced hardly responds to the needs of the hour. But that, of course, is another question, not affecting our main contention.

"Though afflicted by a shortage of coal, Paris suffers no shortage in drama. For a little time the theatres were closed a day a week, but that is past, and now the 'poliu,' in search of relaxation, can find it in the play. It is an essential bit of war machinery for those who fight and for those who labor in the factory and farm."

The London Times of March 24 published this review of Granville Bantock's symphony, "The Hebrides":

"A composer who deals in atmosphere, who writes round a poem or a hero, or who champions obscure nationalities is a godsend to critics. Here at last is something which can be named. His atmosphere has a quality, his poem a story, his hero a character, his nationality a place. Not only can some account be given of such work,

Notes About

Music, Musicians

and the Stage. opera, "A Lover's Quarrel," was produced at Liverpool for

the first time in England on March 22. We are indebted to Mr. Carl Engel of this city for the following information: "The opera referred to is 'I Dispettosi Amanti,' by Attilio Parelli, first performed at Philadelphia, Feb. 23, 1912, with Alceo Zepilli, Louise Berat, Amedeo Bassi and Mario Sammarco in the cast. The book is by Enrico Comitti. The score, with an English version by Alma Strettell, is published by G. Schirmer, New York. I believe Parelli was one of the assistant conductors under Campanini."

Charles Martin Loeffler's choral ode, "For one who fell in battle," was performed by the Oriana Madrigal Society, London, March 26. "A fine study in dissolving harmonies," says the London Times, "but our generation will never hear melody again as the madrigalists understood it, and harmonies alone reduce the voices to instruments. It was, however, a fine effort on the part of the choir; it was long, and not easy, and except for some faulty intonation amongst the sopranos, who lost pitch several times in the evening, it went faultlessly."

Puccini's new opera, "La Rondine" ("The Swallow"), was announced for production at Monte Carlo March 27.

Mme. Clara Butt has made a sensation in London by singing a new song with orchestra, written for her by Edward German, conducted by him. "Have you news of my boy, Jack?" a setting of Kipling verses, in which a mother hears of the death of her son at sea and is besought to find consolation in the fact that he died bravely. "Upon the music the composer has stamped his individuality less clearly than is usual with him. Indeed, there is more than a pale reflection of Elgar about the song. But in its simple directness it catches faithfully enough the spirit of the words, and the audience (at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert) insisted upon its repetition."

"When Mlle. Gaby Deslys appears on the London stage the important question is not what she may have to sing or say, but what dresses (and head-dresses) she wears. In 'Suzette' (dresses by Messrs. Reville and Rossiter and others, book by Messrs. Hurgon and Arthurs, music by Max Dareski), she surpasses all her previous efforts. She wears some nine or ten dresses (and head-dresses). . . . Her mouth is still as wide and is constantly open; her English is still so 'broken' as to save one the trouble of trying to understand it. And her dancing is still as vigorous, as wild-animal, as exciting as ever."—London Times, March 30.

Miss Maud Milton, now playing the part of Martin's mother in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," is not a stranger here. Born at Gravesend, Eng., she was trained for a dancing mistress, but she went on the stage as Rosa in "Jo" at the old Aquarium Theatre, London. She was the leading woman with Edwin Booth at the Princess's, London, in 1850. She visited the United States with Wilson Barrett; was leading lady with Modjeska in America; was seven years with Irving's Lyceum company, and toured in this country with H. B. Irving in 1906. After engagements with Miss Tempest she played here in "Pomander Walk" in the fall of 1911. After a season or two in England, she was seen in Boston as Mme. Dupont in "Damaged Goods" (1914.) She has played many parts.

We hear a great deal nowadays about "producers" of plays. Indeed, the so-called "producer" of a play appears to be regarded here and there as a far more important person than the author. For instance, I saw street posters announcing "Bonita" on which the names of the author and composer were given in very small type indeed, while that of the "producer"—which is a modern term for stage manager—was printed in very large letters. On many of our theatre programs it is considered desirable to announce that the play is "produced" by So-and-So, meaning that it is stage managed by So-and-So. Now, the verb "to produce" means to bring forward, to offer to the view or notice, to exhibit; it also means to make, to bring into being. Obviously, then, where the play on the stage is concerned, there are only two persons who can be said to "produce" it—the author and the proprietor or tenant of the theatre who puts the piece upon the stage. It is an abuse of terms to call a stage manager a producer, just as it is to describe an actor who impersonates a given character for the first time as the "creator" of that character. It is curious to observe how the stage, instead of correcting its loose terminology, not only continues to employ it, but adds to it.—Fall Mall Gazette.

The directors of the Harrison-Frewin Opera Company, just now displaying their ability at the Shakespeare Theatre in Liverpool, have recently had budgets of requests for the inclusion of "Tannhauser" in the repertoire of their season. A little nervous in the matter, they finally threw themselves

There is a London cabman—at least, we hope he is still in the land of the living—who will probably be interested in the news that Perosi has composed a symphony dealing with the war. Sir Frederick Bridge, the conductor of the Royal Choral Society, discovered this musical cabman in a rather remarkable way. He always managed to be in the vicinity of the Albert Hall just when Sir Frederick required a cab to take him home after a performance, and, after driving the conductor some half dozen times, he astonished him by remarking, as he was handed his fare, "Excuse me, Sir Frederick, but you take the 'Hallelujah' chorus too fast. It may gain in brilliancy by your method, but it loses in majesty." The conductor promised to consider the point, and did slacken the tempo slightly. On another occasion the cabby asked the conductor to perform Perosi's "Transfiguration" at the Albert Hall. "I don't know much about Perosi's music," was the reply, "and I have never seen his 'Transfiguration.'" Whereupon the musical Jehu produced a copy of the full score, and lent it to his fare! "From that day," said Sir Frederick, speaking of the incident in public, "I always call my cabman 'Perosi,' a name which, when it became known to the linkmen at the Albert Hall, was instantly shortened to 'Rosie.'"—London Daily Chronicle.

There cannot be much doubt about the enthusiasm of music lovers in Glasgow. Last week reference was made in these notes to the "phenomenal" success attending the Carl Rosa performances in that city, and now we learn that the month's season, which concludes tonight, has drawn audiences to the number of over 70,000. Could London improve upon this in domains operatic?—Daily Telegraph, March 17.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. Concert by John McCormack, tenor and Donald McBeath, violinist. See special notice.

Monday—Jordan Hall 3 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Christine Langenhagen. Coenraed V. Bos, pianist. Schubert, An die Musik, Die Junge Nonne; Schumann, Des Knaben Bergleid; Franz, Vergeben, Nicht gehalten mit dem roten Mueandchen; Liszt, Der Koenig von Thule, Mignon's Lied; Brahms, Treue Liebe, Der Jaeger, Staudschen; Tschakowsky, At the Ball; Gretcheninoff, Lullaby; Chausson, Le Papillon; Rummel, Ecstasy; Woodman, Love's in my Heart; Wolf, Gah! Geliebter; Weinertner, Das Lied der Chavazza; Spielter, Tanz mit mir; Goldmark, Die Quelle; Berger, Ach, Wer das doch koennt.

Tuesday—Stelvert Hall 8.15 P. M. Song recital by Miss Florence Hale, soprano, assisted by Miss Marjorie Church, pianist and Mme. Alice Siever, pianist, accompanist. Songs: Durante, Danza; Mozart, Guineo; Albin, Il Momeno; Beethoven, Die Trommel Geruehret; Schuchowen, Die Tronimel Geruehret; Schuchowen, Roselein, In's Frie; Brahms, Minnelied; Wolf, Elfenland, Frum, Marie, Sachs, Rocco; Brahms, An eine Aeolsharfe, Vergebliches, Staendchen; Lehmann, Snake Charmer; Lang, Day is Gone; Chadwick, The Honeyeuckles; Chabourne, Early; Rondo of Spring; Piano Bella; Bibb, Rondo; Rameau, Rameau; Tambourin, Musette en Rondeau; Loosly, Gigue; Lladoff, Barcarolle; Gadowsky, Francaise; Liszt, Au Bord d'une Source; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in B flat major.

Wednesday—Jordan Hall 8 P. M. Second concert of the Choral Music Society of Boston. Stephen Townsend, conductor. Chabourne, Jehovah Reigns in Majesty (Psalm 95) for male voices; H. Parker, The Lord is My Shepherd, soprano solo and female chorus; Bantock, They that go down to the Sea in Ships (S. S. Titanic, April 12, 1912); S. Rousseau, Panis Angelicus, for bass and mixed voices; Roger-Ducasse, Alma Redemptoris Mater; Crux Fidelis, Alma Redemptoris Mater; Converse, Air for baritone and chorus from the opera "Sinhad" (Mr. J. Townsend, baritone; Chadwick, Silently Swaying; Foot, Scythia Song; Three Russian choruses—Folk song, Zolotaroff's Gypsy and Rinski-Korsakoff's Spinning top; Converse, Song of the World Adventure; Messrs. Theodorowicz, violin; Holy, harp; Endicott, piano, and Marshall, organ, will assist.

Thursday—Jordan Hall 8.15. Mendelssohn's "Elijah," by a large chorus augmented by the Columbia Glee Club male members. Solo singers, Miss Rachel chorist. Walker of Cleveland, Miss Marion Anderson of Philadelphia, Roland W. Hayes of Boston and Harry T. Burleigh of New York. Dr. W. O. Taylor, conductor; Mrs. Lillian Ray Beale and William S. Lawrence, pianists; Fred P. White, organist; and there will be an orchestra.

Saturday—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 23d. Symphony concert. Dr. Mueck, conductor. See special notice.

MCCORMACK GIVES LAST
CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Overflow Audience Greets Singer at
Symphony Hall.

John McCormack drew to Symphony Hall yesterday an overflow crowd, at his fifth and last concert of the season, and the audience gave him an enthusiastic greeting. His program included the recitative, "Jehovah Hear, Oh Hear Me," and air, "My Heart is Sore," from Beethoven's "Engel"; songs by Brahms, Wolf, Rachmaninoff and

Anged by the...
He was generous...
ing among others... Ave Maria," "That Old Refrain," "Mother Machree" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Donald McBeath, violinist, played a Fantasia and a Dance by Mozart; Hungarian Rhapsody by Hauser; Adagio by Bizet and Mazurka by Wieniawski.
Edwin Schneider accompanied.

Will the sender of the verses published in this column April 17 kindly send his address to the Herald office?

Will the correspondent who sent to this column a letter of Capt. Daniel Thayer, dated 1856, published here on April 10, do us the like favor?

"Has Drunk" or "Has Drank"?

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see that in the Herald of this morning (in the paragraph headed "For Temperance") you use the expression "has drank" instead of "has drunk." It seems to me that in all such cases "drank" is much to be preferred to "drunk," though, according to the dictionaries "good usage" requires "drunk."

Brookline.
We do not plume ourselves on this use. "Drank" or "drunk," whichever is written, after it reaches the composing room is on the knees of the gods—that is, the compositors and the proof readers. Probably the past tense "drank" is to be preferred to "drunk." This "past" tense had originally a vowel change "drank," pl. drunken, drunk, but these were levelled under the singular form. Either through the retention of the plural form in some southern dialect or from the past participle "drunk" began to reappear, for singular as well as plural, in end of 16th century, and is occasional to 19th. On the other hand, from 17th to 19th century "drank" was intruded from the past tense into the past participle, probably to avoid the inelegant associations of "drunk." The full obsolete associations of "drunk" has been since the 17th century mostly used as adjective, except as a poetic archaism.

Here is a note in Richard Grant White's "Words and their Uses": "If 'got' is the past participle of 'get,' as 'done' is of 'do,' He got is really no worse than He done—only more common among people of some education. Among such people we too often hear, He had 'rode,' for he had ridden, and, perhaps, most frequently of all this class of errors, I had 'drank,' for I had drunk, or (better) I had drunken, and I 'drunk,' for I drank."

Shakespeare uses "drank" as the past participle ("Winter's Tale" II, 1; "Comedy of Errors" V, 1) and "drunk" indifferently.

The translators of the King James

version preferred "have drunk," but "have drunken" occurs (Luke xvii, 8). This reminds us of a delightful page in "British Synonymy" (Dublin 1744) by Hester Lynch Piozzi, Dr. Johnson's friend. (Boswell was right in saying that the book is "a collection of entertaining remarks and stories, no matter whether accurate or not.") We quote from the page headed "Drunkenness, Intoxication, Ebriety."

"An odious synonymy to women and foreigners from climates where the country's warmth needs no additional or factitious fire. It is mean time a melancholy reflection which we read in Salmon's Gazetteer, a book somewhat too hastily thrown by, how the inhabitants of almost every country possess some plant become peculiarly dear to them, for its powers of producing intoxication. . . . Nor is the brute creation unwilling to participate in the vices of humanity. A game cock will eat toast dipped in strong beer with infinite delight, as feeders know full well when they instigate the noble creature

to his ruin, and the custom of giving an elephant gum balls when he goes out to war has always been known in the East, where that drug gives heightened spirits, not inclination to slumber as here. . . . Man, unable or unwilling to endure reflection upon his own existence, afraid of his reason and desirous to drown it, as says the old book of relative geography, finds out a method of making himself drunk by being placed upon his head by his companions, who twirl him round and round, while he, stopping up both his ears with his fingers, becomes, as he wished, intoxicated." This pleasing experiment may be made and become a practice when Boston goes bone dry.—Ed.

War Note.

The Strassburger Post reprints from a Viennese journal the following advertisements:

"Exchange for 150 kilograms of potatoes a brand new Singer sewing machine."

"Lost, in the neighborhood of Stefan Church, last Sunday, a gray crocodile dilgar case. The finder will be rewarded with a ham bone or any other culinary rarity."

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Shirley Kaye," a comedy in four acts by Hulbert Footner. Produced at Atlantic City Oct. 9, 1916, by Klaw & Erlanger.

T. J. Magen.....William Holden
Shirley Kaye.....Elsie Ferguson
John Rawson.....George Backus
Mrs. Magen.....Mrs. Jacques Martin
Daisy Magen.....Kitty Brown
Paul D'Anchise.....Victor Benoit
Shirley Kaye.....Elsie Ferguson
Egerton Kaye.....George Backus
Mr. Dingwall.....Douglas Peterson
Mrs. Bayliss.....Frances Nelson
The Earl of Rosselva.....Lawrence Wood
Carol Vallon.....Violet Kimball Dunn
Mabel.....Anne West

The comedy is flimsy, long spun out, conventional, not plausible, yet entertaining, chiefly through the attractive personality of Miss Ferguson. The leading idea is an old one. A western man, rough, shrewd, comes to New York, builds up a colossal fortune. His daughter is anxious to break into society. He is the means of ruining the aristocratic and unbusinesslike Kaye, president of a great railroad; that is, Magen would have ruined Kaye, had not the latter's daughter, Shirley, exerted her wit and wiles, and by working on Miss Magen's ambition saved the proud father. Incidentally, Shirley marries Mr. Rawson, an unpollished diamond of a man from Idaho. Now Rawson is the man, who, according to Magen's plan, was to be the president of the road instead of Kaye.

There are other characters, chief among them, an English earl whom Shirley easily succeeds in fastening on

Magen's daughter, the daughter of "the richest man in New York."

Mr. Footner's fashionable folk are not so real as his two Western men. Like M. Georges Ohnet, Mr. Footner has curious ideas concerning the daily habits and speech of "society people." These aristocrats are as preposterous as Shirley's success in winning over old Magen. Then we have Magen's wife, a burlesque character of a familiar type, warranted to excite laughter by her wriggling lack of assurance and her foolish talk. The play is neither straight satire nor straight comedy. When Mr. Footner has a capital idea, he becomes farcical. Even the last act which might have been delightful, is long drawn out by farcical business.

When Miss Ferguson appeared here about eight years ago in "Such a Little Queen," she charmed us all by her beauty, simplicity and sincerity. Her fame has grown during the years, rather than her art, yet as she stated last night in a little speech, she has now received the highest tribute: a call to play in film dramas. In this speech in which she honestly admitted that "Shirley Kaye" had been treated with indifference in other cities—"It is so light"—she spoke and looked as the Miss Ferguson of 1909. It was not easy to realize that the Miss Ferguson of the little speech was the actress impersonating Shirley. As Shirley she was a constant pleasure to the eye, but as an actress a disappointment, for her impersonation was marred by affectations. What has she done with that sympathetic voice that once worked a spell? Last night she spoke her lines for the most part in a sing-song manner. It seemed at times as though she were giving an imitation of Miss Ethel Barrymore. At times her enunciation was so poor that her lines were unintelligible.

Artemus Ward once spoke of a man with a "play-acting voice." Nor for three acts was Miss Ferguson at all convincing; nothing could have been more artificial than her behavior and speech in her first scene with Rawson. In following scenes she was not a creature of flesh and blood, until at the very last she confessed her love, or rather wooed Rawson in a womanly manner. Perhaps she realized that the comedy is a slim affair, for she was as flippantly fantastical as a drawing in Vanity Fair or Vogue. Perhaps, despairing of finding a play in which she can exert her better self, she looks forward joyously to adding beauty by her face and figure to the cinematographic drama.

Mr. Baker played Rawson in an authoritative manner; Mr. Holden was an excellent Magen, leading one to forget the absurdity of his surrender, and Mrs. Martin was amusing as Magen's wife.

A very large audience was greatly pleased.

JEWETT PLAYERS IN 'THE PIGEON'

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "The Pigeon," a fantasy in three acts, by John Galsworthy. First performance in Boston.

Ann Wellwyn.....Beatrice Miller
Christopher Wellwyn.....H. Conway Winfield
Edward Bertley.....Cameron Matthews
Guinevere Megan.....Doris Sawyer
Ferrand.....Nicholas Joy
Timson.....Fred W. Permain
Roy Megan.....Leon Gordon
Alfred Calway.....Leonard Craske
Sir Thomas Hoxton.....Lionel Gledister

Last evening, the Henry Jewett Players added another feature to their already long list of interesting productions when they presented Galsworthy's "Pigeon" for the first time in this city. Galsworthy is known in Boston by his "Strife," his "Justice" and his "Silver Box," first played here by Miss Horniman's company from Manchester, England, and revived earlier in the present season by the Jewett Players.

"The Pigeon" was first presented at the Royalty Theatre, London, Jan. 30, 1912. Mr. Winthrop Ames chose the play for the opening attraction at his Little Theatre, New York, in March of the same year. There was a revival by Miss Horniman's company at the Court Theatre, London, May 12, 1913.

As in his other plays Galsworthy presents two sides of his subject, the fate of the wild birds of humanity. There is the failure of organized charity, of state institutions, to meet the demands of the wretches; there is the folly and weakness of private and unlimited benevolence.

The "Pigeon" is Christopher Wellwyn, a gentle, whimsical artist, whose sympathy with his fellow creatures knows no bounds. To every unfortunate in the street he gives his card. His home is a haven of refuge for derelict humanity. To his studio one day come three wild birds, Guinevere Megan, flower girl and child-wife of a boyish gambler; Ferrand, a Belgian, witty, fascinating, a Villon of 1912; Timson, an old caddy, run-soaked, exuberant in decay. Each one is fed, clothed and sheltered by Wellwyn. He is kind by nature, not from theory. Yet his kindness does not turn the tide for these victims of misfortune. Timson drinks his rum. Ferrand flirts with Mrs. Megan.

The theorists take a hand at shaping the destiny of the three. Science, the church, the state, in the persons of Prof. Calway, Canon Bertley and Justice Hoxton put into practice their ideas of reform. But the wild birds again break loose. Each one in turn tries to die but is prevented. When the play ends the three face life unchanged and Wellwyn is carried off by a determined daughter to less accessible lodgings on the seventh floor of a tall house in Flight street. But the incorrigible pigeon has given his friends his card.

The play is a brilliant exposition of conditions, of types of causes and points of view. It is fantastic and picturesque. It mingles farce and philosophy. The delineation of character is extraordinarily deft. Everyone in the play lives. The performance will no doubt improve as the week progresses. One or two of the players were uncertain of their lines. This uncertainty caused a scene or two to drag. There was an awkward moment at the beginning of the third act.

Certain impersonations attracted attention by their excellence. These were the Mrs. Megan of Miss Sawyer, the Timson of Mr. Permain, and the Megan of Mr. Gordon. Miss Sawyer's portrayal of the flower-girl, tragically fated to be a daughter of joy, was remarkable for its charm, subtlety and quiet dramatic force. She was an engaging apparition, primitive, pathetic, alluring, pitifully incapable of governing her own life, the plaything of an unkind destiny. Mr. Permain played Timson with his usual skill in characterization and without exaggerating the man's habitual state of intoxication. Mr. Gordon, although on the stage but a few minutes, gave a striking impersonation of Megan. He was cynical and dejected. His contempt for his wife was sincere as was his belated attitude towards Ferrand, his supposed successor in her affections.

Mr. Joy played Ferrand with a mongrel accent. It is easy to imagine the part enlivened by Gallic spontaneity. Mr. Wingfield's Wellwyn was appropriately vague, sympathetic, kindly, irresponsible. Science, the church and the state were capably represented by Messrs. Craske, Matthews and Glenister. Next week Besier's "Don" and Dunsany's "The Lost Silk Hat" will be presented.

FLAG PROVES TO BE THE HEADLINER AT KEITH'S

It might be said—and one says this with all reverence—that the flag was the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. As the drop was lifted a huge silken flag that reached from proscenium arch to proscenium arch and from footlight to flies, was exposed to view. The audience was on its feet in a moment and the orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner."

Later on in the program "America First," a military musical drama, featuring Bruce Weyman, was presented, and again the flag was paramount, the incentive to recruiting was stimulated and the slacker was ceremoniously indicted. As a patriotic spectacle the piece was stirring, interesting in its pertinency to the hour; viewed solely as a theatrical production the piece falls short of the mark; it is episodic, merely a succession of stage pictures, and the moving pictures that first of all supplement the story eventually subordinate the physical produc-

tion itself. West Point Military Academy, the fore-deck of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, and the encampment near the Mexican border are each reproduced, and Bruce Weyman, a pleasing singer, is swinging over the heads of the audience, perched on the formidable gun of the Pennsylvania, and takes his turn at song, after the manner of Miss O'Flynn of pleasing memory, who swung in like manner on the boom as the special feature of Arthur Hammerstein's most recent musical comedy.

Other acts on the bill were Fay, Two Coleys and Fay, in songs and dances; Rae Eleanor Ball, a fiddler with a pleasing tone but studiously affected; "The Corner Store," an amusing farce of the slapstick specie, featuring Jimmie Allman; Billy Gould, monologist; the Seven Bracks, in an acrobatic act that was a revelation in its speed and novelty; Myrtle Young and Jack Waldron, in songs and dances; Lucie Valmont and Jacq Reynen, in operatic selections, and the concluding episode of "Patina."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Flame," melodrama in three acts and eight scenes, by Richard Walton Tully, author of "The Bird of Paradise" and "Omar the Tentmaker." First time in Boston.

The cast:
Beggan Woman.....Helena Garden
Pineapple Vendor.....Marie Culver
Fralle Fernando, affectionately called "The Good Padre".....Wilson Day
Manuel, a poet.....Juan Soto
Peplita.....Bessie Lane
Maya, daughter of Tierra.....June Hawthorne

Geronimo Zabina, leader of a former revolution.....Louis Ancker
Don Benito Garvanza, Governor of the State.....Francis Verd
Pedro.....Carlos Villa
Garcia, an officer.....Jack Kingsberry
Rumba Dancers:
Ganda.....La Clavellita
Conga.....Fred Pena
Shantee, Priestess of the Voodoo.....Harriet Sterling

The Three Girls of the Treasure:
Innocencia.....Leah Rachel
Jovena.....June Ramsey
Amora.....Vera Leonard
Mrs. Justinian Lawlor.....Helene Veola
Jefferson Clay, a Kentucky negro.....William O'Day

Justinian Lawlor, American Consul.....W. J. Brady
Sir John Studham of the British Embassy.....Byron Russell
Minerva Fremont, a school teacher.....Helen Carew

Wayne Putnam, a young American planter.....Godfrey Matthews
Jesusa Vaqui, an Indian school boy.....Harry Morvill
Pamela Cabot.....Marion Conkley
Mr. Corbendale, a multi-millionaire.....George Le Solr

Mrs. Tabitha Cabot.....Ann Warrington
Dave Carson, a Texan.....James Seeley
Mrs. Carson.....Mabelle Seemans
Jefferson Lincoln Carson.....Thomas Gillen
Washington Lee Carson.....Eugene Michen
Workman.....C. A. Sievert
Chiquita.....Cora Mendoza
Midshipman.....John Paul

If beautiful scenery and wonderful lighting effects are requisites of the successful modern drama, then "The Flame" is due to prove one of the most successful plays of the present season in this city.

It is one of the most gorgeous plays produced during the present season, taking one into that land of revolutions and bloodshed, into that land of sunshine and sentiment, Mexico.

Yet "The Flame" not only pleases the eye, not only takes one out of the land of cold fact and realism into the land of blue skies and tropical verdure, but it teaches a lesson; it is a sermon on the holy state of motherhood, and as such cannot fail to become popular with Boston theatregoers.

Unlike the former offerings of the playwright, "The Flame" is, first and last, melodrama, elevated from the penny-dreadful ranks by its very boldness of scenery and costuming, yet without retaining all those requisites that have always made melodrama loved by the American people.

It tells the story of a young American who has gone to this land of the South to grow bananas that he may make his fortune to lay at the feet of his betrothed. It takes him through the darkness of a revolution, it brings him to financial ruin through the medium of a hurricane, it gives him the woman of his love for wife and makes of her a mother, finally ending in their being saved by Maya, priestess of the sun and moon.

The Maya of June Hawthorne is appealing. She is the Indian priestess of Aztec mythology. Godfrey Matthews, as Wayne Putnam, the young planter, is a typical American, playing true to the part. Marion Conkley has a difficult role of the young American girl, wife and mother. She is sweet and plays the part artistically. The Geronimo Zabina, revolutionary leader educated in America, of Louis Ancker is true to life. The supporting company is all that can be desired.

So strong an appeal to the public does the management believe this play will make that it has arranged that the Catholic clergy of Boston will be given a chance to see it as the guests of the company.

The Home Guard.

We have received a circular asking us to use for lucrative purposes the advertising columns of a certain periodical. "Doubtless we've all been thinking a good bit over this war situation lately sort of wondering how we can legitimately and patriotically profit by it."

Few of our subscribers will go to war. . . . Why not take this time to develop your own home markets, the back country section, the field you can reach through—?"

The Pennsylvania Squonk.

As the World Wags:
An esteemed correspondent has kindly sent me a description of the squonk, a little known animal, which deserves a place among the fauna of this column.

"The squonk is an entirely harmless, but very curious, beast. It is said to be fairly common in the hemlock forests of Pennsylvania. It travels about only at twilight. Because of its ill-fitting skin, which is covered with warts and moles, it is always unhappy. Hunters are able to follow the squonk by its tear-stained trails, as it weeps constantly. When cornered, and escape seems impossible, it may even dissolve in tears. On frosty moonlight nights, it is often heard weeping under the boughs of dark hemlock trees. Mr. J. P. Wentling, residing at St. Anthony Park, had a disappointing experience with a squonk near Mt. Alto. He made a clever capture by mimicking the squonk, and inducing it to hop into a sack, in which he was carrying it home when gradually the burden lightened and the weeping ceased. Mr. Wentling on arriving home unsling the sack and looked in. There was nothing but tears and bubbles!" EDGAR P. HOWARD.

Brockton.

23D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major; Converse, Tone Poem, "Ave Atque Vale" (first time here); Beethoven, Concerto in G major, No. 4, for piano (Miss Winifred Christie, pianist); Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

The concert was an interesting one. Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a singularly impressive performance of Brahms's Symphony. One of the most brilliant of overtures was the final number.

Mr. Converse's tone poem, composed in the summer of 1916, was performed for the first time last January in St. Louis by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. It was not his intention to compose "program music," nor had he any poem in mind, not even the pathetic verses of Catullus, in which the poet bade eternal farewell to his brother in imperishable lines. It was the composer's intention to express subjectively "the feelings of one who bids farewell at the call of duty to all that is infinitely loved and cherished." The music is in free form. There is an introduction with a plaintive theme of Celtic character. This introduction, largely developed, is used as the concluding episode. The main body of the composition is an Allegro containing various episodes, now tender, now stern, now passionate.

The introduction has marked character, in musical material, and in orchestral expression. It serves admirably for an imposing close. A particularly striking episode in the Allegro is the one for oboe solo with a sighing accompaniment. As a whole the composition, while it shows Mr. Converse's facility and his knowledge of orchestral resources, does not seem to us as firmly knit and definite as certain other pieces by him for orchestra. There is too much repetition of phrases and passages; repetition without varying effect. Climaxes are too long delayed; there are disturbing pauses in the flow of musical thought. Mr. Converse, who conducted, was recalled several times.

Mme. Kurt telegraphed on Thursday that she was unable to sing on account of hoarseness. Miss Christie was substituted at very short notice. She had for unlately played the concerto of Beethoven with the orchestra at Hartford, Ct., this season, and played it with uncommon success. In Boston she was already and most favorably known by her recitals. We have seldom, if ever, heard a more musical, beautiful, poetic interpretation of this concerto than that of Miss Christie's yesterday. Saying this, we are not unmindful of the greatest pianists who have played the concerto here and elsewhere. Miss Christie's performance was especially remarkable for its exquisite proportion, its intimate relationship with the orchestra. There was the finest phrasing, a charming quality of tone, sure, but not ostentatious technique, brilliance when the music demanded it, above all poetic comprehension, grasp, expression. As a player in recitals Miss Christie is one of the few pianists visiting us that give employed pleasure. Now she has shown her rare ability as a player with orchestra.

W. P. wishes to know the origin of the term "Simon pure." We understand that the term is derived from the name of a Quaker in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." This Quaker is impersonated by another character during part of the play. Hence the Simon Pure is the real, genuine or authentic person or thing. We make this statement concerning the origin of the term on the authority of another. Inasmuch as Mrs. Centlivre's comedies are said to be improper, unfit for the young, we have not read them. One cannot be too careful in the matter of reading and theatre-going.

Happy Days.

As the World Wags:

Are football and baseball the only outdoor diversions of Boston boys? In the suburbs a solitary kite now and then swims in the blue, but I see no monster kites like those which Brooklyn boys used to make and fly. Brooklyn boys had a wonderful list of outdoor games. In mid-April the top-spinning season opened. The rich fellows, who could command a nickel, bought box-wood tops. It was a point of pride to possess one with a beautiful grain. Most of us had whip-tops, besides the peg-tops, and lashed them up and down the sidewalks by the hour. I've not seen a whip-top since the seventies.

We had a game called "roly-poly," the object being to roll a rubber ball into certain holes dug in the ground. There was "cat," the cat being a short stick pointed at both ends. The player flicked it into the air by a stroke on its pointed end, and then batted it as far

as he could. There was a pong pong cock's cock, a game in which the victim, faced an unmerciful pounding on the back. There was "peelers and thieves," in which the thieves, with a block's start, could hide anywhere within certain bounds. It took half a day sometimes to hunt them down. There was French block tag, a strenuous game which taxed wind and limb. There was "header and footer," a glorified and heroic form of leap frog, in which sometimes a champion would take a running start, leap eight or ten feet, land with his hands on the back of the fellow who was down, and, with legs outstretched, pass over him without "spurring." If he did spur he took the place of the bent over frog. Every election night almost every block in the city was the scene of a huge bonfire. For weeks before the boys had collected barrels for it and these were stored in the cellar of the leader of the crowd. It didn't matter who was elected. Nobody knew, nobody cared, but the sky was aglow from East New York to Fulton Ferry. W. E. K. Boston.

Did not our correspondent play "yard sheep" and "duck"? In western Massachusetts we said "yard sheep"; would not "yar" or "yare" have been correct? -Ed.

An Illustrious Predecessor.

As the World Wags:

Your mention of the "wax figger" in Artemus Ward's show which, at different times and in different places, Artemus successively made to do duty as the "statuot" of "Sir Edmund Hed the Governor Ginral," "Wm. Penn. Napoleon Bonypart, Duke of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham & varls other notid persons, & also for a sertin pirut named Hix," calls to mind the fact that a somewhat similar experience befell the statues, or images, with which Lord Timothy Dexter embellished his house and grounds in Newburyport. Those statues, some forty in number, were carved in wood and gaudily painted. The statues represented philosophers, statesmen and politicians, and were supplemented with effigies of four lions, a unicorn, a horse, a dog, a lamb, an eagle, etc. The statues embraced figures of George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, John Jay, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Gen. Miles Morgan, the Indian chief Cornplanter, William Pitt, Napoleon Bonaparte, George the Fourth, Lord Horatio Nelson, etc., together with a statue of Lord Timothy himself, the label on the latter having the inscription, "I am the first in the east, the first in the west, and the greatest philosopher in the known world." Of those statues, which had little merit as likenesses, Lord Timothy changed the names from time to time by transposing the labels from statue to statue. By that interchange of the labels of the statues a single statue was at different times made to represent different personages. OBSERVER. Brookline.

Vermonters and the West.

As the World Wags:

The information given by "Occidentus" about the sidewinder, the glass snake, etc., is instructive and very interesting, and I am indeed grateful. He takes exceptions, however, to my use of the term "Mizzoura" as being part of the West; but the West of 1863 was not the West of today. It was not the home of the Chautauquan and "mutual improvement societies," but was the "wild and woolly" West, the home of Quantrell's bushwhackers, and later that of Jesse James and others of his kind. Those were the days when the lion roared and the whangdoodle mourned her firstborn.

The West is vast and wonderful! The grandeur of its mountains, its canyons, its trees is unsurpassed. Its fossils and ruins tell us of its inhabitants of long ago, while recent excavations in the homes of the cliff dwellers have disclosed pottery of interest and value to the antiquary. Hieroglyphics upon a fragment of a broken vase found in these ruins have been deciphered by an eminent scientist. It is said, and descriptive, among other animals, the Mantichora, "a fearsome beast," which may have existed thousands of years ago, although no fossil of the Mantichora has yet been found:

The Mantichora is no quitter; His love is strong, his hate is bitter; Howling like a mighty storm, Mastodon or Ichthyosaurus, It charges foe with eye aglitter; While pterodactyls fly and tailier.

Boston.

VERMONT.

Sir George Alexander, at the annual meeting of the Actors' Association in London on April 1, took a gloomy view of things. We quote from the Daily Chronicle:

"Measures," he said, "were rapidly being brought forward by the government which threatened to destroy theatrical enterprise, and with it the livelihood of actors and actresses. Their calling had been classified as non-essential, and there was a clause by which no employer could take or transfer into employment anyone who had not attained the age of 14."

"If this order were insisted on, it would be impossible to carry on, and all place of entertainment would have

to close automatically. It was only because they had pressed for concessions that theatrical enterprise had been able to continue."

"Employee" did not at present include the actor or actress, but it included everybody else of importance in the theatre and without whom it would be impossible to carry on.

"Their association ought to be active in watching developments, and it should not be left to individuals to protect the calling and make bargains with the government in order to avoid the winding up of the industry. They should try and preserve it so far as possible and so organize as to become of real service to the state."

"The actor's versatility could be applied to national service. He understood that the musicians throughout the country were going to offer their services to cleanse the streets in their leisure hours. Actors and actresses had much time at their disposal and the possible work to be done by them would be of immense utility."

H. B. Irving was so moved that he wrote a letter to the Daily Telegraph the day before the meeting of the Association.

"Sir—Referring to the article in today's Daily Telegraph suggesting that the performance of plays in theatres should be proportionately cut with other forms of entertainment, it is only in this country that such a suggestion could be made. In Berlin, where Shakespeare is being played at three theatres; in Paris, where Moliere is being played at the Comedie Francaise; in every other country in Europe, where the theatre is protected and recognized officially as part of the national life, such a suggestion would never even be thought of. It would be the death of the higher forms of dramatic art, which European countries have always thought it worth while to recognize and protect. The very nature of the art of the playwright makes it impossible for him to develop his theme within a time limit of under two or three hours. Such a limit would entirely bar from the stage the plays of Shakespeare and the works of all our leading dramatists, past and present. Fortunately for them, in European countries the legitimate theatre has not to encounter that grudging and puritanical opposition which is always trying to assert itself here and makes us ridiculous in the eyes of other nations. I understand that one of the first acts of the provisional government in Russia has been to create a ministry of fine arts. It is surely time that we did something of the kind here, so that our higher drama may receive proper recognition and some measure of state protection. We have been told that entertainment is essential. If that be so, then it is all the more essential that the highest form of theatrical entertainment should not be subjected to regulations that would have the effect of banishing it from the stage altogether. You cannot hack about plays in the same way that you can alter and reshape music-hall entertainment, revues or musical comedies. In Paris today the theatres are open for every evening and two matinees. In Berlin, as I said, Shakespeare is being played in three theatres, and all the theatres have been opened in Brussels since Belgium was occupied by the Germans. Is our situation so much worse that we are to be driven to measures which have never been even contemplated in the countries to which I have alluded? At a time when all sorts of irresponsible suggestions are being made for dealing with entertainment, it is just and necessary that the rights of the higher drama should be admitted and upheld in the country of Shakespeare."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, in an article published in the Pall Mall Gazette of April 2, wrote as the optimist in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." He is of the opinion that the theatre is doing well. "In the best of times it would have been hard to find a season containing half a dozen successful plays, all running simultaneously. But this amazing phenomenon applies today. During the Franco-Prussian war the Paris theatres were, I believe, well attended. The theatre has among other advantages more especially of an educational character, the merit of keeping the working-class people out of the streets at night. It is a little unfortunate that the government has described the legitimate theatre as an 'unnecessary industry.' It is not vital, perhaps, but it is valuable. To shut down theatres would be to rob war institutions."

Nor does Sir Johnston look upon the situation in the theatre as indicative of a crisis. Nor can he help being optimistic about the stage. "Its course of steady improvement during the past 40 years remains unbroken. The legitimate drama has enormously improved in my time. The group of dramatists consisting of Oscar Wilde, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Carton and Grundy was a powerful one, and those among it who still live I trust will contribute further to the drama. Sir Arthur Pinero was a pioneer, and in a sense an epochmaker. One of Barrie's delicate and delightful things would not have lasted two nights in my early days, whereas audiences have now developed a much improved artistic appreciation. The people go to picture galleries and generally display a keen interest in all matters of art. What I should like to see come into vogue, and, indeed, I am confident that it will, is legitimate comic opera with a coherent story."

Still more entertaining is W. Barclay Squire's article "Some Novello Correspondence," which contains extraordinary letters by Samuel Wesley, the son of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and the nephew of the Saintly John. The postscript of one of Wesley's letters runs: "Have you heard any tidings of the umbrella minus? Mine (at present) is certainly yours and not my own. Don't let us be robbed at church and in the choir, among the holy ones, without making out who's who." Here is an extract from a letter written at Ramsgate: "Mr. W. and I appear about every other day in puris naturalibus upon the coast, to amuse the fish and the ladies. We scorn wooden machines

"While we have just as fine actors in England today as in any country, we have not a subsidized theatre, with the result that we have to depend upon individual effort and enterprise. I am gratified to note that the London county council have recognized attendance at the old Victoria Hall Shakespeare productions as part of the curriculum of the council schools, such attendance of pupils to count as time spent in study. It is important recognition of the educative influence of the drama. When I was a young man people would have scoffed at the mere notion that the theatre could have provided education. It has been said that Germany has done more for Shakespeare than we have. But this is a greatly exaggerated statement. What has happened is not, however, without interest. Several subsidized theatres in the fatherland have produced Shakespeare translated into the every-day German vernacular. In England, audiences hear early 17th century English, which is a cultivated taste to the man in the street, whereas the most ignorant German can follow Shakespeare's plays in the language he talks himself."

"Recognition for any art is a fight in this country, but it comes in the end. Invention will never be able, in my opinion, to replace the spoken word. For example, no variety of talking machine, even working in harmony with a cinematograph play, would ever serve as a substitute for the human voice. At best the difference would be as great as that between listening to a great orator and reading his speech the next morning. The drama will live

It will always struggle through. There have been certain people pessimistic about it, its decline, its mediocrity, its moral decadence, from time immemorial, but the rank and file of dramatists are better now than they have ever been. Barrie and Bernard Shaw are both great artists. Shaw is endowed with high literary and artistic ability, and possesses a remarkable temperament. Unhappily he has been led into politics.

"I am optimistic as regards all arts in this country. Subjects, ideas and themes will become broader in connection with the drama. The war will have exercised his influence, directly or indirectly. During the last two and a half years the theatre has not done so badly on the whole, if one views the situation with a sense of perspective and at the same time realizes what the entire world has been passing through."

The Musical Quarterly for April contains some interesting articles and some of interest only to antiquarians. "The Boy Choir Fad" by N. Lindsay Norden will certainly provoke indignant answers. The opening sentence will vex many. "The boy choir fad has grown so alarmingly that the choral ideals of the American church will degenerate unless a decisive check is firmly put upon this disastrous evil in church music." Mr. Norden argues soundly as a musician, a choir master, and an advocate of the best church music. But how irritating these sentences will be to some!

"The cheap compositions, secular in style, produced here and in England, for boy choir use, are trash not worthy of publicity."

"Church music in this country is mainly a mechanical echo of the ideals of the English church, which some of us consider the stupidest and dullest the world has ever known. Even the operatic and sensuous style of the modern Italian church is more to be desired than is the style of the former."

"Any interest on the part of the boy, which does later develop, is rarely musical, generally it is based on the 'gang' instinct—which is a legitimate part of every boy's play life."

"In England, and generally in this country also, the alto part of a boy choir is sung by men who sing above the 'crack' in their voices. Such a makeshift in divine worship is abominable, sacrilegious, intolerable. The sound produced is unnatural, atrocious, inhuman; it is but an unmusical hoot and often false in intonation. * * * It is a most exasperating experience to hear the awful squawks of the male altos in the boy choirs in our churches. One male alto will well nigh ruin the work of a chorus of 40 voices."

"Handsomely printed weekly programs, fine clean vestments, beautiful buildings, four manual organs, flashy newspaper advertising do not make for good church music in the least."

Still more entertaining is W. Barclay Squire's article "Some Novello Correspondence," which contains extraordinary letters by Samuel Wesley, the son of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and the nephew of the Saintly John.

The postscript of one of Wesley's letters runs: "Have you heard any tidings of the umbrella minus? Mine (at present) is certainly yours and not my own. Don't let us be robbed at church and in the choir, among the holy ones, without making out who's who."

Here is an extract from a letter written at Ramsgate: "Mr. W. and I appear about every other day in puris naturalibus upon the coast, to amuse the fish and the ladies. We scorn wooden machines

Kate Bateman must have been a remarkably handsome woman in her younger days. She was tall with dark hair and full blue eyes set wide apart. One writer of the time was moved to say of her "Since Rachel I have seen no actress whose mere presence conveys a similar intimation of power." That authoritative critic, J. Ranken Towse, says of her delivery of the famous curse: "Few more Mictorial or

thrilling manifestations of torrential wrath have been given on the stage." Infant prodigies rarely reach artistic maturity. Kate Bateman was one of the few. She and her sister Ellen began at very tender ages and when Kate was but 7 they appeared in recitations at Providence, where their grandfather, Joe Cowell, a popular comedian in those days, was having a struggle trying to run a stock company. It is a pretty safe guess that the money-loving Col. H. L. didn't lose the opportunity of "exhibiting" his precocious offspring in Boston at that time. P. T. Barnum engineered their visit to England in the early 50's, which, like all of his enterprises, made money for everyone concerned. For a quarter of a century before her death Miss Bateman, or Mrs. Crowe, as she had married a London physician, conducted a successful school for acting in the British metropolis. She seems to have bequeathed some of her talent as well as much of her beauty to her grand-daughter, the strikingly handsome Leah Bateman-Hunter, who will be remembered as Olliva in "Twelfth Night" and Perdita in "A Winter's Tale" with the ill-fated New Theatre Company at the Shubert Theatre in April, 1910. J. R. DILLABY.

Boston.
Miss Bateman made her first appearance on the London stage at the St. James's Theatre in the fifth act of "Richard III." as Richmond, Aug. 25, 1851, appearing also in "The Young Couple."—Ed.

Novels on the Stage: "Suggested by 'The Newcomes'"

Dramatization of novels is not purely modern, for there are examples of it almost from the time Shakespeare leveled upon Lodge's "Rosalynde" and a French adaptation of Bandello. Criticism of it perhaps began when some captious Elizabethan pointed out that Shakespeare reproduced all the chronological and geographical mistakes of Greene's "Pandosto" in "The Winter's Tale." But in recent years the practice has come in like a flood; until we are hardly shocked to find even Thackeray's "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" on the stage, and accept with casual commendation a skilful rendering of "Peter Ibbetson." The motive in nine cases out of 10 is money-making, the principal exceptions being in the desire of some actor or actress to play the part of a famous hero or heroine. The result is sometimes excellent. When a popular novel has won a vast audience, what is more natural than to think that many of its elements of popularity can be transferred to the stage? Who can doubt that many of its readers will be pleased to see a living impersonation of its characters? Dramatization of mere best-sellers is often easy, for most of them depend on action, not characterization, and are brief and unified. But the public has shown a sound reluctance in approaching even such dramatizations as that of Hardy's "Tess."

The impossibility of dramatizing a novel which covers years of time, involves a wide canvas of characters and contains depths of psychological analysis, has betrayed some into too dogmatic a statement of the impossibility of effectively dramatizing novels at all. Bliss Perry wrote that novel and play are as unlike as fish and bird, and that a dramatized novel must be as clumsy as a flying fish. A novel of the three-volume type, a novel which emphasizes character and philosophy in but half the degree that Meredith's or James's do, or one that depends upon a combination of atmosphere with character and action, defies dramatization: A novel may easily be too broad for a three hour's stage performance. It may, without being broad, be absolutely static, while a play can hardly begin to succeed unless it is dynamic. But it remains evident that some forms of the novel approach some forms of the play closely, and that the facility with which one can be metamorphosed into the other is proved equally by the conversion of novels into plays and plays into novels. Does not one recipe for young novel-writers read, "First block out your plot as if it were the scenario of a drama?" Arnold Bennett might, for all practical purposes, have written either "The Great Adventure" or its fictional counterpart, "Buried Alive," first, and that "Buried Alive" was the predecessor was no more necessary or logical than that Reade's "Peg Woffington" grew out of a play which Reade had helped write.

One rule, though it may admit exceptions, is fairly evident: a novel is the greater the farther it recedes from the form in which it may be easily dramatized, and a play the greater the farther it is from the form in which it is easily novelized. Each is at its best when it emphasizes the characteristics peculiar to itself, at second best when it contains many characteristics common to both forms. The greatest novels embody conceptions, intents, a wealth of material, that find their fullest and only

fulfillment in the novel, and the greatest plays embody a truth, a series of situations and emotions dramatically compressed that were born for the stage as they were born in the author's mind. There is an absurd quarrel between some living writers as to whether novel or play demands more genius, is more difficult to write. Arnold Bennett maintains he can write three plays to one novel, while Shaw retorts by declaring novel writing infinitely easier, and converting a part of "Macbeth" into a chapter of an Arnold Bennett novel to prove it. It is impossible to imagine a supreme dramatist arguing such a question with a supreme novelist—Shakespeare with Thackeray, for example! Explanation of the difference is simple. Bennett, with primary aptitude for the novel, can run a gamut from the great and wholly undramatic novel, "The Poor Wives' Tale," to where he approaches the line of drama in a poor novel like "Denry the Audacious" and crosses it in the poor play, "Cupid and Commensence." Shaw, with primary aptitude for the drama, approaches the dividing line from the other side—his second-rate plays being better than "An Unsocial Socialist." Each naturally thinks little of the form in which he shows facility without genius, ascribing part of his inferiority in it to inherent inferiority of the form. There are good novels and good plays close to the dividing line, and men, like Galsworthy and Barrie, who can write novels and plays with almost equal ability.

In the case of a lasting and well-known novel, as "Peter Ibbetson," any dramatist who uses any of its framework or characters and capitalizes its name can hardly write a play departing radically from the book. But it may be wondered why playwrights who employ merely ephemeral fiction do not allow themselves a greater latitude. They could often work to better purpose if they availed themselves simply of an inspirational hint here and there, and filled in their own framework, or background, or dramatic personae. The author of the stage version of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" put the book's characters through situations original with himself; writers of more worthy plays might profitably use the same freedom. Novels out of dramas, as "Peg Woffington," are likely to be of better quality than dramas out of novels, for the simple reason that the novelist allows himself greater scope with his material.—Evening Post (N. Y.), April 21.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Galli-Curci's second and last concert. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Twentieth annual concert of the People's Choral Union of Boston, Frederick W. Woodell, conductor. Handel's "Messiah." Solo singers: Miss Elizabeth Parks, Miss Charlotte Pegee, Messrs. Trevel and Veldon. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Herman A. Sheppard, organist. Miss Mildred Vinton pianist.

Mechanics Hall 8 P. M. Naumoth band concert for the benefit of the Charitable Fund of the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society of Boston, Inc. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Concert under the auspices of the New England Hotel Greeter's Association by Thomas Egan, Irish tenor; Mme. Breton, soprano; Mr. Gerard, violinist. Arias, songs, duets by Leoncavallo, Bizet, Puccini, Verdi, Lully, Egan, Homer, Oliver, Dichtom, Turner-Maley, De Koven and a group of ancient folk songs. Violin pieces by Wagner-Wilhelm, Sircello, Kreisler.

MONDAY—Steinert, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Gertrude Auld. Ten folk songs. Serbian, Sicilian, Bohemian, Greek, Dutch, Hungarian, Japanese, English, Moorish. French. Ravel, La fute enchanee, La Grille, Brasseur, L'Honneur Vagabond; De-croix, L'Oiseau Bleu; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rossignols Moucheron; Poldowski, Effort de neige; Moussorgsky, Au bord du Don; Gretchaninov, Triste est les Steppe; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Oriental Song; Fontenailles, Chant de Nourrice; Messager, Le malin gris; Jacques-Dalcroze, Les bonnes dames de St. Germain; Martini, Au clair de la lune; Curviller, Au bord de l'eau.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Boston Musical Union, George Sawyer Dunham, conductor, with George Sawyers program. Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt and Henry G. Moeller will be the solo singers. Mr. Fabrizio, violinist.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton, conductor. Solo singers: Mme. Marie Sundelius, Messrs. Lambert Murphy, Leon Rother and G. Roberts Linger. Orchestra of Boston Symphony players. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twentieth concert (repeated) by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

How little even the wisest know! At the Porphyry the other night there were men whose acquirements are known to members of scientific societies the world over; men who play with electricity, an authoritative historian, a chemist solving problems for the benefit of the race, a daring surgeon, a sparkling essayist. There were others whose names are familiar. Yet not a man jack in the group could tell, when the question was put, why a gin bottle has a glass stopper, while bottles holding other strong waters are stopped with cork.

A Forgotten Art.

Apparently the satirist is no more. There are now and then stage pieces that are called satires, but they are only caricatures. There is a wealth of material in politics, dress, manners and customs, greater than when George William Curtis wrote his "Potiphar Papers," as much certainly as in the

day of Little and Nodd. The Fifth War sharpened the pen of Mr. Dooley.

Some of us remember, though, we were then little boys, the many satirical pamphlets that appeared in the early sixties. Chief among them was "The New Gospel of Peace According to St. Benjamin." The first three pamphlets were practically ignored by the newspapers, yet the sale soon reached 135,000 copies. "The New Gospel" is good reading today, especially for those who can recall the feverish and distracted sixties. We have a copy of the four pamphlets bound in one volume, published in 1866. There is a long preface including a letter to the Nation by Richard Grant White, discussing the pamphlets as though he had been a disinterested reader and not the author.

Again we rejoiced at the description of Fernando Wood.

"There was a man whose name was Phernandiwud. And he was a just man, and a righteous; and he walked uprightly before the world. But when he was not before the world his walk was slant-inducular. And he loved the people. And Phernandiwud said within himself, O a truth I love the people; but am I not one of the people; yea, verily, am I not number one of the people? and shall I not therefore first love myself? So Phernandiwud first loved himself, and the rest of the people after himself."

The author, although a staunch supporter of the Union did not love the Negro. In this respect he was like the writers and cartoonists of Vanity Fair. "Now, about these days came Philip from the New Athens, a priest of Beelzebub, and he taught in the tabernacle at Gotham, and Philip had many words but only one thought; and that, like the thought of the men of the South, was for the Niggah. But he respected not the Great Covenant. And he said unto the people, ye ought to set the Niggah free." The attack on him by Isaiah Rynders was the first ministrations of the new gospel of peace; the attack of "Frestenbrunx" on Charles, surnamed Summoner, was the second.

Buchanan's surname interpreted meant facing-both-ways. "In the land of Unculpasalm, when a man humbled himself before another which threatened him, he was said to compromise."

In the first of the pamphlets we see how Lincoln was underestimated: "Now Abraham was honest; but he was not wise in his generation. . . . Now Abraham's foot was heavy, but his head was light and his knees were feeble. So his foot came down in the wrong place or at the wrong time, or else it continued not down until the end was accomplished. Wherefore he prevailed not. And he was called Abraham the well-meaning. And men plied him." Full justice is done to Lincoln in the later pamphlets.

There is hardly a page in this book that does not tempt quotation. One of the bitterest attacks was on Manton Marble: "Assonkald Edittah the scribe, who, to gain the World, had lost his own soul." In a note there is an affidavit of Alexander Wilder of the Evening Post in the case of George Opdyka against Marble and others. When Wilder was asked "What capital is necessary to run a daily morning newspaper in New York?" he answered: "At least \$100,000; my impression is that it would take \$250,000." This was in 1864.

"The New Gospel of Peace" should be used as a textbook in courses of American history. We make room for paragraphs descriptive of social life in New York.

"Then Kaudphyssh builded him a house like unto a palace, and the ceilings thereof were covered with gold and with many colors, and it was adorned with curious wood within and without; and he fared sumptuously every day, and had men-servants and women-servants, and horses and chariots; and his wives and his daughters were clothed in silken raiment of many colors, and in fine-twined linen, like unto the spider's web, and in jewels and precious stones. And they went oftentimes and sat in a pulpit in the great hall of the men-singers and women-singers of Gotham; and when these sang the music that they comprehended not in a language that they understood not, they clapped their hands and shouted with exceeding joy."

"For in Gotham no rich man gave a feast with music and dancing, unless he bade so many guests that they could neither talk nor eat, nor hear music, nor dance in a manner convenient for them. And because every man, if he was not rich, would be thought rich, this was always the manner of feasting in Gotham."

"Phernandiwud" was mayor of New York. What would happen to a satirist in Boston, a second St. Benjamin, if he should write a pamphlet about the administration of this city?

Rice and Mongolia.

As the World Wags:
One wonders what T. R. thinks of the "Chinafying" of the American nation, when the Mongolia, under Capt. Rice, fires the first shot against Germany. Rather curious—the juxtaposition of the two names, Rice and Mongolia.
Boston. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Bulletin Boards.

Which was the first newspaper to publish a contents bill? These prohibited articles seem to have come in with the railways. Yet for a long time after steam traveling was general their

contents were not printed. Well man, in a pretty print of reminiscences of 1861 and 62, says that he can only recall two instances of newspapers posting announcements in their windows—one the "Sunday Times," that used to put up racing results, and another the "London Telegraph," which during the French revolution of 1848 published a placard, "The Red Flag floating over Paris. The Royal Family fled."—London Daily Chronicle.

The Bean Purveyors.

As the World Wags:

"The New York Sun quotes a westerner to the effect that beans are dangerous food in that they cause gastric disturbance, and, according to an old punist, sterility as well. Gen. Thomas used to say that one of the best things that could happen to the federal armies would be for the soldiers to learn how to cook their beans. I am inclined to think that in New England only is the art of baking beans today well known and understood. Most of the "Boston baked beans" one gets in New York and Chicago hotels are pale, base, feeble imitations.

Are we not losing our native skill in making fishballs, twin sister of the Sunday bean? The modern cook whether Ethiopian, Milesian or Gallic, falls down woefully in comparison with the old-timers in making not only fishballs—now called "cakes" by the elite—but on good wholesome old-time hash.
Boston. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Relief Society's Benefit Concert Enjoyed by Immense Audience.

The 13th annual concert of the Musicians' Relief Society of Boston was given in Mechanics building last evening. The huge auditorium was crowded, and the band of 400 musicians took up the stage. John Philip Sousa conducted. The assisting artists, were Mme. Tamaki Miura, Japanese prima donna of the Boston National Grand Opera Company, and Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist.

The band played pieces by Sousa, Thomas, Clarke, Hosmer, J. Howard Richardson, Komzak, Tiel and Keyes. Mme. Miura sang "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto"; "Fair Name," from "Madame Butterfly"; "The Last Rose of Summer" and a typical Japanese piece. Mr. Clarke played pieces of his own composition. All the assisting artists as well as Mr. Sousa, were generous with encores.

Mme. Miura sang Verdi's exacting music with warmth and brilliance of tone. Nor was the excellence of her diction in "The Last Rose of Summer" lost to the great audience.

With the single exception of theatrical folk, there is no fraternity more generous with their services than the musicians. Thus the distinguished assisting artists as well as the 400 musicians contributed their services gratis. And the occasion had its pertinency to the hour, for besides the stage being generously decorated with flags and bunting, many of the musicians, already enrolled in the services of the country, were in military attire.

During the intermission Mayor Curley addressed the assembly and made several presentations. To Mr. Sousa, who will only yield his baton for trap-shooting, was presented a trap-shooter in miniature; for Mme. Miura, who on tour is incessantly asking her associates the time of day, there was a solid gold wrist watch, and to Mr. Clarke was presented a solid gold medallion with a miniature cornet in relief.

Witnessing the performance last evening, many wondered at the musical unity, the precision of this great body. And all this with but one rehearsal and many absent owing to war duties. But it spoke volumes for the excellence of Mr. Sousa's leadership.

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION PRODUCES "THE MESSIAH"

Large Audience Applauds Chorus and Soloists.

Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," was sung last night in Symphony Hall before an audience of 1800 persons by the People's Choral Union of Boston, assisted by an orchestra of Boston Symphony players. The chorus numbered 400. It was the 20th annual concert of the organization. The soloists were Miss Elizabeth Parks, soprano; Miss Charlotte Pegee, contralto; Charles Troxell, tenor, and Albert Wiederholt, bass. Frederick W. Woodell conducted.

The audience was friendly from the beginning, freely applauding all the numbers by soloists and chorus.

The singing of Miss Pegee and Mr. Wiederholt was especially good. The former has a rich, full, mature voice. Her rendition of "He Shall Feed His Flock Like a Shepherd" was perhaps the best work of the evening. Miss Parks had difficulty in reaching top notes.

My interest in the mammalia of England, and especially the state of Maine, has always been great, and has been much increased by the receipt of valuable contributions to your collection. For those fellow-naturalists whose interests so interdigitate with mine, I wish to send you a few words about a strange creature which infests the fastnesses (I mean infests the fastnesses) of Mt Katahdin, and is known to the rustics as the Quoskie. I am given to understand that it is of the same family, though not the same species, as the Australian zing. The quoskie is a hairy animal, about the size of a whippet, and its fur is a dark olive green for a long tuft hanging down under the chin, this tuft being a brilliant crimson. He lives entirely on fish, which he catches in the following manner. Going to the bank of a stream, he reaches over the water with the

In a long or short time, the quoskle tosses his head back sharply and the luckless fish is snapped out of the water and up into the air. When he descends it is his fate to find the cruel jaws of his captor waiting to devour him. In the winter, when the streams and ponds are covered with ice the quoskle is hibernating, so of course he doesn't have to eat. I have shot many of these animals. I have a friend who makes me angry because every time I speak of the quoskle, he breaks in and says it belongs to the same family as the snark, and you know as well as I do that the snark was a fictitious creature, a figment of the imagination of Lewis Carroll. The snark, as you also well know, was a boojum, but the quoskle is a real animal, and I can prove it. It's exasperating, the way some persons talk.

HENRY McWHOOISIE.

Boston.

First Class in Grammar.

As the World Wags:

In Polly Tiffany's letter in the Herald of April 20, she used the expression "there was more than one." Is "was" correct in that expression, or should the verb be in the plural number? In the above quoted expression, is "one" in the nominative case, or in the objective? In whatever case it is, please state how it should be parsed. (There was a class in parsing in the school which I attended, but perhaps nothing of that kind is heard of in the schools of the present day—indeed, I should not be surprised to know that schools of the present day do not teach any such thing as grammar.) According to the revised laws of Massachusetts, "there was more than one" is the correct form of expression, rather than "there were more than one," but, in spite of the fact that the General Court of Massachusetts has affixed to such expressions as "there was more than one," the stamp of its sanction and approval, I cannot help thinking that in such expressions the use of "was" cannot be made to quadrate with the rules of grammar—in other words, that it cannot be parsed.

SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

Brookline.

Foljambe and Fudgem.

How many Bostonians, noting the death of the Rt. Hon. F. J. S. Foljambe, would pronounce his name as his countrymen pronounce it? Foljambe and Beljambe were undoubtedly nick names at first, as were Greyshank, Longshank, Cruikshank, Rowshank, Sheepshanks, Golightly, Lightfoot and other surnames. It has been said that the right pronunciation of certain names, the despair of foreigners "follows no known rules; it sets all laws of orthography at defiance, and has in fact been fixed in an indistinct post by local custom." The holders of these names often spell them phonetically "when they emigrate or sink into the humbler ranks of life." Beecham, Marchbanks, Tine, Chundley and even Fudgem are given as examples. "Humbler ranks of life." What would the knighted Beecham of the fortune derived from pills say to this?

BOSTON MUSICAL UNION GIVES SECOND CONCERT

Presents a Varied Program at Jordan Hall.

The Boston Musical Union, George Sawyer Dunham conductor, gave its second concert of the season last evening in Jordan Hall. The program, agreeably varied, included Palestrina's *Panis Angelicus*, Mozart's *Ave Verum*, Borodin's *Dance of the Polovetzian Maidens* from "Prince Igor"; Reichardt's "Image of the Rose" (Henry G. Moeller and male chorus); Mascagni's *Maestri Vespri* from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; part songs by Parker, Sullivan and Hilde; songs by Wachs, Mathe, Widor, Ronald, Henschel, Rubinstein, Phillips and Schubert's "Ave Maria" (Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto); and violin pieces by Townsend, Couperin-Kreidler, Sarasate, Bach-Kreisler, Ysaye and Kreisler. The concert was enjoyed by a small audience.

Some time ago "L. N. B." protested against household waste, giving as an example the throwing away of bread crusts by makers of desirable sandwiches for afternoon tea. A trifling matter, one may say with a lordly air, but the little foxes spoil the vines. "L. N. B." now sends a recipe for a panade given to her by a French family.

"Boil a quart of water with salt; add pieces of stale bread broken in small pieces; let it all boil and soften; add a bit of butter, and serve thick."

The panade is an old dish in France. Here is a more attractive recipe taken from "Le Cuisinier Francais," written by Francois Pierre de LaVarenne. Eight editions were published from 1651 to 1726, and the little book was translated into Italian. This LaVarenne was in the service of the Marquis d'Uxelles and

called him "le grand d'Uxelles." In his time a "potage" did not mean a soup; a potage was a large dish of meat or fish boiled with vegetables. LaVarenne's idea of a panade was as follows: "Take good bouillon and pieces of bread well crumbled; boil them well together; then put in the yolks of eggs, very little salt, and the juice of a lemon."

The dish was known in England as panada or panado early in the 17th century. It was apparently a favorite with sick or delicate persons. Lady Allworth in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" keeps her chamber and "dines with a panada or water gruel." There is a reference a century and a half later to a consumptive fed with chicken broth and panada. Kelley's favorite diet was "pulse or bread, which he ate dry with water, or made into panada." But early in the 17th century we find "panadoes and broths" described as "nourishing brackes." Gruel, panada and sago tea were recommended to some in the 18th century as a regimen, and there was a "ruined constitution, which sack and sago pudding and panado could scarcely support."

Old Cotgrave translated "panade": "A panado; crumbs of bread (and currans) moistened, or brewed with water." The definition in the Oxford Dictionary is longer: "A dish made by boiling bread in water to a pulp and flavoring it according to taste with sugar, currants, nutmegs or other ingredients."

Paxton, Not Emerson.

Mrs. D. G. B. of Wellesley writes: "Let a man preach a better sermon, write a better book, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbors, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

"From a sermon, 'He Could Not Be Hid,' by John R. Paxton, pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, New York city (1882-1893). The sermon was originally delivered in his New York church and repeated afterwards at the New York Chautauqua. It was printed in abbreviated form in one of the magazines for clergymen, and the extract started on a wide course of popularity, being variously attributed to both Thoreau and Emerson, owing to a similarity to Emerson's allusion to Thoreau in his 'Nature Addresses and Lectures: The American Scholar.' If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."

"The correct information was supplied by Calvin Dill Wilson of Glendale, O., and appeared in the Washington (D. C.) Times, May 15, 1911, after members of the Cosmos Club in Washington, who had long enjoyed the distinction that no question could be asked which some one of them could not answer, had to acknowledge that their record was broken."

The Glass Snake

As the World Wags:

"Vermonters" says the glass snake when broken is supposed to gather itself together after sundown. To my knowledge this is not always the case. Tending sheep on the Flint Hills in Kansas when a boy in the eighties I killed a glass snake close to the corral, broke it into half a dozen pieces and buried all except the head under a sod. This was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Returning from dinner at 1, I was astonished to find holes three-quarters of an inch in diameter running through the sod placed over the pieces (except the head) into which the snake had been broken. Removing the sod, no remains were found. The head had also disappeared. The inference was plain. The head of the snake had bored a path to each piece, connected itself therewith and glided off. PETER GORHAM.

Winthrop.

A Shakespearean Crux.

As the World Wags:

Today—April 23—is the anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare, and I will celebrate it by asking you to explain the meaning of a passage in scene 2 of act 2 of his "Merchant of Venice." I refer to Launcelot Gobbo's remark to his father, Old Gobbo: "Father, in." To what does that "in" have reference? Who is in, and what is he in? I should regard as jocular the suggestion that "in" as thus used by Launcelot Gobbo was the original form, and has the meaning of the modern slang expression "in it," but even so fantastic and fanciful explanation as to the sense in which Launcelot Gobbo used "in" in that passage of "The Merchant of Venice" would not make clear to me the pertinency of his use of it in that passage.

Brookline, April 23.

Is this use of "in" wholly inexplicable? Bassanio had just said: "Go, father, with thy son." Then he tells Launcelot to take leave of his old master, Shylock, and inquire his (Bassanio's) lodging out. Perhaps an irreverent son today would say: "Come, father, get a gait on you."—Ed.

We have received letters regretting the absence for a time of good old Doc. Evans with his kindly advice and sure prescriptions. Perhaps certain cures described in this column will interest the afflicted. We quote from "Some Instances of Dr. Butler's Cures," written by Mr. James Bovey for John Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Men." William Butler, physician, was of Clare Hall, Cambridge; "never took the degree of doctor, though he was the greatest Physician of his time."

Case No. 1. "The Dr. lying at the Savoy in London, next the water side, where was a balcony look't into the Thames, a patient came to him that was grievously tormented with an ague. The Dr. orders a boate to be in readiness under his window, and discoursed with the patient (a gent.) in the balcony, when on a signal given, 2 or 3 lusty fellows came behind the gent. and threw him a mater of 20 fete into the Thames. This surprize absolutely cured him."

Case No. 2. "A gent, with a red, ugly, pumpled face, came to him for a cure. Said the Dr.: 'I must hang you.' So presently he had a device made ready to hang him from a beame in the roome; and when he was cen almost dead, he cuts the veins that fed these pumplies, and lett out the black, ugly blood, and cured him."

Case No. 3. "The parson heard that the K (King James) was a great scholar, and studied so excessively that he could not sleep, so somebody gave him some opium, wch had made him sleep his last had not this physician (Dr. Butler) used this following remedy. He was sent for by the parson's wife; when he came and sawe the parson, and asked what they had donne, he told her that she was in danger to be hanged for killing her husband, and so in great choler left her; it was at that time when the cowes came into the backside to be milkt; he turnes back, and asked whose cowes these were, she sayd her husband's. Sayd he, 'Will you give one of these cowes to fetch your husband to life again?' That she would with all her heart. He then causes one presently to be killed and opened, and the parson to be taken out of his bed and putt into the cowe's warme belly, which after some time brought him to life, or els he had infallibly dyed."

This learned leech was "not greedy of money, except choice pieces of gold or rarities," but he was a "man of great moodes," much addicted to his humors, "and would suffer persons of quality to waite sometimes some houres at his dore with coaches before he would receive them."

Here is an instance of his pleasantry. "Dr. Gale of St. Paul's school assures me that a Frenchman came one time from London to Cambridge, purposely to see him (Dr. Butler) whom he made stay two houres for him in his gallery, and then he came out to him in an old blew gowne. The French gentleman makes him 2 or 3 very lowe bowes downe to the ground; Dr. Butler whippes his legge over his head, and away goes into his chamber, and did not speak with him."

And here is a glimpse of his private life, showing him to be a man of regular habits: "Dr. Butler would many times goe to the tavern, but drinke by himselfe; about 9 or 10 at night old Nell comes for him with a candle and lanthorne, and says, 'Come home you drunken beast!' By and by Nell would stumble, then her master calls her 'drunken beast,' and so they did drunken beast one another all the way till they came home."

All up for Dr. William Butler, a famous practitioner of the grand old school!

CECILIA SOCIETY HEARD IN FAUST

"The Damnation of Faust," a dramatic legend by Hector Berlioz, was performed last evening in Symphony Hall by the Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton conductor, with the assistance of 70 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The solo singers were Marie Sundelius, soprano; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Leon Rothier, bass, and G. Roberts Lunger, baritone.

Faust, Hamlet, Romeo, these were subjects of which Berlioz the supreme romanticist, dreamed continually. The story of his hectic labors on his "Damnation of Faust" is a twice told tale. His first scenes de Faust had been written in 1828. In October, 1845, pressed by poverty, he was forced to undertake a campaign of concerts at Braslau, Vienna, Prague. He was accompanied by Marie Recio, the imperious and inevitable singing woman. Throughout the journey, in the midst of his rehearsals, his concerts, his daily preoccupations, his mind dwelt constantly on his Faust. He wished to revise and elaborate the earlier work. In every city he received new inspiration. At Budapest the famous incident of the Rakoczy March took place and here, saturated with the exuberant joy and intoxicating rhythms the dance music

heard at his given by the Hungarian aristocracy, he increased the vitality and color of the episode of the peasant dance. At Brahen another inspiration was born, for in the university town Berlioz heard the Latin student song, "Jam nox stettala velamina pandit."

When he returned to Paris he worked how and when he could, at home with Marie, by the bedside of the wretched Harriette Smithson, in cafes, in the Tuilleries gardens. One day, lost in creative thought, he found himself at the Parc d'Englen, at his friend de Monville's house, near Rouen, far from the unrest of his two households, he wrote the beautiful love duet.

When "The Damnation of Faust" was given by Colonne in Paris the orchestra numbered some 135 players. There was a chorus of 70 professional singers. The work then glowed with the fervor of the true romantic spirit.

Since 1885 the Cecilia Society has sung the work many times. The performance last evening was for the benefit of the American Red Cross. As a whole it reflected much credit upon the conductor, Mr. Clifton, who has not merely sound musical knowledge, but authority and the vitality of youth.

Mrs. Sundelius sang the music of

Marguerite with consummate art and fine diction. The beauty of her fresh and golden voice was fully displayed. Her tones were colored with the emotions of girl and woman. Mr. Murphy was often suave when he might have been animated, but he was more emotional in the love music. Mr. Rothier sang now in English, now in French. His sonorous voice was agreeable but his Mephistopheles was not sharply characterized. The chorus sang with precision, yet with spontaneity. The volume of tone was full and not lacking in sonority. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Symphony Orchestra Gives Last Concert, but One, for Year.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 4; Liszt, Tasso: Lament and Triumph; Strauss, Death and Transfiguration; Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; all sound and approved compositions. Even the ultra-conservative now look on Liszt's symphonic poem and Wagner's overture as orthodox pieces in good and regular standing, while the radicals are tolerant towards Liszt and Wagner and cheerfully admit that, like Hannibal, they were very pretty fellows in those days.

It is hardly necessary to speak at length concerning the compositions chosen for the final pair of concerts this season. Some might have preferred another symphony, for, in spite of Berlioz's rhapsody, the fourth is not among the greatest achievements of Beethoven in this field. It was a pleasure to hear "Tasso." It had not been performed at these concerts since 1911. The symphonic poem is not without a few measures of circus pomp, but as a whole it is sonorous and gorgeous, with a middle section of aristocratic elegance. "Death and Transfiguration" is among the better works of Strauss, composed before he attempted to supply a musical setting to the universe with himself and family as central figures, or to translate a volume of Nietzsche into tones. With this work the concert might have ended. The Prelude to "The Mastersingers" was superfluous. And, whereas the performance of the preceding compositions was remarkably beautiful, brilliant, impressive, that of the Prelude was perfunctory; hurried, as though Dr. Muck had suddenly realized that the concert was too long; almost commonplace.

In the course of this season 44 composers were represented. Wagner was credited with eight performances, of which only three were purely orchestral. Beethoven and Brahms shared alike with seven. Next to them came Liszt, Mozart and Strauss with five each (the "Faust" symphony of Liszt having been repeated); Debussy and Sibelius four each, while four songs of Wolf were sung—that is, three were sung, one of which was repeated during the season. Homer and Franck are credited with three each, for Mme. Homer sang, as a devoted wife, three of her husband's songs.

Fourteen works were performed for the first time in Boston, five of which were by American composers, for Mr. Loeffler may be so reckoned. Of these new works the most conspicuous for

The man was more remarkable for the superb quality of the performances than for the freshness of the programs. Mr. Nick has the faculty of giving to that which is thrice familiar or worn and monotonous; he even made the most banally platitudinous symphony seem important for the moment. There were many memorable performances, too many for enumeration here, yet it is worth mention of the symphonies of Franck and Loeffler, the symphony in C major by Haydn, Mozart's "Jupiter," Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Beethoven's "Transfiguration" and Liszt's "Faust," in which Mr. Haekelt and the male chorus prepared by Mr. Townsend assisted. It is not extravagant to say that this season, as far as orchestral performance was concerned, was the most brilliant within our recollection, which goes back to the first concert led by Mr. Niklsch. The glory is to conductor and players alike. Nor should it be forgotten that men of various nationalities and various sympathies, united in the purpose of maintaining the high reputation of the Boston Symphony orchestra, knew in rehearsals and concerts of one country, the great republic of art.

We quote a portion of the letter. The greater part of it is of an anthropological nature, as the word "anthropological" was understood by Sir Richard F. Burton:

At My "Uncle's"

The World Wags:

The Medici family, one of the most prominent, if not the oldest of Italian families, has, as I recollect it, a family coat of arms, or shield, on which is depicted a captured work in high relief of some six balls. A friend of mine recently asserted most positively that three balls was the number ordinarily borne by the Medici's. He has lived for many years in Italy and, as he knows intimately several members of the Medici family, is, I suppose, in a position to have inside information. However, I held to my point, and the discussion becoming rather spirited, a third person tried to put us both in error by making the statement that the number of balls on the Medici shield varied accordingly to the number of members in the immediate branch of the family bearing that particular shield (with the limitation that there should be never less than three nor more than six balls).

Now, I am not much of a fellow on
rally, so I am putting it up to you.
In a case for instance, where there
might be (or have been) four members
altogether in the family, to how many
is has the head of the family a right
heraldic emblem? J. T. G.
Boston.

All we know about heraldry is the statement of Abraham Lincoln that the American's coat-of-arms is a pair of shirt sleeves. We have also heard a probably assertive man described as bearing a shield with an ass rampant. The Medicci family has been associated with the pawnbroker's sign of three balls. This is the conventional story.

The origin of the Medici family is obscure. Some say the members were descended from Perseus, and therefore Benvenuto Cellini's statue was in homage to the Medici. Giovanni dei Medici, who died in 1429, made an immense fortune in trade and by establishing banks in Italy and in other countries. The Medicean arms were six red balls on a field of gold. The signification is unknown.

The three halls of the pawnbrokers were not those of any Medici, but were formerly the sign of Lombard merchants who settled in England: three flat yellow effigies of byzants laid heraldislly upon a sable field. The byzant, or bezant, was a gold coin first struck at Byzantium. It was current in Europe from the ninth century and in England till superseded by the noble, a coin of Edward III. The byzant varied in value between the English sovereign and half-sovereign, or less. These effigies of byzants were afterward converted into halls, the better to attract attention. Edward III. in 1338 pawned his jewels to the Lombards in order to raise money, and Henry V. did much the same thing.

If your friend knows members of the Medici family they are on the female side. The male line became extinct with Giovan Gastono (1671-1737), the 7th Grand Duke. Ed.

More About the Tantarum.

As the World Wags:

So many inquiries have been made for further information concerning the tantarum, I now mention a few more particulars. One interesting peculiarity is the animal's remarkable power of vision. The iris of one of its eyes is of a deep green hue; that of the other is a fiery red. If we may trust the eminent scientists, Darwin, Haeckel and Baron Mun-chausen, the green eye is for exclusive use in the daytime and is kept closed at night, while the red eye is used only in the darkness and is closed during the day. This is the only instance I know of what might be termed double vision. The teeth of the animal are worthy of notice. I am told that the tantarum has only three teeth, two in the front part of the upper jaw, and one in the lower. These teeth are shaped like the letter V and are very large, hard and sharp. The under tooth fits and closes the gap between the two upper ones. The maxillary muscles are strongly developed. The animal has been known to bite off a bar of iron as thick as a piece of chalk. When domesticated, which is very rare and involves a great expenditure of time and patience, it exhibits a marked fondness for German "kultur." I am told, though I can hardly credit it, that one of the more intelligent and highly developed tantarums was once heard to utter distinctly the words "Hoch der Kaiser!" It is our patriotic duty to exterminate the tantarum whose presence is now a serious menace. I strongly recommend that David Starr Jordan be appointed a committee of the whole to devise and carry out measures for ridding the community of this animal, dangerous to our prosperity. Should I succeed in obtaining an accurate photograph of the tantarum, I will send it at once to the Herald.

H. W. J.

Much interest is centred in the arm-badges worn by the French soldiers. Our war office issue one only, the thin gold stripe denoting that the wearer has been wounded. The French army has many, and the Poilu carries his whole military record on his sleeve. An inverted "V" high on the right sleeve means "wounded"; a new one is added for each additional wound. A "V" right side up on the same sleeve merely means "Sent home on sick leave." The "V" on the left sleeve indicates length of service, one for the first year and one for every succeeding six months. A new distinction, which is highly prized, has recently been created—a narrow, horizontal band—and means "Six months at Verdun."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

The Gregorian Society, a chorus of 150 voices, James M. McLaughlin, conductor, will give a performance of Li-gar's "Dream of Gerontius" tonight in Symphony Hall at 8 o'clock. The solo singers will be George Hamlin, tenor (Gerontius); Miss Nora Burns, contralto (the Angel); William H. O'Brien, baritone (the Priest). Walter J. Kugler will be the organist. Fifty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will assist.

"The Dream of Gerontius" was composed expressly for the Birmingham (Eng.) Festival of 1900. It was performed on Oct. 3 of that year. Hans Richter conducted. The solo singers were Marie Brema, Edward Lloyd and Frank Greene.

The Duo "Mor-
It was produced
solo singers were
and Mr. M. Schell. These
repetition at the 200 Lower
Music Festival at Tuedeldorf
May 192, when the soloists were
Mabel Foster, Dr. Waeliner and Prof.
M. chaert.

The first performance in the United States was by the Apollo Musical Club in Chicago, March 23, 1903, H. M. Wild conductor. The soloists were Jenny Osborn, Evan Williams, Gwyllyn Miles. The Oratorio Society of New York, Frank Damrosch conductor, gave performances on March 24, 1903 (Ada Crossley, Mr. Van Hoose, Julian Walker), and on March 26, 1903, when Mr. Bishopham replaced Mr. Walker.

The first performance in Boston was by the Cecilia Society, B. J. Lang conductor, Jan. 26, 1904, when the solo singers were Lucie Tucker, Ellison Van Hoose and Stephen Townsend.

Sir Edward Elgar, speaking about his "Apostles" with a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette in 1903, referred to the prejudice entertained by some with regard to works written to order.

"You remind me of the popular error concerning composers and commissions for festivals. Some people seem to think that a composer sits waiting, like straw-soldiers men of Westminster Hall—men who in the olden time, stood about with straws in their mouths ready to swear anything in order. It is a popular error to suppose that a composer stands waiting to be hired, like a man in a fair. A composer worthy the name never waits for an 'order' before setting to work. He is always thinking out works, always making sketches. He may complete a work for a festival. Another favorite delusion is this: that a composer cannot do his best, his most inspired work, under such a commission to complete. The contrary is the case. When he knows that his music will be produced in the most perfect manner, with the best principals, the best band, the best chorus possible, and with every necessary he may demand, the natural result is that he rises to the occasion. He is encouraged, inspired, and generally, generally—"geared up?"—"Generally geared up." These remarks invite discussion.

The poem "The Dream of Gerontius" was first published in The Month for May, June, 1865. It was published in 1866 with John Henry Newman's initials.

This poem is expository: It deals with the doctrine of purgatory, but the series of episodes, dramatic and lyrical, might well appeal to a musician, especially to a man like Elgar, who is a devout Catholic and not disinclined toward mysticism. It has been said that Newman wished music to be set to his poem; that he talked with Dvorak, who did not find the subject sufficiently dramatic. The quality of mysticism pleased Elgar. It may here be said that a hobby of this composer for a long time was scientific kite flying.

Elgar said to a representative of the Musical Times before the production at Birmingham: "This is the beginning of it," and he showed a little copy of Newman's poem. "The book was a wedding present to me (in 1889) from the late Fr. Knight of Worcester, at whose church I was organist. Before giving it to me he copied into its pages every mark inserted by Gen. Gordon into his (Gordon's) copy, so that I have the advantage of knowing those portions of the poems that had specially attracted the attention of the great hero. It seems absurd to say that I have written the work to order for Birmingham. The poem has been soaking in my mind for at least eight years. All that time I have been gradually assimilating the thoughts of the author into my own musical promptings."

The story that Gen. Gordon was so much interested in the poem, that he had prepared himself for death by reading it, excited controversy. Some one wrote to Gordon's sister, Mrs. Moffitt of Southampton. Her answer was published in the Churchman (N. Y.) in 1898. She said the Kharitoun story was wholly untrue. "Mrs. Moffitt also sent," said Mr. Kriebel in an exhaustive article on the oratorio published in the New York Tribune, "her brother's markings to the writer in the Churchman (Sept. 17, 1898), who made a study of them to prove that Gen. Gordon had never approved of the book as a whole, and had marked nothing contrary to his Protestant beliefs. This is scarcely musical, but it is interesting and pertinent under the circumstances."

Mr. Krehbiel added: "It would be interesting could one discover what led Dr. Newman to choose the name of Gerontius for the hero of his poem. At the beginning the reader receives the impression that it is a priest or a monk who lies dying, but this is afterwards dispelled, and the imagination is left free to picture him a man in any estate of life. There is a Gerontius in history, but he could not have been in the poet's mind, for he was a British general of the fifth century, who rebelled against his master, Constantine, and killed himself in the face of defeat." Henry J. Jennings, Cardinal Newman's biographer,

the ministerial and the political will. The hidden across the portals of the future. The straining eye of a human family discloses its idea of the 'mystic' of the soul's future. Mr. Elgar has climbed over 400 lines from the poem, really with the obvious purpose of setting the movements, but also, it would seem at times, in order to set rid of messages which, however acceptable to the Roman Catholic clergy, would scarcely meet the approval of the laity, and certainly not that of any element of Protestantism."

Thus Sir Edward shortened the hymn of the Angelicals, given to five choirs. Among the omitted portions is this stanza.

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts
Who had angelic life.

The oratorio is divided into two parts.
Gerontius is high unto death and is
conscious of his state.

'Tis this strange innermost abandonment
 (Lover of souls' great God! I look to thee).
 This emptying out of each constituent
 And natural force by which I came to be.

He calls on his friends, vaguely char-

acterized as Assistants, to pray for him. They intone a litany. Gerontius recoils at his fainting soul; he wishes to meet manfully his Maker. The Assistants pray that he may be delivered from all that is evil. Gerontius recites his article of faith, but is again dependent.

I can no more; for now it come, again.
That sense of ruin, which is worse than
pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man.

He sees a vision of an evil thing in the air, a thing that curses and laughs hideously. Gerontius in his agony prays. The Assistants beg God to rescue him as he rescued Noah, Job, Moses and David. Gerontius dies. The first part of the oratorio ends with the dismissal of his soul by the priest and the Assistants.

The second part begins with a solid
quay of the soul of Gerontius, who now
feels a strange refreshment and high-
ness.

This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul,
 And the deep rest, so soothing and
 Hath something, too, of sternness and
 pain.

An Angel tells him in "a heart-
dying melody" that the task is done, the
child of earth is saved. The Soul and
the Angel talk to ether. The Soul asks
why he is no longer afraid to meet God.
The Angel answers that Geront's fore-
told the agony. "It is because thou
durst fear that, now thou dost not
fear." They are interrupted close on the
judgment court by a sullen howl of de-
mons, who curse the ambition of low
born clods of brute earth to become
gods by a new birth.

What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death:
A bundle of bones,
Which fools adore,
Hi! Ha!
When life is o'er.

A Chorus of Angelicals praise the
Hollist and his Son. The Soul of Gerontius and the Angel are now in the "veiled presence" of God. The Soul hears the voices of friends on earth around the bed saying the "Subvenite" with the priest. The Angel of the Azony beseeches Jesus to spare the soul in prison, who, calm and patient, wait for their Redeemer. The Soul of Gerontius ("consumed yet quickened by the grace of God") begs to be taken away to the lowest deep, there in hope to keep the night watches, to pine, to languish, to miss the absent Lord, that he may the sooner rise "and see him in the truth of everlasting day." Souls in Purgatory sing a paraphrase of the 90th Psalm. The Angel dips the Soul of Gerontius in the peral waters that he may sink "deeper and deeper into the dim distance."

Farewe'l, but not forever ! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed
Sorrow
Swiftly shall pass the night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the
morning

The Souls in Purgatory and the Choir of Angelicals resume their respective chants of hope and praise.

Elgar's Oratorio is scored for a large orchestra—piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, double bass, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, bass tuba, a set of three kettledrums, tantam, triangle, glockenspiel, a string of small bells, bass drum, snare drum, cymbals, organ, two harps and strings. The strings are occasionally divided into even 32 and 20 parts.

The Prelude, which contains material found in the body of the work, begins with the most important theme of the oratorio, the "Jed-mint" theme. The motive appears whenever German or his Angel thinks of the "Jed-mint."

The second theme is the "Jed-mint" muted string. The "Jed-mint" theme is the "Jed-mint" theme.

Dep. Mr. ...
The hymn sung by the Angelicals,
which celebrates the mystery of Aton-

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

was a favorite of Gladstone. The last
words of the Angel, already quoted,
were marked by Gen. Gordon in his
copy.

The late Vernon Blackburn, a Catho-

"Cardinal Newman wrote a poem
which dealt with most abstrusely meta-
physical subjects. So identified is it with
the mystic philosophy of the schools—
such as the definition of time as the
mere succession of events, of space as
being merely the relation between two
points, and other matters which, true as
they are, require a very curious sort of
meditative training, wherewith to see
their intimate meaning—that you would
have thought that music could have no
part or parcel with them. There is, it
is true, a definite and rather more ter-
rible human element in the work, which
in Elgar's musical interpretation, oddly
enough, pleases me least in all his music.
I refer to the deathbed scene of Geron-
tius. . . . It is in the unthinkable part
of the libretto, the timeless and space-
less journey of the dead Geronitius, the
judgment, the temporary condemnation,
the unveiling of the First Cause that El-
gar's mysticism rises to extreme heights
of art."

Hearing a performance in London in
October, 1904, Blackburn wrote: "It
batters nothing at all to us that there
should be divisions of opinion as to the
right dogma of Cardinal Newman's 'The
Dream of Geronitius.' Yet it would seem
that the sort of theological sentiment
which enters into Newman's poem has
made many people, up to a certain point,
disinterested in the work. To us such a
point is utterly absurd, seeing that, for
instance, there is not a living man who
cares for the theology of Gluck's 'Al-
ceste' or Gluck's 'Orfeo.' We do not for
a moment dream of comparing New-
man's fearful and theological 'Dream'
with any ideal of the elder gods and
oddessees; but Newman was dealing
with the great philosophies of the Chris-
tian world when he wrote in this par-
ticular strain, and he dealt with them
not from the point of view of the old
philosopher, to whom such matters as
time and space were only to be account-
ed for by definition. Let us leave, then,
his matter of Elgar's choice, merely
observing that he has attempted to
describe in emotional music that which
Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas
taught to that subtle generation, of
which, after many centuries, Newman
could seem to have been the last mas-
ter. All that wealth of definition, which
till remains unimpeachable, and of the-
ology, the controversies in which have
their counterpart in the wild and whirl-
ing words which circle today about
Hymns Ancient and Modern, are in a
certain sense included in this astonishing
work, which never seems to grow
any older, simply by reason of the fact
that the world and the world's contro-
versies, not to speak profanely concern-
ing the religions of men, are always of
tomorrow, yesterday and today. Elgar,
however, has obviously made a most
definite choice, and very oddly enough
his choice may be said to be intensely
modern, simply because he is the only

modern genius who has treated the
whole matter of which Newman writes
from a vital and living point of view."

Wagner, Prussia and the Metropolitan Opera House

German opera was banished
from the Metro-
politan Opera
House in 1891. It had been installed
here because the first season of Italian
opera in that house had resulted in a
deficit of over \$250,000, even though the
st of singers included Nilsson, Sem-
rich, Scalchi, Pusch-Madi and Stagno.
During the seven years of German opera,
Wagner was the alpha and omega of the
repertory; under the guidance of Anton
Seidl, whom Wagner himself had de-
clared the greatest of his interpreters,
and with the best of German dramatic
singers, headed by Lilli Lehmann, these
operas and music-dramas were per-
formed in a manner equalled in no Ger-
man capital or even at Bayreuth. On
the stockholders, however, and some of
the subscribers, this predominantly
Wagnerian pabulum gradually palled,
and there was great joy among lovers of
Italian and French opera when it was
announced, 26 years ago, that they
could be restored to favor and Wagner
 relegated to the background. But, alas,
the great tenor, Jean de Reszke, who
had been brought over with the view of

by the exertions of the devil, present-
ing an ardent Wagnerite himself.
He insisted on the restoration of Anton
Seidl, and in a few years the Wagnerian
repertory was again in full swing, with
Jean as the greatest Lohengrin, Tristan
and Siegfried the world had seen and
heard.

When Mr. Gatti-Casazza, seven years
ago, was appointed manager, a cry of
fear went up that Wagner surely would
now be eliminated. But this Italian,
aided by Arturo Toscanini, had done
missionary work for Wagner at Milan,
and he had not the slightest intention
of neglecting him over here. Year after
year that composer led the repertory.
During the season which closed on Sat-
urday, Wagner's operas were performed
50 times, Verdi and Puccini coming next
with 19 each. For financial reasons alone
it is difficult to see how the Metropolitan
could get along without Wagner's works,
for with some of the performances of
them—including the "Ring" cycle—it had
as large audiences as if Caruso and Far-
rar had been in the casts. For artistic
reasons they are indispensable, as few
would now deny that they are the great-
est of all musical stage-works. Yet a
serious effort is being made to banish
Wagner and the German singers next
season because of the war. The fact is
ignored by these persons that during the
season just ended, though it overlapped
the war, no demonstrations whatever
were made indicating a hostile attitude
on the part of any of the subscribers or
other patrons. In England, where there
was an inclination after the beginning of
the war to boycott all German music,
better counsel soon prevailed, and a few
weeks ago, in one of the English cities,
the subscribers to an opera season voted
overwhelmingly in favor of including
Wagner in the repertory. Shall we be
less rational than the English? Shall we
throw out dear old Mozart, or Humper-
dinck, the composer of fairy operas dear
to adults as well as children; or Richard
Strauss, who refused to join the German
denunciations, of the music of "allied"
composers?

In the case of Wagner there is a spe-
cial reason why the exclusion of his
works would be irrational, because he
himself was a victim of Prussian ruth-
lessness, which embittered many years
of his life and which to this day arouses
the indignation of those familiar with
the facts. His "Tannhauser" was at
first refused at the Royal Opera in Ber-
lin on the ground that it was "too epic,"
and when he persisted in urging its
claims, he was advised to make his
majesty acquainted with it by arrang-
ing selections from it for military bands,
which he—strange man—considered a
"humiliation." But this was only the
beginning of the insults heaped on him.
His "Rienzi" and "Flying Dutchman"
had been so badly performed in the
same city that only three or four repeti-
tions of them could be given. To avoid
a recurrence of such a result he insist-
ed that Liszt should conduct "Tann-
hauser"—and Liszt offered his services
free—but as this would have been con-
trary to all military rules and regula-
tions, and an insult to the mediocre
local conductors, the offer was declined,
and when Wagner insisted, the score
was returned to him. Liszt finally was
kindly allowed to assist at the prelimi-
nary rehearsals with piano, and the
opera was produced, but the fight to
force it on the Prussians lasted 10 full
years, and Berlin did not hear this mas-
terwork till 40 other German cities had
acclaimed it.

One would suppose that after this
blunder the Berliners would have been
more rational, but the same farce was
repeated in the case of the Nibelung
dramas. The manager was quite sure
that of the four the only one that would
interest his public was the "Walkure."
He objected again to Wagner's condi-
tions, one of which was that Anton Seidl
should conduct the performances. It was
impossible to reach an agreement, and
the Ring of the Nibelung, rejected by
the Royal Opera, finally was given in a
private theatre by Angelo Neumann's
company. Moreover, when Neumann took
this same company from Florence to
Rome, the Italian government charged
him only one quarter the regular railway
rates (\$400), whereas the Prussian offi-
cials demanded \$1500 for the short trip
from Breslau to Konigsberg, refusing to
give the discount usually allowed to
theatrical companies!

After the Franco-Prussian war, War-
ner wrote his inspiring "Kaisermarsch,"
which he thought might be played when
the army entered Berlin. But the au-
thorities had no use for him; they had
made other arrangements, and the great-
est musical genius of Germany was
snubbed again. A few years later, when
he was busy with his plans for Bay-
reuth, he wrote to Bismarck to enlist his
sympathy and aid, but that statesman
did not even deign to answer his letter.
Why should he, when the periodical with
the largest circulation in Germany de-
clared that the German nation had "ab-
solutely nothing to do with the Bay-
reuth performances"? Wagner was born
in Saxony; he more than once thought
seriously of emigrating to America.
Would it not be superlatively absurd
now for us to banish him as a Prussian?
—The Evening Post (New York), April
23.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

A play, My Home
in Kentucky," by
Mrs. F. G. Kim-
berley, was pro-
duced at Bordesley Palace Theatre,
Birmingham, Eng., on April 9, 1917.
The story is so extraordinary that we
reprint it as it was told in the Stage.
"The play is told in 11 scenes, in a Ken-
tucky atmosphere, and in three there
are stirring episodes in an old log cabin
home. It is not a badly constructed
play—rich melodrama it certainly is—
but one need not inquire too closely as
to the "probabilities." The play opens
in the Kentucky home. The occupants
are a poor family named Clark—father,
mother, Nora, daughter, and Tommy,

an invalid son. To Nora, whose fiancé
is Frank Risdon, an English set-
tler in humble circumstances, who can't
"make good" in business, unremitting
attention is paid by Hugh Hobson, a
married man, wealthy and unscrupulous.
He is ill-mated; his wife has admittedly
been unfaithful, and he chooses to
leave her rather than kill her. The
girl ultimately yields to the entreaties
of Hobson, partly, no doubt, because
she is fascinated by him, but mainly in
order that she may financially assist
her aged parents and invalid brother.
The pair go away together secretly as
man and wife, the understanding being
that, should Mrs. Hobson die, the alli-
ance shall be legalized. The latter has
previously met Risdon, and is irresisti-
bly attracted toward him, so that the
forces operating in the direction of in-
trigue are at once obvious. The mys-
terious departure of Nora from home
and the explanation of it are responsi-
ble for emotional episodes of strong do-
mestic interest. One next sees the girl
in Hobson's home. She is, apparently,
in affluence, and is a mother; but she
is unhappy. It is only the presence of
the baby daughter, which causes her to
remain with Hobson. He, too, has tired
of her, and taunts her. Mrs. Hobson re-
turns to the house, and finally induces
her husband to resume cohabitation. It
is, she declares, the wickedness in each
other that acts as a magnet infallible
in its appealing force. The invalid
brother finds out the whereabouts of his
sister, and finally, with her babe, she
returns home; and is a little later mar-
ried by her old lover, Risdon. But the

ill-mated Hobsons separate, and one
sees them again either at the humble
Kentucky home or in its vicinity.
Nora's babe is taken seriously ill; Nora
believes that money can save its life,
and sends a message to its rich father.
He appears on the scene, and whilst he
is comforting Nora her husband enters,
and naturally misinterprets the behav-
ior of the man towards his wife, to
whose presence he had always strongly
objected. There follows a stirring scene,
in which the audience is kept at high
tension, and when the distracted Risdon
has left, the unscrupulous Hilda Hobson
appears, chides the helpless Nora as to
her relations with Hugh, her own hus-
band, and aggravates the situation by a
recital of what purports to have been
her own relations with Frank Risdon.
Nora's husband, Risdon admonishes his
wife for her insistence in sending for
the man who had been responsible for
her downfall, and then, in a passionate
scene, declares, apparently to test
Nora's love, that Hilda Hobson has, by
him, had a child born to her. Risdon
leaves the home, but on returning finds
that his wife has left; Hobson con-
cludes that his wife is consorting with
Risdon, and promptly makes a supreme
effort, unsuccessfully, to induce Nora to
resume illicit cohabitation. Risdon de-
clares his intention to kill Hobson, but
the invalid youth, Tommy Clark, re-
fuses to allow his brother-in-law to
leave the room. There is a struggle, and
Tommy strikes Risdon on the head with
the handle of a revolver, partly stun-
ning him. Hugh Hobson, relentless in
his addresses to Nora, returns to the

house, and so does Hilda Hobson, who
insists upon having the companionship
of Risdon. Hobson is shot, and Risdon
arrested, but on trial is released, and the
curtain goes down with Nora in the af-
fectionate embrace of her husband and
original lover."

Seven of Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in
Porcelain" were done as little plays by
Jean Stirling Mackinlay and Harcourt
Williams in Acolian Hall, April 11. The
stage was furnished plainly, but ade-
quately. "The costumes were left to
supply any touch of splendor that might
need to be suggested for a 'boudoir Louis
Quinze,' painted with Cupids shooting
arrows, or a 'corridor in a chateau with
busts and Venice chandeliers.' They
were done, however, with delicious grace
and understanding—from the 'Ballad a la
Mode' to 'Good Night, Babette.' The
most delicately piquant and nearest-to-
comedy of any proved, perhaps, to be
'Au Revoir,' where Monsieur Jolieocur
meets the Unknown Lady by the Lux-
embourg fountain. Where all was so
charming one need not count it a fault,
but here and there a little more con-
scious artificiality would have helped."

"Miss Ethel Hobday and Mr. Warwick
Evans gave us a really beautiful after-
noon of music on Saturday at the Ae-
olian Hall. In the first place it lasted
just the right time, an hour and a quar-
ter. In the second the playing was all
from notes, and that gives an audience
the feeling that the players may be
enjoying the surprises, of which music

is full, as much as they do themselves."

—London Times, April 9.
The London Times in its obituary no-
tice of Kate Bateman, the actress,
says that after 1877 she gradually passed
out of sight, "not because of any dimi-
nution of her hold upon the playgo-
ing world, but on account of a disfigu-
ment wrought in her face by an incur-
able disease." The Times adds: "That
she was sorely missed by many there
can be no question. The defects of her
activity—a certain staginess of gait and
gesture, an excessive love of the merely
picturesque, and the monotony of utter-
ance so often to be found in players
whose voices have been exercised in a
theatre at an early age—were slight in
comparison with the force of passion
and emotion which caused her Leah and
Medea to stand out so prominently
among the best stage creations of her
time."

The London Times thus spoke of Bar-
rie's new play, "The Old Lady Shows
Her Medals," a "Salute" in one act
(New Theatre, London, April 7): "When
Sir James Barrie achieves the pathetic
without slipping over into the mawkish,
he is irresistible. One must be very
stony-hearted or very 'superior' to be
unmoved to tears by the first piece in
the triple bill at the New Theatre, 'The
Old Lady Shows Her Medals.' It is all
characteristically quaint and ingenious;
yet it all seems perfectly natural and
fundamentally true. The lonely old char-
woman felt 'out of it' in the wartime
because, unlike her neighbors, she had
no menfolk in the war; she saw in the
papers news of a brave deed done by one
bearing her own Scotch name; and after
careful inquiry (she was a Scot) had
proved to her that the Black Watch
was indeed the best regiment in the
world, she adopted him in her heart,
sent him Scotch cake and comforts (in
the name of some great lady), and
showed her neighbors what she pre-
tended to be letters from him. Then, by
accident, the pair met in her poor Lon-
don home. He, too, had been lonely,
having no kith nor kin, and longing for
above all things, a mother (you see,
there is no escaping it in a Barrie play!);
but he, too, was a Scot, and was not
going to accept this stranger for his
mother until she had proved herself
worthy. We watch her proving herself
worthy; we watch him thawing to her,
spoiling her, rejoicing in her, until at the
end of his leave comes the parting. And
that we could hardly watch. Odd, comi-
cal Scots though they were, their part-
ing summed up all the partings. It was
far easier to watch, in the last scene, the
old lady, all alone now forever, 'showing
her medals, her courage and endurance,
as she puts away her dead 'son's' little
belongings. We wished that the 'text,'
as it might be called, which stayed her—
the quotation from Mr. Asquith about
not 'sheathing the sword'—had rung as
true to us as it certainly did to her; just
as we wished that the 'chorus' of neigh-
bors could have supplied the necessary
contrast without being quite so tiresome
with their social distinctions, and their
long words mispronounced, and their
other obvious humors. But even Sir
James Barrie cannot give us everything;
and, so far as the old lady and her 'son'
go, the piece is pure gold, perfectly
wrought. The acting is worthy of it.
Miss Jean Cadell has done many clever
and amusing things, but never yet a
thing so beautiful, so truly comic and
truly pathetic as this old lady, and Mr.
G. H. Mulcaster was the soldier to the
life."

The Daily Chronicle was also enthu-
siastic: "The playlet is 'perfect Barrie,'
a human document so tenderly and
faithfully transcribed that it seems to
come straight out of the heart of the
'little people' of Mean street."

The Stage was more conservative:
"Very much better than some of Sir
James Barrie's recent short plays, if
scarcely equal to his best achievements
in a form in which his invariable tal-
ents usually excel. The piece has plenty
of his whimsical humor and pathos, but
is sketchy, improbable, sentimental, but
not without flaws in taste. The carica-
ture of the poor charwoman is rather
cheap fun."

Parker's new "Pageant of Fair
Women" will be shown in Queen's Hall,
London, next Tuesday.

Mr. Edward Chester writes: Reading
an account of the siege of Paris in 1870,
I came across the following extract from
the Gaulois anent the proposed closing
of theatres at that time, which I think
is applicable today:

"At all costs art must soar above
passing events, howsoever tragic they
may be. The theatre is not a more un-
desirable pastime than the reading of a
book, and it is precisely in the saddest
moments of our lives that we need di-
version to banish temporarily, at least,
the brooding over our troubles."—The
Stage.

It is noticeable that the two most popu-
lar of the national tunes of a very
earnest people—"Yankee Doodle" and
"Dixie"—are comic tunes, not on ac-
count of the words, but on account of
the notes, which are comedy notes.
These are good tunes, but not tunes of
dignity. "Hail, Columbia," and "The
Star Spangled Banner" are trivial in
character, and never was butterfly so
broken on a wheel as the last named

...and he was just asked place, at ... Kent, at the age of 75, of ... Owen, who was better known in ... as Prof. Charles. He was an ... and at one time the lessee of ... Wells. Among his many enter- ... and accomplishments he nam- ... a balloon ascent from Cremona ... a continental tour with a com- ... of performing Arabs a long en- ... as a strong man before the ... of variety Samsons; engagements ... at logist and conjurer, and the ... of a Punch and Judy ... he was an expert oarsman, an ... chess player, and once drove a ... of 16 horses round the Haymarket. ... so a genius for inventing self- ... instruments, and assisted in the ... of the spectroscope for Sir ... George Norton's Arctic expedition. The ...

The jubilee of Caste was celebrated at Wolverhampton on April 7, when Albert Chevalier played Old Eccles at the Grand, and received many congratulations, kind messages being received from Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Sir John Hare, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir George Alexander, and many others.

The London Times said of "Double Dutch," a new farce by Laurence Cowen (Apollo, London, April 7): "Farce is very like ham and eggs; it is always much the same, yet a good cook makes it delicious, and a poor one uninteresting or unpleasant. Mr. Cowen has not at this late shown himself a good cook. There are the familiar plot and the familiar characters; the raffish old once and his jealous wife, the roaring youth with the pistols, the half-witted youth, the young couple who pretend not to be married, and so forth. Some three-writers, it appears, can still make them funny others do not."

Many will regret the death, which occurred the other day, of Mr. Alfred Maple on, who at one time was secretary of the King's band and music librarian to Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George. Mr. Mapleson was brother to the late Col. Mapleson, very well known as an operative entrepreneur in the days now gone by. Still, the name was an historic interest, and represents a kind of milestone in operative England. —Daily Telegraph, April 7.

Mr. Griffith's cinema show "Intolerance," produced at Drury Lane April 7, made a great hit. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "Whatever its faults—and it is big enough to have great ones—"Intolerance" is a thing that everybody ought to see."

"It is a broad, popular, typically Yankee, and magnificently adventurous attempt to throw upon the screen the biggest 'chunk' of world history, world sentiment and world spectacle ever dealt with by a single organization, and to get it all going at once and together."

"It is a great effort, and in many respects puts our purely dramatic entertainers absolutely to shame. To show one's estimate of its artistic and moral sincerity, one may say without hesitation that it includes the first modern dramatic representation in London of the story of the gospel showing Christ himself, at the marriage in Cana, at the release of the woman taken in adultery, and on the way to the crucifixion—that has not seemed odious in its taste."

"From the rarely spectacular point of view the taking of Babylon by Cyrus—especially the advance of the Persian army—is far and away the best as well as the biggest thing of its kind that we have had. There are 'fun studies' of the Paris of Charles IX that are intensely beautiful. There is an almost Promethean grandeur of conception in some of the moments where Mr. Griffith states, after his fashion, the fall of Babylon with the crucifixion itself."

But it is all an inchoate hashing up of supremely good material, and is mixed in with a modern New York shm drama of the 'domestic' order, which is at the heart of it not a bit better than the sort of thing one can find at any picture palace. One sees what Mr. Griffith's aim was, and it was a worthy and courageous one. He wanted to show that religious intolerance was responsible for half the troubles of the world. He chose four stories to show this—that of Christ and the Pharisees, of Catherine de Medici and the Huguenots, and that of the priests of Bel, who, out of jealousy of the worship of Ishtar, betrayed Belshazzar to Cyrus."

"Unfortunately—or, perhaps, fortunately—Mr. Griffith could not find anything exactly suggestive of his theme in modern America. So he hit on the idea that social reform (or 'uplifting' organizations of a kind of intolerance because in America) some of them tend to be in league with graft and vested interests. So he shows us a strike followed by the usual film melodrama of faithful wife and innocent husband just going to be hanged, but reprieved, thanks to a motor car having caught up train."

These four stories Mr. Griffith jumbled up recklessly—snatching from one another without, sometimes, a word of warning. No harm in this. It is film that is effective in its own way. The

...and the modern New York story ... only be dragged into line by the ... fetched excuses. Still, it is a ... show-naïve in its art, but su- ... in its enterprise—and tremen- ... thrilling."

Since the war the world has not accustomed to calculating things by millions. To the average man colossal figures now appear normal—even figures such as would have made him formerly gasp and mop his brow. So that, when the mere musician turns mathematician and talks in hundreds of millions one is meekly disposed to accept his pronouncement with perfect composure. The other day Dr. Walford Davies tried his hand at this sort of thing, and, just by way of cheering up composers whose ideas have run dry, he mentioned in a lecture the pleasing little fact that there are 15,625 different phases of four notes which are possible, and 9,765,625 possible variations in a phrase of six notes. By which process of figuring it out he arrived at the calculations—with no desire, presumably, to make anybody's flesh creep—that "there are 152,000,000 possible single chants."

You rub your eyes and exclaim "Impossible!" Or, rather, that is what you probably would have done and said before the war. At any rate, accustomed though we all now are to think and talk in millions, it is still possible that you may ask yourself how it happens that, if there are 152,000,000 possible variants of the single chant, so many composers of musical comedies, ballads, ragtime ditties and the like persist in confining themselves to about four tunes—or shall we stretch a point and say six? Not being able to lay claim to mathematical powers we cannot pretend to work out, on the basis of Dr. Walford Davies's estimate of 152,000,000 variants of a musical form consisting of seven bars, and in its baldest statement of 19 notes, how many possible variants are obtainable of a less restricted form of melody. But they ought to run to a total that would make war loan figures look puny and ridiculous. Why, therefore, do some of our "popular" composers, not to mention those of other countries, exercise such rigid economy of means? Daily Telegraph.

Light Opera: Demand It is in the air. **For More Artistic** It is also in the spirit of the times. **Entertainment** Mr. Neville Chamberlain has acknowledged that recreation is a national necessity, but has spoken his mind on extravagant productions.

There are signs, too, of an approaching cleavage in the form of entertainment offered to the public. Before the war the poles of this section of the theatrical world, musical comedy and revue, were not apart. Now, at one end of its axis, there is a growing upward reaction in favor of a form of entertainment with greater artistic claims, amounting to the restoration of light opera, and at the other a rapid fall to a level where the occurrence of anything worthy of a moment's attention is like an oasis in the desert. The cable is strained to the utmost, if it has not already parted.

We have at present Mr. Courtneidge's production of "Young England" at Drury Lane, an English story set to very charming English music, and in the near future Mr. Gilbert Miller promises us a light opera on the subject of "Monsieur Beaucaire," from the pen of Andre Messager, the composer of "Veronique" and "Les Petites Michus." But whereas much of the delicacy of the last two productions was marred by the intrusion of low grade elements in deference to what was supposed to be a general public demand, Mr. Miller has sufficient faith in our good taste to give us light romantic opera in its unadulterated form and to await our verdict. Coming at this particular moment, this venture, the preparation of which is receiving unstinted care, is more than a mere addition to the theatre list. It is a public service.

Mr. Messager's close personal ties with this country and his membership of an allied nation scarcely need to be emphasized. But the tide is also setting strongly in favor of the British composer, who has hitherto been much too prone to leave this field to the foreigner or to a native musician of lower grade. I venture to prophesy that within a very short time this sphere of musical accomplishment will offer unprecedented opportunities for the brilliant talents which every musician knows we possess in our midst.

There are obstacles to be overcome. It is their misfortune, and not their fault, that few of them have had any chance of acquiring theatrical experience. Some of them actually have emigrated on theatrical works under the impression that so long as the music was good and not heavy it was bound to satisfy theatrical requirements. Others have set to work without that constant communion with the librettist that was the secret of success in the days of Gilbert and Sullivan as well as those of French light opera at its best. The influence of the schools has also been against them for they have stead-

...higher plane composers may ... be justified in regarding them- ... as a kind of artistic priesthood, ... there have always been jovial ... and these are by no means the ... helpful to humanity.

There is a special reason why the British composer should outline his rival in the field of light musical entertainment when he once sets himself to grapple with its problems. It lies in that fundamental sense of humor which is a national treasure, and which has never been so conspicuous as it has become during the present crisis. It is wit of a special kind, unlike that of any other nation, but appreciated in common by all sections of our people. Since Sullivan our composers have neglected to give expression to this trait, which is part of their birthright.

I know many of them whose sense of fun will leap to the surface on the slightest provocation, but, where their work is concerned, the only sign of it has been an occasional "humoresque" for the concert room. In many cases the ability to write music that makes one smile becomes atrophied under the frown of the professors. In others it has been curbed by the discouragement of which the native composer has so long been the victim. But nothing will convince me that the eternal powers who distributed the comic spirit so lavishly in these islands went out of their way to exclude our composers.—Edwin Evans in the Pall Mall Gazette.

We propose to publish in this column from time to time recipes, household and medicinal, which will benefit old and young. The recipe now given is at least 300 years old.

"Here followeth an excellent oil which maketh fair color in the face. Take of almonds scraped 10 pounds, of red sanders in powder six ounces, of cloves one ounce, of white wine four ounces, of rose water three ounces; these, after they be grossly beaten together, let them lie in a marble mortar close covered for eight or nine days, beating the same over once a day; then beat it all up in an earthen vessel until it begin to fume and be thorough hot, and after that put it into a new square bag of linen cloth, then put the same bag into a press between two smooth plates of iron something hot: for out will come a red oil wherewith women may anoint their faces; for it causeth a comely red fine beautiful skin. A secret and practised of few. This is in the new 'Jewel of Health,' a book of much value and small price."

Some may wonder how they can obtain "red sanders." They should ask for red sandalwood or rubywood, used in medicine as an astringent and tonic. "Red sanders hinder the flowings of humors to the partes of the bodye, and strengthen the gummies and stomach." In our boyhood a favorite book was "Gaseigne, the Sandalwood Trader." We hope to read it again before we die—also "The Coral Reef" and certain novels of western and Mexican life by Captain Mayne Reid; but first we must finish the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Admiral Beaman, Reporter.

As the World Wags:

The recent death of Rear-Admiral George William Beaman at Cambridge recalls to my mind the fact that about 60 years ago I was associated with him of the Boston Traveler with four or five other young fellows who were beginning to learn the newspaper business, sticking type and doing whatever came in our way in assignments to report the daily local news of the day. This was before the Traveler was consolidated with the daily Atlas and Bee, and before it became a quarto sheet, a new departure in Boston then, with Samuel Bowles as the editor; Manton Marble, afterward of the New York World as the dramatic critic, and Frank Sanborn and "Warrington" as general editorial contributors. At the time of which I write especially, however, the Traveler was a semi-religious evening daily, with the Rev. Mr. Pynchard, who was not so aggressive as his name might indicate, as one of its editors, and I recall that the then rector of Christ Church on Salem street furnished what little sporting news there was, which consisted mostly of accounts of legitimate horse racing. Baseball had not then become the national game. George Beaman, as I remember him, was a quiet, steady going, young, likable kind of a chap, and I think his father had been, or was at that time, the editor of a Vermont paper.

Young Beaman was a great chum of mine in those far off days, but I had lost sight of him after he went west and singularly enough I never saw him again though I had many acquaintances in the navy, including among others, Sampson, Philip, Mahan and Coghlan, who were fellow midshipmen with my brother George at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

John Flinders, a bustling, well-meaning man, who read his Bible every morning before he began work, though not a seaman, had, as one of the owners, general charge of the composing room when George Beaman was on the Traveler and the boys got to calling him "The

Rec. it may be said in passing that J. Z. K. Langdon was the man who merged with the Atlas and consolidation went into the willing arms of the Traveler as I have already stated before it published a morning edition for a while under the editorial direction of the distinguished editor of the Springfield Republican.

JOHN W. RYAN.
Dorchester, May 4.

GALLI-CURCI SINGS TO CROWDED SYMPHONY HALL

Soprano Cancels Western Engagements to Make up for That Lost Here.

Mme Galli-Curci made her second appearance in Boston yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. She was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, Homer Samuela was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Pergolesi, *Se tu m'ami*; Rossini, *La Pastorella delle Alpi*; Bellini, *Polonaise* from "I Puritani"; Mozart, air from "The Magic Flute" (with flute obbligato), Seppelli, "Little Dorry"; Chopin, "Maiden's Wish"; Chapl, *Carceleras* (in Spanish); Verdi, "Caro Nome," from *Rigoletto*; Fransella Pastoral; Debussy, *Mennet*; Danse de la l'oupee; Three Bergerettes, of 18th century; Meyerbeer, valse from "Dinorah."

The singer's desire to keep faith with the Boston public, disappointed by her illness a week ago, caused her to cancel western engagements that her appearance here might be made possible. The hall was crowded in every part and the great audience was enthusiastic.

Mme. Galli-Curci's singing was marked by extraordinary beauty and skill. She sang with enchanting ease and her voice was colored according to the spirit of the music. There is no icy brilliance, no vainglorious dazzle in her singing. The tones are those of a woman of flesh and blood, not of a machine triumphantly exhibited. When she rises to her greatest height either in sustained melodic phrases or in florid passages the singer's voice is warm, compelling.

Yesterday her tonal emission was delightfully spontaneous. Her upper notes were both brilliant and liquid. Her trill was even and in tune. Only occasionally did she indulge in the temptation to prolong high notes unduly and thus disturb the rhythmic flow.

Charming in the songs by Pergolesi, Seppelli, Chapl, in the Bergerettes, she sang the famous air from "The Magic Flute" with distinction. In this, as in "Caro Nome," the ease and abandon of her bravura, her rare elasticity, excited admiration.

Mr. Berenguer, an accomplished flutist, played with taste. Repeatedly recalled, Mme. Galli-Curci was generous in adding to the program.

"The Dream of Gerontius" Performed by the Gregorian Society.

Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," was performed in Symphony Hall last evening by the Gregorian Society, a chorus of 150 voices, James M. McLaughlin, conductor. The solo singers were George Hamlin, tenor (Gerontius); Miss Norah Burns, contralto (the Angel); William H. O'Brien, baritone (the Priest). Walter J. Kugler was the organist. Fifty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted.

This was the second public appearance of this musical organization and the first under its present name. At the performance of Gounod's "Redemption" in the same hall last May the organization was then known as the Loyola Musical Society. Last evening there was a large and brilliant audience. Cardinal O'Connell received many friends during the intermission; many priests of the archdiocese were present, as were many Catholics prominent in business and professional life.

"The Dream of Gerontius" was performed for the first time Oct. 3, 1890, at the Birmingham (Eng.) Festival. Hans Richter conducted. The first performance in the United States was given by the Apollo Musical Club of Chicago March 23, 1903; H. M. Wild, conductor. The first performance of the oratorio in Boston was by the Cecilia Society, B. J. Lang, conductor Jan. 26, 1904.

The poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman, was first pub-

As the World Wags:

The number of the balls in the Medicis arms varied during their history. In the very early times the number was 11, then nine, then eight, then seven, and at last six. While Giovanni di Benci was head of the family we generally find eight. When Cosimo became head of the family the number changes to seven. Six red balls and one blue indicate Piero's time. Lastly, in Lorenzo's time we find the number of balls reduced to six (five red and one blue), and at this it finally remained."

CHARLES T. CARRUTH.

As the World Wags:

Thanks to "Grammaticus" for his criticism, but why did he not begin with "do not think," which is no more correct than the rest of the phrase, although common usage? If he will transmute the phrase and insert "policeman" now understood, he will be able to parse it, which would read with the other correction. I think not more than one policeman was involved. As the incident occurred in the winter of '62-'63, "Grammaticus" will know that grammar was a part of the curriculum of my school training. I plead guilty of carelessness.

POLLY TIFFANY.

South Boston.

may 11 1917

In the reign of George II. a footman in the service of a young lady of quality secured a dream and hastened to put his vision of 20 years into two lottery tickets. These tickets turned out to be blanks. He was melancholy for a few days and then killed himself. In his will he was found this plan of the man in which he would spend the prize.

That is a good story about the German spy found disguised as a lady's maid in "one of the richest families" of Chicago: how the mistress was indignant at suspicion cast upon this maid, until a detective pulled off false hair and disclosed a man. The story is curiously like one of Maupassant's ingenious tales, although in Chicago the mistress of the house was shocked; not vexed by a convict's slighting inattention.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette speaking of Bath in spring and the familiar things that England owes to Bath—Bath buns, Bath chairs, Bath stone, Bath chaps, Bath brick—adds: "Also the 'gay Sally Lun' is a Bath product. The little cake shop between North Parade and the Abbey, kept by Mrs. Sarah Lunn in the 'palmy days,' is still there (it has no tablet on it), and it is still a cake shop, though no use is made of the name."

The Oxford Dictionary contains pleasing references: 1824. Carlyle: "Robinson gives me coffee and Sally Lunns." 1845. Dickens, "Chimes": "It's a sort of night that's meant for muffins. Likewise crumpets. Also Sally Lunns." 1849. Thackeray, "Pendennis": "A meal of green tea, scandal, hot Sally-Lunn cakes and a little novel reading." The earliest reference quoted in the dictionary is the Gentleman's Magazine (1738): "A certain sort of hot rolls, now, or not so long ago, in vogue at Bath, were gratefully and emphatically styled 'Sally Lunns.'"

As the World Wags:

Arlington, May 3.

But a dish of boiled radishes is nothing new. It was known to the ancient Romans. Let us see what Pliny had to say about the radish. We quote from Philemon Holland's brave translation, but only in part, for this is a squeamish age.

"All radishes breed wind wonderful much. A base and homely meat therefore it is, and not for a gentleman's table, especially if it be eaten with other worts, as beets. . . . And verily it is thought that they will lose all their bitterness whatsoever if they be corned or seasoned with salt, yea and become as if they were sodden and condit: for be they boiled once, they prove sweet and serve to be eaten instead of Navewes. And yet physicians give counsel and prescribe that they should be eaten raw in a morning with salt, when a man is fasting, for to gather into the stomach the sharp humors. . . . They give out also that the juice of Radish roots is singular good and necessary for the midriff, and præcordial parts about the heart; and namely that nothing else but it was able to cure a Phtisie or ulcer of the lungs which had settled deep and taken to the heart. . . . It is reported

Pliny also states that the Egyptians "made marvellous great account of radishes for the plenty of oil that they draw out of the seed."

Now Bruerinus, quoted by Robert Burton, declares that "the wealth of some countries, and sole food, are windy and bad, or troublesome to the head; as onions, garlic, scallions, turnips, carrots, radishes, parsnips." Galen directed that radishes should be eaten before dinner as a laxative. He expressed surprise at the practice of certain physicians and other persons of his time, who ate radishes after dinner to promote digestion.

Let us inquire into the medical properties of the radish, which was described by the ancients as heating in the third degree, and dessiccative in the second. Dioscorides said that its seed is emetic, diuretic, and a cleanser of the spleen when drunk with vinegar; that it is beneficial in cynanche (throat trouble, especially quinsy), and alexipharmic (an antidote) both when taken internally and applied externally. The radish was used by the ancients as a remedy against henbane and mushrooms, against the bitings of vipers, as a deobstruent in obstructions of the liver and in jaundice. One writer said that with honey it restored hair in baldness.

We regret to add that the radish is not mentioned in the Bible and only twice in Shakespeare; but in Germany a species of wild radish is said to reveal witches.

As the World Wags:

"One Henley at that time was raising a company of young fellows to form a colony for flax-growing in the Argentine. "Los lineros," flax-growers, we were christened later, and the word 'Gringos' was usually added, and with the utmost justice. Gringos in the Argentine is equivalent to 'New Chum' in Australia, 'Tender Foot' in America, 'Griffin' in India, and 'Greenhorn' all over the world."

Again, in chapter 6 Streatfeild refers to himself as "a Gringo." He makes no reference to Mexico anywhere in his reminiscences, which deal chiefly with his experiences as Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of British Bechuanaland.

The foolish story that Mexicans nicknamed Americans "Gringos" because American soldiers were in the habit of singing "Green Grow the Rushes, O," about the time of the Mexican war bobs up now and then.—Ed.

May 12 1917

"Next to Marshal Joffre and Col Roosevelt and they talked together almost incessantly for two hours."

"They?"

As the World Wags:

I read with much pleasure your graceful tribute to Mr. Parker's fine qualities. He was a kindly neighbor, a loyal citizen, and we shall sadly miss his genial presence in our little town of Brewster. He was devotedly attached to his home town, where he spent his summers and where he found relaxation and peace after his busy winters in the big city.

The last time I saw Mr. Parker was on election day, 1916. I regretted to notice his poor health and his failure rally from the severe blow caused by the death of his wife. But there was a trace of his old cheerfulness when he remarked to me: 'I have not seen anything from you in the 'As the Word Wags' column recently. Boston seen

East Brewster, May 9.

Alexander Guilmant, commenting on national airs, told us that whenever he had heard the "Marseillaise" played or sung in England and the United States it had been taken at too slow a pace. The "Marseillaise" is not a stately, solemn anthem; it is an impetuous, fiery appeal.

The younger Scaliger remarked in his wisdom: "There's nothing so unhealthy as an egg. If it is eaten fresh or soft, or all warm coming from the hen, then it purges the stomach. There are few of the nobility in Holland, but they keep all their eggs for three or four months, even at Northvic."

The plan of Boston hotel men for "co-operating in spirit with the government in utilizing to the greatest extent all food supplies" will undoubtedly be of great benefit to—the hotel men. Bread will not be served with one fish ball. "Bread and butter will not be served with soups and chowders." Will there be any reduction in price of soup or chowder? Nothing is said about the abolishment of tips at the bar racks or in the dining room. There must be right economy in order to aid the government, economy gained at the cost of the guests.

As the World Wags:

Great savings! Here's Conrad gone and done it, too, in "The Shadow Line," page 35. "He leaned against the latch of the door." It's bad enough when you get it from some one like Richard Washburn Child in the popular Post from Philadelphia, and we've rather grown to look for it in the pages of our lady novelists and writers, but Conrad simply seeking alliteration's artful aid. Good night! It must have been a lovely low lintel. SAMUEL STREETER.

What, sir, would you have Mr. Conrad say? "He leaned against the horizontal timber over the door"? Is the height of the one leaning given?—Ed

"It has been calculated from careful observation that a pair of sparrows during the period of feeding their young destroy above 3300 caterpillars in a week, besides other insects."

Mr. Lloyd George said in his speech of welcome to America: "Prussia is not a state; Prussia is an army." Mirabeau said: "War is the national industry of Prussia; Prussia is not a country which has an army, but an army which has a country." No doubt the same idea has been expressed by others.

Nothing has been said lately about the banana as a substitute for the potato, bread, etc. In July, 1864, E. L. Blanchard, who used to devise pantomimes for Drury Lane, made this note in his "Autobiography": "Stroll through Covent Garden market, tasting bananas for the first time, a vegetable sausage tasting like marrow flavored with pineapple." It was about 20 years ago that bananas were sold in the streets of London.

E. J. 11. wishes to know the meaning of "Shule, shule, shule, agra": whether it is a line in a song, and if it is, what the title of the song; also the name of the poet.

We still see the pirates at the Holl Street Theatre—the unforgettable Pecos Bill Long John Silver, Bill Bones, Black Dog Morgan, Hande and the rest of them. We still see the giving of the black powder to Jim Hawkins in the apple barrel, the glorious fight at the stockade, and hear Ben Gunn asking for a piece of cheese.

Isaac Hays was a real, live pirate the good old times. Did Stevens know that he borrowed him from the life of Black Beard, one Edward Teach a native of Bristol? After Capt. Marnard in November, 1717, had his desperate fight with Black Beard and sailed Bath-town with the pirate's head suspended on the bowprit end, the other prisoners were tried, condemned and executed. Thus all of the crew were destroyed except two. "One was taken out of a trading vessel the day before an engagement, which he received there a wound, all which we observed." We take from this history that "The O. O. B." is not a fiction.

other days of the week, but also on Sundays. This is a great deal of labor, and the theatres from Monday morning till Saturday noon. Again, the opening would naturally well be a service during the rest of the week, and provide the public during Sunday with healthy amusement and recreation."

It is argued that it is anomalous that the theatres should be granted permission to perform for charitable objects, but be barred from ordinary commercial enterprise. There is no bar to

the theatres from opening on Sundays. Herbert Jay of "Little Bit of Fluff" said in opposition: "I am emphatically opposed to the idea of Sunday opening, on commercial grounds, quite apart from religious ones. The artists need their day of rest, to say nothing of the managers. I see no necessity for vetoing matinees, the attendance at them now being mostly women. If once we get used to opening on Sundays the practice will continue,

and the day of rest which is essential in all trades should not be denied to actors, who work as hard as others and at very great nerve strain. Many artists do not gladly and voluntarily at charity matinees on Sundays, but it would be quite another matter if it were compulsory."

The plays chosen in honor of the visiting Eastern princes and delegates to the war council in London were Tagore's

"Caltra" and Kalidasa's "The Hero and the Nymph."

The late Murray Carson once said that his striking resemblance in face and figure to portraits of Napoleon Bonaparte was sometimes a source of embarrassment, especially when he was in Paris. "It is a coincidence that my friend and collaborator in 'Rosmary' and other plays should have been named Louis Napoleon Parker," Captain Carson had impersonated Napoleon "some thousands of times" in Will's play, "A Royal Divorce," but he never liked that drama, in which Josephine is represented as interviewing Napoleon on the eve of Waterloo, in the role of the fact that she died at Malmaison on May 5, 1814. Captain Carson visited America in 1906.

Musical reciprocity between France and Italy—that is one of the indirect results already brought about by the conflict of nations. Not so many years ago, one remembers, certain French composers felt aggrieved at the more or less frequent performance of Italian operas in Paris, to the relative exclusion of native works, complaints being based largely, if our memory is correct, on the popularity of the Puccini scores. Now all that is over and done with, and henceforth French and Italian composers are to be as brothers. To this end an agreement has been reached between the directors of the two Paris opera houses on the one hand, and the representatives of La Scala, Milan, and the Costanzi at Rome on the other, providing for reciprocity. The idea is to afford greater hospitality than heretofore in those countries to the composers of these two great allies, and it has been arranged that at least six French operas are to be mounted every year at La Scala and the Costanzi, and similarly that six Italian works shall be given at the Paris Opera and the Opera Comique, three at each. Moreover, French artists are to be made welcome on the Italian stages, and vice versa. The scheme seems an excellent one, and worthy of emulation on this side of the channel.—London Daily Telegraph.

The death of Herr von Inne, the Kaiser's private architect, recalls a little dispute between the Berlin municipality and his majesty a few months before the war broke out. The Kaiser, having decided to build the Berlin Royal Opera House, ignored Von Inne and commissioned a certain Herr Hoffmann to prepare the necessary plans. When these were made public they were severely criticised, and the Oberburgomaster of Berlin waited on the Kaiser with a view to inducing him to consent to certain suggested alterations. "I am paying for my new opera house out of my own pocket," was the monarch's reply, "and I don't intend to consult the tastes of other people." Whereupon the Oberburgomaster reminded him that "his own pocket" would only bear one-half of the cost, the other half being shared by the municipality and the Prussian state treasury, and that the city councillors would probably refuse to make a grant unless they had some voice in its disposal. A few days later the Prussian Diet postponed voting its moiety of the cost until the Kaiser and the municipality came to terms. Almost on the eve of the declaration of war, however, the Prussian Diet voted one-tenth of its quota of the cost; but we must wait until the war is over to know whether the Kaiser or the municipality surrendered.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi was singing in London last month "with the object of raising the war fund which,

Mr. Anderson (Lab.) would not allow the performance of the play, "The Melting Pot," would now be allowed, as the pro-German reaction in Russia, whom it was thought it would offend, had been swept away by the revolution. Mr. Bruce replied that the play was not prohibited, but a request was made that another play should be substituted for it, for reasons which had force at the time. These reasons no longer existed, and there was no objection to the production of the play. Films of the play might be shown at cinematograph halls if the local licensing authorities did not object.—Daily Telegraph, April 25.

It seems that managers of theatres and music halls and actors in England are anxious; that disaster threatens them. Mr. Tozer of the Syndicate Halls thinks that the contributory factors which have brought about the state of affairs are depletion of audiences and the inflation of artists' salaries. "Owing to the calling up of so many young men—the backbone of music hall audiences—to the colors, there are, as he expressed it, not enough to go round. It must be remembered that women seldom attend music halls, or for the matter of that, theatres, unless accompanied by sweetheart, brother or husband. With respect to the second contention, during the first six months of the war, owing to managerial necessity and pressure, artists consented to accept reduced salaries. As time went on, and conditions slightly improved, the old rates of remuneration gradually returned. Mr. Tozer is emphatically of the opinion that unless highly paid artists will voluntarily approach managers on similar lines the salary restrictions which were in force during the earlier days of the war will have again to be imposed. Another hindrance to the production of good plays is the almost impossible terms which are now asked for the rentals of West-End theatres. One is not enabled to deal direct with the primary landlord, but has to filter down one's offer through three or four sub-lessees, whose personal profit serves to absurdly augment the actual rental."

J. P. Burnett, actor and dramatist, died in England from cancer on April 17. In this country, he toured with Charles Wyndham. While in the United States he adapted his play "Jo" from "Bleak House," and in this play his wife, Jennie Lee, made a great hit as the crossing sweeper. She appeared for the first time as Jo in San Francisco, 1875, but, having begun as an actress in London in 1870 (a page in "Chilperic"), she first came to this country with E. A. Sothern and played Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin." At the Union Square Theatre, in 1872, she played in "Agnes," "Frou Frou," "Caste." However, she was identified with Jo all over the world. Emily Soldene, in her musling recollections, says that it was as the street arach in "Little Faust" that Miss Lee "gave us a first taste of that peculiar quality which developed into the unapproachable glory of Jo. She was dressed in fluttering silken rags and carried a gilded besom, with which she brushed the dust from the path of our magnificent Mephisto; and her 'Copper, yer honor! Copper!' was one of the landmarks of the representation." In "Jo" Burnett played Inspector Bucket. He wrote "Midge" with R. J. Martin (1880), and "Good Luck" (1885), an adaptation of "La Cigale."

The Daily Chronicle (London) of April 20 announced the death of Harry Paulton. Born in 1842 he played more than 700 parts and wrote about 40 plays. His last appearance was at His Majesty's in May, 1914, in the "all-star" revival of "The Silver King," given in aid of King George's actors' pension fund, from which Paulton was the first to benefit. It is said that his humor was of a particularly dry kind and he evoked laughter by recourse to an excessive gravity in manner of comic situations. Not only did he shine in burlesque; his sulky in "A Road to Ruin," his touch-tone and his First Gravedigger in "Hamlet" were commended. The most successful of his plays was "Niebe" (London, 1892) which had a run of nearly 600 performances. "In private," says the Daily Telegraph, "he was of a rather serious cast of mind." The obituary notices about Paulton say nothing about his visits to the United States. They merely state that after 1887 he was absent from the London stage for the next three years. In August, 1888, he was playing Inigo in "The Queen's Mate" in New York. Lillian Russell, J. H. Ryley and W. H. Clark were in the company. He played Inigo the next year.

Albert Sammons and William Murdoch, both in khaki, gave the first performance of a violin sonata in D-minor (ms.) by Coleridge-Taylor April 14 in London. "All our efforts to identify this work with the help of the 'official' biography of the composer have proved unavailing." The Daily Telegraph adds: "But from internal evidence it would seem to be an early work. It is brimful of a delightful kind of melodiousness. The workmanship is for so gifted a composer simplicity itself. It is possible that the sonata should fill one of the lacunae in the composer's published list of works—opp. 25, 27, 28, 32 all seem to be missing." The Times spoke of "passages of serene, almost feminine beauty, expressed in rapturous and rather breathless sentence."

Mr. Anderson (Lab.) would not allow the performance of the play, "The Melting Pot," would now be allowed, as the pro-German reaction in Russia, whom it was thought it would offend, had been swept away by the revolution. Mr. Bruce replied that the play was not prohibited, but a request was made that another play should be substituted for it, for reasons which had force at the time. These reasons no longer existed, and there was no objection to the production of the play. Films of the play might be shown at cinematograph halls if the local licensing authorities did not object.—Daily Telegraph, April 25.

It seems that managers of theatres and music halls and actors in England are anxious; that disaster threatens them. Mr. Tozer of the Syndicate Halls thinks that the contributory factors which have brought about the state of affairs are depletion of audiences and the inflation of artists' salaries. "Owing to the calling up of so many young men—the backbone of music hall audiences—to the colors, there are, as he expressed it, not enough to go round. It must be remembered that women seldom attend music halls, or for the matter of that, theatres, unless accompanied by sweetheart, brother or husband. With respect to the second contention, during the first six months of the war, owing to managerial necessity and pressure, artists consented to accept reduced salaries. As time went on, and conditions slightly improved, the old rates of remuneration gradually returned. Mr. Tozer is emphatically of the opinion that unless highly paid artists will voluntarily approach managers on similar lines the salary restrictions which were in force during the earlier days of the war will have again to be imposed. Another hindrance to the production of good plays is the almost impossible terms which are now asked for the rentals of West-End theatres. One is not enabled to deal direct with the primary landlord, but has to filter down one's offer through three or four sub-lessees, whose personal profit serves to absurdly augment the actual rental."

J. P. Burnett, actor and dramatist, died in England from cancer on April 17. In this country, he toured with Charles Wyndham. While in the United States he adapted his play "Jo" from "Bleak House," and in this play his wife, Jennie Lee, made a great hit as the crossing sweeper. She appeared for the first time as Jo in San Francisco, 1875, but, having begun as an actress in London in 1870 (a page in "Chilperic"), she first came to this country with E. A. Sothern and played Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin." At the Union Square Theatre, in 1872, she played in "Agnes," "Frou Frou," "Caste." However, she was identified with Jo all over the world. Emily Soldene, in her musling recollections, says that it was as the street arach in "Little Faust" that Miss Lee "gave us a first taste of that peculiar quality which developed into the unapproachable glory of Jo. She was dressed in fluttering silken rags and carried a gilded besom, with which she brushed the dust from the path of our magnificent Mephisto; and her 'Copper, yer honor! Copper!' was one of the landmarks of the representation." In "Jo" Burnett played Inspector Bucket. He wrote "Midge" with R. J. Martin (1880), and "Good Luck" (1885), an adaptation of "La Cigale."

Recently the London county council asked Dr. F. S. Boas to make researches as to the literary origin of our national anthem. In an able report he stated there is no evidence of the existence of the song before the Restoration, and that it has grown, like a folk-ballad, out of orders to the fleet, tags from religious services, and even prayers in the theatre. The following letter, written by Dr. C. Burney (the father of Fanny Burney) in 1806, is an interesting piece of hearsay evidence to be found in the rich Cummings collection:

"Old Mrs. Arne, the mother of Dr. Arne and Mrs. Clibber . . . assured me at the time (1746) that 'God Save the King' was written and sung for King James, in 1688, when the Prince of Orange was hovering over the coast, she said she had heard it sung, not only at the playhouse, but in the street. Her son, Mr. Arne, composer of Drury Lane Theatre, at the desire of Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee, harmonised this loyal song for the stage. . . . There are many conjectures concerning the source of this loyal production; but they are mere conjectures. . . . I pretend not to swear that they (i. e., the words) were expressly written for James, but am most certain that they were sung for him at the time above mentioned."—London Daily Telegraph.

The library of the late Dr. W. H. Cummings will be sold at auction in London on May 17-24. It is rich in autograph scores and letters, containing the holograph will of Handel, signed in full by him with four signed codicils. There are vellum manuscripts of 15th century antiphonaria and an early Palestrina missal. "Musicians have always loved one another after a fashion and we find Dr. Arne, the composer of 'Rule, Britannia,' freely attacking (in a letter to Garlick) Purcell's music to 'King Arthur.' The manuscript score of Sullivan's 'Sing unto the Lord' was given to Dr. Cummings by the composer, who told him that he wrote it when he was a choir-boy at the Chapel Royal. Every musician of repute in bygone days seems to be represented. Charles Lamb's lines on famous musicians are illustrated in every instance. There are musical remains of Pepusch.

Of Doctor Pepusch old Queen Dido knew just as much, God knows, as I do, and of the early masters of song, Lawes, Morley, Carey, Playford, Mace and the rest. Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Wagner and Mendelssohn fill many pages. . . . Purcell's manuscript notes of his dispute with the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are among the piquant personal relics. Two of Gainsborough's finest portraits are recalled by a quartet score written by Abel, the famous viol da gamba player, and by a letter from Perdita Robinson, the beautiful actress (whose portrait is one of the glories of the Wallace collection), in which she says, 'I went the other day to see the tomb of Gray. His elegy struck upon my heart, but when I thought of Tom Billington's singing it I was almost tempted to a sacrilegious smile.' Here, too, is the only copy known of a pack of musical playing cards with scores of music for cotillions."

This last sentence is not quite clear. Does the writer mean to say that this is the only known pack of musical playing cards? In 1898 the following advertisement appeared in the catalogue of a London bookseller: "Portion of a pack of extremely rare and interesting musical playing cards, consisting of 36 cards, each containing a song, set to music, and having the suits marked in the corner, circa 1721. From Lady Schreber's collection, and illustrated in her book, vol. 1 pl. 93. The songs have considerable merit as music, and as they contain characteristic features of Dr. Arne's compositions may be an early work by him." The price asked was five guineas. Or does the Cummings pack have "scores of music for cotillions and thus is the" only copy known?

Mr. Anderson (Lab.) would not allow the performance of the play, "The Melting Pot," would now be allowed, as the pro-German reaction in Russia, whom it was thought it would offend, had been swept away by the revolution. Mr. Bruce replied that the play was not prohibited, but a request was made that another play should be substituted for it, for reasons which had force at the time. These reasons no longer existed, and there was no objection to the production of the play. Films of the play might be shown at cinematograph halls if the local licensing authorities did not object.—Daily Telegraph, April 25.

It seems that managers of theatres and music halls and actors in England are anxious; that disaster threatens them. Mr. Tozer of the Syndicate Halls thinks that the contributory factors which have brought about the state of affairs are depletion of audiences and the inflation of artists' salaries. "Owing to the calling up of so many young men—the backbone of music hall audiences—to the colors, there are, as he expressed it, not enough to go round. It must be remembered that women seldom attend music halls, or for the matter of that, theatres, unless accompanied by sweetheart, brother or husband. With respect to the second contention, during the first six months of the war, owing to managerial necessity and pressure, artists consented to accept reduced salaries. As time went on, and conditions slightly improved, the old rates of remuneration gradually returned. Mr. Tozer is emphatically of the opinion that unless highly paid artists will voluntarily approach managers on similar lines the salary restrictions which were in force during the earlier days of the war will have again to be imposed. Another hindrance to the production of good plays is the almost impossible terms which are now asked for the rentals of West-End theatres. One is not enabled to deal direct with the primary landlord, but has to filter down one's offer through three or four sub-lessees, whose personal profit serves to absurdly augment the actual rental."

Adolphe Jullien, remarking upon the changed hours for theatrical representations (in Paris), recalls the project of Devismes, the director of the opera in 1800. He suggested that the opera should begin at 9 instead of 6 o'clock in the evening, thus allowing of a peaceful dinner, a digestive walk in the public gardens where loveliness and beauty of woman and nature wove their spell till evening shades fell around; then light, loveliness and art would be found within the opera doors. However, Devismes could not make others see his project favorably, the journalists hooted the project, the public ridiculed it and the opera director, like a wise man, renounced personal views and fell in with those of the majority.—Musical Courier (N. Y.).

The hymn, "O God, Our Help in Age Past," with which the American Service of Consecration at St. Paul's Cathedral opens today, has for a long time been Mr. Asquith's favorite hymn. John Bright used to speak in the highest terms of this hymn, which he described as the best in the language. Dr. Liddon, on being told of John Bright's opinion, said: "I should not say the best, but one of the three best." It is a great tribute to the memory of Dr. Watts, "the Seraphic Doctor," that his hymn should be sung on all great national occasions; but it is an ironical reflection that were the little doctor alive today he would not be allowed to preach in the cathedral where his hymn is so often sung.—London Daily Chronicle.

While the Beecham opera company has been in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, etc., and the Carl Rosa is coming to town, the Harrison Frewin company has just completed a 16 weeks' season at the Shakespeare Theatre in Liverpool. In proof of the interest taken locally in Opera, a Liverpool paper states that one family, consisting of father, mother and three daughters, visited the opera en masse, as it were, twice a week, while many folk subscribed for three evenings. "The top-notchers," says this journal, "is a young lady who has the marvellous record of never having missed a single performance." "Young ladies from offices, girls from factories, men both of professional pursuits and the horny-handed sons of toil, joined regularly in the throng." That is just as it should be if opera is ever to become "indigenous." Apropos, I received a letter from one who tells me "I am only an ordinary working man." It gives me in a delightful letter the whole history of the first English performance of "Louise" in Manchester. He has never been able to see the opera owing to the distance he lives away from the city.—London Daily Telegraph, April 21.

Mrs. Eugene Golightly, although she is on two or three committees for the collection of money for this and that foreign relief fund, deprecates the fact that there will be many flags floating in her summer seaside village. "I suppose even the natives will have their little flags. How will any of my neighbors or friends passing through the village know whether I am in residence or not. When there was no flag on my place last year they were spared the trouble of motoring in and inquiring."

She should talk with Mr. Heavyside of the Porphyry Club. He recently said that he was prepared to support the government in every way, but he didn't see how he could subscribe to the Liberty Loan, for if he should take a large number of bonds he might be accused of doing it because they would be exempt from taxation. He also said, but in a husky whisper, that he thought the rate of interest was rather low. Patriots all!

Varla.

At the World Wags:

Did the discussion concern the

word "very" in it. This line from Tennyson, "Farmer, New Style?" "And the count to the parish w' lots of 'various' debt."

Noting the remark in your column, "Rice and Mongolia," we have been wondering if the Mongolia may not be "the yellow peril" so long ago prophesied by the Kaiser.

Speaking of the Kaiser, what a comfort some hits of German poetry ought to be to him: "The Wild Huntsman," for example, or those familiar verses concerning the magician's pupil who called in the devil and forgot the word that would enable him to dismiss the visitor-companion.

In connection with this some English readers will perhaps revert to Milton. There is something about the epic of Puritanism more in accordance with the times than most of the war "poetry." Forthwith the huge portentous high up drew; * * * then in the keyhole turns the intruder.

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges shake
Flash thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. (He) opened, but to shut
Exceeded (his) power; the gates wide open stood
That with extended wings a bannered host
Under spread eagles marching might pass
through.
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
—RUSE.

Relieved Sorrow.

As the World Wags:

Passing a group of young men the other night, one of them asked: "Who knows where there is a good wake?" This sent me back to the sixties, when good wakes were plenty: cold meats, cheese, crackers, home-made bread, stock ale, whiskey, tobacco and T. D's. Scott, Jane Porter, Lever and Gerald Griffin have described wakes in the old country. Griffin's chapter in "The Collegians" on the waking of Kyrle Daly's mother is the best. In the eighties I attended a wake where refreshments were omitted. A man familiar with the old customs came in, and after a time remarked: "I have been here an hour and no one asked if I had a mouth, and I dying with the thirst." He was conducted to the door. On leaving he exclaimed: "Youse can, all go to hell. I know where there is a better wake than this." Sic transit. J. D. K. Boston.

Maine Fauna.

As the World Wags:

There is still another cousin of the sidewinder and the treescrake, frequently met with in Maine, a fearsome object that haunts the low parts of the forests, and especially delights in making its lair in boggy spots covered with a thick tangle of underbrush, prostrate trees, vines and everything imaginable that hinders the progress of the woodsman or hunter. This creeping, noisome thing is known as the swamp-hollow, and has its habitat all over northern Maine. It is much feared by all who frequent the "big woods," and its depressing influence is felt by all who come near it. Oftentimes the helated hunter, trying to escape from one, runs until he falls exhausted and dies. Others are rescued by searching parties, and when revived try incoherently to describe the terrible thing to which they nearly succumbed. This creature has never been accurately classified, but from description it must be a land edition of the giant octopus of the sea. I am not much surprised that no one has written about this before, for it requires more courage than judgment to write of such a gruesome vermin. W. L. W. Somerset County, Maine.

The Potato War.

Has any one recalled a campaign of Frederick the Great called the Kartoffelkrieg (the Potato War), because the Prussians and Saxons fought against the Austrians to obtain food supplies and to destroy those of the foe. "This episode in Frederick's military career lasted about nine months. It cost over 20,000 men and almost \$20,000,000." By the treaty of Teschan Frederick obtained most of the potatoes. The term was applied contemptuously to other wars in Germany during the 18th century.

We have too long neglected questions of etiquette. "T. A. S." writes to us, asking whether boiled radishes, which were recommended last Friday in this column, should be eaten with a fork or a spoon. We are not competent to answer this question, for we have been prejudiced against spoon food ever since in our household, sojourning at a Vermont farm house, we saw the gray-haired farmer on a hot day help himself at dinner to butter with a teaspoon. It is true, the butter had been over night down in the well, but the weather was extremely warm.

Abstinence from Food.

As the World Wags:

In connection with the discussion in our column of the effects of long abstinence from food, the experience of the celebrated Stephen Burroughs, during his confinement in the jail at Northamp-

ton, is a notable episode. "This episode," says Burroughs, "was a most remarkable one, and, perhaps, the only one of the kind in the history of the unhappy Burroughs, to survive to death, but was deterred, and probably frightened from his purpose by the arrival of a well-to-do and influential relative of the prisoner, Burroughs's immediate offence was an attempt to burn the jail, in consequence of which he was bolted to the floor of the dungeon, handcuffed and plunoned.

Although, according to his own accounts, he was without food for fully a month, he says nothing about drink, and doubtless received water. "This," he writes in his "Memoirs," "was in the year '85, a remarkable cold month, and my confinement in this situation continued until January, '86, being 32 days in the whole." The following extract, greatly abridged, is taken from the first edition of his strange autobiography, printed at Hanover, N. H., in 1798, which was, I believe, extended and republished after his conversion to the church of Rome, and incidental return to respectability.

"I was deprived of fire, of clothing, and exercise, till the time was nearly expired; and even the pitiful allowance of straw to lie on; but all this was nothing compared with what I suffered with hunger. * * * About the seventh or eighth day * * * the pains of hunger became excruciating. Gladly would I have eaten my own flesh. * * * All my thoughts were occupied on victuals. I could not conceive what I had been about through life, that I had not eaten more when I had the opportunity.

"I could not possibly conceive of a man satisfied with eating. That a man could be glutton with food, so as to loath it, was a fact established in my mind, by my own personal experience—yet, at this time, I could not believe it; indeed, I thought I knew to the contrary. * * * I begged, I entreated, of the keeper of these infernal abodes, for bread, but my entreaties were given to the winds. I raved, I swore, I tore, cursed and lamented, but all did not move his obdurate feelings. After the 15th day the rage of hunger began to subside. Nature, tired with the struggle, gave way, and began her retreat. I grew faint and sick. * * * I hated the idea of ever mixing again with the world. I wished for death with an impatient ardor. * * * I had now become emaciated to a skeleton.

"Matters being," he says, "in this situation," he one morning received a visit from his uncle, who gave him \$2. "Immediately after this, the jailer's wife came into the alley, and told me if I wanted any victuals she would supply me with it. * * * To have a prospect of a speedy supply of food, again recalled the desire of life. * * * I told her I wished for something to eat immediately."

With another prisoner—who became temporarily ill in consequence—Burroughs devoured "a brown loaf weighing about four pounds and within an hour two portions of strong tea and toast." The same day he was removed from the dungeon into an upper room, where he "received food as often as once in three hours, through the next day. Yet I could not be satisfied, my appetite was keen as ever, even when I was so full as to prevent me from swallowing more. This continued to be the case for the space of a fortnight longer, when I found my appetite regulated upon the common scale of eating." Lancaster. J. C. L. CLARK.

Domestic Dentistry.

"To draw out a tooth without any pain. Take the gum of Ivy and green ivy leaves, of each a like weight, and burne them to powder, in a new earthen pot. When it is made in fine powder, mix it together with the milk of Spurge, and put some thereof into the tooth that you would have out, if it bee hollow: If not, touch the Tooth therewith, and it will fall out: but beware you touch no other tooth therewith."

SHAW PLAY AT THE COPLEY

By PHILIP HALE.

COPLEY THEATRE: "You Never Can Tell," a pleasant play in four acts by George Bernard Shaw.

Dolly Clandon.....Beatrice Miller
Mr. Valentine.....Lionel Glenister
Pariot-maid.....Dorle Sawyer
Philip Clandon.....Leon Gordon
Mrs. Clandon.....Jessamine Newcombe
Gloria Clandon.....Gladys Morris
Mr. Crampton.....Leonard Craske
Mr. McComas.....H. Conway Wingfield
William.....Fred W. Perna
Mr. Bohun.....Cameron Matthews

When this comedy was played at the Copley Theatre at the beginning of the season, Miss Newcombe took the part of Dolly, Miss Merson that of Mrs. Clandon and Mr. Grey that of McComas. Last evening Miss Miller was a delightful Dolly, exuberant, saucy, yet impertinent speeches, impertinent yet hitting nails unerringly on the head, with bubbling spirits and a disarming smile. Miss Newcombe is not yet at home in the part of the mother; but Mr. Wingfield was a capital solicitor.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the others in the company, for their performance is fresh in the minds of the

audience. To this theatre it is enough to say that Mr. Perna gave a carefully considered and admirable impersonation of the immortal William. Mr. Gordon was a light hearted and irresponsible Philip, a congenial playmate of his sister, and it may here be said that as Columbine at the ball Miss Miller was a fascinating figure, recalling the line about Atlanta's better part. Mr. Glenister, a little stiff and angular at first, played the later scenes in the appropriately rattle-pated manner.

He was especially good in the wooing of Gloria. As for Gloria, she was finely interpreted by Miss Morris. The character, more or less complex, might easily be misplayed. It is a pleasure to hear Miss Morris's voice, even when the part allotted her is of trifling importance; even when she is not wholly sure of her lines. Mr. Matthews's oratorical voice was the legitimate organ of Mr. Bohun. Mr. Craske was not wholly successful as Crampton in the earlier scenes. A large audience was greatly amused.

It is well known that Mr. Shaw is a warm admirer of Samuel Butler, whose praise he sounded when the author of "Erewhon" was known to only a few Englishmen. The discussion of domestic relations, particularly that of parent and child, in the comedy reminds one of pages in Butler's "Note-Book." The play next week will be Perna's "Dandy Dick," which has not been seen here in a public theatre for many years.

RITA FORNIA SINGS SOLOS AT SYMPHONY POP CONCERT

Orchestra, Under Conductor Marquarre, Pleases.

Monday brought sunshine to Boston, and the first soloist of the season to the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall. Rita Fornia, who was known to patrons of English opera as Rita Newman before she became a singer of the Metropolitan opera, commenced her engagement for a week at the Pops with rather tepid singing of Saint-Saens's "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson and Delilah." Later she gave songs by Massenet, Mrs. Beach, Arne and Reynaldo Hahn with quick perception of mood and vocal art productive of deserved applause. She should be a popular soloist.

The orchestra was in fine fettle, with a program ranging from Adam to Friml. As usual, Mr. Marquarre was liberal with encores, including the ever popular Baccarole from "Tales of Hoffmann," and Perna's quaint "March of the Little Lead Soldiers." Tonight's

The Craig players in "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" farce comedy in three acts, by William M. Blatt of Boston, at the Castle Square Theatre. First performance in any theatre.

Richard Long.....Graham Velsey
Joe Miles.....Donald Meek
Dr. Bartholomew Foote.....Frederic Ormonde
Henry Theophilus Luch.....George Le Solr
A. Farlong.....Robert Capron
Kitty Little.....Miss Florence Martin
Mrs. Don Foote.....Miss Augusta Gill
Mrs. Inch.....Miss Elizabeth Hunt
Candia Short.....Miss Dorothy Dickinson

The story of the play is well set out by Joe Miles, the amiable drunk. Immediately after his Olympian battle with the doorman in the third act: "You see, Dick Long is engaged to Kitty Little, and she came out here to his bungalow to spend a week, and a whole gang of people came into the place, and he tried to hide Kitty up, and there were revolvers and guns, and thousands of people running upstairs and downstairs, and—" It was something like that.

Farces of this kind must end in one of two ways. Either the final curtain falls upon the whole company, with He and She in the centre, and a wedding in prospect, or upon a nearly empty stage, with nobody there but He and She, and a wedding in prospect. Mr. Blatt chooses the second method.

The best line in the piece is "Laura Jean Libby," pronounced by Candia Short at the end of the second act. It convulsed the house. The second best line is not in the play at all. It was pronounced by Mr. Blatt in his curtain speech. It was: "If the piece is not a success, I shall blame it on the war; if it is a success, blame it on the peace."

But the play is full of good lines, and it is well acted. Some of the situations are cleverly original. Sobering a drunk by turning the pump on him off stage has probably never been done before. The action is continuous, the entr'actes being merely breathing spaces. Three steady hours of sustained fun of such a quality, without these breathing spaces, would make the sides ache. As it is, the play leaves an excellent impression. It is a neat, clever little farce, immensely funny.

Mr. Meek played Joe Miles, the inebriate, with just the necessary restraint. Miss Martin's Kitty Little was cleverly done, and Mr. Velsey as Richard Long, the temperamental and much worried lover, was convincing.

The author, Mr. William M. Blatt, is a Boston lawyer. He received an ovation when he responded to a curtain call.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Sherman Film Releasing Company's production "The Crisis," a screen version of Winston Churchill's novel by William N.

Fig. 1. First showing in Boston.

Judge John W. White.....George Lawver
Colonel John Carvel.....Mait Shyde
Virginia Carvel.....Theresa S. Sichel
Stephen Brice.....Eugene Be son
Mrs. Brice.....Thomas S. Sichel
Clarence Colfax.....Marshall Nolan
Thibault Hopper.....Frank Weed
Liza Brent.....Will Martin
Abraham Lincoln.....Sam D. Drane
General W. T. Sherman.....Cecil Holland
Winston Churchill's novel provides alluring material for the film dramatist.

Ante-bellum days in the South, the romance of Virginia Carvel and her rival lovers, the personality of Abraham Lincoln, the gradual growth of the great conflict, the scenes of heroism and carnage—all these have been woven into an interesting film play that is not merely an entertainment, but possesses educational value.

The picture is in two parts. In the first the spectacular element is subordinate, while the leading figures in the story dominate the scenes. A slave sale in old St. Louis and scenes concerned in the Lincoln-Douglas debate, including a torchlight campaign, are the exceptions. In the second part scenes of warfare prevail. These include the fall of Fort Sumter and the battle of Vicksburg.

The characters are well cast. Judge Whipple, Col. Carvel, Virginia, Stephen Brice and Clarence Colfax are all sympathetically presented. Mr. Drane's Lincoln is a dominating and impressive figure.

The battle scenes are grimly realistic, one or two, taken at night are luridly striking. Judge Whipple's death with its series of farewells is among the most touching features of the film.

"The Crisis" is neither as elaborate nor as thrilling a spectacle as "The Birth of a Nation," to which, treating of the same period, it inevitably invites comparison. Yet it has value as an artistically filmed romance, and its note of patriotism is timely. An accompanying score based on romantic and patriotic melodies popular during the civil war is played by an efficient orchestra. Each character is represented by a theme. Now and then Schubert, Massenet and other composers are drawn upon. Last evening a very large audience was interested and responsive. In the intermission Mayor Curley, speaking from a box, paid a tribute to Lincoln.

ELIZABETH MURRAY IS HEADLINER AT KEITH'S

Noted Comedienne Delights Large Audience with a Repertoire of Songs.

Elizabeth M. Murray, who has won success in musical comedy, and recently one of the features of "Cohan's Revue," was the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. There was a large and highly pleased audience.

Miss Murray was heard in a group of songs and told several stories. Whether the comedienne essays Italian, the Celtic or the coon dialect, her work is always finished; she gives her attention to the little points and the result is a convincing performance. In her group of songs the singer fell back upon her old success, "The 5:15," with its happy burlesque of the bibulous commuter. Miss Murray was especially in the vein in "Come Out of the Kitchen, Mary Ann," and it is in songs of this style that she reveals the excellence of her art. The song, too, had the advantages of being nicely orchestrated.

John B. Hymer and company were seen in a fantastic comedy, "Tom Walker in Dixie," written and produced by the principal comedian. The piece is a radical departure from the usual run of darky sketches, and there is an opportunity for Mr. Hymer to give a clever character study, nicely bringing out the superstitious side of the old Negro. The electric chair was introduced into the act, and what promised to be a gruesome conclusion fooled the audience into a happy surprise.

Other acts on the bill were Olga Mishka, assisted by Eugene Santo, in classic and modern dances; Harry Cooper and company in a comedy sketch, "The Mall Carrier"; Daisy Dean, displaying unusual and wide accomplishments as an instrumentalist; Phil Kelly and Joe Galvin, in songs, chatter and character acting; Bessie and Harry Rempel and company, in an odd sketch, "You"; Nelson Waring in a planologue, and the Four Earles, in an aerial novelty.

Whether the radishes are boiled or raw, whether the parsnips look crisp or soggy, when you are at table do not follow the example of Dr. Monso, "a strange, gross man," who, dining at Garrick's house, asked a timid young woman to help him to some greens. "She did her office slow and awkwardly, and he called out again, in a loud

Some one at the Porphyry in a spirit of scientific investigation asked about the constituents of grog. One member, who was not mean acquainted with the uses and abuses of alcohol, said that the liquor in grog was gin, "cool, refreshing gin." No one ventured to contradict him. Yet the enlightener was blind in darkness.

A silver bowl on deck he drew,
 And bid it to the brack;
 And to the Bur ord's gallant crew,
 And to the gods, shall drink,
 And to the wench which Vernon wore
 Was dearest within the same;
 And to his virtues guard our shore,
 And Grog derives its name.

Is rum still served in the British navy? And is the strengthening portion of rum? It should be, for rum has been the favorite, one might say consecrated, drink of sea-faring men. You read of good old retired captains in an arbor at summer-house o'erlooking the ocean, "Sweeping the offing with a spyglass," while on a table stands a case bottle of pineapple rum. It is true that Mr. Daniel Quilp drank rum, drank it neat, and drank it piping hot, but note that his "palace" was on a wharf. Pirates on this side of the Atlantic always drank rum, as in New England it was long the drink at a barn raising or the putting up of a meeting house.

The London Daily Chronicle tells a strange story. Is it in any life of Bismarck. It is said that he once thought of an American fleet fighting with Germany against Austria. In 1866, he disclosed the scheme to an American journalist. "At the outset of our own late war, Austria was superior to us by sea, and we were not quite sure of Italy; so it was proposed that I should accept the services of some of your most distinguished naval officers in the South Sea to 6,000 men and the requisite vessels." The men were to come as private individuals, not as the "confederate fleet." The Daily Chronicle adds: "Bismarck went to the length of sounding the American minister in Berlin on the subject, and the minister wrote to Washington, which scouted the suggestion, and so this truly germanic idea came to nothing."

We have received several letters and
one from 'H. J. H.' who wishes to know
the meaning of 'Shule, shule, shule,
shule' in what poem it occurs, and who
wrote it. These letters are inter-
esting, for they show how intelligent
people disagree in the statement
of what their letters must wait
to be given.

...the World War II...
...the dominant theme... the other day...
...in the Herald, that she be-
...that The Herald, with all other...
...has been lying systematic-
...ever since the war com-
...sweeping comprehensive and...
...the Herald, but rather...
...The Herald is a big

Anyway, systematic lying is the most useful and beneficial of all lying. Whoever undertakes to lie ought to have a system. Then the reader can develop his counter-system, and the net result is truth. It is the sporadic, occasional unexecuted and unsystematic lying of amateurs that does all the damage. The whole subject ought to be taught as an art.

The British Flag.

Your esteemed contemporary, the Boston Evening Transcript, told us last Saturday that it took "300 years to make the British flag." If by this is meant the full period of development the banner of St. George existed some centuries earlier. If only the period of later change, the dates given, 1606 to 1807, work out at less than 200 years.

It is more probable that the use of the name comes from the Jack, any cheap substitute for the breastplate and back, used by the common sailors. These were frequently ornamented with the cross of St. George (e. g., the supporters of the coat of arms of the Virginia company), and on shipboard the rough breastplates were displayed around the bulwarks and lighting tops. The transfer of the name to a flag displayed on a short staff seems easy.

The quotation of the official description is inexact, not to say misleading. In the last line, "fimbriated by the saltire," instead of "fimbriated as the last" does not falsify the blazon, and probably follows the proclamation.

As far as known, the admiralty regulations prescribe that the width of the border shall be taken off the St. Patrick's saltire, so that the two together only equal the width of the St. Andrew.

This was probably not intended as an injustice to Ireland but because the full, equal, width of the red would kill the other colors.

II. M. B.

The origin of "jack," meaning a ship's flag of smaller size than the ensign, is somewhat obscure. The word here has probably a diminutive meaning, as if short for 'jack flag,' as we have jack-hricle, jack-fish, jack cross trees. This note contributed by Prof. J. K. Laughton to the Oxford Dictionary is pertinent: "In British use the jack has been since the 17th century (except under the Commonwealth) a small sized 'union flag' of the period, which has also been, since 1707, inserted in the upper canton of the ensign; hence the name 'union jack' is often improperly applied to the union flag itself when this is not carried or used as a jack. Every maritime nation has a jack of its own: this is usually, either as in Great Britain, the German empire, Sweden and the United States, the same as the canton of the ensign, or as in France and the Netherlands, identical with the ensign, only smaller."—Ed.

We refer our correspondents who have written on the subject of blindness caused by exposure to moonbeams to "Moon Lore," by the Rev. Timothy Huxley, F. R. A. S. (London, 1880). The reverend gentleman writes: "It will be thought rashly iconoclastic if we cast the least doubt upon the idea that blindness is caused directly by the light of the moon. So many cases have been adduced that it is considered a title

Our Women in War.

may 18 1917

"Shule, Agra."

"Shule" is phonetic spelling for the Gaelic "siubhal," meaning "walking," and "agra" is the same for the Gaelic "a gradh," "my love." The whole line may be freely translated into English as "Come (or hasten), come my love." The words are set to the music of an old Irish song, very sweet to Irish ears.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Griffin's Poem.

We have space only for the first three verses:

Shule, shule, shule agna
Shule go socair agus, shule aroon!

Wake, Linnet of the osier grove!
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
Wake, nestling of a parent's love!
Let Moran see thine eyes,
Shule, shule, etc.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee, for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs.
Shule, shule, etc.

Mr. Nicholas Richardson of Newtonville refers "E. J. H." to an old Irish song with an English version by A. J. Grave. It may be found in "Songs of the Four Nations" (No. 40), edited by Har- old Boulton, the music arranged by Ar- thur Somervell. "In this edition the translation of 'Shule, shule, agra' is given by Dr. Douglas Hyde as 'Come, come, my love.'"

Mr. S. Harrocks of Westminster speaks of "the old Irish 'Come all ye'" and gives this chorus:

Shule shule, shule agra,
Time alone can ease my woe
For I will dye my petticoat red
And round the world I'll beg my bread
For—my Johnnie, he's gone for a soldier.

"J. D. K." writes: "The song 'E. J. H.' asks for, 'Johnny's Gone for a Soldier,' was sung by Billy Kersands. All I recall follows:

I'll dye my coat, I'll dye it red,
Round the world I'll beg my bread,
Sure the lad of my heart from me did go,
Mr Johnny's gone for a soldier.

Shule, shule, shule, ngra
Time will never aise my woe,
Since the lad of my heart from me did go—
Mr. Johnny's gone for a soldier.

Fiona Macleod's Poem.

His face was glad as dawn to me,
His breath was sweet as dusk to me,
His eyes were burning flames to me,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agra,

The broad noon-day was night to me,
The full-moon night was dark to me.
The stars whirled and the poles span
The hour God took him far from me.

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,
Perhaps he doth in worship how,
A white flame round his foam-white brow,
Shule, Shule, Shule, aghrah!

I laugh to think of him like this,
Who once found all his joy and bliss
Against my heart, against my kiss,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agra!

Star of my joy, art still the same
Now thou hast gotten a new name?
Pulse of my heart, my Blood, my Flame
Shule, Shule, Shule, aghrah!

"Put the feet of Hens in hot embers till the scales or skinn thereof be separated and shrunk from the Legs, and with the same skin warme, rub warts three or four times or more, and it will drive them away."

may 19. 1917

The Herald stated last Wednesday that grog was so called after the nickname of Admiral Vernon, known to his men as "Old Grog," because he wore a grogram cloak. Mr. Ernest Weekley, his entertaining book, "The Romance of Words," says that Admiral Vernon was in the habit of wearing grogram breeches. Would that that essential point could be settled definitely and for all time!

Painters of high reputation were called into a London court on May 6 to answer the question whether George Romney ever painted a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, "the incomparable Mrs. Siddons"; and if so, whether he would have painted her in a knock-kneed position (Mr. Huntington of New York is suing a firm of art dealers in London for having sold him a Romney that he declares to be bogus.) The cablegram announcing this fact was perhaps loosely worded for Mrs. Siddons certainly sat for Romney. He made a sketch of her in 1783, "the finished replica of which the Morning Chronicle, May 8, 1786, called his 'incomparable head of Mrs. Siddons, which Raphael would be glad of, penetrated by something superior even to Taste'." This sketch was sold at Christie's, London, in 1906, for 2500 guineas. Romney also introduced her as "Tragedy" in his picture "The Infant Shakespeare Instructed by the Passions." But the main question in the discussion is this: Was Sarah knock-kneed? We have been informed by artists, teachers of physical culture and dancing, stage managers, that the great majority of women that came before them were knock-kneed. We regret to say that the biographers of Mrs. Siddons fail to. Even Mrs. Clement Parsons, the latest one, is not informing.

When Sarah was young, a friend of her father's mourned because she was too thin and all eyes. "To this first defect she lived to look back with wistful remembrance, the second, also, ceased, as the contour of her face grew fuller and fuller." Her eyes were sepia brown; like heavy velvet when they were at rest. "Her beauty consisted in the setting of her full-orbed eyes, the upward curl of her dark and silky lashes, the shape of her chin and forehead, the modelling of her deep bosom and nobly muscular shoulder—for hers was a robust, not a fragile charm." Walpole did not find her nose according to the Greek standard. Grimsby, in painting her, threw down his brush, and exclaimed, "Damn it, Madam, there is no end to your nose!" "We do not like to think that she was knock-kneed," Hamilton the painter, and his wife as she was leaving his studio looked her up to a sculptured Ariadne on the Laticliffe Terrace. "Would a man not ever pleased," remarked "Were a wife to bid me ask me 'What was I like a queen?' would have made I think at Mrs. St. John's." Surely the touch of time is so hard on—"Mi . . . in her . . .

...should aid it. The rhythm, too, is complicated, and often harsh and vague. In fact, only the choral lines of this song have brought it into general favor. But even in regard to this, who cannot but wish that the spangles should be taken out, and a good honest flag be substituted for the banner.

"Yankee Doodle," in White's opinion, is impossible as a national hymn, although the author of "The New Priest at Conception Bay," commemorated the encounter of the 6th Massachusetts regiment with the mob in Baltimore in verses to the air.

"Hail Columbia" is really worse than "Yankee Doodle." That has a character, although it is comic; and it is respectable, because it makes no pretence. But both the words and music of "Hail Columbia" are commonplace, vulgar and pretentious; and the people themselves have found all this out.

Compare with these strictures, the eulogy pronounced on the three airs by the Senator in De Mille's "Dodge Club Club."

We have spoken of Orpheus C. Kerr's parodies. Here are some of his "Refracted National Anthems."

Source immaterial of material naught,
Focus of light infinitesimal,
Sum of all things by sleepless Nature wrought,
Of which the abnormal man is decimal.

Refract in prism immortal, from thy stars
To the stars blent incipient on our flag,
The beam transcendent, notifying death;
And raise to immortality the rag.

A diagnosis of our history proves
Our native land a land its native loves;
Its birth a deed obstetric without peer,
Its growth a source of wonder far and near.

To love it more behold, how foreign shores
Sink into nothingness besides its stores;
Hyde Park at best—though counted ultra-grand—
The "Boston Common" of Victoria's land.

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth Rock,
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserved Fish.

Preserved Fish the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they avenge from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

A poem by Bryant, beginning "The sun sinks softly to his evening post," was rejected because the first line was considered to be an advertisement of the newspaper edited by him.

Here are a few notes taken at random about national anthems:

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes the third verse of "The Star Spangled Banner," which has been deleted as containing sentiments unfriendly to the British.

Just 100 years ago yesterday was born Carl Wilhelm, the Crefeld music teacher who gave Germany "The Watch on the Rhine." Wilhelm, who is said to have done most of his composing in lager shops, did not set out to write a national anthem, but only a part-song for a male voice choir, and when "The Watch on the Rhine" was first sung in 1854 neither he nor any one else seems to have thought a great deal of it. Like many another song writer, his pecuniary reward was insignificant, but he lived just long enough to hear his song gush into fame at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.—London Daily Chronicle.

There is one Russian who must have feelings entirely his own in respect of recent happenings in Russia, namely, Prince Lvov, the wonderful chief of the Zemstvos, now prime minister. For is he not the grandson of the Gen. Lvov who composed the national hymn of Russia? Of course, that hymn is now taboo, for various reasons, not the least of which is the fact that it was composed for the glorification of the late dynasty.—London Daily Telegraph.

The new German national anthem—words by the Kaiser and music by Richard Strauss—will no doubt prove worthy of such illustrious collaborators. There is one earlier example of a royal author trying his hand at this kind of work. During his six months' reign in Portugal Pedro V. (subsequently Emperor of Brazil) wrote a national anthem which remained in vogue until the revolution of 1910. The only example I can recall of a national anthem written by a poet of the front rank is Bjornstjerne Bjornson's stirring "Hymn to Norway."—London Daily Chronicle.

God of Justice! Thou who saved us
When in deepest bondage cast,
Hear Thy Serbian children's voices,
Be our help as in the past.

With Thy mighty hand sustain us,
Still our rugged pathway trace;
God, our Hope! protect and cherish
Serbian crown and Serbian race!

On our sepulchre of ages
Breaks the resurrection morn,
From the slough of direst slavery
Serbia anew is born.

Through five hundred years of durance
We have knelt before Thy face,
All our kin, O God! deliver!
Thus entreats the Serbian race.

The music has been scored for a large orchestra by Sir Henry Wood, and when it was performed at the Queen's Hall the whole audience rose and cheered.—London Daily Chronicle.

No version of the national anthem, which the London county council is bent upon improving for the schools, contains nowadays Sheridan's historical stanza. George III. had just arrived in the royal box at Drury Lane in 1798, and was bowing to the audience, when a pistol was fired at the King by a lunatic in the pit. The bullet struck the roof of the box. "God Save the King" was then sung three times in succession, and at the third time this impromptu stanza was added by Sheridan:

From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King!

O'er him Thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince and friend—
God save the King!

—London Daily Chronicle.

We quote from the New York Evening Post:

"It must be borne in mind, however, that Wagner, who did not know how to exult rapturously, was not at all favored at the time of Germany's last war with France. In 1878 he wrote an article entitled 'What Is German?' In this he concedes the superiority of the 'Marsellaise' to the 'Watch on the Rhine,' which he contemptuously describes as a weak, insipid production in the style of the things favored by the male choruses of Germany—ein zelmlich flaves Liedes-tafelprodukt. In the same article he tells how he was snubbed when he offered his 'Kaisermarsch.'

"After the return of our victorious army I made private inquiries in Berlin whether, in case a grand ceremonial in honor of the fallen soldiers were projected, I could be permitted to provide a piece for such a solemn occasion. But I was told that it was not considered desirable to make special provision for the joyful return of the army. I proposed, still privately, another piece, which was to accompany the entrance of the army, and into which, at the close—say in defiling before the victorious monarch—the excellent vocal corps of the Prussian army might join with some popular melody. But this would have necessitated serious changes in the arrangements that had been completed long before, and I was dissuaded from my project. Consequently I arranged my 'Kaisermarsch' for the concert hall, for which let it be adapted as well as may be.

"How well it would have been adapted to its intended purpose is made plain by the 'table of contents' of this great march made by Pohl:

"Encased in a coat of mail, prepared for battle, the Emperor marches past with his renowned generals; the people crowd about him enthusiastically, the swords glitter; 'A Stronghold Sure Is Our Lord' (Luther's choral) is the battle cry, which rises above all the din of battle, and in the folk song, 'Hail, Hail, the Kaiser,' the song of triumph reaches its climax. This is genuine German music."

It must be very trying for a sovereign to take a dislike to the strains of his own national anthem. This was the case with the predecessor of the deposed Shah of Persia. When Nasr-ed-Din visited Manchester, in 1889, a band at the railway station struck up the Persian national anthem. The Shah promptly sent a messenger begging them most courteously to change the tune. He had heard it so frequently since his arrival in England a fortnight previously that it was beginning to get on his nerves. The monarch's wishes were, of course, respected, and during the remainder of his stay here he was spared the infliction of the offending tune. The story of how Lord Kitchener improvised an Afghan national anthem out of one of Handel's solemn marches might be supplemented by a legend about the Japanese national anthem. When the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was writing the "Mikado," he asked a friend with personal knowledge of Japan for a few Japanese melodies, and among those submitted was one which Sir Arthur was assured was the Japanese national anthem. This seemed the very thing to accompany the entrance of the Mikado in the second act of the opera, and accordingly the composer worked in the supposed imperial melody at that point. Its barbaric strains still perform the same duty, but it has long since been unmasked as a sort of music hall tune which at one time was as popular in Japan's streets as "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" in England.—London Daily Chronicle, May, 1912.

Although very little known, the Serbian national hymn is one of the finest in the world. It is set to stirring music by Davorin Jenko that would make a magnificent hymn tune for use in churches. The words have been translated by Elizabeth Christitch, and the following are the first and last verses:

God of Justice! Thou who saved us
When in deepest bondage cast,
Hear Thy Serbian children's voices,
Be our help as in the past.

With Thy mighty hand sustain us,
Still our rugged pathway trace;
God, our Hope! protect and cherish
Serbian crown and Serbian race!

On our sepulchre of ages
Breaks the resurrection morn,
From the slough of direst slavery
Serbia anew is born.

Through five hundred years of durance
We have knelt before Thy face,
All our kin, O God! deliver!
Thus entreats the Serbian race.

The music has been scored for a large orchestra by Sir Henry Wood, and when it was performed at the Queen's Hall the whole audience rose and cheered.—London Daily Chronicle.

No version of the national anthem, which the London county council is bent upon improving for the schools, contains nowadays Sheridan's historical stanza. George III. had just arrived in the royal box at Drury Lane in 1798, and was bowing to the audience, when a pistol was fired at the King by a lunatic in the pit. The bullet struck the roof of the box. "God Save the King" was then sung three times in succession, and at the third time this impromptu stanza was added by Sheridan:

From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King!

O'er him Thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince and friend—
God save the King!

—London Daily Chronicle.

M. Henri Danges, who is remembered by many as a leading baritone during the last season of the Boston Opera House Company, has been bravely fighting in the artillery service for France since the breaking out of the war, while his wife has been caring for the wounded and in charge of a hospital at Lyons. Friends in Boston have received a letter from him dated April 20. It is needless to say that he is delighted by the entrance of the United States into the war (in a former letter, Dec. 8, he had spoken of the American sympathy for France, and how warmly Americans, combatants, aviators or in the ambulance service were appreciated by his countrymen.) "Truly America," he writes, "has been the only neutral country that deserves on our part infinite gratitude. All Frenchmen who reflect are of this opinion. After America comes Switzerland (but only a part of Switzerland). All the other neutrals, if the King of Spain be excepted, deserve to be treated only as foes. Whoever is not with us, for the cause that is most just, is against us. Again, bravo for your beautiful land, and Vive les Etats Unis!"

M. Danges, when he wrote in April, was living in villages completely devastated "by these brutal Boches" before their retreat last month. "Out of 500 houses of the little region where I am, only four remain standing. All the others have been burned, pulverized by explosives, and we sleep in ruins without shelter against the rain which beats furiously on us, as has the snow for a fortnight. But that is nothing. We are sure of victory; all that is necessary is still a little patience. I assure you we shall not be wanting in this."

When M. Danges had his leave of absence in March he took the part of Scarpia in "Tosca" at Toulouse, with marked success. He states that in spite of his soldier's life he is in an excellent vocal condition.

Mme. Johanna Gadsdill's public letter, stating that she has never spoken or acted against this country during the war, came rather late, with the announcement that her contract had not been renewed by the management of the Metropolitan Opera House. Unfortunately for her, speeches made by her, imprudent speeches to say the least, to reporters in New York, are still remembered. The New York Times of May 12 summed up the situation neatly:

"Mme. Gadsdill's proclamation to the American public possesses interest as a human document, of course, but not all of us are psychologists eager to observe for their own sake the workings of the feminine mind, and such of us as do not belong to that class read through the eminent singer's announcement only to be disappointed by her failure to give us any real information. She intimates that she has a grievance against the American public—or is it against the Metropolitan management?—but she does not tell us what it is, and while she declares herself appreciative of what the United States has done for her in the past, she gives no slightest hint as to whether, at the present moment, when we insist that whoever is not for us is against us, her sympathies are with this country or with its enemies.

"That Mme. Gadsdill should be pro-German is understandable to everybody and therefore not surprising to anybody. A woman of her intelligence, however, should not expect to be pro-German and yet to retain here the personal favor that was accorded to her when the American public had to think only of her professional abilities and of the truly notable thoroughness and readiness with which she has always met and fulfilled her professional responsibilities.

"Mme. Gadsdill says that she has been 'again too outrageously and unjustly attacked.' By whom and in regard to what? If her affection for her fatherland and her approval of its acts and policies have never been expressed in ways offensive to, or intolerable by, American sensibilities, she had only to say so in a convincing manner and such antagonism to herself as may now exist would have been transferred at once to her calumniators. She will have much difficulty in proving herself a victim of persecution or even of unkindness, and while there is no inclination to deny that she has earned, honestly and well, the rewards in praise and in more material shape that have been hers, there will be more than inclination to insist that she has been paid in full, and that the United States is under no obligation to ignore the possibility that she is now an 'alien enemy.'"

Some wondered why Mme. Gadsdill, whose remarks about this country were at least imprudent, as we have already said, the wife of Hans Tauscher, whose pernicious activities brought him to trial, was engaged as a singer at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra last season.

It is natural that any one born and brought up in Germany should sympathize with the cause of that country. No one would respect Dr. Muck, for example, if he did not wish that his countrymen should win, but Dr. Muck does not go about breathing out threatnings and slaughter.

Mme. Gadsdill has been singing in this country since 1895. The greater part of her reputation and surely the greater part of her fortune were won in this country.

May 20 1917

The talk about a "national anthem" that should express the patriotic spirit of this country in a dignified and at the same time popular manner continues and will continue. There are the old approaches against the "Star Spangled Banner," that it is not singable, that it is only of local interest, etc., etc., etc. Some object to it because it is of English origin; others because the tune was originally that of a drinking song. There is even dispute about the authorship. If Mr. O. G. Sonneck had not settled that question.

Some one has written "Patriotic" words for "Dixie," not recognizing the fact that the tune itself is the thing. Mr. Alfred F. Denghausen, singer and musician, has published an "American National Hymn" which was sung for the first time at the Columbus day exercises of the city of Boston in Faneuil Hall (1916). We have received from Mr. George Warren Hayford of Lynn a copy of his "Arise, America," and "America! My Country Great and Free." Oliver Ditson Company has published a collection of "Patriotic Songs of America," beginning with "America" and ending with "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," but without the pleasing variant of the last line—"And we'll all get blind drunk when Johnny comes marching home"—a variant that was shouted even by temperate persons in the sixties. In October, 1915, Mr. A. Maynard Lyon of New York, 97 years old and once a business associate of Henry Clews, announced that he had completed a substitute for "The Star Spangled Banner." It was in 97 lines of blank verse. Mr. Lyon had worked on this anthem for many years.

But is there really any need of a new anthem? It is true that nine out of ten persons cannot sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and do not know all the words of even the first verse. The pictures by the ingenious Briggs of a father making a mess of this verse after he had urged his little son to show his patriotism by singing the anthem from memory is most amusing because it is an every-day experience. In the Civil War a committee, including Julian C. Velplanck, Hamilton Fish, George William Curtis, John A. Dix, and others, offered a prize of \$500 or a gold medal for the best words and music, whether the latter be original, or selected and adapted by the same hand; or the hymn alone or for the music alone if original, \$250 or a gold medal of that value. Twelve hundred manuscripts were handed in, with new music or one-third of them. Not one of these hymns was deemed to satisfy all the requirements, and so the prize was not awarded. The competition, however, was not wholly in vain. It brought out the publication of Richard Grant White's entertaining essay, "National Anthems: How They Are Written and How They Are Not Written: a Lyric of National Study for the Times" (New York, 1861), and it inspired "Orpheus Kerr" (Robert H. Newell) to write his amusing parodies in the manner of well-known poets.

White then objected to "The Star Spangled Banner" because as a patriotic hymn for the people at large it was useless. "The range of the air, an octave and a half, places it out of the compass of ordinary voices; and no change that has been made in it has succeeded in obviating this paramount objection, without depriving the music of that characteristic spirit which is given by its quick ascent through such an extended range of notes. The words, too, are altogether unfitted for a national hymn. They are almost entirely descriptive, and of a particular event. . . . They paint a picture, they do not embody a sentiment. The lines are, also, too long, and the rhyme too involved for a truly patriotic song. They tax the memory;

to pretend that it is a matter of fact, is only a young cod, weighing less than three pounds; "especially one that is split and fried or boiled." "Brill'd" for some. The earliest quotation given in the Oxford Dictionary is from a book by Mrs. Spofford (1873), but scrod was in its glory and on bills of fare before that date. The best we ever ate was at the Appledore of the Isles of Shoals in the good old days, when a sailing vessel from Portsmouth took the passengers to the hotel kept by Oscar and Cedric Leighton. Mrs. Thaxter was living in her own house from which at night came the sounds of Julius Elchberg's violin. His brother would talk in a wheel-chair on the piazza. George H. Hepworth in an aggressive flannel shirt, and very much in evidence, would go a-rowing with Kato Field. The hotel rooms in the early 70's were scantily furnished, primitive in every way; but the table was excellent, plain, substantial, suggestive of good home cooking. The price of board and lodging was \$21 a week, which was then considered high. There was a little bar room. One of the guests, who was running through a small fortune, excited surprise and adverse comment by drinking daily a bottle of champagne with his mid-day dinner. His end was a terrible one. He married the daughter of a lively stable keeper and washed carriages in the village of another state.

The Better Part.

Over 50 years ago Alexander Smith spending a summer in Skye on a rainy day bored in his rickety, storm-beaten booth, found two volumes of the old Monthly Review. He found the advertisements much the more amusing reading. "Might not the magazine buyer of today follow the example of the unknown Islesman? Depend upon it, to the reader of the next century the advertising sheets will be more interesting than the poetry, or the essays, or the stories." This was written about 1865. Do the words not hold good today?

Errors and Additions.

As the World Wags: I suppose it is asking too much of a typesetter to demand capitals in a letter, such as Virginia Company and Admiralty Regulations, when they are the names of entities; but when a criticism is based on an inexact quotation, it is hard to have him botch it.

I suggested "fimbriated as the saltire," as in the Proclamation. He set up "fimbriated by the saltire," which is nonsense.

I realize that you think Heraldry, in and for the United States, Nonsense (with the largest Capital), but if the "Union Flag of Great Britain and Ireland" was designed by the Heralds, in what other language can you discuss it?

Of course, anyone can see that the blazon is intentionally obscure, to save the susceptibilities of the different nations, Scotch and Irish, subordinated in the arrangement; but what they did say had a definite meaning as far as it went. If they said "moccasin" as for our own State flag, the word could not be stretched to mean hip-leggings.

If, with Prof. Loughton, we are to treat "Jack" as a naval nickname, any affectionate diminutive, like grog or a teddy-bear, then I propose Admiral Sir John Hawkins's name for the honor. He was quite likely to bring back a "pendant" of St. George shorn of its tails in a fight. If you will consult the reproductions of Visser's plates, 1588, in Corbett's (Julian S.) "Drake and the Tudor Navy," you will find various forms of the "jacks" in question, although perhaps not known by that name.

On the plates at Vol. 1, pages 375 and 390, you will find a canton of St. George on the flags, earlier than the usage cited by Prof. Loughton.

Speaking of nicknames, who introduced the square-yard on the mizzen, in place of the lateen? Was he "Cross Jack?"

Boston.

H. M. B.

May 22 1917

Some were disturbed not long ago by sounds of great guns off the coast. There were rumors of a great naval battle. No doubt some of our "best people" at once sent their bonds, jewels and old family plate to Worcester or even Springfield for safe keeping.

When Spanish warships were thought to be off the coast of Maine, hundreds of usually calm residents of shore towns heard sounds which they mistook for firing of cannon. These sounds were frequent and pronounced when there was a dense fog. Dr. G. H. Hay of Philadelphia was then passing his vacation on Cranberry island. In French and German books he had read accounts of similar sounds which had been heard near Antwerp and in the North Sea. These noises were caused by fog rumblings. The natives called them "mistpuffers," that is, fog-bubbles. The sounds were heard again off the Maine coast in summer after the Spanish war was over.

Fauna, Ears and Daylight-Saving.

As the World Wags:

Some of the contributors to this col-

umn have recently directed to my grave accounts of mythical fauna, assuming as these gentle vapors have been, for each mythical creature described, Nature can supply an even more extraordinary being. Fact, Natural History, as elsewhere, easily outstrips fiction. A few days ago the Herald, quoting from a serious volume on the island of Guam, mentioned the fact that those quaint, goggle-eyed fish, who to a limited extent may be considered arboreal, thrive there. Also that the natives have invented a singular method of fishing, in which at low tide they place the intoxicating guni of a certain tree in the coral interstices, so that the fish, eating it, become drunken and are easily caught. The account failed to state that our term "soused mackerel" is derived therefrom. We in this country are familiar with the dynamiting of rivers and ponds, so as to paralyze the finny denizens, and as fossil fish may be seen in most museums, we may truly say that fish become soured, intoxicated, paralyzed and ossified, like the men who angle for them.

I have also noted in this department some discussion of the ability of certain men to move their ears at will, together with an attempt to classify those so gifted as possessing definite mental characteristics. Not long since I consulted a sociable young lady on Temple place in regard of my thinning hair. Her first act was to test the flexibility of my scalp with the tips of her fingers, and to announce that it was "tight," and for the good of my hair follicles, should be loosened. Half a dozen not unpleasant treatments succeeded so well that I can now readily move my ears, which I was never able to do as a young man. The more flexible (I might almost say peristaltic) my scalp becomes, the more freely can I wiggle my ears.

In the discussion of daylight saving there is one serious point I have not seen mentioned. We all know that in casting a horoscope the careful astrologer takes infinite pains to ascertain the exact hour and even minute of birth; otherwise his reading is but a haphazard one. The presiding planets move many thousands of miles in a few brief moments. Now if we set our clocks ahead a full hour between the months of April and September, it will be very necessary to take this fact into consideration in horoscopes; and should the law not be universal, but adopted only here and there, much confusion must result. Perhaps some astrologer reader will discuss this point intelligently for us.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Plymouth, N. H.

Wagging One's Ears.

As the World Wags:

I thank Mr. Herkimer Johnson for giving, in the letter from him which you published, instances of distinguished people who could wag their ears. Those who are known to possess this power of control over their aural appendages are often ridiculed by being likened to jackasses, mules and other dumb animals by which this power is possessed. I can wag my ears, but, from fear of ridicule, have hitherto kept knowledge of the fact from my acquaintances; but, now that I know, from Mr. Johnson's letter, that in being endowed with such power of control over my ears, I am but the ectype of illustrious predecessors, I shall no longer feel constrained, as hitherto, to keep my acquaintances in ignorance of the fact. Is the ability to wag one's ears really so rare an endowment as Mr. Johnson's letter would seem to imply? I trow not. I was once acquainted with a woman who could wag her ears, and, upon trying whether I could not do so, I found that I could, though not till then was I aware of the fact. I am of the opinion that this ability to wag one's ears is possessed by many people who have never tried to wag them, and who, as a consequence, have never learned that they could do so.

Boston.

AURIBUS ERECTIS.

A Warning Cry.

As the World Wags:

On a little island off the coast of Maine I lately ran across a curious expression. I should like to know whether it is of local origin, or whether it has been imported with the "summer complaints." One afternoon, while out yachting, I was startled by the cry of "Fish-balls!" Looking up, I saw that the boom was swinging over. Evidently by this word the helmsman was warning all the people to "duck." Except about this island I have never noticed any substitution for the well known "Heads!"

Wollaston.

ARCHIAS.

The Household Doctor.

"Take a pint of white Wine, one handful of woodbine leaves, or two or three ounces of the water of Woodbine, and a quarter of a pound of the powder of Ginger, seethe them altogether until they be something thicke, and anoynt a red pimpled face therewith five or six times, and it will make it faire. Proved."

Jewett Company Do Justice to Pinero's "Dandy Dick."

By PHILIP HALE.

COPLEY THEATRE: "Dandy Dick," a farce in three acts and four scenes, by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

The Very Best Augustin Jedd D.D.

Mr. Tristram Mardon. H. Conway Wingfield. Major Tarver. Leonora. Nicola. Joy. Mr. Darbey. Leonard Craske. Blor. Cameron Matthews. Noah Topping. Jessamine Newcombe. Hatcham. J. Casler West. Georgiana Tidman. Doris Sawyer. Salome. Gwaldys Morris. Sheba. Beatrice Miller. Hannah Topping.

A note about this farce. Produced at the Court Theatre, London, Jan. 27, 1887, it had a long run. Mrs. John Wood took the part of Georgiana. The farce was played at Daly's Theatre, New York, Oct. 5, 1887, with Ada Rehan, Effie Shannon, Virginia Dreher, Lizzie St. Quinten, Charles Fisher, James Lewis, George Clark, John Drew and Otis Skinner in the cast. Would that such a company could be seen today!

The first performance in Boston was at the Boston Museum, Jan. 16, 1888. The players were Annie Clark, Isabella Evesson, Helen Dayne, Kate Ryan, Alfred Hudson, Charles Barron, Edgar L. Davenport, William Seymour, George W. Wilson, J. Nolan and H. P. Whittemore. There was a run of two weeks.

A critic in New York found fault with "Dandy Dick" because "an atmosphere of the race course and the stable" permeating the piece, the play was wholly English in tone and temper, and "hardly suited to the average Daly audience." He also said that the farce resembled Boucicault's "Jilt" in many particulars. Now "The Jilt," produced at San Francisco in May, 1885, and suggested by Hawley Smart's novel "From Post to Finish," was not played in London until July 29, 1886. Boucicault's comedy was well known here. First performed at the Boston Museum, it was revived at the Castle Square Theatre in 1899. It was played at the Bijou Theatre for the West End Nursery, with, to quote a head line of a local newspaper, "members of Boston's leading families portraying the various roles." To be sure, Phyllis, first played by Nina Boucicault, is a girl of the stables and Myles O'Hara is a gentleman-jockey. There is an "atmosphere of the race course and the stable," but to say that Pinero modelled his farce on Boucicault's play is nonsense.

It is true that Georgiana is descended in direct line from Lady Gay Spanker; it is also true that the play is decidedly English in character, but the dialogue is universal, and there was no need of Mr. Permain interpolating an explanation of the word "stone" as a measure of weight. The farce is still amusing, and although the Dean's daughters, the sporting baronet and the silly military men were all familiar stage persons 30 years ago, the Dean, Blor and the faithful Hannah were then fresh and are delightful today. The scene at Topping's house is long drawn out. Noah is laboriously humorous, no matter who takes the part. The situations are ingeniously contrived and the dialogue is for the most part entertaining, at times witty, although the Dean's oratorical stop is too freely drawn in the ensemble of gaiety.

It seemed so at least because Mr. Permain's performance, adequate as it was in certain respects, was now and then too deliberate, and with evident anxiety concerning the lines. Let us not be unreasonable. The wonder is that the company as a whole, producing a play for every week, acting one while it is rehearsing another, is able to give even a fairly smooth performance. That of last night lacked the swiftness that is essential to farce. No doubt the performances later in the week will be brisker. Last night there were moments that were decidedly amateurish.

The salient features were Mr. Permain's Dean in the first two acts, Mr. Caske's Blor, Miss Newcombe's Georgiana, Miss Miller's Hannah, although we are inclined to think that Mr. Pinero's cook was physically less attractive and of coarser mould, and the Dean's daughters as played by Miss Morris and Miss Sawyer. Miss Newcombe acted with the requisite dash, finding the part congenial. Mr. Joy did little with the part of Tarver, and Mr. Wingfield's conception of Sir Tristram was expressed chiefly by shouting on all occasions. Mr. Casler-West gave character to Hatcham. In the play Darbey plays the violin at the "regular, pure, simple, English evening at home."

Last night Miss Sawyer sang a sentimental song, and one of Pinero's best lines was omitted. Darbey, having remarked: "My mother says that my bowing is something like Joachim's, and she ought to know." Sheba asks, "Why?" to which Darbey answers: "Oh, because she's heard Joachim. There were other good lines in the play that were slurred or omitted.

Next week "The Angel in the House," a comedy by Eden Phillpotts and Basil Hastings, will be played for the first time in Boston.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

"The Man on the Box" had a spirited and welcome revival at the Castle Square last evening. The scenes begin in a police court, whither young Bob Worburton has been haled after attempting to masquerade as a coachman on the staid streets of the national capital. From that point the comedy grows and involves many incidents, including a timely episode in which an Austrian diplomat figures. Through the clever-

Let us add an article that appeared in the Stage:

"Shakespeare day this year marked the inauguration in Paris of the Societe Shakespeare, which is the outcome of the thirtieth anniversary celebration last year. The society has been formed to strengthen the intellectual bonds which unite France to English-speaking people in the interests of humanity, progress, and civilization," and gave a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Theatre Antoine on Monday. During the week the Paris press gave prominence to a social gathering in connection with the society, attended by nearly a thousand people, and Mr. Paul Deschanel, president of the Chamber, in behalf of the committee, sent to the British honorary members of the society, through Prof. I. Gollancz, the following telegram: "La Societe Shakespeare. Greeting. Words fail to express the gratification of your associates in France for your cooperation in strengthening the intellectual bonds uniting France and the English-speaking race under the inspiration of the immortal Will. Donec totum imperat orbem."

"The society has a strong committee and an honorary committee, which includes MM. Ribot, Briand, Viviani, Painleve, Cambon (the French ambassador in London), Pierre Loti, Edmond Rosand, Anatole France, Jean Richepin and Paul Deschanel. The aims of the Societe Shakespeare have the full support of the French government. It is hoped in time to make interchanges, through the theatre, between the two countries, pieces by Moliere, Corneille and Racine being played in London after Shakespeare's plays have been performed in Paris and the large French towns.

"At the performance of 'The Merchant of Venice' the British and American ambassadors were present. At the end of the first act M. Germer made a speech greeting the entry of the United States in the war on the side of the defenders of liberty and democracies. After a bust of Shakespeare had been crowned by the members of the company, Mme. Geniat Max recited two poems. The proceedings terminated with the singing of the 'Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King.'"

May 21 1917

A man of fifty-five, perhaps, wishes to be considered younger than he really is. The man above ninety has outlived that vanity. He is usually as proud of the years he has numbered as the commander of the battles he has won, or the millionaire of the wealth he has acquired. In respect of his great age, such a one is singular among his fellows.

SCROD.

A bill-of-fare at the Porphyry announced "Schrod" (sic) would be served at that meal. The dish turned out to be our old and approved friend scrod. Mr. Anger said in his too familiar way that there is authority for the spelling "schrod." Where? When? Scrod is the word in foreign and American dictionaries, and in customary usage. We have met persons who insisted that there is a distinct species of fish known

of your... army officer, has a...
CRAIG is the leading role...
His... is cleverly seconded
Mr. Meek, Mr. Ormonde, Mr. Velsy
Mr. Gill, Miss Dickson and the others
The "Man on the Box" will
only this week at the Castle
Square. Miss Peggy Wood, the new
line, is personally attractive and
an actress.

Next week a genuine novelty will come
to the Castle Square with the first Ameri-
can production of "Mr. Jubilee Drax."
This detective play by Horace Annesley
Vaughan, the famous English novelist
and dramatist, was given in London a
year ago, and the American rights are
in the hands of Craig. A special com-
pany, with the Craig Players as its
basis, will be engaged for the pro-

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The High-
wayman," with John Charles Thomas, a
romantic comic opera in three acts, by
Reginald De Koven.

Dick Fitzgerald, John Charles Thomas
Constance Sinclair, Bianca Sarova
Felix Beverly, Harry T. Hanlin
Pamela, Nabel Weeks
Redney, Sam Ash
O'Hell, Jefferson De Angelis
Lettie Yorke
Teddy Webb
Lawrence Cameron
Phelim Kilkenny, J. Sylvester Murray
John Hawkhurst, Osborne Clemson
Landlord, James Murry
Constables, Harry Bulger, Jr., Lloyd
Montgomery, A. Carbone, H. Rollands
An Old Soldier, Richard Coombs

DeKoven's "Highwayman," first heard
in 1897, was revived last evening
at the Shubert Theatre. In certain re-
spects it is superior to the average and
vaudeville entertainments of today
that masquerade under the name of
comic opera. There is no brass voiced
siren. There is a refreshing absence of
so-called Viennese waltzes. The scene is
laid in England in the "good old George-
gian days," when roystering and thiev-
ing were deemed among the polite arts
and the gentleman footpad looked
upon as a hero.

Thus in an atmosphere saturated
with romance, Lady Constance holds
up the coach and secures the pardon
for her highwayman lover, Dick Fitz-
gerald, upon whose head the law has
set a price, and Foxy Quiller, the clas-
sic detective, performs prodigious feats
of inefficiency.

Mr. DeKoven's originality is not
marked. His music is not spirited, not
conspicuously dramatic and he often in-
dulges in pleasant operatic reminis-
cences, both light and grand, yet his
score has charm, taste and elegance.
Last evening "Bread and Cheese and
Kisses," "Gretchen Green," "The Farmer
and the Scarecrow" and other familiar
numbers gave pleasure as of old.

The piece is handsomely staged, al-
though realists might exclaim at the
modernity of the third act. The
coach is drawn by real horses. The cos-
tumes of the chorus are attractive.

John Charles Thomas in the title role
pleased by his singing and bore himself
with manly grace and distinction. His
honorous voice was displayed to excel-
lent advantage in his opening song,
"The Highwayman," and was later effec-
tive in the duet with Constance in
the second act and in his closing num-
ber, "Farewell to the King's Highway."
His entrance on horseback in the second
act pleased the audience, as did the
behavior of the horse during the song,
"Kitty O'Brien."

Miss Sarova, a recruit from grand
opera, has evidently found her proper
place. Her voice is pleasing, well
school, telling in ensembles. She
sang with fervor and presented a strik-
ing appearance in man's attire.

Mr. De Angelis took the part of Foxy
Quiller, created by Jerome Sykes. He
worked hard and was seldom unctuous.
Mr. Webb was amusing as Toby
Winkle. Miss Yorke played Dolly in
an exaggerated manner. The chorus
was efficient and Mr. Tours conducted
with authority. After the second act
Mr. DeKoven, who was in the audi-
ence appeared upon the stage and made
a little speech.

ADELE ROWLAND AGAIN HEARD IN VAUDEVILLE

Heads Bill at Keith's—Paul Dickey and Company Appear in Sizzling Melodrama.

Adele Rowland, familiar to Boston-
ians by the excellence of her work in
"Nobody Home" and other productions,
and more recently one of the attrac-
tions with "Her Soldier Boy," is the
headline feature at B. F. Keith's The-
atre this week.

Miss Rowland was heard in a group
of songs—a program altogether too
short. Her song, "Lily," new to Bos-
ton audiences, was as interesting with
her pertinent "business" as was the de-
lightfully light touch of the chorus.

Paul Dickey and company in "The
Lincoln Highwayman," a sizzling melo-
drama, was one of the features of the
bill. There is much more action and
pepper in evidence during the 20 min-

... and an... of the auto-
mobile. Mr. Dickey was convincing as
Jimmy Rucker, and his support was
excellent, notably the Kitty Clover of
Inez Plummer.

Other acts on were Apdala's Zoo-
logical Circus; "The Race of Man," a
singing novelty; Moran and Wisner,
comedy boomerang hat throwers; Jim
and Betty Morgan, singing their own
songs; Will J. Ward and his five Sym-
phony Girls in a piano and singing act;
Loney Haskell, in a monologue, and
Selma Braatz in a juggling act.

MR. FRIEBUS TAKES ROLE IN "A TAILOR-MADE MAN"

The first important change of cast in
"A Tailor-Made Man" since that comedy
first came to Boston was made at the
Tremont Theatre last evening when
Theodore Friebus stepped into the role
of Dr. Gustavus Sonntag. Mr. Friebus

100TH PERFORMANCE OF "THE MASQUERADER"

The performance at the Plymouth
Theatre last night marked the 100th
time that Guy Bates Post has played the
dual role of Chilcote and Loder in this
city. The event was celebrated by the
distribution of souvenirs to the ladie-
s in the audience. A special matinee is
announced for next week, Wednesday.
Decoration day, for which seats are
now on sale. The play appeals to all
classes of playgoers, and through the
many weeks Mr. Post has been here the
balconies as well as the orchestra have
been crowded at every performance.

May 23 1917

Out of Date?

We are told by thinkers, deep, and
superficial, that Latin and Greek should
be thrown overboard so that French
and Spanish, or something "practical"
should take their place in our schools
and colleges. The importance in these
days of an acquaintance with the mod-
ern languages cannot easily be over-
estimated, but should the older lan-
guages be despised?

Dr. W. A. Oldfather, of Northwestern
University, has written a few words
with reference to a letter addressed to
him by Mr. Max Eastman.

"In these days when men who profess
to speak for modern tendencies in edu-
cation are calling for the elimination or
the marked curtailment in our second-
ary schools and colleges of such studies
as Latin, Greek, ancient and mediæval
history, mathematics beyond elemen-
tary algebra, and even the classical
authors in English, because they are
fancied to be out of touch with present
conditions of life, it is interesting to
observe the belief in the value of Greek
held by a man who has every right to
be regarded as good a representative of
modern thought as even Dr. Charles
William Eliot, or Mr. Abram Flexner. I
mean the well known author and editor
of The Masses, Mr. Max Eastman.

Mr. Eastman, with characteristic mod-
esty, speaks somewhat disparagingly of
his ability to feel the words of the
original Greek as he feels the words in
English poetry. As a matter of fact, he
possesses an unusual acquaintance with
the best Greek literature, while his fresh
and clean-cut thinking and the lucidity
of his style, whatever one may think of
his social philosophy show upon what
altars his incense burns."

Mr. Eastman's Letter.

Dear Dr. Oldfather:

I've been waiting for a truly leisure
moment to discuss with you something
nearer my heart than the things I am
busy about. I can not think that my
opinion will be of the value you sug-
gest, but I am mighty pleased by the
suggestion.

If I could add one thing to my educa-
tion and one only it would be the abili-
ty to read ancient Greek fluently and
with intimate understanding, to feel the
words as I feel English words in poetry.
The beauty and the wisdom of life both
reached their height in Athens. They
may reach it again somewhere and they
may go higher. But in the meantime
to be excluded by the barrier of a little
language from entering subtly into the
passions and thoughts of that great
time, is tragic indeed to one who wishes
to taste of life to the full.

Often I half hope I may be reduced to
a wheelchair before I die, so the pres-
sure of present loves and ambitions may
let up a little and give me time to edu-
cate my mind. The schools made such
a botch of it. They gave me a little
gentleman's acquaintance with every-
thing and never taught me anything. I
am able to "behave in company" as
though I knew five languages, thus ad-
vertising the fact (otherwise dubious)
that I belong to an upper, or at least
upper-middle, class. But no one of
these languages, except English, con-
fronts anything to my life.

I am saying all this because I want
to unite with my endorsement of the
study of Greek for those who will

... to the aristocratic... of a...
... so taken are one of the minor
... of his leisure and breeding. Greek
literature ought to be if it is anything
... one of the major experiences of a man,
for it contains more clear thinking com-
bined with high feeling than any other
literature of the world. Sincerely,
MAN EASTMAN.

A Ballade of Buccaneers.

While the pirates that sailed under
Capt. Flint are still in town the follow-
ing ballade written by Mr. Charles Wil-
cox of Narragansett Pier is decidedly
pertinent.

In what far phantom port are they
Who roused the Spanish Main of yore?
Where is bold Capt. Kidd, I pray?
Where is Laffite? L'Onnois? Le Noir?
Gone from the seas forevermore,
Answered from the roguery's rollcall,
Gone is the sinister sign they bore—
The gruesome gallows got them all!

Does a ghostly galleon lay
In the course she ran before,
Or spectral Morgan come to slay,
And to revel in ghastly gore?
Does Blackbeard's spirit hunger for
The scenes of his awful appal?
Long ago they settled their score—
The gruesome gallows got them all!

Lawless lords of the waterway
Burying the booty ashore,
Planting fine silks and satins gay,
Rare jewels and gold galore,
Pleasures of the crimson paw,
Vanished are they beyond recall.
Not a soul today to deplore
The gruesome gallows got them all!

LENOXI

Shooting galleys, a blithe outlaw,
Will bring you to a dire downfall;
Think of the pirates' end with awe—
The gruesome gallows got them all!

May 24 1917

Now that "The Star Spangled Banner"
cannot be played except as "a separate
composition," what is to be done with
"Madama Butterfly"? Will Puccini be
invited to write new music to accom-
pany the two Americans in their pas-
sionate act of drinking highballs?

The Herald has received more let-
ters about the song, "Shule, Shule,
Shule, Agra." They will be published
next Sunday.

"Old Grog."

The question has been raised whether
Admiral Vernon was called "Old Grog"
because he wore a program cloak or be-
cause his breeches were of grogram.

"Capt. Brassbound" of Boston in a
letter dated May 10 quotes from "The
British Fleet," by Commander C. N.
Rousillon, R. N.: "At first the rum was
served out undiluted, the ration being
half a pint to two servings, but in 1740
Admiral Vernon, whose nickname was
'Old Grog,' on account of a program
coat he used to wear in dirty weather,
instituted the practice of watering it be-
fore issue. This circumstance, it need
scarcely be added, gained for the mix-
ture the name it still retains." The
Encyclopædia Britannica (article "Ver-
non") says the Admiral wore a peculiar
program coat.

Now it was in 1740 that the Admiral's
birthday November 3 was celebrated by
the drinking of beer, public dinners, hos-
ties and illuminations in London and
other cities. Was all this on account
of his institution of grog? Or no. It
was on account of Porto Bello.

Auricular Wags.

As the World Wars

Apocryph of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's
dissertation upon the wagging of one's
ears, which you printed, I will say that
Dr. Pierre Janet lectured upon that sub-
ject on Nov. 9, 1906, at the Lowell In-
stitute. From a report some three-
fourths of a column in length which
the Boston Transcript of the following
day gave of the lecture I will quote a
few lines. Man's "ancestors," Dr. Janet
said, possessed this very important
ability "to wag their ears," and well
it has served them, but, so far as man
is concerned, he has degenerated from
them in this respect. The discussion of
the possibility of again learning to move
the ears occupied a considerable portion
of the lecture, and was the standard il-
lustration during the evening. . . .
Dr. Janet very happily, and to the
amusement of his audience made clear
the steps in the process, first the fixing
of them as clearly as possible by means
of a mirror, the moving of them by the
hand, the following of every sensation
by the mind, and the visualization of
the movement. Presently, he said,
slight motions will be consequent upon
insistent effort; then there will be con-
fusion, perhaps, with the movement of
the brows or the contraction of the fore-
head; then the mind will learn to dif-
ferentiate between the motions of dif-
ferent neighboring parts, and at last
man will be able to move his ears. The
experiment is by no means a difficult
one, and it shows the influence that the
mental concept of a motion has upon
the muscles, dormant though they may
have been. The wagging of the
ear, shown to what extent well formed
mental images can affect the move-

Mr. Janet... to the fact that...
his visuals with... the motion on the...
cars move. See the verse of Epithi-
mus quoted by Athenæus...
should you behold his furious meals, you'd see
clear his jaws crash, and his swollen cheeks
resound.

The thunder of his grinders, and the roar
of his wide nostrils, see his flaming ears.

These were wise men before Dr.
Janet. "Wigwag," by the way, was
"1806" as the year of the lecture. We
have taken the liberty of substituting
"1906." Thus Casaubon, annotating
Athenæus, remarked: "This inter-
feres directly with the common nature
of men, to whom only of all animals,
unless apes ought to be excepted,
Heaven has given ears which move of
themselves. For what we find in Mar-
tial concerning the son of one Cinna,
who had long ears which moved like
those of asses, it is doubtless a poetical
fiction and not a true incident. Never-
theless Eustathius tells that a certain
priest moved his ears. I have also
been told by persons worthy of credit
that the ears of a certain man of
learning were plainly seen to move
when, travelling by the borders of the
voy, he found that he was in danger
of being burnt alive by the magistrates
on its being reported that he was flying
into Italy from Toulouse because he
had perpetrated a heinous crime." St.
Augustine in "The City of God" states
that some persons move their ears
simply or together; but the great anti-
quarian, Vassallus gives the reason, "De
humani Corporis Fabrica," 1601.

"Sometimes by means of certain deli-
cate fibres, the fleshy membrane, called
by us carnosæ, is stretched above the
ear and gives the skin next the ear, and
the ear itself an arbitrary motion." We
knew a boy in the grammar school of
our little village who could wag his
ears. They were large ones and they
stood out so that we called him "Wing-
Wanz." We envied him his ability to
amuse others and tried in vain to wag
our ears; but we were dull in school
we could not even let a fan-like spray
through out teeth, or whistle shrilly on
our fingers.—Ed.

The Household Doctor, 1627.

"To restore the deaf to hearing. Take
the root of Houndstongue out of the
earth, and make a hole in the root of a
long and deepe as you can, and fill the
same hole with salt, and cover it well
that nothing can come within it; then
set it in the earth againe as it was and
cover it with earth, and let it be there so
three dayes, at the three dayes end take
it up, and that which you finde therein,
keape it in some cleane glasse, and put
some thereof into the deafe eare. Let
him use it every evening at his going to
bed, until he heare clearly—which will
be within a fortnight at the furthest
(God willing). And when you doe it into
his eare, let him lye in his bed that the
liquor may enter. This I had out of
an old written Booke. Fraile it as it
proves."

May 24 1917

Prof. Litter, writing in Harper's
slang, points to the (vulgar) word
of it. Thus the form of slang which
might be called the abbreviation "cab"
for "cabriolet," "grab" for "grab-
vulgar," lives only as it is useful. It
is stated that "hyp" for "hypochondria"
is unheard of and "hico" is not
much used today as "incognito." But
"hipped," and "incog" is not infrequently
used by a man that he is
ly written and heard.

"Who hears such expressions now,
days as 'wide, cheese it, sheeny, whoo-
doo?' 'Snide' and 'cheese it' have
by no means disappeared, nor is 'shee-
ney' obsolete. By the way, what is the
origin of 'kike'? when did it come into
use?"

Household Tragedies.

Ind., obtained a divorce in 15
Mr. John W. Langley of Columbus,
from his wife, Mary. Not merely be-
cause she was in the habit of taking a
darning needle to bed with her to jab
him when he was asleep. He naturally
protested, not having a keen sense of
humor. Then she would get out of bed,
sit in a rocking chair in the middle of
the floor, rock furiously with heels
brought to the floor at each rock, and
for two hours would sing with a power-
ful but uncultivated voice: "Oh, won't
it be joyful when we part to meet no
more!"

Britannia's Bulwark.

The sailors in the British navy had an
advantage over other smokers in Eng-
land until a short time ago. Tobacco
was sold to them at a shilling a pound.
They now pay eight pence more, but it
is said there is still nothing like it for a
penny farthing an ounce.

"The raw leaf is served out as it comes
from Jamaica and one of the slide lads
of the handy man is to wet it and the
up in sack cloth and spin yarn for two
pence a pound. The wetting is carried
out with water, not with rum as is com-
monly believed. Nelson's blood is too
valuable even for ships."

We remember the tale of the sea-
pion smoker of the British army in 1800.
It was a private in the 1st
regiment, royal Warwickshire

From his...
omed ne and a half...
ery we. W...
hoisted to South Africa, his supply was
at down. This almost broke his heart.

Stephen Burroughs.

A World Wags:
In Mr. J. C. L. Clark's letter to the Herald of May 15 he speaks of Stephen Burroughs' autobiography as having been "extended and republished after his conversion to the Church of Rome." Though that statement does not necessarily imply that Burroughs' conversion to the Church of Rome is chronicled in some of the later editions of his autobiography, yet the average reader would understand that to be implied in the statement. In none of those later editions, however, is there any mention of his conversion, and, if there ever was such a conversion, I presume that it was subsequent to the latest period of his life embraced in any of the editions of his autobiography.

In his autobiography, Burroughs says that he entered Dartmouth College in 1781, and that he remained in college two years, but in a footnote the editor of the later editions of the autobiography says that "he was expelled from college in the second quarter of his second year." If he entered college in 1781, he was a member of the class graduated in 1785. In his autobiography he speaks of a classmate "of the name of Coffin," but there was no person of that name in the class of 1785. Lake Coffeen, however, was a member of that class, and undoubtedly he was the person whom Burroughs speaks of as "Coffin." In 1910 there was issued a general catalogue of Dartmouth College which includes the non-graduates of the college. In the list of non-graduates given in that general catalogue—the only one, by the way, of the general catalogues of the college which gives such a list—Burroughs' name does not appear. I guess, however, that the non-appearance of his name in that list does not indicate that he was never a member of the college, but is due to incompleteness in the college's records of its classes and the consequent absence of data regarding him in those records.

SPECTATOR.

Brooklyn.

TOO SERIOUS

Christine Ladd Franklin of Columbia University, in a letter to the New York Times, deplors the fact that in these serious times certain newspapers publish a "silly joke column" on the editorial page. "It is most incongruous to see a half page of admirable editorials and a half page of strong letters to the editor (often the best part of a newspaper) separated by a whole column of inane attempts to find something facetious in every event of the day. The Chicago newspapers are the worst sinners in this respect." Miss Franklin defines these humorous columns as an instance of the "purely American habit of childishness."

It seems that Miss Franklin has little or no sense of humor. Furthermore she does not realize the fact that a witty paragraph may be more effective than a grave editorial article. Mr. George F. Babbitt's column in the Herald of former years was a summary of news with amusing and brilliant comment. Mr. Bert L. Taylor's "A Line o' Type or Two" is much more than a column of idle jests. Miss Franklin's allusion to the Chicago newspapers is especially unfortunate. In England, fighting for its existence, Punch is one of its weapons. Soldiers of France and England in the trenches have their humorous papers, and the comic cartoons of a British officer, contributed to periodicals, have been collected and published. Miss Franklin is shocked by "this American habit of making light of everything." Lincoln in the darkest days of the civil war found relief by reading Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby. There may be terrible seriousness in a jest. Sir Thomas More was pitifully humorous and ironical when on the scaffold.

May 26 1917

Talkers and writers about cheap and nutritious foods—to be numbered among those who are always taking the joy out of life—and declaimers against waste—which is truly the great American vice—urge that bread at table should be cut from the loaf and not be sliced beforehand and put on a plate without regard to the possible consumption. We read that bread is cut from the loaf at King George's table. Whether the monarch or his wife does the cutting is not stated. There was a scarcity of bread in the Royal Household in 1842 during the Corn Law troubles. In the memoirs of the Prince Consort Queen Victoria states: "The price of bread is of an

and bread, height we have been obliged to reduce everyone to a pound a bread a day, and only secondary flour to be used in the Royal Kitchen."

We remember the first bread baked in our little village in western Massachusetts. The neighbors thought it a ridiculous affectation. On their tables were plates of cut bread with the vegetable dishes, a revolving cask, and goblets for iced water. Few of the inhabitants, if any, used butter plates. Sometimes, when the plates were hot, a chunk of butter was put by the eater on a hunk of bread to be spread on other hunks. Who was the author of those homely lines:

And liked his butter thickly spread
On corresponding hunks of bread?

Foreigners have for years either cut the loaf or torn pieces from the stick.

Werther had a love for Charlotte.
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

But Charlotte did not put slices on a plate. After the manner of German women, she undoubtedly held the loaf firmly against her breast and drove the knife toward her. Did not Kaubach draw her in the act?

Whether bread should be eaten in large quantities at dinner is a disputed question. There was a time when butter at dinner was regarded as a hideous solecism, a mark of hopeless vulgarity. Perhaps it is so today; we have not "been in society" for many years. A roll or a bread stick is allowed, we are informed; not to be eaten with grapefruit, raw oysters or clams; to accompany soup, not to be crumbed in it. Nearly 70 years ago Charles Astor Bristed contributed a long and curious article on "Table Aesthetics" to the Knickerbocker Magazine. One of his sayings was this: "It is taken for granted that every man has his carafe of water. How ridiculous that at large dinners bread and water, the two first necessities of life, should often be the hardest things to get! Your servants should be instructed to put two pieces of bread into each napkin, and carafes of water to each guest are indispensable to a well regulated dinner of any size." Yes, bread is necessary to some, who delight in mopping up gravy with it, or cleaning the plate of salad dressing.

This essay of Bristed's should be reprinted. It abounds in sound sense and also gives information about manners and customs in the Forties.

"There are some things connected with table matters, such as carving, making salad, telling good wine from bad, without the knowledge of which a gentleman's education cannot be said to be complete. I mention carving particularly, being every day painfully reminded of the defects of my early education in this point. It is a natural consequence of the system practised at most of our colleges of cramming the students into an uncomfortable hall, and feeding them on the coarsest fare, that they should contract a pernicious and not easily eradicated habit of scarfing and mangling dishes without care or decency. On this theme alone a treatise might be written. Bad fare naturally and inevitably induces a disrespect for the table and a neglect of its proprieties."

Bristed admitted that it was possible to make a good dinner without soup. He mentioned a good dinner he enjoyed with a friend at Windsor, England. It consisted of three dishes: Mutton cutlets with tomato sauce, chicken curry, apple fritters. Either the cutlets, or the chicken curry would have satisfied Mr. Herkimer Johnson or any other reasonable person.

This reminds us of the contrast between the Lord Mayor of London's banquets this year and before the war.

THIS YEAR.	BEFORE THE WAR.
Turtle soup.	Tortue
Miles of soles.	Jaïre.
Removes.	Supreme de turbot a la Normande.
Barons of Beef.	Crevettes en aspic.
Sweets.	Turban de faisane a la Perigord.
	Baron of beef.
	Pordeaux en terrine.
	Cotelets de mouton.
	a la Victoria.
	Langue de bœuf.
	Gelée a l'orange.
	Charlotte Russe.
	Cremes a l'Italienne.
	Dames d'honneur.
	Pâtisseries a la princesse.
	Glaces. Dessert.

PADEREWSKI MAKES APPEAL

"The Spirit of Poland," a play in three acts by Dorothea M. Hughes, given earlier in the season for the benefit of Polish children, was repeated last evening at Jordan Hall for the same cause.

The little play, which had been enthusiastically rehearsed for weeks by every member of the cast, was given with spirit and the performance was generally smooth. Leading parts were well taken by Miss Helenka Adamowska, E. D. Morse, E. P. Goodnow and J. Voytovich.

Fine Musical Features.

A Polish dance, a Polish hymn played by 30 cellists, with organ, and the Polish national hymn sung by the chorus at the end of the last act were musical features of the evening.

"The extra was directed by Mr. Josef Adamowski, whose efforts with those of his wife Mme. Szumowska Adamowska. In the behalf of their stricken compatriots made possible the performance.

Yet the feature of the occasion was the appearance of Mr. Paderewski and his address on "Poland," which began the evening.

With simple dignity, touching sincerity and emotional fervor, the great Polish pianist, whose playing has stirred thousands, thrilled the audience with burning words of patriotism. With full control of the English language, Mr. Paderewski spoke with the spontaneous eloquence of the born orator. The mysterious and potent spell of his personality, at once felt by the audience, lent additional force to the truths he uttered.

He rejoiced that the present war, in spite of all its horrors, had brought his country before the public. Dominated by Russia, Prussia and Austria, three supremely autocratic nations, Poland was the first martyr of European democracy, according to the speaker. Tracing the history of his country from the earliest times, he told of its wars, always waged in self-defence, never for conquest.

Poland Champion of Liberty.

"For years," he said, "Poland has been the champion of liberty, the initiator of modern institutions. Like America, it has been a refuge for the oppressed. Now it is a nation of tears and hunger. Still, if Poland has been hungry for 33 months, she has been thirsty for 144 years, and this great thirst can only be quenched with liberty."

In passing, Mr. Paderewski mentioned distinguished names among Polish law makers, scientists, writers, artists, musicians. He concluded with a word of commendation and thanks for the work done by Boston and New England to help his suffering country, greatly inspired by the patriotism of the Adamowski family.

A large audience entered warmly into the spirit of the occasion and a substantial collection was taken up.

may 27 917

What is the most "popular" song today? Will it be remembered by many a year, or even six months hence?

Looking over some old newspaper clippings, we came across a letter written by the special correspondent in New York of the Boston Herald in April, 1895. It began, "Never before in the history of song literature were composers of popular songs so prolific as at the present day."

What were the songs named by this writer? First of all, "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard." This, we are reminded, came in as the "Sweet Marie" craze was declining. "Considered from a classical standpoint the latter is superior to the majority of songs of a popular character." It appears that the author of "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard" was H. W. Petrie, born at Bloomington, Ill., who had devoted the greater part of his life to shorthand writing.

Next in popularity in 1895, according to this correspondent, was "The Little Lost Child" by Edward B. Marks and Joseph W. Stern, and sung by Allen May. Yet a song that "created more comment and discussion" was "And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back." "Because of its naive character and its ostracism from the San Francisco theatrical boards, together with the popularity given it by Dan W. Quinn, a comic singer of this city, it has attained a sale of more than 40,000 copies." The allusion to the "ostracism" in San Francisco is now unintelligible. Some one should compile a collection of once-popular songs with copious annotation. If we are not mistaken, Miss Eunice Vance introduced the song in this country.

Perhaps the most really meritorious popular song of 1895 in its truthfulness to nature and in the charm of its melody is "The Sidewalks of New York." This was described as an "absolutely true picture of contemporaneous life." Yes, it was a good song. We hear the chorus now:

East side, West side, all around the town,
The tots sang "Rise a Rosy," "London Bridge
Is Falling Down";
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks
of New York.

Does any one remember Miss Lydia Barry singing "Don't Bear Any Ill Feeling," or James Thornton's "Maggie Mooney," or Herbert Holcombe, who sang with "Unabated Success from Maine to San Francisco," "To Err Is Human, to Forgive Divine."

One of the m-m-m-mother songs was Raymon Moore's "When She's Just About to Fall," with the last lines:

And the mother, though grown older, still is
near enough to call.
With her ready hands to hold her when she's
just about to fall.

Gone is the song with "Dearest in the World to Me," "Take a Seat, Old Lady," "When You Know the Girl You Love Loves You." Perhaps some one still sings "Nothin's Too Good for the Irish." Why is it not our civic anthem? J. Joseph Goodwin, a newspaper man of Brooklyn, and Monroe H. Rosenthal wrote it, if we are not mistaken.

I'll tell ye a story that was told to me,
A good old story, gramma chree.

When the mother was in the land,
She was a good one for the Irish.
When we were here, me and Brother Dag,
Says he, "We'll do the best we can."
They made him a copper, and are an
aidman—
Nothin's too good for the Irish!

Dutehmen were made for to carry coal and
shovel snow,
Italians for organs, and Englishmen to
mash,
Chinese for washing, the Japs for a
juggling show,
Nagurs to whitewash, the Jews were made
for cash;
Cubans for cigarettes, the Portugueso to
sail the sea,
Scotchmen for bakeries, the French were
made for style;
Russians for mining, Americans for liberty,
But the men made for bosses were sons of
Brier's Isle!
Then hip, hip, hurrah! Erin go bragh!
Nothin's too good for the Irish!

This ethnological ditty, we are told, "sprang into immediate public appreciation."

Punch once published verses to a country friend heard whistling, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Down in the country p'raps you hardly know
At what a pace these street songs come and go.

The final admonition was as follows:
But do not whistle, if you wish to rank
As in the know, "The Man Who Broke the Bank."

We were reminded of these verses by seeing an article clipped from the New York Herald. Unfortunately the clipping is not dated. "An American woman" wrote to the European edition about popular songs sung in London. She quoted "After the Ball" as sung by Miss Vesta Tilley in male costume. Albert Chevalier's "Nipper's Lullaby" was then the rage, his "last new song." (Chevalier was singing the "Lullaby" in 1893.) Miss Katie Lawrence, in male dress, was singing "Daisy Bell." There was a "Daisy Bell waltz; horses and new cloaks were named after the song. Miss Lettie Lind sang "Marguerite of Monte Carlo" in "Morocco Bound"; Marie Lloyd's great song was "O! Mr. Porter"—not a refined song, according to the writer—while Miss Vesta Victoria was cheered for her "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow."

A correspondent sent us last week a book of the glees and songs sung many years ago in the famous Evans's Music and Supper Rooms. The names of the boys and men singers are on the cover. The musical director was F. Jonghman. Jolly Nash "and all the best available comic talent" were advertised. There are the words of 192 songs, patriotic, folk, sentimental, martial, scenes, duets and airs from operas, sterling old glees. The program is annotated, and on page 4 there is a quotation in Greek from Alcæus. There are no aggressively comic songs, but there are a few bacchanalian ditties. One of them by Charles Dibden, "There's Nothing Like Grog" (1855), recalled a recent discussion concerning grog in the As the World Wags department of the Herald. Here is the third verse:

One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
And how we should never get drunk,
I tip him the stuff and he twigged it,
Which soon set his reverence agog.
And he swigged, and Nick swigged,
And Ben swigged, and Dick swigged,
And I swigged, and all of us swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

The character of the songs at Evans's had changed when this program book was published. "Sam Hall" would not then have been tolerated. Capt. Costigan, if he had attempted to sing the song that shocked Col. Newcome, would have been led to the door. There is a brilliant description of Evans's as it was in 1863 in George Augustus Sala's "Twice Round the Clock." This was written 31 years after the Supper Rooms were opened. The description of the eating makes one hungry.

"See the pyramids of dishes arrived, the steaming succession of red-hot chops, with their brown, frizzling caudal appendages sobbing hot tears of passionate fat. See the scone kidneys unsubdued, though grilled, smiling though cooked, weltering proudly in their noble gravy, like warriors who have fallen upon the field of honor. See the hot yellow lava of the Welsh rabbit stream over and engulf the flimsy toast. Sniff the fragrant vapor of the corpulent sausage. Mark how the russet leathern-coated baked potato at first defies the knife, then gracefully cedes; and through a lengthened gash yields its farinaceous effervescence to the influence of butter and catchup. The only refreshments present open to even a suspicion of effeminacy are the poached eggs, glistening like suns in a firmament of willow-pattern plate; and those, too, I am willing to believe, are only taken by country gentlemen hard pressed by hunger, just to 'stay their

stomachs,' while the more important chops and kidneys are being prepared. The clouds of pepper shaken out on these vands are enough to make Slav-kenbergius sneeze for a fortnight; the catchup and strong sauces poured over them are sufficient to convince Sir Toby Belch that there are other things besides ginger, which are apt to be 'hot in the mouth,' and as humble servitors in attendance on these haughty meats, are unnumbered discs of butter and manchetts of crustiest bread galore. Pints of stout, if you please, no puny half measures, pints of sparkling pale

the minor key.
I roam my garden,
gaze upon the faded flower,
and think them like past happy hours,
but hied like summer moon
tune, shute, shute agra
reams of joy are sorrow now
the lad of my heart from home is gone
thutheen, cathutheen, slautne.
shule," etc., is translated "Come my
return safe." E. M. HUTTON.
Volastion.

We are indebted also to Mr. James Russell of Lowell, who wrote a note about "Johnny has gone for a soldier."

Guide Musical has published its number for August, 1914-December, 1916. A few days after the publication for August, 1914, "all communication ceased between Brussels, and—let us say, the civilized world." The editor, Maurice Offerath, then away from Belgium, has been an exile in Switzerland. His "Open Letter to M. W. von Bode," in reply to the manifesto of the 93 "Intellectuals" went throughout the world—it is, the civilized world. Quotations from it are published in this number of Guide Musical. Let us note other notes.

There are sketches of music at the beginning of the war, of performances at the Opera, the Opera Comique, the Triphon Lyrique and other theatres, and a review of the Colonne-Lamoureux concerts.

There were these first performances at the Opera Hall conducted alternately by Evillard and Pierre, Berlioz, Eight pieces from Faust; G. Faure, Le Jardin Clos; Busser, Hymn to France (V. Hugo); Wormser, Two Melodies; Labey, Preghere, Prelude; Franck, Paris (1870); Pagar, Falstaff (it has not yet been performed in Boston); Frevier, Hymn to the Dead for Their Country.

There were these novelties at the Opera: Mlle. de Nantes, concert of the 19th century, music by Lulli, Charpentier, Cesti; Les Virtuoses de Mazarin, Italian concert of the 17th century, music by Monteverde, Rossi, Cavalli; Le Man de Estelle, concert of 1830, music by Auber, Bellini, Berlioz, Cherubini, Poldi, Rossini; Careme Prenant, concert of the 17th century, chamber music; Le Fete Chez La Poupiniere, concert of the 18th century, music by Rameau, Vivaldi, Pergolesi. These excerpts from operas were performed at the Opera for the first time: Tschalkowsky, Eugene Iguene (Act 1); d'Indy, Chant de la cloche (Act 2); Leroux, Theodora (Act 1); Bruneau, L'Ouverture (Act 3); d'Alone, Amants de Rimini (Act 3); Puccini, Manon Lescaut (Act 4); Puccini, La Fille du Far West (Act 2); Mme. A. de Polignac, Judith de Bethule; Chausson, Le Roi Arthus (Act 3); Le Borne, Les Girondins (Act 4); M. Bau, Myrtilde (Act 5); Mazellier, Graella (Act 2); Dubois, Miguela (Act 2). "Indy's Song of the Bell" was first performed as an opera at the Monnaie, Brussels. Theodora at Monte Carlo in 1907; Myrtilde, based on a story by Andersen, at Nantes in 1912; Graziella at Rouen, 1913; Miguela, an episode of the Spanish war of 1809, is not published and not new. Fragments of Sacchini's pedipe a Colone, of Puccini's Iphigenie in Tauride and Lesueur's Ossian were performed. Saleza, shortly before his death, sang in Verdi's Othello. Women or the first time played in the Opera orchestra. Among them were a flutist and an oboist.

At the Opera Comique there were these novelties: Emile Fabre's "Cadieux de Noe" (Dec. 25, 1915); Hirschmann's "La Charmante Rosalie" (Feb. 3, 1916); Louis Urgel's ballet, "Lumiere et Papillons" (April 12, 1916); Madame sans-Gene (June 10, 1916); Bruneau's "Les Quatre Journées," based on one of Zola's "Contes a Ninon" (Dec. 25, 1916). Bruneau also wrote the music for

aint Georges de Bouheller's "Tannour." Clement sang in "The Barber of Seville" in September, 1915, and for the first time in "Tosca." The next month with Miss Garden. He also sang in "Mirelle" (December, 1916), with a voice truly as young and fresh as when he made his debut in this role coming from the Conservatory in 1889. There is mention of "La Fete de Pippa," based on Browning's poem, with music by the American composer, John Beach. "A pretty overture, delicately orchestrated, announces several names which the artist invokes in turn." Suzanne Cesbron was the singer (Rejane Theatre, March 29, 1916).

These compositions were produced at the Concerts Colonne-Lamoureux, 1915-16; Debussy, Berceuse Heroique; Kunc, Overture Heroique et Triomphale; Gaubert, Impressions de Guerre; Boulanger, Funerailles d'un Soldat (based on a page of Alfred de Musset); Piere, Les Cathedrales; Casadesus, Chanson du Soldat perdu et Vendanges guerrieres.

There was no competition for the Prix de Rome in 1915 and 1916, but a full list of the takers of other prizes at the Conservatory is given.

Ernest Van Dyck, the tenor, contributes an article on "The Art of Peace" and there are extracts from Mr. Kufnerath's lecture at Geneva on "Intellectual and Artistic Belgium." Henri de Curzon finds in "Lohengrin" an unconscious prophecy—the delivery of betrayed Belgium by Lohengrin, a Gallic knight, coming from France to save the Princess of Brabant. There is an appreciative article on Granados, who was murdered with others on the Sussex by a German torpedo.

Short obituary sketches of Gabriel

Dupont, Pol Plancon, Duc, Leonard, Louis de Fouraud, Faure, E. Cheville, Cazeneuve, Desfranges, Mme. Adele Isaac, who first sang the role of the three heroines of "Contes d'Hoffman"—she died on Oct. 23, 1915—Saleza, the tenor, Tosti, are contributed by M. de Curzon. There is also a list of the latest musical publications in France.

Notes About

Music, Musicians Palmire Wertheimher, contralto, died last month. Born at Paris in 1832, she took first prizes at the Paris Conservatory in 1851, and the next year appeared at the Opera-Comique. In that year she created the part of Pygmalion in Masse's "Galathee." She was replaced in this part by the baritone, Faure. When Faure left the Opera-Comique in 1859, she replaced him as Hoel in Meyerbeer's "Pardon de Ploermel" now known to Boston's younger generation only by the "Shadow Song from 'Dinorah.'" Mme. Wertheimer also succeeded Pauline Viardot as Fides in "Le Prophete" at the Opera. She was the heroine in Gounod's "Nonne Sanglante" (1854) which was performed only 11 times.

Emilio di Marchi, an excellent tenor, died recently in Italy. He first came to Boston with Mapleson's ill-fated Imperial Opera Company in 1896, but he then sang only the great duet from "The Huguenots," with Mme. Darclee. As a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company he visited Boston in 1902 and 1903. He was heard at the Boston Theatre as Radames, Cavaradossi, Manrico, Rodolfo, Turiddu, Don Jose. He had a brilliant voice; he sang in a spirited manner, and he had a chivalric bearing. He had been an officer in the Italian army, and was much of a man as well as a singer.

The London Times said of Mr. Samuel's playing of Bach's Toccata in C minor: "He gave to the fugue subject a variety infinite and delightful; except that once he made it enter rather pompously, and once it spoke very angrily. Now, Bach's dramatic personae are really such very well bred people that self-assertion and temper do not seem to suit them."

The statement has been made that it was impossible to secure the material for performing new or old and unfamiliar works at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A glance at the programs of the Chicago, New York and Philadelphia orchestras hardly bears out this statement. The new Queen's Hall Orchestra in London brought out last season of 14 symphony concerts Granados's "Dante," Turina's "La Procession du Rocio," Plerne's "Les Cathedrales," Roussel's "Evocation," a composition by Rabaud, and unfamiliar works by Kalinnikoff, Ostroglazoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Tcherneff's new piano concerto.

In the appeal of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Sir Sidney Lee and others for financial support of the "Old Vic" these statements are made:

"Since September, 1914, it has given every week, except during the summer vacations, Shakespeare and other classical plays, operas in English, and public lectures, at charges for seats ranging from 3d. in the gallery to 2s. 6d. in the stalls. During its last season it gave 70 performances of 17 grand operas in English, 153 performances of 17 of Shakespeare's plays, and plays by Goldsmith, Sheridan and other famous dramatists. During the present season it has already given 72 performances of grand opera in English and 171 performances of Shakespeare and classical plays, as well as 19 performances at the Excelsior Hall, Bethnal Green, and four performances at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway road. It gives two matinees weekly of a Shakespeare play to children from London county council, secondary, and county schools at prices ranging from 2d. to 1s. According to a return made to the entertainments tax authorities, no fewer than 27,000 children attended the theatre for Shakespeare performances between October and December, 1916. During the whole season more than 90,000 children were present at school matinees, these performances counting, by permission of the educational authorities, as school attendances. The audiences are large. On Saturday nights frequently more than 2000 are present. It is our one People's Play and Opera House presenting continually at cheap prices the finest music and the finest plays."

"Now's the Time" is the keynote of an article written the other day by Sir Charles Stanford, and published in a contemporary. Now's the time, says Sir Charles, for the government to wake up, no less than the country, to the full realization of the value of music, as not only an educative medium, but as an invaluable, inevitable, and integral part of our national life. Ye gods, how often has this thesis been urged in these columns! How often have I cited example after example of the actual doings of other nations, not only in the long dead past, but in the immediate past, while we sit content to talk, hating each other, as musicians, "for the love of God," grousing, grumbling—yet achieving little or nothing! For long France has set the notable example. France has her emissaries preaching and practising the rare beauties of French music to all who have ears to hear, not only in England, but in other and more remote corners of the earth.

France, as we showed on the 1st, last week or two ago, has, through her government, recently made a kind of operative treaty with Italy. No doubt she will shortly make a similar treaty with Russia, whereby ultimately Russian, French and Italian opera will be reciprocal, as it were, in the leading opera houses of these glorious countries. And old England—where does she come in? What is to be her future? Is she still to go on as before, being the Cinderella—if even so much—of the revived operatic life? What are we doing now? At this moment the greatest "activity" noticeable is that in connection with the vagaries of the Performing Rights Society! And what of this? Are we never in this unhappy land to get beyond the everlasting squabble as to the shells,

while some other comes along and annexes the oyster? On the face of things, as they are, the answer is in the affirmative, I fear. In spite of the unequivocal success of sundry native composers, vocalists and instrumentalists, who have come into prominence since war began, or have added to their original glory in that epoch, I cannot see as yet any particularly bright light developing, or any light brighter than the farthing rushlight of pre-war days. Indeed, I would go further and say that it is my firm conviction that we are in danger of being forced to progress backwards, so to speak.—Robin H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph, London, April 28.

At a concert given by the Royal Choral Society April 28, the advent of America into the ranks of the allies was celebrated by the performance of "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord." The Daily Telegraph did not find the fitting of the words to the tune, "John Brown's Body," a happy choice. "Mrs. Howe's words, while doubtless intended to elevate the music from its humble sphere to higher purposes, have, in point of fact, a precisely opposite effect. The addition of the great number of extra notes that her long lines entail give the tune a touch of flippancy that it does not naturally possess, and anything more incongruous than the association of such words with a tune that has all the gaiety of a jig it is hard to imagine."

A piano quartet by Guy Weitz, a Belgian composer, who has lived in London since the war, was performed there May 5. "The work is broadly conceived, with lyrical moments of considerable beauty, and a well constructed climax in the finale." The piano part is said to be "somewhat strenuous."

We are pursuing Mr. Alexander Hulings through the jungle of advertisements in the Saturday Evening Post. We rush from page 25 to page 109 and heed not the cries of bicycle tires, chocolates, sporting goods and portable sewing machines. Mr. Hulings is the hero of "Tubal Cain," a story by Mr. Joseph Hergeshelmer.

When Mr. Hulings finally swore to himself that he would marry Gisela Woodrop, who had spurned him when he was poor and humble, he was "more than customarily careful with his clothes."

"His silk hats were immaculate; his trousers ranged in color from the most delicate sulphur to astounding London checks; he had his yellow boots polished with champagne, his handkerchiefs scented with essence of nolette and almond." This is not a humorous story; on the contrary it would be described by a theatrical press agent as "grin and gripping." Nevertheless this description of Mr. Hulings reminds us of Artemus Ward's Moses the Sassy; or the Disguised Duke. "Grease, in its barniest days, near produced a more hefty cavalier." But what is "nolette"? Is it some sweet-smelling stuff or a misprint?

The night before Mr. Hulings killed Mr. Partridge Sinnox of New Orleans in a duel—Mr. Sinnox with his lean, tanned face, small black eyes and long, precise hands—he attended a ball in the hotel at Mineral Springs where the table d'hôte was palatable. "Above the spreading gauze, the tulle and glaze silks of the women, immense candelabra of glass pendants and candles shone and glittered; the rustle of crinoline, of light, passing feet, sounded below." "The violins and blown cornets, the rich husky voices calling the changes of the quadrille. . . . A figure broke up into a general beisterous galloping—girls with flushed cheeks, swinging curls, spurs from masculine shoulder to shoulder." Again we must search the complete works of Artemus Ward for a parallel. "At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily white hoofs in the dazzling waltz."

It will be seen at once that "Tubal Cain" is an engrossing story. We can hardly wait until next Thursday for the conclusion. Will Mr. Hulings marry the haughty Gisela? After the wedding will he have his boots polished with champagne and pour "nolette" on his handkerchief?

Certain Johnsons.

As the World Wags:

There is certainly something in the theory that race-suicide is hereditary. I think you have published the fact that Mr. Herkimer Johnson is a bachelor. Now we have the case of the Johnsons of Sennettvale, N. Y., distant relatives of mine, who have just celebrated a

centenary. Mr. Johnson's father, John Johnson, had no children of his own. John Johnson being an adopted son of Mrs. Johnson, who prior to her marriage resided in a well-known town in the state where the people live in glass houses had it on the authority of several neighbors, soon after her mother's death, that she herself was a founding. My own late mother was a widow some months before I was born; and I, alas, am a spinster well past middle life.

AMANDA JOHNSON (Mandy).

Cambridge.

No, no. Mr. Herkimer Johnson has been married for many years. His wife was a daughter of Old Chimes, a character member of the Porphyry, whose death in the early Nineties was deeply and widely regretted. Her name was Eustacia. It is true that Mr. Johnson's sociological researches keep him away from home for months at a time, and Mrs. Johnson naturally objects to life in Blossom Court during the winter. The pledge of their union, the bright-eyed Augustus, has joined the naval reserve, we understand; greatly to the joy of Mr. Johnson, who thus hopes to obtain more material for his colossal work. Mr. Johnson will be unable to furnish at present the first volume, "Abdomen-Beer," to subscribers, on account of the scarcity and high cost of paper.—Ed.

May 29 1917 THE COPLEY

by PHILIP HALE.

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Angel in the House," a farce in three acts by Eden Philpotts and Basil MacDonald Hastings. Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, June 3, 1915, with H. B. Irving as Hyacinth and Lady Tree as Lady Sarel. Produced in New York at the Fulton Nov. 8, 1915, with Arnold Daly as Hyacinth and Hilda Spong as Lady Sarel.

The Hon. Hyacinth Petavel. . . . Leonard Craske
Sir Rupert Bindloss, Bt. . . . H. Conway Wingfield
Basil Male. . . . Ronald Byram
Count Pietro Rossi. . . . Leon Gordon
Robert. . . . Nicholas Joy
Lillie Bindloss. . . . Beatrice Miller
Joan Bindloss. . . . Jessamine Newcombe
Lady Sarel. . . . Gwladys Morris

The curtain was late in rising; the waits were intolerably long. A little farce which, if it had been played briskly, would have been over by 10:30, dragged its way till 11 o'clock.

The farce itself is of varying quality. The first act is practically nothing but a long-winded preparation for the entrance of Hyacinth, whose luggage and a parrot have preceded him. He has been described as a charming, unspoiled person, an angel in whatever house he honors with his visit. The two daughters of Sir Rupert are agog, expecting a marvel. Their lovers, Basil and Rossi, are not so enthusiastic. Lady Sarel remembers him only as a little boy. Hyacinth enters with his three pet dogs. He turns out to be a futurist, a chatterer about eugenics, a fellow whose imperfect circulation requires a blazing fire in August, supremely selfish while he is always prating about his desire to make others happy.

In the second act this brother of our old friend Bunthorne explains the Futurist paintings that he has hung on the walls in the place of the family portraits. He tries to break off the engagements of the girls on the ground that the unborn should come of more harmonious couples, and he almost persuades Lady Sarel that it is her duty to marry Sir Rupert and care for Hyacinth as a son.

The two lovers, one a discus-thrower, the other an aviator, plot revenge. At a picnic on an island in the lake, they contrive to leave Hyacinth and Lady Sarel marooned. The air grows chill and Hyacinth is saved from a fatal "snow-sleep" by Lady Sarel giving him her flannel petticoat. For on the day of her husband's funeral she had donned this garment as a symbol. Touched by her devotion Hyacinth no longer talks of celibacy.

Of course, the farce is absurd, as it should be. Hyacinth reminds one at times in his speech of W. S. Gilbert's immortal hero, and the slavish admiration of the woman is Gilbertian; but, after all, this fantastic creature is truly comic. There are good lines given to him, Sir Rupert and Lady Sarel, and there are other lines that have neither wit nor significance.

But the farce to make its way should be played at a much faster pace than it was played last night. Even Mr. Craske, humorous in the entrance scene and in the second act, making this extraordinary creature plausible, fell down in the third, so that the scenes with Sir Rupert and Lady Sarel, which should have been irresistible, were slow and tedious. It was as if he were painfully thinking of the lines allotted to him, those at the moment and those to come. There is much more in the character of Sir Rupert than was brought out by Mr. Wingfield. Miss Morris

A Tenthredinid, a species of the genus *Tenthredo*, is a common pest of the apple. It is a small, black, wasp-like insect, with a long, slender body and a pointed abdomen. It is found in the apple orchards of the East, and is a common pest of the apple. It is a small, black, wasp-like insect, with a long, slender body and a pointed abdomen. It is found in the apple orchards of the East, and is a common pest of the apple.

Against Fleas.

"Take an apple of Colloquintida and y the same to steep in water a whole night, and after boyle wormewood in the water, which water being cast about the chamber, killeth all the fleas therein. So anoint a staffe with the grease of hedgehog and lay the same in the chert of the chamber, and all the fleas ere will come and cleave to that staffe."

The Red Flag.

Is the red flag now the national flag of Russia? The question was raised at luncheon where deep thinkers discussed all things knowable and other things, but, for a wonder, no one was obscure on this point. The Daily Chronicle of London recently said that dress and revolutionary ideas have gone together "since 1789 when the Marquis de Lafayette made it their principle." But was the red flag the flag of the revolution in 1789? Was not the color the flag of the Republic? "Abbe Auger, famed in such works (for Abbe Auger could only distribute powder) wears tricolor cloth for the National Guard; and makes it a National tricolor flag; victorious, or to be victorious, in the cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world." The rabid red caps, Victor Hugo in "Ninety-three" tells us that above the tribune on a deep log floated three immense colored flags when the Convention sat in judgment on Louis XVI. At the birth of the Republic of France in the same manner, the tricolored flag hung on the back of the middle chair for the President.

By the way, there is a sentence in Carlyle's "French Revolution" that has peculiar significance in these times of preparation for war: "O much suffering People, our glorious Revolution is evaporating in tricolor ceremonies, and complimentary harangues!"

Well Paid.

The Cornhill Magazine has passed from Smith, Elder & Co. to John Murray. The contributors were paid extraordinarily well under George Smith, who published the magazine for thirty years. The latter received about 12 guineas a page for his Roundabout papers. George Eliot was paid £583 for one installment of "Romola." Mr. Smith once stated that the single number of the magazine cost him £1183. When the Cornhill's jubilee was celebrated eight years ago it was made known that in four years the writers had drawn £32,284, and the illustrations, £4274.

Moth Nests.

I walked among my trees to-day
With can of creosote and brush in hand
With which to smear
The nests the gypsy moths had left
Last fall, dull, white excrescences
Glued fast to under side of limb
Or on the sunny side of trunk
In devilish preparedness for spring.

When first I saw the pallid leprous mark
Upon a plum tree bursting into bud
I felt the meaning of the new war word
To "strafe" what one dislikes exceedingly.

And with a smear of sticky dark brown stink
I "strafed" that whitened sepulchre forthwith.

The day was warm, and as the buds had swelled
So had that vermin pest house gravid grown
Within the vile horde that squirmed
To which to live meant only to destroy.

Perhaps the war words started up the train
Of thought that sometimes crackles from the tongue
In words, for as I smeared I heard that I had said

"So much for you, Zeebrugge!"
And pleased with what I heard I smeared again.

Cuxhaven got it next,
And then Hellgoland;
Then Wilhelmshaven, here a double dose.
The same for Kiel, a nest that fairly withered

With pent up pestilence and death to life.
But there were far more nests than I had names
In my geography and so
The game must end before the work was done.

And then I thought
How bully it would be
If even now
The God to whom all kindly peoples pray
Would get it in for that Divine Pervert

"Moss in Germany" stencilled on his throne.

Just as the old time gods of Greece and Rome

Took up the battles of their votaries,
And with the vials of his wrath in hand,
Uncorked His chemicals upon those nests
And slay those other vermin in their slime.

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

Bread and Slang.

The London Daily Chronicle suggests that manioc, the root of a tree that grows in Brazil, be used, dried and ground into a meal as a substitute for flour. It can be made into porridge, bread, cakes, tapioca, and used in other ways. "Moreover, it is a substitute for wheat, oats, potatoes, barley, rice and Indian corn, and yields a hundred tons to the acre." This reminds us of an old advertisement: "A corn eradicator, making a fine lather, an excellent substitute for family butter, removes superfluous hair. None genuine unless stamped on the blade."

Sir Richard F. Burton in "The Highlands of the Brazil" says there are several kinds of manioc. The red variety (Mandiora roxa) ripens in five months.

The Daily Chronicle asks if there is now a nickname for bread in the army. "Tommy" was the old term for the brown bread formerly supplied as rations. Cobbe wrote about it. "When I was a recruit at Chatham barracks in the year 1783, we had brown bread served out to us twice in the week. And for what reason God knows, we used to call it 'tommy.' Anyone that could get white bread called it 'bread,' but the brown stuff was called 'tommy.'"

Capt. Gross stated in 1796 that sailors spoke of soft Tommy or white Tommy to distinguish it from biscuit. There is this note in the great Oxford dictionary:

"Apparently personified as 'Tommy Brown,' altered to 'brown Tommy' and 'Tommy.' Similarly a hunk of gray bread distributed at Minton House, as part of Hogmanay gift to the village children, used to be called 'Tam Gray.'"

Workmen spoke of food, provisions generally, especially those carried with them to work each day as "tommy."

A writer in 1911 said that the word is used in provincial dialects and invariably by English navies as a synonym for food: "Go into the stable and give that old horse his Tommy."

In some English provinces "tom" is bread or meat or any food requiring mastication. In West Yorkshire "soft tom" is buttered bread toasted only on the buttered side.

In Shropshire "tommy" is bread and cheese; in Cumberland, the last of a batch of cold girdle cakes made for farm laborers. De Quincey speaks of soft new bread, called by English sailors "soft Tommy."

See his "Casuistry of Roman Meals."

The English docker calls bread "tommy," also "toko," a word familiar in prisons. Here are some other slang terms: "Doorslab" and "slab" for thick slices of bread; "rock" for hard bread; "silencer" for a piece of bread floating in tea; "dork" for a thick slice once sold at coffee stalls; "scran," also used for "food," especially broken victuals; "mungy"; "mungary-casa" is a baker's shop.

There are many slang terms for bread in French: Artie, artif, artion, carme are obsolete. M. Aristide Briant informs us. Terms in use 15 years ago were bricheton, briffe, brignolet, gringale, gringue, lartie, lartif, lartille, lartion, Pierre a affutier; for white bread, cholet, lartion savonne, mousseline; for brown bread, bissard, brutal; for soldiers' bread, boule and boule de son. H. Baumann, a German, the author of "Londinismen" (Berlin 1903), evidently a deep thinker, asks if "tommy" is not derived from "stomach!"

Who was it that wrote:
Smiling May, comes in play,
Making all things fresh and gay;
"From the hall, come ye all";
Thus the flowers call.

We used to sing this song in our little village fifty odd years ago; but neither we nor Corinna went a-maying then without risk of pneumonia. Now that May, 1917, is no more, let us sing again, adding the rest of the first verse, but "Ironicamente," not "vivace":

Fragrant is the dewy vale,
Smiles now the dew bright dale;
Music floats in soft notes,
From sweet warblers' throats.

Down in Maine.

As the World Wags:

A man that lives near me showed me your paper where some feller says he saw such and such things down in Maine; specially round about and atop of old Abraham. Now you fellers down to Boston seems to have it in for Maine; either along the coast or up among the lakes or even on the mountains. I don't know nuthin about your fish stories along the coast—I was down to Pemmi-quid once and that's all I know about that—but they'd better let the mountains alone. About them stories of hell-benders and lillloo birds or whatever you call them, why if you mean it for a joke, why that's all right. But how about the public that's like to be taken in? Now if you're so smart as you claim

to be you show that Kingdold is the

only town near Mount Abraham and there is some fellers at Kingdold that

are in the hell-bender business when folks come up here hunting and fishing (you see I have been to school enough to put "g" on to my words that need them) well, I say we have fellers that's in the business specially for them that bring extra suit-cases with them. Now I live right where I can see Mt. Abraham any time night or day year in and year out. Of course, some of the boys gets off some tall yarns when city folks come up here—a lot of them has been hanging around the lumber camps this winter talking it all over and braggin about what they are going to get off when the folks come up this summer—well one of the preachers had a copy of your paper when he came out to our camp and the boys was trying to guess who it was that sent in that yarn about the hell-bender. I don't mean the preacher said anything about the hell-bender—probably he didn't read it but he had it in his pocket when he came out—some of our boys got religion last winter—they was hot enough one spell to melt the snow off the top of Mount Abraham, but they cooled off about the time the ice went out of the Carrabasset and I guess there'll be snow on old Abraham along into May same as there was last year. Well, along late last fall some of the fellers got off their jobs to the Novelty mill and went up onto near the top of Mount Abraham with lots of bags and boxes to get some wild cranberries to do up for sauce—and mighty good stuff it is—well they went up Sat. afternoon and set up a bough shelter and collected a lot of dead wood. They was going to pick the berries Sunday beginning as early as they could and come down, when it come night. Well, I knowed they was going to be up there, so, when it come dark I was on the lookout for the light—well I saw two lights about a quarter of a mile apart I guess, but I didn't know of more than one crowd going up—just three men in it—so I wondered who else was up there. A darned cold night it was, even down to the village—so they had a pretty good fire in both places—so when they come down to the village Sunday night I atted them about the two fires: "Who else was up there?" I says. And Johnny Heckley, he was one of them, he said they started a fire first over towards Black Nubble but it was too windy there so they moved to another place out of the wind and made another fire and pitched their bough shelter for the night and when it got dark enough they saw their old fire blazing up again and first they thought they had set the woods on fire and was like to get fined for it—so they went over there to put it out. Well, they made out that a hell-bender had just been cooking his supper—or a pair of them. You know a hell-bender can't start a fire—no critter can, but sometimes when they find an old fire they gather up dry sticks and set it to going again. So it seems these hell-benders had ketched one of these city chaps that was likely to go off and put some stuff in the papers, so they dumped him onto the coals and part roasted him. They don't like their meat only rare done so before our boys got over there they had cooked their chap and made off. Heckley says they found some of his clothes and an empty bottle and a notebook—but the rest of him was gone, bones and all. They fetched down the clothes and the notebook, but they slung the bottle against a rock and broke it—they didn't want to be found with that because it looked bad. I don't know whether these hell-benders was the black and yellow striped kind—there's different kinds. But all kinds of them have it in for the city chaps; specially them that carry notebooks. I suppose they are afraid some one will get them into the papers and if a feller has a camera or anything that looks like it he fares hard. They tackled one of our Kingdold fellers once because he had a black lunch-box that looked like it might have been a camera and he had to open it up and feed them out of it before they'd let him off.

GOVERNOR KING BROWNSON.

EDOUARD DE RESZKE

There are singers and actors, who, known to the world at large only as creatures of the stage, are to many as familiar friends. Their success is joyfully hailed; their death is a personal loss. This may justly be said of Edouard de Reszke. Many who never met him spoke of him as "Edouard," and not merely to distinguish him from his more illustrious brother Jean, by far the greater artist.

It is seldom that a bass singer becomes dear to the public. The tenor has for many years been an idol. He is not yet dethroned by the dash-

ing baritone. Early in the history of the opera, and as long as there were male sopranos and altos, the bass voice was used chiefly for comic parts. In later days the bass has been pontifical in robed roles, as priest of this or that religion; he has been seldom or never adventurous or a lover. Nanuetti, a bass of striking personality, noble voice, an accomplished singer, though still living, is only a name to the older generation of opera-goers and during his sojourn here he had no fervid following. Plancon was more fortunate; but, although he was superior to De Reszke in voice and art, the latter made a deeper impression on the crowd. Perhaps this was due to his bulk, to the volume of his voice, to his good-humor, which was certainly out of place in his performance of Mephistopheles. He was fortunate, too, in his associates on the stage. The popularity of Jean and of this or that prima donna—some insinuated maliciously that Jean was a prima donna—aided him greatly. Let it be said, however, that Edouard was always honest in his work; he was without airs and graces on the stage; he never disappointed the public; in certain roles he was impressive. His last years were saddened by his country's woe. No doubt his life was shortened by the war.

WOMEN CONDUCTORS

The action of the Boston Street Carmen's Union in opposing the proposed employment of women as conductors on street cars has been discussed here and abroad, but only with regard to the wage question now and in the future. Whether there will be need of women to take the place of men called to the war remains to be seen. There is a purely sociological question affecting manners.

If women should serve as street-car conductors, would their presence soften the asperities of the journey from the suburbs to the city? Would their "Step lively!" be an alluring invitation rather than a stern command? Would there be delay caused by some susceptible person presenting a bill instead of a nickel, that he might have an excuse for an idle compliment or an ingratiating remark about the weather? Would a car seem less crowded, a strap be converted to a seat, owing to the gentle influence of the conductor? Only a boor would complain if he were carried a block beyond his destination.

Students of sociology have observed that women in a crowd have sharp elbows, heavy feet and a wanton disregard of the rights of others making for the common goal. There have been women terrible in war. Long lists of them have been drawn up by many, from Thomas Heywood to Sir Richard F. Burton. "Many a fair form was found stark on the field of Waterloo." There have been intrepid female pirates, as Anne Bonney and Mary Read. Conductors of this nature would be useful in handling belated revelers, but not agreeable in the daily and ordinary routine. The sentimentalist may welcome the proposed change; the thoughtful observer will be slow in expressing his opinion.

BY PHILIP DALL.

It is a pity that Col. William J. Lampton, poet, satirist, philosopher and friend of humanity, cannot read the articles in the newspapers, especially those published in the New York Times and the New York Herald, concerning his work and life. Perhaps the later writers of vers libre do not welcome him as a brother bard, orthodox, in good and regular standing, for he committed the unpardonable sin of anticipating them. He called his verses, or prose poems, "yawns," probably having in mind the lines of Walt Whitman:

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

Yawp is a good old word, meaning to shout, to bawl, to cry aloud, not to be confounded with "Yap." Col. Lampton

John shared his comments, but the second, humane, patriotic. The line in the comedy of Terence could be applied to him if to any one. He was enamored of life and of the lives of others. This was shown in his talk as in his writings. We spent an afternoon with him some weeks ago on a bluff on Cape Cod, looking across the bay at Hyannisport. He talked incessantly for over two hours. The time went quickly. He talked of many things, of his calling and of the eternal mysteries. When he returned to his host, our neighbor, he shook hands warmly and said he had indeed spent so delightful an afternoon. He enjoyed his own talk as much as we did. And in the two hours while he conversed freely about men he had known there was generous appreciation, kindly criticism, nothing malicious, nothing sentimental.

The death of Lt.-Col. Nathaniel Newnam-Davis, author and playwright, at London, has been also duly noted. We are told of his serving in hard campaigns, of his editorship, his plays, books about war incidents, etc., but nothing has been said about two books that warmly commend him to us, though we had never seen him: "Duners and Duns" (1899) and "The Gourmet's Guide" (1903). He wrote a series of delightful articles on restaurants, dining, eatables and drinkables, for the Pall Mall Gazette. Some day we hope to see a "Library" composed exclusively of essays about good eating. It should contain articles by Thackeray, Thomas Walker, Charles Astor Bristed, the elder Dumas, with pages from Sir Walter Scott and Dickens. The volumes of Newnam-Davis will not then be missing.

But Me No Buts.

The poetic talent of Rupert Brooke has been fully recognized, and not only by reason of his untimely death in the service of democracy struggling against tyranny. There are shrewd and fine things in his "John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama," the dissertation with which he won his fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. He is speaking of Webster's universe: "Human beings are writhing grubs in an immense night. And the night is without stars or moon. But it has, sometimes a certain quietude in its darkness, but not very much. Thus he ends the dissertation. Does any one like the two 'buts' in the last sentence? We do not ask in a neutral spirit. It seems to us that his poetic ear and sense of rhythm should have been satisfied with one 'but'.

Sponsors in Baptisms

The beautiful pictures in the Herald of Sunday last of beautiful brides suggested that they must have been born with every advantage, but to the state-ment attached to many of the portraits that their subjects were "nec" with their given names the critical old "un" was "Nay," respectfully.

Boston THE OLD 'UN.

Heredity

The great-grandson of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" has enlisted. Noble youth! But the real question is: Can he sing the song of his illustrious great grandfathers?

The Household Physician

"Pieces of Amber being put or tied to the hinder part of the head doe help to remove or witheress of the eyes, with a marvellous success." And here of allent the necke, doth under the throat, that they goe not downe the throat, Mazarinus. Besides that, it is proved to be true."

The good old Doctor was not content with the opinion of Antoine Mizand, of Montpellier, known in Latin as Mizandus, a voluminous writer, also an astrologer and a prophet.—Ed.

June 3 1917

"B. L. T." AND DICKENS.

The morning Herald's witty contributor, "B. L. T.," has been re-reading "Nicholas Nickleby." He quotes strange statements and loose constructions, and frankly calls the novel a "queer literary mess," but "worth wading through to make acquaintance of Mr. Vincent Crummles." Yes, and the Infant Phenomenon, who years afterward was a favorite and admirable actress in this country and died near Boston at a good old age.

"B. L. T." says what many have said before him. An entertaining article could be written on the ups and downs of Dickens. In the Fifties and early Sixties it was the fashion to compare him with Thackeray. There were two camps of fierce partisans. "Thackeray is a cynic." "Dickens cannot describe a gentleman." "Thackeray is insular; a snob in spite of his book of Snobs." "Dickens is a caricaturist." He attacked institutions. His men get drunk.

His idea of a clergyman is Stiggins or Chad and "Thackeray treats only of them that go down into the west in brogams." Dickens's people are vulgar. All admitted the elasticity and grace of Thackeray's style. Even admirers of Dickens confessed that their author was often slipshod in the use of English.

The controversy has died out. Readers may still have their preference, but the greatness of the two is freely acknowledged. There is foolish stuff in "Nicholas Nickleby"—the melodramatic business, Sir Mulberry Hawk, etc.—as the shadowy lovers in "Oliver Twist" are impossible, as there is sickly and false pathos in "Dombey and Son," and in "The Old Curiosity Shop." But in the novels of Dickens as in those of Thackeray there are men and women more real and familiar to flat-dwellers than are the families on the floor above or below. As "B. L. T." says in "Nicholas Nickleby," there is Crummles. His descendants are still in the theatrical business. And so in all his novels—"Hard Times" perhaps excepted—there are characters who are a never-failing source of cheer and joy. Even in the lurid "Tale of Two Cities" there is Cruncher, whose wife had the distressing habit of flopping.

The Paris correspondent of Musical America, Miss Leonora Ratnes, in a letter dated May 4 and published on May 26, quoted Jean de Reszke as saying: "My brother Edouard, so far as I know, is in good health." Edouard had been in Poland since the beginning of the invasion. "He remained several days in a damp cellar, fearing his villa would be bombarded, and when all danger was past and he could breathe freely he came to fresh air and sunlight to find that he was all drawn to one side as an effect of his crouched position and the humidity of his underground cage. The rheumatism has left, but his neck is still drawn badly, and it will take a good many 'thawings' to make him straight. He lost a good deal in weight that first winter of the war, but these pounds he has now regained, and when peace is signed he and his family hope to return to Paris, where Edouard will again take up professional work."

And now the death of Edouard is reported. According to the biographical dictionaries he was born in December, 1855. His brother Jean was born in January, 1850. Edouard made his debut April 22, 1876, as the King in "Aida," at the Theatre Italien. The performance was the first in Paris. De Reszke's associates were Mmes. Stolz, Waldmann, Armandi and Messrs. Masini, Pandolfi, Medini and Rosario. Verdi conducted the first two performances. Jean that year was taking baritone parts, as Figaro in Rossini's opera. The brothers sang together in Donizetti's "Poliuto" at this theatre. Little or nothing was said about Edouard in the contemporaneous reviews.

Edouard first visited Boston as a member of the Abbey, Schoffel & Grau company in March, 1892, and made his debut as Marcel in "The Huguenots" on March 14, the opening night of the season in Mechanics Building. The cast was as follows: Valentina, Albani; Marcherita, Pettigiani; Urbano, Giulia Ravogli; Raoul, Jean de Reszke; San Rivo, Lassalle; Di Nevers, Magini Coletti. Vianesi conducted.

That season he also appeared as Nikanthe with Marie Van Zandt and Montariel in "Lakme," Frere Laurent in "Romeo and Juliet" with Emma Eames and Jean de Reszke; Mephistopheles with Emma Eames, Jean de Reszke and Lassalle; the king in "Lohengrin," with Emma Eames, G. Ravogli, Jean de Reszke and Magini-Coletti; Leporello with Mmes. Albani, Tavy and Van Zandt and Messrs. Lassalle, Campanini, Carbone and Serbolini.

He was heard here many times as Marcel, Frere Laurent, Mephistopheles and the King (Henry the Fowler). In later seasons he took the part of the count in "The Marriage of Figaro," as sur in "Semiramide"; King Mark; the Commander, Plunkett ("Martha"); Don Basilio. He was heard here for the last time in March and April, 1903: Henry the Fowler, Zacharie in "The Prophet," Leporello, Sarastro, Mephistopheles, with Fritz Scheff, Alvarez and Scotti.

The impression he made at first was great. His sonorous voice—he had been described before his arrival as "the singing cannon"—his commanding presence, the evident honesty of the singer, his enjoyment in work—these made him at once a favorite. As a singer he did not have the natural voice or the supreme art of Plancon, who died in August, 1914, nor was he the equal of that remarkable bass Nannetti, who, a man of wealth and a mighty hunter before the Lord, is still living in Italy. He had, however, a marked personality and in certain parts, as Marcel and the king in "Lohengrin" was in his palmy days.

Mr. Hammerstein made a contract with Edouard in the spring of 1906 and advanced him \$200 on account of salary and \$200 as a forfeit. Happening to hear him sing at a Mozart concert for the benefit of sufferers from the eruption of Vesuvius, Mr. Hammerstein was shocked by the condition of his voice. He asked for an explanation. Edouard told him that he had not been practicing and the committee should not have asked him to sing. He assured the manager that he would remain in Paris and train with his brother. Mr. Hammerstein hearing later that Edouard was enjoying life on his Polish estate wrote to him several times. Not hearing from him he broke the contract and demanded that the advanced money should be returned to him.

The N. Y. Sun stated in May, 1906, that most of the money Edouard had earned under Maurice Grau was lost. "His savings were invested in Warsaw, which was very prosperous until the recent troubles in Russia. Real estate had been for several years an especially profitable form of investment. M. de Reszke had put his money into this kind of property and it has nearly all been swept away in the recent decline of values. It is to his brother Jean that he is indebted for the new costumes which he will bring over next fall. His first misfortunes came during the war with Japan, when most of his live stock was seized by the Russian government."

On April 24, 1915, the New York Times published a letter written by Edouard to Jean: "My dear Brother—Whether this will ever get through the lines and reach you I do not know. I am sure no man could get through alive, with all this fighting and the continual bombardment going on on every hand. "The war broke with such suddenness that it was impossible to escape. I was forced to remain here on my estate in Garnek. This part of Poland has been reduced to worse than a desert. All is desolate, and every one is suffering. My beautiful estate has met the common fate and been reduced to ashes. I am now living in a cellar with scanty covering. If a shell should drop in it would afford no protection. So fierce has been the fighting here that there have been days when I could not venture forth. We have been between two fires. All Poland needs relief."

"I have no coal, oil, coffee, and only a handful of grain left. Through the cold and the rain I have had but poor shelter, but my lot is the same as that of my fellow-countrymen here. Every one is in want; every one is suffering. Many are dead, and many more will die unless aid reaches them soon. Prince Lukowski and his wife recently reached here and are sharing my cellar with me. Their own beautiful estate has been destroyed and even the cellar blown to atoms by the shells."

Mr. Wallace Goodrich of this city is the author of "The Organ in France: A Study of Its Mechanical Construction, Tonal Characteristics and Literature, with Suggestions for the Registration of French Organ Music upon American Instruments." The book is published by the Boston Music Company.

No one in this country is better qualified to write this book, which is greatly needed. Mr. Goodrich's ability as an organist is well known, but he is more than a virtuoso, a pupil of Widor, he is an excellent musician of fine and catholic taste, a man of ideals in his art. Furthermore, he is a practical man, and in opinion and judgment, and he has the saving sense of humor.

While his description of the French organ school is interesting and his explanation of the services in the French churches is instructive, organists in this country can learn much from his remarks about the influence of the French organs on compositions written for them and his advice concerning the effective registration of these compositions for organs built in this country. Mr. Goodrich first considers the use of the organ in France. "The primary function of the organ in France has ever been and still remains the accompaniment and embellishment of divine service." There follows a description of the nature of the services. The second chapter is entitled "French Organ Composition." In the 16th and 17th centuries organist and player of harpsichord were alike described as "claveciniste." The action of the instruments was not unlike, so far as touch was concerned. Composers as Rameau, Couperin, Daquin, Clerambault were justly famous, and they naturally influenced the organists of their time, but in the first half of the 19th century the great bulk of organ compositions was trivial and mediocre.

A French writer has surmised "that at the time Berlioz produced his immortal Symphonie fantastique and the Herald (sic) symphony Paris might have been searched in vain to find two organists who knew the B minor fugue of Bach." (The misprint "Herald," by the way, is only one of a very few. "Rger Di-

gn" should be "Berlioz.") The organist Glinka, who wrote the "Symphonie fantastique," should be noted as "Berlioz's organist." The organist Georges Jacob, far from being a "clerk" for use in church, even played the influence of modern impressionism on an music. An influence, however, which seems little likely to become widespread."

The French organ is then described at length: the manual, the pedals, the mechanical accessories, the registers, and the characteristics of registration. Mr. Goodrich thus summarizes the striking points of difference in the construction and effect of French and American organs: 1. Position of the organ and acoustic conditions of the edifice. 2. Characteristics of specific registers regarding the relation and grouping of registers. 3. General characteristics of voicing. 4. Relative position of the manuals. 5. Nature and operation of mechanical accessories. Our organists know only too well that church committees are seldom inclined to give an organ, however great it may be, sufficient room.

The second part of the volume discusses the adaptation of French registration to American organs. The pages should be read by all our organists, even the most experienced; music publishers might profit by considering them. Mr. Goodrich puts the case mildly when he says that "instances the translation into English of French directions for registration cannot be applied and is often misleading if not actually incorrect." It gives many examples with the nature of opening measures.

There is an appendix containing specifications of prominent French organs; also a glossary, a bibliography, a list of organ compositions to which reference is made (paged), a general index. There are portraits of Guillemet, Cavallie-Coll, the famous organ builder and his successor, Mutin; Widor, Franck, Saint-Saens, and pictures of various French organs and consoles.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

On Oct. 30 of last year a comedy by C. H. L. was performed at the Plymouth Theatre. It was entitled "A Lady's Name." Marie Tempest took the part of the novelist that advertised for a husband. The play was thought by some to be thin; by others to be tiresome. It

was not a success, although it had kept the stage from May 15, 1916, when it was produced at the Maxine Theatre, New York. The dialogue, however, was amusing and the play was well worth seeing if only for the performance of Mabel Vere by Miss Tempest, the piquant, vivacious Miss Tempest, long ago aptly described as a dainty rogue in porcelain." The title of the play was perhaps unfortunate at any rate Mr. Harcourt brought out a piece at the Playhouse, London, under the name of "Wanted, a Husband." The Pall Mall Gazette, reviewing the fact that "as the lady, 'Glady's' Cooper would be a draw in the old thing," found the play "bright and clever, a thoroughly lively and pleasant entertainment." The Times, with a high and mighty attitude: "Miss Glady's Cooper is now so securely established in public favor that, we suggest, she should afford to take risks. She might, for instance, undertake a real live character if only as a lark. To be sure, the public, whose favorite she is, might not be the joke, real live characters not being new in its way; but what of that? To be thorough a sportsman art for art's sake could, by way of a change, have sufficient attraction. We are encouraged to mention art because of 'The water-colors in acts 1 and 3 by Alexander Cozens and Thomas Girtin, kindly lent by Edward Marsh, Esq.' Will not someone kindly lend Miss Glady's Cooper something you can call a part in something you can call a play? At present she has to get along on her own, playing herself, and replaying herself and re-replaying herself, and so da capo."

Of course when the men are such a set as you see in "Wanted, a Husband," a bully, a butler, idiotic members of some impossible club—all respondents to a "spoof" matrimonial advertisement, the lady's task is easy. The reviewer would like to see Miss Cooper take the part of Millamant in Congreve's "Way of the World," with Malcolm Cherry playing Mirabel.

A queer play called "Hush" by Mr. Violet Pearn, was produced at the Plymouth Theatre, London, on May 7. A young wife shocks a conventionally Victorian rectory by talking about the baby and is about to have. She is the wife of a naval officer, who is the son of a country parson. Told by everybody in the house that she must not hurt out everyone "I'm going to have a baby." Luilla is imbued with the idea that there should be concealment, so she becomes ashamed of the baby when it arrives. Therefore the village gossip suspect that the naval officer is not the father. They are at last persuaded that he is by a comparison of birth marks, which takes place in the drawing room of the rectory where all had been so shocked when Lucilla had been told to take off her shoes and stockings. The story is told in the most farcical manner.

At the Plymouth Theatre, London, on May 7, a young wife shocks a conventionally Victorian rectory by talking about the baby and is about to have. She is the wife of a naval officer, who is the son of a country parson. Told by everybody in the house that she must not hurt out everyone "I'm going to have a baby." Luilla is imbued with the idea that there should be concealment, so she becomes ashamed of the baby when it arrives. Therefore the village gossip suspect that the naval officer is not the father. They are at last persuaded that he is by a comparison of birth marks, which takes place in the drawing room of the rectory where all had been so shocked when Lucilla had been told to take off her shoes and stockings. The story is told in the most farcical manner.

At the Plymouth Theatre, London, on May 7, a young wife shocks a conventionally Victorian rectory by talking about the baby and is about to have. She is the wife of a naval officer, who is the son of a country parson. Told by everybody in the house that she must not hurt out everyone "I'm going to have a baby." Luilla is imbued with the idea that there should be concealment, so she becomes ashamed of the baby when it arrives. Therefore the village gossip suspect that the naval officer is not the father. They are at last persuaded that he is by a comparison of birth marks, which takes place in the drawing room of the rectory where all had been so shocked when Lucilla had been told to take off her shoes and stockings. The story is told in the most farcical manner.

At the Plymouth Theatre, London, on May 7, a young wife shocks a conventionally Victorian rectory by talking about the baby and is about to have. She is the wife of a naval officer, who is the son of a country parson. Told by everybody in the house that she must not hurt out everyone "I'm going to have a baby." Luilla is imbued with the idea that there should be concealment, so she becomes ashamed of the baby when it arrives. Therefore the village gossip suspect that the naval officer is not the father. They are at last persuaded that he is by a comparison of birth marks, which takes place in the drawing room of the rectory where all had been so shocked when Lucilla had been told to take off her shoes and stockings. The story is told in the most farcical manner.

At the Plymouth Theatre, London, on May 7, a young wife shocks a conventionally Victorian rectory by talking about the baby and is about to have. She is the wife of a naval officer, who is the son of a country parson. Told by everybody in the house that she must not hurt out everyone "I'm going to have a baby." Luilla is imbued with the idea that there should be concealment, so she becomes ashamed of the baby when it arrives. Therefore the village gossip suspect that the naval officer is not the father. They are at last persuaded that he is by a comparison of birth marks, which takes place in the drawing room of the rectory where all had been so shocked when Lucilla had been told to take off her shoes and stockings. The story is told in the most farcical manner.

At the Plymouth Theatre, London, on May 7, a young wife shocks a conventionally Victorian rectory by talking about the baby and is about to have. She is the wife of a naval officer, who is the son of a country parson. Told by everybody in the house that she must not hurt out everyone "I'm going to have a baby." Luilla is imbued with the idea that there should be concealment, so she becomes ashamed of the baby when it arrives. Therefore the village gossip suspect that the naval officer is not the father. They are at last persuaded that he is by a comparison of birth marks, which takes place in the drawing room of the rectory where all had been so shocked when Lucilla had been told to take off her shoes and stockings. The story is told in the most farcical manner.

At the Plymouth Theatre, London, on May 7, a young wife shocks a conventionally Victorian rectory by talking about the baby and is about to have. She is the wife of a naval officer, who is the son of a country parson. Told by everybody in the house that she must not hurt out everyone "I'm going to have a baby." Luilla is imbued with the idea that there should be concealment, so she becomes ashamed of the baby when it arrives. Therefore the village gossip suspect that the naval officer is not the father. They are at last persuaded that he is by a comparison of birth marks, which takes place in the drawing room of the rectory where all had been so shocked when Lucilla had been told to take off her shoes and stockings. The story is told in the most farcical manner.

shown at the... baby play... one took it seriously. She, too, was loved by one Greenville, son of an orphaned couple, in against all odds and secretly she believes in drawing things "out into the light." Young Greenville in the section "Before the Day," when her authorship is not known, is a brilliant because a man disturbed about baby has invaded his flat. The baby is not Julie's, and the man turned out to be the producer of the play. This comedy was brought out at Liverpool March 30, 1916. Miss Pearn was associated with Algernon Blackwood and Sir Edward Elgar in "The Starlight Express" Christmas 1916 at the Kingsway, and he wrote "Wild Birds," produced at the Royal, Bristol, May 19, 1914. The Pall Mall Gazette did not care for "Hush!" the young wife asks why should there be any social difference before and after the birth of a baby. "The reason is surely obvious enough. It is because there is an actual difference. Beforehand the mother has actually to take great care of herself, and, as she does not know whether her maternity will be successful or not, anything in the way of precious boasting is hardly called for. As anyone being 'shocked' at the mention of the word 'baby,' the sort of people Miss Pearn appears to be 'getting at' may have existed somewhere at some time, but they do not happen to be among our present personal acquaintances. In point of fact, one doubts if in the Victorian age was particularly tinct in its baby talk. Our own experience was to the contrary."

Richard Cumberland's "The Jew," bridged and rearranged by Gertrude and Jack Landau, was played at the Grand Theatre, London, May 8. The original performance was at Drury Lane, May 8, 1794. There was a revival in 1831; an amateur performance in 1872. The performance last month was in aid of the Fund for the Relief of the Jewish victims of the war in Russia. Cumberland, a prolific dramatist, was satirized by Sheridan as Sir Fretful Plagiarist in "The Critic." Goldsmith had said about him in "Retaliation."

Mr. Cumberland lies, having acted his parts, as Terence of England, the mender of hearts; a scattering painter, who made it his care to draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine, and Comedy wonders at being so fine; he a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out, rather like tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud, and exults alike in their failings alone, whilst his portraits are pleas'd with their own.

Where has our past this malady caught! Wherefore his characters thus without fault, for, was it that vainly directing his view, he find out men's virtues, and finding them few, sits sick of pursuing each troublesome elf, he grew lazy at last and drew from himself; James Northcote, the painter, told Hazlitt that Dr. Johnson and his intimate friends did not admit Cumberland to their set. "Sir Joshua did not invite him to dinner. If he had been in the room Goldsmith would have flown out at it as if a dragon had been there. I remember Garrick once saying: 'Damn his disclout face; his plays would never be if it were not for my patching them and acting in them.' Another time, he took a poem of Cumberland's and read it backwards to turn it into ridicule. Yet some of his pieces keep possession of the stage, so that there must be something in them." Hazlitt remarked: "Perhaps he was later than Dryden, and they considered him as an intruder on that account"; to which Northcote replied: "No; there was a prejudice against him: he did not, somehow, fall into the train."

Hazlitt, considering the comic writers of the 18th century, did not dwell on Cumberland. He dismissed him in a line as one "entirely devoted to the comedie romayante."

Yet Cumberland's five-act comedy, "The Box-Lobby Challenge," was revived in London on June 22, 1894, 100 years after it was produced. The title arose out of a quarrel in the "box-lobby" of a theatre.

In "The Jew" it was the dramatist's purpose to defy stage tradition and present a Hebrew money lender of a kind and generous nature. A Yiddish actor, R. Teitelbaum, took the part of Sheva last month. Sheva has as much to say as Nathan the Wise in Lessing's play. He refers to his being a solitary being: "the Jew having no abiding place"; "I love my money much, but my fellow-creatures more." He closes the play with the lines: "I leave my money to a charitable heir, and build my hospital in the human heart." This heir was young Ratcliffe, dismissed by Sir Stephen Bertram. Ratcliffe had saved Sheva from a lion. In the play Sheva often shows his generosity, but the story is primitive and moderately interesting.

Mrs. Clement Parsons, in her life of Mrs. Siddons, states that no character created by her has continued to hold its own on the stage. "Forgotten are those ill-fated, stodgy tragedians, Cumberland, Johnson, Murphy, each of whom mislaid a procession of verbiage for a play." Yet Cumberland, writing the part of Malda in "The Carmelite" (1894), said he had arranged all its features to suit her, talking with Rogers, he drew a picture of her "coming off the stage in the flush of triumph, and walking to the mirror in the green room to survey her still ravished face."

Thames Street Theatre, now known as the "Col. Brown does not mean" actor that played Sheva. William Legett took the part of Charles Ratcliffe.

A little play "A Fatal Rehearsal," by Sam Austin, with only two characters, was produced at the Alexandra, London, April 30. Liz Galvin, subject to heart failure, divulges this to her husband Joe by a letter which he will find during her absence. He is a market porter and an amateur actor. About to take the part of a burglar he tells his wife that there is a vacancy for a leading lady. She is persuaded to rehearse. She makes a mess of it, for the character is that of a titled lady. Joe upbraids her for taking the words allotted him too literally. He struggles with her according to stage directions. She falls apparently dead. Not being able to rouse her, he reads the letter and is horrified. Liz suddenly rises and tells him she wished to prove that she could act.

In consequence of the reduction of visitors, "particularly Americans, to Shakespeare's birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage during the war, the trustees have decided to raise the admission fees, to restrict free admissions, reduce the staff and to invite honorary assistance in showing visitors around."

Shakespeare was strongly in evidence in Germany at the end of last month (April). Prof. Brandl delivered the presidential address of the German Shakespeare Society at Welter. "Not a few of our members who are in the field," he said, "have sent us written evidence of their sympathy, some in prose and some in verse. Their writings show once more in remarkable fashion how the spirit of Shakespeare makes his admirers patriotic and heroic—even against Albion. Although the whole Anglo-Saxon world rises up in fratricide against the German tribes, our people, while it defends itself to the uttermost, will not cease to do homage to the greatness, which belongs to all mankind, of the poet of 'Hamlet' and 'Lear.'"

The German Shakespeare Society was established at Welter in 1865. Its year-books contain many thoughtful and interesting articles on Shakespeare. Prof. Brandl, who studied in London in his youth, is the author of many books on English subjects, including a volume on Shakespeare, 1894, and "Quellen des weltlichen Dramas in England vor Shakespeare," 1898.—The Stage.

Portraits of Martin Harvey as Hamlet by Arthur Hecker; George Grossmith, his nephew, by Veadon Grossmith; Sir Charles Wyndham, by Hugh G. Riviere; H. B. Irving, drawn by Anna Airy; Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson by Dorothy A. Gobbs, a miniature; J. B. Mulholland, by Frank Daniels, and the late Mrs. Billington by Julian Folkard are in the Royal Academy exhibition.

Louis Parker's "Pageant of Fair Women" was seen at Queen's Hall early last month in aid of the three arts women's employment fund. Clara Butt was Britain; Lady Tree, England; Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, Scotland; Fay Davis, Italy; Viola Tree, Music; Mme. D'Alvarez, France; Elizabeth Asquith, Portugal; Mary Anderson, America; Olga Nether-sole, Courage, and so on. "Come the countries England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland; come Britain, attended by her ladies of honor; come India and the daughter lands from overseas; come

Faith, Love, Hope and Courage, to comfort and inspire those who fight in the struggle; pity, who beseeches Britain not to forget; the Arts, which now and later will tell the story of the epic; come the Wife and Mother of the Warrior, the Postwoman; then in procession come the Allies. With Britain they are on the point of joining hands to register vows of friendship, when a voice is heard that checks them. The forest of banners opens—and behold America! 'What were your firmament without my stars?' she cries. And so the pageant reaches its culmination. . . . There was a notable musical program (the pageant owes a considerable debt to Sir Thomas Beecham, who provided the orchestra), which included Mr. Kipling's "Have You News of My Boy Jack?" to German's setting, sung by Mme. Butt with fine dramatic feeling; a haunting Scots air by Mme. Kirkby Lunn; the "Marseillaise"—it is sufficient to say that Mme. D'Alvarez sang it; a Russian folk-song by Miss Nielka; the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," sung by Miss Agnes Nicholls."

With the passing of the old Criterion will go many memories cherished by the middle-aged Londoner. The old "Cri" bar, whose unique features are preserved in the topical music hall lyrics sung in the heyday of its bright career, was probably the best known rendezvous in the whole of the British empire. It reflected a phase of London life that has suffered eclipse, a sort of half-way house between the old "Cider Cellars" and "Divans," and the modish restaurant of today susceptible of a mingling of the sexes. And it is to give place to a post-war restaurant. Well, there can only be one name for it. Le Dernier "Cri."—London Daily Chronicle.

Speaking of Miss Myra Hess, who played some preludes and fugues from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord"—among them "the magnificent E flat

minor one." Absolute 1861—1861 which proves what a prophet the old Anarchist was," the Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "It is a rare treat to hear some unadulterated, unhyphenated Bach—Bach as he wrote."

"Maritana" was announced by the Carl Rosa company at the Garrett Theatre, London, for May 12. The Daily Telegraph said: "This revival should prove of particular interest in that it will bring back to the lyric stage, which he forsook so long ago as the early nineties, no less distinguished a singer than Mr. Ben Davies. If our recollection is right, his last appearance in opera was on the board of D'Oyly Carte's splendid—but ill-fated—English Opera House. Mr. Davies, as many will recall, was the original Ivanhoe on the production there in January, 1891, of Sullivan's opera. Some few years before that he had made his operatic debut under the Carl Rosa banner. This occurred in 1883, during the first Rosa season at Drury Lane. Mr. Davies then appearing in the cast of Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" on its original production. A couple of years or so later saw him tempting fortune, and very successfully, in the domain of light opera, or should one say, 'comedy opera,' seeing that it was under that description, if memory serves, that Alfred Cellier's "Dorothy," in which he took one of the leading parts, was brought to the footlights."

The last appearance of Ben Davies at a Symphony concert in Boston was on April 14, 1906. He is now in his 60th year. His first appearance in opera was with the Carl Rosa company at Bristol in 1881 as Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl." He sang the part of Wilder in "Dorothy" for more than two years. Vladimir de Pachmann gave his last recital in London May 13 and left for the south of France.

Dr. Herbert Brewer, organist of Gloucester (Eng.) Cathedral has written a ballet, "A Fantasy: The Cloud and the Pool."

Among the many valuable gifts to the Albert Hall bazaar in aid of our blinded heroes is a Stradivarius violin, said to be worth upwards of £2000. It will realize more than that sum if it proves as attractive as the Strad which Lord Newland gave to the sale of Christie's on behalf of the Red Cross two years ago. The bidding started at £1000, and the instrument was eventually knocked down to Lady Wernher for £2500, and at her request, it was put up for sale again. At the second time of asking Mr. Brandt, who originally led off with the bid of £1000, added it to his big collection of Stradivari's handiwork for £1400, so that the Red Cross funds benefited to the tune of £3900. Until the "Booth Strad" was sold at Puttick's in 1911, the record price at any British auction was £755, paid in 1903 for the "Avery Strad." The Booth instrument took the record up to £1500, at which it stood when Lady Wernher topped it by another £1000 in 1915. Kubelik, the violinist, however, is credited with having given £10,000 for the "Haddock Strad," privately sold in 1910, which found its way to England from Brussels in the year of Waterloo, and had only been played in public twice in the intervening 95 years.—London Daily Chronicle.

Paul Rubens, the librettist and composer, left £24,128. After making some small bequests, and one of £500 to Mrs. Kltty Aldous, his secretary for 11 years, he apportioned the residue of his property between his nephew, Christopher Burlison, and Phyllis Haddie Dones, professionally known as Phyllis Dare, Miss Dare and Mr. Rubens were for about three years engaged to be married, but his illness, due to lung trouble, caused their wedding to be postponed, and in November last the engagement was ended for the same reason. Rubens died on Feb. 4 at the age of 41. Miss Dare's share under his will appears to be about £11,000. She is at present playing in a West End revue.

Francesco Vigliano gave a recital in London, May 10. The Times said that he has a reticent style that takes no liberties and not many risks. "It would be better, indeed, if he were a little bolder and threw his heart over the hedge first. The fiddle is apt to repay a little audacity." It appears that Miss Hilda Mulligan's singing of "Ritorno Vincitor" was an object lesson in taking the right sort of risks. "It was delightful to hear her rush into her song as if it were a thing she had just found and thought we might like to hear, and sing one phrase after another with a happy blend of real feeling and high spirits. A few of the notes were sharpened in the process, but that was not a heavy price to pay for the pleasure of hearing a genuine interpretation. The excess of tremolo is, perhaps, another matter." Why "perhaps"?

Whitney Mockridge is still singing in London.

The Daily Telegraph thinks that Debussy has written "nothing more engrossing than his 'Danse Sacre' for harp and strings, or that deeply moving 'Noel des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons.'"

The London Times of May 5, speaking of a performance of "Carmen" in English, said that Miss Phyllis Archibald held her audience, "less, perhaps, by her singing than by the unflagging spirit she displayed and infused into her neighbors, bullying, cajoling and exasperating them in turn. Don Jose (Mr. Davies) was wrought upon by this after a little

while and began to sing as if he meant it: his 'Flower' song, if one forgets a few uncomfortable falsetto notes, was a colorable imitation of the real thing." The Times found that Miss Beatrice Miranda as Madam Butterfly was too arch in the attempt to realize the childlike simplicity of the character to be convincing. "But the part for a Westerner is a very difficult one to play, and perhaps too much stress is laid on the supposedly Japanese characteristics. Difficult, too, is the part of Pinkerton, for another reason—the fault of the dramatist, who has made him an unmitigated cad. Sharpless also has none too easy a time."

Bizet's opera, "The Fair Maid of Perth," was produced for the first time in England by the Beecham opera company at Manchester, May 4. Miss Miriam Licette took the part of Catherine Glover, studying and preparing it in a little over a week, in the place of Miss Mignon Nevada, whose sickness compelled the postponement of the production on April 24. Was the opera worth doing? It is known here only by a drinking song and ballet music introduced in "Carmen." Bizet wrote the whole of the opera in six months without neglecting his routine work. The production was delayed a year in the hope of having Christine Nilsson take the part of Catherine Glover. She at last preferred to sing at the Opera rather than at the Theatre Lyrique. Jane Devries replaced her, although the librettists wished to engage Mme. Carvalho. Produced in December, 1867, the opera met with little success. Henry Gauthier-Villars ("Willy"), whose life of Bizet is by no means a eulogy, wonders whether the librettists, Saint-Georges and Carre, had read Sir Walter Scott's novel, or whether they had talked with some blue stocking who gave them names and narrated a few incidents from an imperfect memory. He gives an amusing account of the libretto. He reproaches Bizet for searching to please hearers that had been shocked by certain marks of originality in his "Pearl Fishers." "He submitted to the taste of the day with such obsequiousness that even his contemporaries were scandalized." His intimate friend Henri Regnault, the painter, was disappointed and frankly expressed it. M. Gauthier-Villars points out Bizet's disregard for the structure of the verse and the significance of the text.

Augener of London has published Moussorgsky's "Sunless" song-cycle. Dr. Eaglefield Hull has made a special translation of the Russian words, "a translation in which rhyme and metre are quite properly sacrificed to preserve the necessary union of accent between words and notes." He has also gone back to the original and "weeded out improvements introduced by less conscientious editors." The words of these songs are by Count Golenichtcheff-Koutousoff, whose apartment Moussorgsky shared in 1874-75. The songs were composed in 1874, the year of the "Tableaux d'une Exposition," for piano and of the production of "Boris Godounoff." M. Calvocoressi says that the "Sunless" cycle is the most idealistic, subjective and "uniquely lyrical" work of Moussorgsky. There are six in all: Within Four Walls, Your Eyes, The Festal Days are Over, Boredom, Elegy, On the Water.

The Times had this to say of Dr. Hull's preservation of the union of note, word and stress. "To do this he has, quite rightly, dispensed with rhyme. Even so, one doubts whether any one who cares for the English language will wish to sing them. He has, for instance, to express the idea 'Your eyes look coldly upon me,' and he does it by 'Thou giv'st me a cold hasty glancing.' Again, 'Is there no welcome without absence?' he asks, but since the climax of the melody is on the second word the indefinite pronoun becomes a demonstrative adverb. The words do not, then, fit very well; but the stress is no better. . . . But that destroys the dactylic metre of the melody. 'Foretaste' is not the same as 'foreboding'; 'tear-ram' might be, but is not English; 'heartstrings' is not vocal. Toplady wrote, it is true, 'When my eyestrings break,' but most contragations have weakly fallen back on 'eyelids close.'"

This reviewer of songs was in fine form on April 14. See how he tossed and gored Cyril Scott's new songs "Rain" and "Looking Back," which are "no laughing matter." "His music ought certainly see a good London doctor. We are sure he would prescribe a long sea voyage for her, calling possibly at New York, a place from which musicians seem to return with clear ideas of what an audience wants. The first song seems to be made on the simple plan of slapping the keyboard here and there with the flat of the hand while the voice selects at random any of the notes which have been sounded or, in the intense moments, one which has not. The other is on the principle of the 'communal song' of which we have heard so much; it consists of tags out of the hundred or so opus numbers which have preceded it."

Three songs of Rossetti's and four of Housman's by H. S. Goodhart Rendel have that kind of irresponsibility which puts a singer at his ease; but they are too shapeless and too uncertain in their general conduct to make any mark. The composer adopts five-time because the

...middle 'A New Year's Eve' and 'A Little While' rambles regardless of rhythm. While Schubert ('Pause') or Brahms ('Einmal, mein Ich') wants that mistiness of which rhythmic confusion is a principal source, he takes care to inspire it with a larger unity. The four from 'The Four Last Things' have inspired Mr. Rendall to better things. It is true he falls prey to the lure of the flat seventh, out of which no song can be made, and he seems to think that 'softly' and other such things are the commonplace of song accompaniment; all the principles of harmony are abrogated; but there is a freshness to commend 'The Lent Lily' and an unthought force in the 'Ludlow' song to redeem its incoherence.

William Blake has an extraordinary reputation for song-writers because, no doubt, of his challenge to them; but they set actions to music, but they defy all but the best. C. H. Lord's 'Sweet Dreams' has a tidy content as about it, but 'pleasant streams' and 'happy, silent, moon-y beams' run glibly up and down an octave, as if they were no more than matter-of-fact roadside ditches in garish day, strewn down with hemlock and overgrown with dust, is not a success; however the song undeniably makes a good melody for those who are content to find only that in the words. But Helen Hoar has set the 'moon-y beams' to a phrase so ineffably trite, and has made the 'sunny beams' of the Prince of Love glide in waltz time through such a terrible series of chromatics, that we have not the courage to pursue the subject."

How Circuses
Advertised in
Former Years

Circus advertisements, billboards and dodgers have long been a source of wonder by reason of the Asiatic style, the extraordinary terminology and the obvious immodesty in the statement of attractions. The instance of a manager being preceded by a newspaper man to announce his circus with menagerie as "The Mammoth Mono-lippie Show" is well known.

"I-mo-hinpi show" struck the man-
ner as a new term for huge propor-
tion.

A few days ago we came across the advertisement of the Royal circus, London, in 1772.

The celebrated Sobieska, Clementina and Mr. Hughes on Horseback, will end on Monday next the 4th of October: until then they will display the whole of their Performances, which are allowed, by those who know best, to be the completest of their kind in Europe. Hughes highly thanks the Nobility, &c., for the Honour of their Support, and also acquaints them his Antagonist has caught a bad cold so near to Westminster Palace, and for his recovery is gone to a warmer climate, which is Bath in Somersetshire. He boasts, poor fellow, no more of activity, and is now turned coward in the character of Sleaz the Great. Therefore Hughes is unrivalled, and will perform his surprising Feats, accordingly, at his Horse Academy until the above day. The doors to be opened at Four o'clock, and mounts at Half-past precisely. He has a commodious room, eighty feet long.

EN. B. Sobleska rides on one, two, and three Horses, being the only one of her Sex that ever performed on one, two, and three.

He could have carried an ox
away on his shoulders and eaten him
for supper.

"Hughes has the honour to inform the
nobility, &c., that he has no intention
of settling out every Day to France for
three following Seasons, his Ambition
being to be a Soldier, the compliance he

being very satisfied by the applause he has received from Foreign Gentlemen who come over the Sea to See him. Clementina and Miss Huntly ride one, two and three Horses at full Speed, and takes Leaps surprising. A Little Lady, only Eight Years old, rides Two Horses at full gallop, by herself, without the assistance of any one to hold her on. Enough to put any one in fits to see her. 'H will engage to ride in Twenty Attitudes that never were before attempted. In particular, he will introduce his Horse of Knowledge, being the only wise animal in the Metropolis. A Sallop in full gallop to Portsmouth without a bit of Bridle or Saddle. The Maccaroni Tailor riding to Paris for new Fashions. This being Mr. Pottlenger's night, he will speak a Prologue adapted to the nobility of Riding, and an Epilogue also suited to Extraordinary Leaps."

Again:-
Hughes with the celebrated Sobieski Clementina, the famous Miss Huntly and an astonishing Young Gentleman (son of a Person of Quality), will exhibit at Blackfriars-road more extraordinary things than ever yet witnessed, such as leaping over a Horse forty times without stopping between the Springs-

"Clementina every night—a commodious room for the nobility."

Here is a bill of Phillip Astley:
"Astley's, Westminster-bridge, this and
every evening. Horsemanship, by Mr.
Astley, Mr. Taylor, Signior Markutchy,
Miss Vangable, and other transeon
performers. This performance will be
commenced by a new Minuet, danced by
two horses in a most extraordinary man-
ner.

"A Comical Musical Piece, called 'The Awkward Recruit.'"
 "The Amazing Exhibition of The Dancing Dogs, from France and Italy, and other genteel Parts of the globe, consisting of—1. Two Dogs as Chairmen, carrying a Monkey to a Maskerade. 2. Two dogs disputing Poeticks. 3. A Company of Dogs carrying from a Vineyard Baskits of Grapes, and accompanied by a Savoyard, with a Magic Lanton. 4. A Dog as a Lady of Quality in her Equipage, attended by others in elegant liveries. 5. A Dog cobbling. 6. A Dog that walks on any two of his legs. 7. Two dogs, as a Tumbler, and his attendant Clown. 8. A Dog dressed in a Spanish habit taking another little dog to a Boarding-school; with a variety of others too numerous for Insertion. This Exhibition will conclude with a variety of Dogs dressed in military, beseeching a Town, one of them represents a Corporal returning with the Colours of the Citadel in his mouth to his General; he halts on three legs, being supposed to have received a musket ball in one of his four feet. Two Bull-Dogs; the English Bull-Dog, father than quit his hold, suffers himself to be drawn Thirty Feet high, whilst the Machine is surrounded with Fire Works, representing a heavy Discharge of small Arms and Artillery."

"Phillip Astley," says George Raymond, in his "Life of Elliston," "was unquestionably the best horse-tamer of his time. When in want of a horse he would go to Smithfield, and, relying on his judgment, purchase three, four, or five to his liking. He seldom gave more than five pounds for each. He cared little for shape, make or colour; temper was his only consideration. It was one of these five-pounders that brought him more than any other of his whole stud; the horse would take a kettle off a blazing fire; deliberately set the tea-table, and prepare for company. He would play like a kitten with those he knew."

June 4, 1911.

Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients. Putting a finger at random in "Scaligerana," it hit this paragraph: "Monsieur de Montagnes. His father was a herrling vendor. The great foolishness of Montagnes, who wrote that he preferred white wine, Monsieur du Puy said: 'Why the devil should one care to know what he liked?'"

"Our Flag Is There."
 "A. P. B." writes: "When I was a child we used to sing on national holidays a song beginning 'Our flag is there. Our flag is there, we'll hail it with three loud huzzas.' The song was pretty good and the music, I think, better, being in marching time. It seems to me worth resuscitation."

We, too, used to sing the song in the grammar school of our little village in the sixties. The song was in "The Golden Wreath," which may still be obtained at the music shops.

Our flag is there! Our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud buzzes!
Our flag is there! Our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars!
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,
And Oh! to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy to every eye.
Our flag is there, etc

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lovr,
And found a speedy, wat'ry grave!
That flag is known on ev'ry shore,
The standard of a gallant band,
Alike unshin'd in peace or war,
It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.
Our flag is there, etc.

There is this footnote: "This sonnet was written by an officer of the American navy during the war of 1812." The compiler of "The Golden Wreath" says in the preface: "The volume also includes the principal national airs, among which are 'Hail Columbia,' 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Our Flag Is Theirs' and others."

The Herald has received a letter from "A. A. R." of Marion, from which we quote, in part: "In regard to a 'singable' national anthem, the hymn 'America the Beautiful,' written by Katharine Lee Bates, sung to the tune 'Matron' by Samuel H. Ward, seems to uplift and thrill an audience as no other does. I am sure the present anthem is not doing the work that a great national anthem should." "America the Beautiful" is in "The Pilgrim Hymnal." "Recently I have seen audiences moved to tears by it. Men seem to like it, it

special songs for the time. In this is proof that we have a song, we can sing at the time that stands for all we hold dear and in watching audiences I feel that a song that may voice the cry of the people of America in regard to this dear country will help them bear their distress and sorrow and their joy.

Maupassant and a Chateau.

We are told that the Count de Maupassant, "of the family of the author, Guy de Maupassant," has offered his "huge and magnificent" chateau at Le-cellier as headquarters for the general commanding any American forces disembarking in the vicinity.

"The chateau contains 200 rooms." And how many bathrooms? These "huge and magnificent" chateaus in France have not been conspicuous for "sanitary plumbing."

But was the author Maupassant of a noble family? Remy de Gourmont, commenting on the memoirs of Francoeur the valet of Maupassant, says that towards the end of his life Guy enjoyed the society of rich cosmopolites only. He was proud of this and at last despised all others. On the table of his drawing room in Paris there was only one book: "The Almanach de Gotha." It was then the fashion for young dandies to wear a red dress coat. Maupassant, no longer young, donned one and entertained the idea of being painted in it with a hand on the Almanach.

"He talked only of dinners, receptions, watering places, and 'Cote d' azur.' Gourmont charitably thought that this behavior was due to Maupassant's cerebral troubles; but he also said that Maupassant was always inherently vulgar, without true culture. "His romances of passions in society, while they may be agreeable reading, are very superficial and almost as arbitrary as those of M. Bourget. They treat of a sphere that he knew only very late in life and of which he was the dupe, although a keen observer."

June 5 1917
'MARY'S ANKLE'

By PHILIP HALE.

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Mary's Ankle," a farce in three acts by Miss May Tully. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, Ct. May 23.

Bert Theatre, New Haven	Bert Lyell
Doctor Hampton	Leo Donnelly
"Chub" Perkins	T. W. Gibson
Stokes	Louis Drew
Clementine	Zelda Sears
Mrs. Merrivale	Irene Fenwick
Mary	Ilda Darline
Mrs. Burns	Walter Jones
G. P. Hampton	Barnett Parker
First Steward	Wm. J. Morrissey
Second Steward	

The title is misleading, for a way nearly 250 years ago the preacher Sanborn said in a sermon: "It is never well when the cobbler looketh above the ankle." As women dress their feet today and wear their skirts, even the shyest man in the street is conscious of ankles. But the ankle in the play, a neat one, is a subject for amica and bandage, not gaping admiration. The title, therefore, may lead to the disappointment of some who even in this period of unabashed costumes are curious in anatomical matters.

Three young fellows are hard-up. D. Hampton has no patients except his landlady, a fantastic invalid, and his parrot. The treatment of the landlady's fancied diseases pays the room rent. The three must eat, so the parrot is pawned, but Mary, coming in behalf of the Red Cross tags them and relieves them of a dollar apiece. Hampton once falls in love with her. Perkins is a man of ideas. Hampton has an uncle rich but practical, another word for hardhearted. What if the nephew should mail wedding cards? Relatives would send presents, which could be pawned. A name is invented for the hypothetical bride; Elizabeth. N. J. is named for her dwelling place. Presents arrive but they are all garments of a more or less intimate nature for the bride. There comes a telegram from the uncle saying he will call on her as he is on his way to Bermuda.

The pretty girl meets with a most
ear accident by which her ankle
slightly sprained. She is brought in
Hampton's office. The long arm of
incidence is violently stretched even
farce. The girl turns out to have
name and the address of the inven
bride. Uncle Hampton arrives and
at once delighted. The girl does
explain the situation. Young Har
ton has told her that the uncle is
patient with delusions. Perhaps she
ready is inclined toward the physi
Uncle insists that the young cou
should accompany him to Bermuda.
engages the bridal stateroom. It tu
out that he is in pursuit of a wife
with whom he quarrelled when she
unmarried 20 years before. This wi
is Mary's aunt.

The third act is on the deck of steamer about to start. Given the position of the doctor and Mary

The farce is very amusing after it is once started. There is superficiality told at the beginning, the three men always have too much to say, but as soon as the idea of the wedding present is formulated, the fun waxes furious and there is little let-up till the fall of the curtain. There are funny episodes to which we have not alluded. The pace of the performance is swift and the comedians play as if they themselves enjoyed their work. Miss Sears as the landlady, hoping for an operation, because she was the only woman in the block that had not undergone one, was exceedingly funny, and the caricature was not beyond all reason. Miss Drew was again an acid servant. Mr. Jones played the part of the uncle in his accustomed breezy manner. Messrs. L. Tell, Donnelly and Gibson were indefatigable in their plans, evasions, explanations and at first rather noisy. Mr. Parker's steward will not soon be forgotten. Miss Fenwick, too self-conscious in her first scene, played delightfully afterwards. Her archness was not aggressive; her modesty was not prurient. In the last act there was the pleasing illusion of a steamer under way.

A large audience roared with laughter throughout the farce.

TITLES AND DECORATIONS.

The King of England's birthday has been given out, and the American newspapers pay as much attention to it as they pay to the "Lopins" for senior secret societies at Yale. Few of those honored by King George are known in this country except by name. Many of the names are too familiar to the general reader. William Watson is a poet of indubitable parts, whose attack on Mr. Asquith's daughter has evidently been forgiven. It is a pleasure to see a journalist—A. R. Roberts—knighted that is, if it gives him pleasure. The ex-American William Waldorf Astor has climbed another round of the aristocratic ladder; he is now a viscount. A step above a baron, he may yet be a belted earl—who knows?—a Duke. John Foster Frazer "traveler and lecturer," is knighted. Why not J. G. Frazer, the anthropologist and author of that colossal work, "The Golden Bough"?

Just for a riband to stick in his coat." Men in all countries like to sport a tutton, riband, a title, a decoration of some sort. The riband of the Legion of Honor was so freely distributed before the war that it was considered in France a mark of distinction not to be decorated. M. Lepassant's amusing story "Decore," is not wholly fantastical. The craze for distinctions with insignia is by no means confined in this republic to college boys who wear pins on waistcoat or cravat, and at night on pajamas. Andrew Johnson, in a fit of state of alcoholic excitement, once addressed the foreign diplomats in solemn row as "You uns there with the gewgaws on." Good democrats affect to despise the decorated and the titled, but they are glad to meet a lord, as Thackeray confessed, after he had written "The Book of Snobs," that he liked to be seen walking in the street with a duke. And so there are honest citizens who are hurt by letters to them are addressed "Mr." instead of "Esq.," or if the writer omits "Hon." on the envelope. At the same time there are so many "professors" of languages, the sciences, hair dressing and chiropody that leading members of faculties welcome the plain "Mr." In England it takes courage to refuse a title. Tennyson yielded to temptation in spite of his disparaging remarks about coronets and Norman blood. The saying of Swift about the Lord's opinion of riches as shown by those to whom He gave them might often be applied to titles.

"German Measles Invader Navy Yard
Truly a statement not without humor
one sulking the times. Some might
that the verb should be in the plural
they would speak of "them more"
How did the distinction, "German"
come to be applied? Perhaps good
do. Ever since the T-1000

Oxford Dictionary says that the word "German" is a noun, but it did not appear in any of the translations of a medieval encyclopedia called literature before 1800.

There is an entertaining list of the use of "German" as an adjective in names of things of actual or attributed German origin: bezzar, bit, chest, clock, congreve, devil (a sort of screw jack), duck (half a sheep's head boiled with onions), flite, gamba, gold, home, lombard (a kind of paper), mille, paste, process, sarsaparilla, sausage, sheet, sixth (in music), steel, stitch, tunder, watch, wool, net to mention silver—did not Artemus Ward speak of one singing in a "German silvery voice"? Then there were the names of plants, from German camomile to German wallflower.

By the way, under "Germanly" there is a quotation from George Eliot that might be used with peculiar force today: "He is a man . . . of real polish (Germanly speaking)."

The Man with the Hoe.

As the World Wags:

Thumbs under on these war-garden hoes and rakes! Current photographs of soulful soil-tillulators show them holding their hoes as one would hold a fountain pen, or a crochet needle, or an oyster fork. Cannot some golfers give instruction on stance and form and follow-through, such as will give a more professional look to this noble army of food producers?

The science of the hoe seems a very remote and antique thing, so far as city knowledge of it is concerned. Since it was taken into poetry and denaturalized by an eminent American weeper over the woes of the downtrodden, its correct theory and practice have decayed. Great tearfulness over "The Man with the Hoe"; conclusion reached at once that somebody had done something wicked to him in "slanting back that brutal brow"—when all that allied him was that nothing from the inside had ever slanted his brow forward; he was simply a laggard in the march of evolution. And as for his aching stoop, there he was, working with a hoe handle a foot too short! That was what made his back ache, not the impositions of "society." And Millet probably knew it, too.

But, speaking of war hoes, it will do city-bred youngsters a lot of good to learn the elementary fact that the producing of food is a very serious affair, involving much hard work, which must be intelligently guided work if it is to be effective. The good things of this world are not primarily brought into existence by pushing a button somewhere. C. T.

Brookline.

Skowhegan, Maine.

"Skowhegan, Me., subject of so many jokes and rarely considered in a serious way, has bought up \$75,000 worth of bonds, and the people down there have not yet finished subscribing."

"The subject of so many jokes?" What! Skowhegan, a manufacturing town on the Kennebec, where Benedict Arnold's expedition camped on its way to Quebec? Skowhegan with its old Dyer house and the Locke Tavern, as a song in the mouths of drunkards? Go to! Likewise, pish!

There are those who love it. Artemus Ward, a son of Maine, loved it when he was sojourning in Oregon and remembered it, as the dying Greek remembered sweet Argos. Some well-dressed men in a state of strong drink were boasting of their respective places of birth: one of Mississippi with its magnolias; another of Kentucky, the home of Clay, the state of splendid women, of gallant men; still another of Virginia, the birthplace of statesmen, etc.

"And I," said a yellow-haired and sawn faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short black pipe during their magnificent conversation—"and I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that?" they said.

"Skowhegan, Maine!" he replied; "kln I sell you a razor-strop?"

Now as Then.

Ah! Artemus, the Delleous, as Charles Reade called him. He must have foreseen the "pacifists," working consciously or unconsciously for the German cause.

"A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Darn if he goes to the war. He was settin' on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum Objeck."

And in the same village "one young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him."

A Gastronomic Incident.

As the World Wags:

Talking about eating oysters. When I was an apprentice in a wood-engraving office a story was told of two members of the craft who laid a wager as to which could eat the most raw oysters, the loser to pay the scot. They repaired to Ben Wright's saloon; if you remember, it was down stairs. In the contest one of

them had last to go, but he triumphantly ate just one more, and he got up the stairs to the street, stumbled and spilled the last oyster. The stakeholder thereupon declared it a draw and made the winner refund half the bill. I am, sorry I can't give the score. E. H. GANETT.

Traffic and Potatoes.

"Shawshin" sends us the following extracts from the Universalist Trumpet and Magazine of 1833:

Oct. 27: "The amount of travel upon the Eastern railroad has proved to be so much beyond all previous calculations that the directors have been obliged to procure a new engine and ears, to provide suitable accommodation for it. The new engine is called 'The Rockingham,' after the border county in New Hampshire."

Nov. 17: "Five hundred barrels of potatoes arrived at New Orleans from the New England states on the 21st ult. Potatoes there for some time past have sold for the enormous price of 50 cents per dozen. Nine dollars per barrel has been a common price."

IS HIT AT KEITH'S

"Buy a Liberty bond," a forceful appeal to the patriotism of citizens, with former Gov. Walsh as the speaker, was the headline feature of a splendid program at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening. There was a large audience, and at the end of Mr. Walsh's speech there was thunderous approval.

The former Governor was not long in coming to the point of his message. Paying tribute to the youth of the country, who today would offer themselves up to their country in the preliminary registration, he drew a picture of the sacrifices that would be made.

Sophie Tucker and Her Five Kings of Syncopation was an interesting feature of the bill. Miss Tucker is first of all a comedienne rather than a singer. She clings to songs of the codn dialect, which she sings with fine imagination and with marked individuality of style. She surrounds herself with five musicians who are none the less comedians. Her songs are finely orchestrated to emphasize this style of song and the various instruments, notably the saxophone, are nicely employed to bring out tricks of harmony.

Warren and Conley were seen in a dainty sketch, "Fun on the Boardwalk," that often approached elegance. Miss Conley has a fine sense of humor and a pert style and made much of lines that in other hands would fall flat. Her eccentric dancing should be lengthened.

Herbert Williams, one of the funniest comedians that has ever appeared at this theatre, and Hilda Wolfus repeat their success of last season. Other acts were the Three Travilla Brothers and the Diving Seal in a novel diving act; Charles Withers and company in a melodramatic travesty, Jimmie Lucas and company in songs and agreeable nonsense, Arthur Stuart Hull and company in a singing act, Rowley and Young in a dancing novelty and Sterling and Marguerite in an athletic act.

MARK TWAIN, PESSIMIST.

The editor of the literary supplement of the Sunday New York Times regrets that Mark Twain's essay, "What Is Man?" privately printed for his friends, has now been published. "There is nothing new in pessimism of this kind. It seems singularly out of place in the work of a writer who has done so much, through his joyous humor, to lighten the burdens of his generation. But there it is—the penalty of the posthumous."

It is true that the contents of the waste basket should not be edited, annotated and published after the death of the owner. Lamb, Keats, many others suffered in this way before Mark Twain. But "What Is Man?" never was in the basket. The author thought enough of it to print it for his friends. He did this with the Rabelaisian account of a singular incident at the court of Queen

Elizabeth.

Is the pessimistic essay "singularly out of place" in the work of Twain? May not a humorist—and Mark Twain will be known to future generations chiefly as a humorist—have his downcast hours? Have there not been humorists who were essentially melancholy men? The professional pessimist is almost always a cheerful companion. Schopenhauer enjoyed life and the creature comforts of life. The quatrain of Maginn is by no means a paradox:

For those who read aright are well aware

That Jaques, sighing in the street,
On his heart felt less the load of care

Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between.

Thin is the partition that divides love and hate. As thin is that separating the wildest humor and the deepest gloom. A humorist may write in despairing mood as a relief or as one wishing to show that he is not merely a jester. Thomas Hood was known to the great and careless world as a punster in verse and prose. A man of irresistibly amusing whims and oddities. Yet this comic writer was not only a poet of exquisite fancy, the singer of the song of the shirt, the chief mourner for the unfortunate, but also the author of the "Ode to Melancholy," in which he saw his mother in her shroud, the world a wilderness "Where tears are hung on every tree," where "man is made of his own grave"—a song of skulls, coffins, and the Stygian moat, with ponderings on death as gloomy and hopeless as any poem of Beddoes:

There is no music in the life

That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in Melancholy.

Mr. H. G. Hawes, Jr., of Portland writes: "Recently when reading a little account by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of his search for 'the Captain' I came across a reference which interested me. This was in connection with the Burke and Hare murders in Edinburgh and to one Dumollard. Can you enlighten me as to what these murders were, and who was the Dumollard? Apropos of this article, how hoary and full of years is much of 'modern' slang. Dr. Holmes in describing some southern women speaks of them as having 'less of the chicken about them' than their northern sisters."

In 1828 Edinburgh discovered that William Burke and William Hare with one or more accomplices had been murdering for the purpose of selling the dead bodies as subjects for anatomical use. They would lure persons that would not at once be missed, as beggar women, wayfayers, into their homes, especially Burke's, make them drunk and then smother or strangle them. Burke was hanged on Jan. 28, 1829; Hare turned King's evidence. No one knows what became of him. Mr. Hawes will find a singularly vivid account of the crimes and the execution of Burke in "Noctes Ambrosianae," vol. III., p. p. 230-241 (March, 1829). The Shepherd declared that the proceedings of the two Irishmen were too monstrous to impress the imagination. "First a drunk and wife, and then another drunk and wife—and then a third drunk and wife—and then a drunk and sick man or two." There are pleasing allusions to Burke and Hare in De Quincey's essay, "Murder as one of the Fine Arts." From the name Burke and his crimes came the verb, "burke," to murder in the same manner or for the same purpose as Burke did; also to smother, to hush up. The London Times of Feb. 2, 1829: "As soon as the executioner proceeded to his duty, the cries of 'Burke him, Burke him—give him no rope' were vociferated." Burker, burkism, burking and Burkite have also been used.

Dr. Holmes's use of "chleken" had sound precedents. Swift wrote in 1720: "Stella's Birthday":

Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken.

Fielding, Smollett, Horace, Walpole knew the phrase.

But who was "Dumollard"? What are Keats?

We saw no allusion in any obituary notice of F. C. Burnand published in England or this country to the verb "Burnand," meaning to pilfer a plot of a play or a novel. The Echo of Feb. 11, 1882: "The American papers continue to attack the play (The Colonel) vigorously. One of the journals there has invented a new verb to signify the pilfering of plots. 'Burnanded' is the term."

The Quoskie.

As the World Wags:

I was much pleased to read in your column some time ago such a clear-cut (almost ivory carved) description of the habits of the quoskie. As an old-time naturalist I had often intended to give the real explanation to the scientific world, but had been so busy in my later profession (chiroprody) that the pressure of work forbade. Now let me add a word: It is quite true that the quoskie wears a beard. I had visual proof of this astounding fact early one morning outside my tent on Lake Unketchewah, many years ago. As I lay on my pine boughs, wriggling my toes and waiting to hear the first worm turning, I was startled by a shrill voice crying: "Hey grandpa, gimme a swing

on your beard." I jumped up and out just in time to see a whole family of quoskies gathering skunk-cabbage. They all wore beards, and as I appeared the young ones leaped into grandpa's brush, and were borne off through the woods. (This was some years ago, when I was engaged in gathering data for my book "Life and Habits of the Tree-Squeak"). But the point which I want to bring out is that the hair of the quoskie's beard, coarse and fibrous, is highly prized for brushes of many kinds, and as an imitation cocoanut-hair is often used. The skin of the cocoanut detracts from the useful qualities of the hair, however, as it is not so pliable when cured as the chin-skin of the quoskie. The quoskie brush is highly prized by the washroom porter (cursus hominum), who uses it to threaten timid guests, while pretending to remove bone-dust from the coat collar. This scurrilous travesty has often provoked the question "Why is Socialism?"

I hope that I have thus been able to shed a little light on the much discussed quoskie. At present I am engaged in compiling a three-volume work on "The Truth About the Squinch."

E. P. McWHIMPUS.

Washington, D. C.

Whose Bullet?

An Italian officer has just brought an action to court to obtain a decision as to the rightful ownership of a bullet extracted from his body. The doctor claimed it, so did the nurse, but the officer argued that he was legally entitled to it. The judge gave a decision in his favor by a somewhat novel argument. He found that the projectile once discharged from the gun ceased to belong to the soldier who fired it or to the country which entrusted it to him, and so became a "res nullius," which any finder is entitled to appropriate. As the officer found it in his body, he was entitled to retain it, although it was only brought to light by the surgeon.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Household Doctor.

"If you stampe ants' egges and strain them throw a cloth, and put thereto the juice of Swine's grasse, or Knotgrasse, and instill it into the eares, it helpes a long continued deafnesse."

June 7, 1917

WAR AND STARCH.

The approach of summer has been heralded for some years by vigorous appeals of correspondents urging the throwing aside of the "biled shirt" and other starched abominations, collars and cuffs. The appeals have been more and more heeded. "Soft shirts" with soft collars and soft cuffs are worn without shame by even "our best people," although some of them display the solecism of starched cuffs, and sometimes a starched collar, with a soft shirt, a "fatigue shirt" that often might be called "fatigued."

Yet there are conservative persons who sport starched shirts in the hottest days. These conservatives would be objects of pity, if they were not irritating; for, strange to say, their collars never wilt; not when the Dog star rages; not when the soft shirted in muggy days are sweating like the plated ice pitcher that adorns the table of a directors' room.

Now there is talk in Chicago, famous for vivid and polychromatic dressers, the home of "Bath House John" splendid with dazzling waistcoats, about the doom of the starched collar and glossy shirt front as an economic war measure. In London they are asking whether the government restriction of starch will bring in the universal use of soft and limp shirts and collars. There have been brave souls, as Mr. Bernard Shaw, who have defied custom in this matter. As straw hats have for some time in London driven out the summer stovepipes and are seen in the House of Commons, if not the House of Lords, there is precedent for another essay in comfort.

Hood sang the song of the shirt; has any one written the history of the garment? We turned to Dr. Holmes's "Rhymed Lesson" delivered here nearly seventy years ago. In it he treats of boots, hats, gloves, coats, breastpins, collars and

neck-cloths, but there is only this allusion to a shirt; not to a shirt in fact, but to that hideous substitute, the dicky:

Spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies,
That round his breast the shabby rustic ties.

the name, profane to hal-
w things.
The malignant laundress blushes when
he brings!

We know that by one act in the
reign of Edward VI. the putting of
starch on any "set cloth" was pro-
hibited; that Mrs. Turner, who in-
vented yellow starch, was executed
at Tyburn; that Stubbes ascribed "a
certaine kinde of illiude matter,
which they call starch" to the Devil;
that Queen Elizabeth was a mortal
enemy to blue starch in making up
linen; but who invented the "biled"
shirt? His inhumanity to man has
made countless thousands mourn.

'And high above the fight the lonely bugle
grieves.'—Grenville Mellen (1799-1841).

'Across the fields a grieving bugle blew.'—
Walter P. Eaton in the New York Trib-
une of June 1.

Cheer up!

As the World Wags:

I observed the Herald's counter on the
correspondent who complains of Ameri-
can childishness. You say she has no
sense of humor and you preach the saving
grace of that possession. But you
can hardly be said to have "landed."
Nothing is more common than to con-
fuse the sense of humor with mere
jocularity. The sense of humor moves
in a subtle way and in ways that are
deep; in the last analysis it is intrin-
sically intellectual.

Our present-day American jocularity
is the antipodes of humor. The modern
mind seems, in a way, to refuse to take
anything seriously. To do so amounts
to convicting one's self of not being
sufficiently swagger or froward. Not to
make a joke of everything, from the
Creator down, would be to accuse one's
self of being tainted with either religion,
conscience or sentiment.

Look about! Is there not enough to
support the charge that everybody's fool-
ing, and that America needs a good
scoffing off? Watch your next elevator
boy and see if he isn't engaged in jolly-
ing or gossiping. Ask yourself if he
couldn't run his car better if he wasn't
up to this by-play? See your colonel of
militia. In war time, smiling and snirk-
ing from sidewalk to sidewalk. If such
as he took the job more seriously
wouldn't there be fewer Commonwealth
pigs and such like? In short, much of
the absence of standards and the notable
defect in achievement (in spite of the
genius of our people) can be laid at the
door of just that lack of the creed, that
the job, even down to the meanest, is
something to exhaust the possibilities of.
For John Smith to be responsible to the
firm of John Smith and his Creator is
mightily out of date. Its place has been
taken by the limelight, getting by, and
spectacularity. The still, small voice
cannot make itself heard in the din. Once
life was real, life was earnest, but now
life is an illusion and nothing is real but
getting along in the world.

J. R. SMITH.

We Have Sent It.

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly send me a copy of the
Herald that contained Mr. Herkimer
Johnson's article on wagging the ears?
I could always move my ears easily;
little one at will or both together, and
am quite interested to know if being
able to do so indicates a close connec-
tion to the animals referred to, or to the
philosophers, according to Mr. Johnson.
Lowell.
A. M. P.

A Dresden Incident.

The Poreupinc tells a story of Julian
Hawthorne's encounter with a "Prus-
sian" who on a street in Dresden edged
Mrs. Hawthorne off the sidewalk. Haw-
thorne "tore the Prussian's sword from
its scabbard, broke it across his knee
and threw it down in the gutter."

As we heard the story in Dresden 35
years ago the officer was a Saxon, and
the incident occurred on a bridge.
Nothing was then said about the rudeness
towards Mrs. Hawthorne. There
was no Mrs. Hawthorne until 1870. What
Mr. Hawthorne thought of the Saxons
is known by his "Saxon Studies," a sin-
gularly bitter, malignant book.

Happy Endings.

"W. L. L." writes, apropos of "A Bal-
ade of Buccaneers," recently published
in this column: "That all buccaneers
ended their careers by dancing on air is
an erroneous assumption. The 'gruesome
gallows' did not get them all. Many of
them were sober-minded men, who ap-
plied themselves to the cultivation of the
soil. There was Montbars, a gentleman
of Languedoc, who, actuated by a desire
to avenge the cruelties practised
by the Spaniards in the conquest of the
New World, acquired great distinction in
his chosen profession of freebooter. The
Spaniards suffered so much from his
fury that he acquired the title of 'The
 exterminator.' History does not record
the manner in which he met his death."

the name, profane to hal-
w things.
The malignant laundress blushes when
he brings!

June 9 1917

NEW JERSEY CHAUVINISTS

The executive committee of the
Public Safety League of Mays Land-
ings, N. J., has denounced the study
of the German language in the
public schools of the town. The
committee favors the substitution of
some other language. "Members of
the committee declared that, in their
judgment, it is most unpatriotic to
keep German in the course of study."

This is patriotism run mad. It
comes under the head of chauvin-
ism; rank clauvinism. If this com-
mittee had a sense of humor, it would
provide a German text-books poetry
and prose of Heine so scathing in
denunciation of Prussianism that to
this day no statue or bust of Heine
is allowed in public places of Ger-
many. The committee would also
furnish sayings of Goethe; as the one
declaring that the Prussians are bar-
barians, and when civilized, fero-
cious. Other text-books might be
pages of Schopenhauer in which he
denounced the clumsiness of the Ger-
man language as written by many
of their dead-op thinkers; pages of
Nietzsche in which he declared that
German music should be "Mediterraneanized." And there are stirring
poems in German, sonorous shouts
for liberty, as it was understood in
the time of Napoleon and in 1848;
liberty of the individual, liberty of
every nation, however small and
humble.

If, on the other hand, this New
Jersey committee believes for a mo-
ment that Germany will at last domi-
nate the world, how important that
the children should be conversant
with the language of the conquerors,
so that, as men, they need not be
dragooned into acquiring it. Those
advocating the study of modern lan-
guages in place of the dead ones
have much to say, and justly, about
the present importance of Spanish.
French should be taught, if only for
the remarkable literature. But to
throw out German, merely because
this nation is at war with Junkerdom,
is to war against Luther, Goethe,
Schiller, Heine and the great philoso-
phers who fought for liberty when
Napoleon strove to make the earth
his footstool.

Westward the hoe of Empire stars
its way.—George N. True.

The War Hoe.

Aroused by the alarm before the sun
Had tinged the sky with dawn,
The veteran
Cut short his dream of peace
And roared to consciousness.
Full well he knew
How the efficient crafty foe,
All laws, humanities ignored,
Was creeping on his trenches,
For weeds and vermin work
While men do sleep.

Firstly he girded up his loins,
Which up in Hillsboro' means
Put on his pants.
And then descending to the commis-
sariat,
Attended to the needs
The inner man made known.
Then seizing his war hoe with horny
hand
He sallied forth invasion to repel.

The clash came swift.
An outpost of black crows
He put to flight
With gallant charge in flank across the
field.

Where corn was up, and from his path
A woodchuck scuttled for his dug-out
lair.

Him he pursued with shouts and brand-
ished blade
Until, forgetful of the wire entangle-
ment

Which after many fees and days of law
Now marked his neighbor's acres from his
own.
He dashed thereon and there became
impaled.

His wounds were slight and honorable.
In front
So after taking breath and stock
Of scratch and puncture, rent and tear
to gear

He turned back to the trenches over
run.

Content to put the enemy to rout
There found he work for his good blade,
His great war hoe now purchased at the
store
When the whole nation mad for war

Presented played companies of dark
Waistcoats and sword in battle line
engaged

Dozens of serried regiments
Of marauding, unnamed auxiliaries
Stood there embattled with the corn;
He raised his battle cry and trusty
steel.

And plunged into the thickest of the
fight
All day the battle raged,
But when the whistle blew
Down at the new saw mill at five
o'clock,

He stood there victor on the stricken
field.

The dead and dying prostrate at his
feet.

Then shouldering his trenchant hoe
once more

He homeward turned, weary of the
war.

The dust of battle at the kitchen sink
removed,

He sought well-earned refreshment at
his board.

Then cut a plug and filled the blackened
pipe.

Uplifted stockinged feet to nearby
chair.

Drew close the lamp and spread the
weekly sheet;

Then, taking out his teeth for ease
complete,

And laying them upon the checkered
cloth.

He muttered to himself:

'Let there be Peace.'

RICHARD D. WAIRE.

Amherst, N. H.

A Street Car Horror.

As the World Wags:

This is a true story. I moved to Bos-
ton last January to work in the rubber
factory; it is easier than farming. The
other night I was coming home from
work on the front platform of a car,
which was awfully crowded. I had a
bag of bananas in one hand and a bag
of doughnuts in the other (baker's
doughnuts not much like the ones
mother makes, but she was out of lard)
and my noon lunch box, done up in a
nice bundle under my arm. There was
a man stood next to me. He was a
queer looking little cuss. Looked some-
like the thing they call a slink up in
Contoocook, N. H., where I come from.
He said to me: "Am I crowding you?"
I said, "Yes, do you want to get off?"
"No," he said, but he jumped off at the
next street. Then I missed my lunch-
box. He must have been a slick one.
The box contained a tin spoon, a ragged
napkin and two empty jelly tumbles.
I think the police should not allow such
things. I hope he reads this. I never
had such a thing happen to me in the
country.

Cambridge.

DARL E. RISER.

June 9 '17

AN OPERA BOYCOTT

The German Stage Society has
unanimously passed the proposal
binding its members not to grant
singers wishing to sojourn in Ameri-
ca leave of absence, and not to en-
gage for five years any German
singer that accepts an American en-
gagement. It was stated that this
proposal had nothing to do with the
war; it was a measure of self-de-
fence and self-preservation. "It is
intolerable," said Count von See-
bach, "that artists who have been
carefully trained by German tutors
and supported by the German public
and press should just at the moment
of maturity make themselves over-
body and soul to an American con-
tractor, to return after some years
so much more conceited."

"At the moment of maturity." The
majority of German singers have
come to this country when they were
over-ripe; when their voices were in-
jured by shouting; when they were
chiefly "intellectual singers," to use
a complimentary phrase given by
loyal Germans to a rough-voiced
tenor or soprano who had delighted
them some twenty or thirty years
ago. There have been exceptions
among these visitors; there are some
today, but they can easily be counted
on one hand.

It will not be a serious matter if
German opera singers are compelled
to remain at home, as far as operatic
interests in this country are con-
cerned. Singers of other nations,
including America, have shown that
they are abundantly able to appear
in the music dramas of Wagner. The
music of the lovers in "Tristan and
Isolde" has probably never been so
well sung as it was sung by Jean de

When another German singer
which he studied that the
performance of "Die Meistersinger"
London by "foreign" artists was su-
perior to any that he had heard in
Germany, and when he was last in
Boston he wished to take with him
John McCormack for performances
of "Don Giovanni" and other operas,
saying "We have no such tenor." If
report is trustworthy, the crowning
glory of Wagnerian performances at
the Metropolitan Opera House last
season was the singing of Mr. White-
hill. Even in the Royal Opera House
of Berlin an American tenor and an
American bass have been the bril-
liant stars. There is hardly an impor-
tant theatre in Germany where Ameri-
can opera singers have not been ap-
plauded, and are even now esteemed.
Does Count von Seebach remember a
saying of Frederick the Great, war-
rior and flute-player? "I would
rather hear my horse neigh than a
German singer in my opera house"

An emotional woman meeting for the
first time one of the French officers now
in Boston exclaimed: "I should like to
kiss the hand that has killed a Ger-
man!" To which the gallant Frenchman
replied: "How I wish that I had bitten
him!"

Sieur Dumollard.

Mr. H. G. Hawes, Jr., of Portland,
Me., inquired in this column last
Wednesday about the Burke and Hare
murders, also about one Dumollard, men-
tioned by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in
the story of his search for "The Cap-
tain." We were able to inform him
about Burke and Hare, for we had sum-
mered and wintered with them, but Du-
mollard was unknown to us. (Our en-
cyclopaedia is an excellent one, but it
was published about the middle of the
18th century.)

Mme. Emelie Alexander-Marius now
comes to the rescue. We quote from her
letter of June 1:

"Your mention of Dumollard took me
many years back, when I used to hear
my mother talk about him. He must
have lived in Paris in the forties. I
think, or between '60 and '65. His special
murder was to hire girls with promises
of great wages, everything lovely. Lit-
tle work and big pay. He always treat-
ed them handsomely (young girls), took
them out in the country in his own con-
veyance, and then buried them alive.
He killed many like that, a dozen or
more, my mother used to tell me, and
nobody ever could discover any trace
of the unfortunates, till one day he got
hold of a strong young woman, who,
when she realized what was ahead of
her, fought him, beat him, and ran, till
she was exhausted, to the next village.
That is the way Dumollard was dis-
covered, arrested and guillotined. Every-
body trembled in Paris for a while. It
made such an impression. No one dared
to go out alone, I mean no servant girl,
and for a long time people could hardly
get servants to go out of town. . . .
Dumollard murdered for the pleasure of
seeing women suffer and die. He did not
sell the bodies as Burke and Hare did,
he killed just to enjoy the torture he
was inflicting."

Let us add to Mme. Alexan-
darius's account. This Martin Dumol-
lard, known as "The Assassin of Ser-
vant Girls," was born of a Hungarian
family at Tramoyes, France, about 1822.
He was executed at Montauel in 1861.
The girl who escaped him on May 2,
1861, was Marie Pichon. Servant girls
began to disappear about Lyons in 1857.
Dumollard robbed them, killed them,
and one at least he buried alive. Ac-
cording to the long account in La-
rousse's Dictionary (edition of 1870, not
the later one) his chief purpose was
robbery, but in some cases a darker
crime was suspected before the murder-
ing. Twelve hundred and fifty articles
of clothing, etc., were found in his
house. Before he went to the guillotine
he drank "sensually" a cup of coffee
and a glass of madeira. He affirmed
his innocence and insisted on walking
to the machine. He told the gendarme
to remind his wife Anne Marie Martinet
that a certain Berthet owed them 5
francs less a sou. Anne Marie was sen-
tenced to hard labor for 20 years.

A Note on Turnips.

"Vienna retailers are now allowed to
issue a one-pound ration per household
of official golden turnip marmalade."

It has been whispered that much of
the orange marmalade sold in the shops
is made largely from turnips and other
vegetables. The best marmalade is that
made at home, and at trifling expense,
out of grape fruit, oranges, lemons. But
to go back to the turnip. Mr. James
Long of England warns allotment hold-
ers arranging to grow turnips in the fond
belief they are nutritious, that they pos-
sess little value as food for human
beings. "They contain hardly any protei-
n and not more than 5 per cent. of carbo-
hydrate. They often consist of more
than 90 per cent. of water."

Yet Cato the Censor was puffed up

of turnips and potatoes will be own in the garden. The turnips are planted in rows, and are watered with a hose. They are ready for use in the autumn. The turnips are a variety of the 'Hercules' (1866). The root is very large and round, and is covered with a thick skin. The leaves are green and are eaten raw, especially of the poor people in Wales, but most commonly boiled or roasted or baked; the young and tender shoots or sprouts of turnips are their first coming forth of the ground and are eaten as a salad." John Evelyn spoke of turnip stalks, when first beginning to bud, being boiled and eaten as asparagus. James Hart, "Diet of the Diseased" (1823). "The best way of eating turnips is to boil them, and the water being poured out, then to holl them again with fat beef, adding to them some pepper." What country boy has not eaten raw turnips with a horrid joy? Gerard noted that a degenerate kind of turnip, "Mad Neeps," causes "frenzy and giddiness of the brain for a season." At the ordinary turnip may well be used medicinally. First of all, the ancient authorities agree that it is aphrodisiac. "A turnip is to be scooped out, the middle and filled with rose-cerate, which is to be melted by placing the turnip in hot ashes, when it forms an excellent application to ulcerated chilblains." Thus said Pedacius Dioscorides, learned man of Anazarbus in Cilicia during the reign of Nero. We understand that roasted turnips are still a popular remedy in Scotland for chilblains. The juice of raw turnips is good for colds and sore throats. The Romans raised turnips sometimes weighing 40 pounds, and it is thought they introduced the turnips into England where, as Cogan said (1597): "Although many men love to eat turnips, few men love to eat them." In 1629 and 1630 when there was a dearth in England, bread and wholesome white bread was made of boiled turnips, with the moisture pressed out of them, kneaded with an equal quantity of wheat flour. Turnips do not play a prominent part in slang. There is the old-fashioned 'over watch,' also the phrase, to bet one's head to a turnip. In English dialect, to give cold turnips, is to jilt one, the Spaniards use similarly a gourd or metaphor to had dando calabazas. When there is turnip-head, said of a man who does not agree with you and, therefore, a stupid person. The choir will now sing the quatrain Dr. Samuel Johnson:

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

The Russian Flag.

In the London Daily Chronicle we read that the Russian Double Eagle Flag has been displayed in London probably for the last time. The Chronicle says the disappearance of the eagle as a national emblem should be welcomed by all Russians. "According to the Petrograd Journal (Novoe Vremya), the artist who designed the double-headed bird made himself a model by killing two well-developed chickens and artistically posing them for the purpose. After which he and a few of his friends banqueted off the unfortunate birds."

In the Pall Mall Gazette of May 16 we read: "The provisional government has decided that the two-headed eagle which figures in the Russian coat of arms and on the tricolor flags cannot be regarded as a dynastic emblem from either an historic or heraldic point of view, and it will therefore be retained as the national emblem until the convocation of the Constituent Assembly. The only modification is the elimination from the coat of arms of the crown, sceptre and other monarchical details."

If we are not mistaken, before the revolution the Russian imperial standard was of yellow bearing the imperial arms. The naval flag was of white charged with St. Andrew's cross. The mercantile flag had three horizontal stripes, white, blue and red.

What is the Russian flag today, or rather what was it yesterday?

MME. GALLI-CURCI SINGS FOR ITALIAN RELIEF FUND

Assisted by Manuel Beringuer and Homer Samuels.

A large and distinguished audience filled the Boston Opera House last evening when Mme. Galli-Curci gave a concert in aid of the New England Italian War Relief Fund. The celebrated soprano was assisted by Manuel Beringuer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist. The program was as follows: Pavarotti, J. Russell, C. Bellini, Come per le Sereno; Grieg, Un Cygne. Premiere seconce; Gounod, Valse from 'Romeo et Juliette'; James, Hush Song; Buzzi-Pecchia, Little Birdies; Chaminade, 'Anneau d'Argent'; Alvarez, A Grand; Caplet, Reverie; Petite Valse; three 18th century Bergettes; Delibes, Bell Song from 'Lakme'.

The admirable artist was in fine voice. Certain characteristics of her singing, the unusual ease and flexibility, the warmth, the brilliancy were constantly in evidence. One or two songs, those by James and Buzzi-Pecchia, were banal, beneath the artistic dignity of the singer, yet she sang them with irresistible charm.

The feature of the evening was Mme. Galli-Curci's performance of the Bell Song from 'Lakme.' This was marked

by the beauty of the exotic color of the ordinary technical facility. The audience was enthusiastic and Mme. Galli-Curci added generously to the program.

Some recent revivals in London are more than local interest. There is 'Maritana,' for example. What pleasant memories the title of this opera, now nearly 72 years old, brings back. It was performed for the first time in this country in New York at the Bowery Theatre, May 4, 1849. Mrs. Seguin took the part of Maritana; Mr. Seguin that of Don Jose, and Miss Lichtenstein was the Lazarillo. We did not hear this performance, but years afterwards we heard Zelda Seguin singing "Alas! Those Chimes!" The elder Mrs. Seguin died in New York in 1838. Her sister-in-law, Elizabeth (1815-1870) was the mother of Parepa-Rosa. There were good men during our early operatic years singing "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall"—Brookhouse Bowler, William Castle, Joseph Maas.

M. Pougin tells us in his life of William Vincent Wallace that "Maritana" obtained a success without precedent in the operatic annals of England. "It was performed nearly 190 times in succession, and this result, rare in the case of so important a work, is still rarer in that of a composer's first dramatic work."

What an adventurous life this Scottish-Irishman had—for Wallace, the son of a Scottish bandmaster and bassoon player, was born in Ireland. He left Ireland in 1835 when he was 24 years old and went into the bush in New South Wales. His talent as a violinist was discovered, and he gave a concert in Sydney, where he was applauded to the skies. He liked the bush, where, living for a time on game that he shot, he finally turned farmer and raised cattle. Later he traveled as a violinist, visiting Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand. Embarking on an English ship, natives mutinied and killed all the passengers except Wallace and two others. He was put on South Island, where he owed his safety to the daughter of the chieftain. He succeeded in boarding a ship for the East Indies. At the court of Oude the queen gave him rubies and diamonds. In that land hunting a tiger he nearly lost his life. Then he went to the Vale of Cashmere.

At Calcutta he embarked for Valparaiso. He crossed the Andes, saw Buenos Ayres. Returning to Santiago he gave profitable concerts with a harpist. At the last one he gained \$3000, but two gauchos, not having any money, paid their way with a pair of gamecocks. A native singer, Paquita Robies, and a young Scottish singer assisted him. Having visited Peru, he again crossed the Andes and gave concerts at Havana, Vera Cruz, Tampico and Mexico. At Mexico he wrote a mass for a festival occasion. Then he went to New Orleans. Giving concerts in southern states, he finally arrived in New York, where he appeared as violinist and also as pianist.

Pougin says that in New York he married Helen Stoepel, a pianist, "a young girl of great intelligence and a rare talent." Dr. Stewart of Dublin, in his biographical sketch, does not mention this marriage. He says that in 1831 Wallace married a Miss Kelly, who died in Dublin in 1800. He also says that she accompanied him with her sister to New South Wales. Did he leave her there in the bush? However this may be, Wallace arrived in London "with his young wife," according to Pougin, in 1815. He was seen in a theatre dressed in an unusual costume. "It consisted of a white hat with a very broad brim, a complete suit of planter's nankeen and a thick stick in his hand."

Let us add that Berlioz, in his 'Soirees de l'Orchestre' gives an extraordinary account of Wallace's adventures in New Zealand as related to Berlioz by the adventurer. Berlioz knew him and described him as an "excellent, eccentric man, phlegmatic in appearance as are certain Englishmen, rash and violent at bottom as an American." "We passed together in London many half nights over a bowl of punch, busied, he in telling his strange adventures and I listening. He has carried off women, fought several duels to the injury of his adventures, and for six months he was a savage." Wallace's life with his beloved Tatea reminds one of certain pages in Herman Melville's "Typee." Nothing is said in this romantic description of Wallace's adventure—how much was due to the vivid fancy of Berlioz is not easily determined—of Miss Kelly or of Miss Stoepel.

In 1845 Wallace asked Heyward St. Leger, a friend of his youth, if he thought he could write an opera. St. Leger introduced him to Fitzball. "This is extraordinary and most fortunate," said the dramatist, "for as you knocked on the door, I was finishing an opera which I intend to call 'Maritana'; it is based on the drama of 'Don Caesar de Bazan.' Wallace played some of his compositions. Fitzball gave him then and there the first act of his libretto.

opera as we have said was an immediate success, but 'Maritana' with an atrocious libretto by Bunn, was soon forgotten. In 1849 Wallace was again in South America. On his return he went to Germany writing much piano music, and an opera that was not performed or published. He was invited to compose for the Paris Opera, but a case of ophthalmia prevented. He nearly lost his sight. Berlioz took him to Dr. Sichel, who cured him. Grove's Dictionary (revised edition) says that Wallace remained in Germany 14 years. It also states that in 1850 he was in New York, and in 1853 he returned to London. Wallace was, indeed, a remarkable man.

This is true: In 1850 he was on a steamer, the St. Louis, that blew up in this country when he was on his way from New Orleans to New York. M. Pougin says that in 1850 he became an American citizen. He put his savings in a piano factory in New York and lost them, but his concerts were lucrative, and his piano compositions brought him in a good sum. He returned to London in 1853. "Lurline" (London, 1860) was successful. Later operas were "The Amber Witch" (1861); "Love's Triumph" (1862); "The Desert Flower" (1863); "Estrella" (unfinished). Ordered by physicians to the Pyrenees, he died in 1855. M. Pougin says that he left "a desolate widow" and two sons. One might ask whether her name was Kelly or Stoepel. British Musical Biography says that he was separated from his first wife soon after marriage. Grove's Dictionary, then, is wholly in error.

On Dec. 14, 1865, a memorial concert was given in the Academy of Music, New York, in aid of Wallace's widow and children. Among those who gave their services were Mmes. Kellogg and Phillips, Theodore Thomas, W. Castle, S. C. Campbell, Richard Hoffman, S. B. Mills and members of the Liederkranz, Arion, Harmonie, Mendelssohn and New York Singing Academy societies.

The reviews of "Maritana," revived last month, are interesting. The Daily Telegraph said that the opera still retains its power of appeal to opera-lovers whose tastes are not too sophisticated. "Many a more ambitious work has died young, and turn up their noses as 'superior' folk may at the artless charm of Vincent Wallace's melodies, there must, after all, be some virtue in a work of such enduring vitality."

The Pall Mall Gazette: "For enthusiasts of the good old days it was a musical treat. For others it was an excursion, aboard Mr. Wells's Time Machine, into a country inhabited by artless, simple folk."

The Times: "Wallace with a tune

like Don Caesar with a rapier, is a 'dead thrust'; he gets you under the fifth rib every time. There is no science about it; before you can apply the rules of art he is home. It is all wrong of course. No one ought to like mawkish phrases, or saccharine sentiment, or worn-out tags, or muddy and inept accompaniments, or climax that can be foreseen a mile ahead. But there are some people whom it is pleasant to live with though they say all the wrong things, and even have quite the wrong standards, merely for their joie de vivre; they dot their own 'i's and we accept them at their own estimate. The pit and gallery were delighted, and the operatic veterans in the stalls led the clapping. Number after number was encored in the old fashion, from the overture onwards. In what other opera would this happen?"

We said last Sunday that Ben Davies made his reappearance in opera May 12 in "Maritana." The Pall Mall Gazette: "As singers go, Mr. Ben Davies is not yet correctly described as a veteran; but in opera he gives somewhat that impression, partly because he has been out of it for so many years, and partly because his methods, apart from his singing, belong to a phase of English opera that has been superseded. But 'Maritana' belongs even more intimately to that phase. Therefore Mr. Ben Davies's reappearance is due to genuine managerial inspiration."

"With reference to some remarks appearing in these notes last week apropos Mr. Ben Davies's return to the lyric stage—which occurs at the Garrick this evening in 'Maritana'—a correspondent recalls having heard the popular tenor in opera since his association with the fine theatre built by D'Oyly Carte, where he sang both in 'Ivanhoe' and Messager's 'La Basoche.' Since that time our correspondent heard him in the role of Faust at Drury Lane during an English season, and he further reminds us of Mr. Davies's appearance at Daly's, some thirteen years ago, in Franco Leoni's musical version of 'Ib and Little Christina,' in a part that suited him to a nicety, and very charmingly he sang it."—Daily Telegraph.

Apropos of this revival, the London Times published on May 12 an article on "Opera in the Forties."

"The appearance of Wallace's 'Maritana' at the Garrick Theatre tonight throws the mind back to days when, in the middle forties, English opera made a new start. The central figure was Baife, who had written half a dozen others before his great success with 'The Bohemian Girl,' and he lived to write better ones in 'The Enchantress,' which contains a suggestion for Sullivan's 'Songs of Araby' and 'Satanella,' which had a long run in the late fifties. Sim-

ilarly, Wallace's 'Maritana,' which appeared in 1845, ran for 50 nights, and its melodies became so popular that you heard them down the street on an orgie de Barbarie, or across the square on a trombone, or in a drawing room from the lips of some silken siren. Contemporaries looked askance at the bit of fugato in the overture, at the 'far-fetched' second har of Maritana's first song, and at the haphazard orchestration, and shrugged their shoulders at the lackadaisical Mr. Harrison, saying, 'tenors will be tenors'; but they liked the local color of the fortune-telling scene, the trio 'Turn on, old Time,' the duet 'of fairy wand had I the power,' and the chorus 'Pretty Gitana.' It is possible that an audience of today will find pleasure rather in a graceful and artless whole than in any particular number.

"The year of 'Maritana' saw also the first production in London of Meyerbeer's 'Robert and Huguenots,' Adam's 'Postillon de Longjumeau,' Auber's 'Le part du Diable,' Donizetti's 'Lucia,' and Verdi's 'Ernani.' One reason for this sudden blaze of glory may lie in the presence, 1843-6, of the great quartet—Grisi, Mario, Tamhurlin, Lablache. Our ancestors asked for voices, and got them. They were ready to forgive Grisi's stereotyped conception of a song and forget that Mario could not read a note, and to remember only that in 'Semiramide' she looked like a queen, and that nothing of Rubini or Duprez had gone so straight home at Mario's 'Thou shalt dash them.'

"But in bringing over what the continent had to give these singers threw down also a challenge; and this was taken up by others besides Baife and Wallace. In the next year came Loder's 'Night Dancers,' Benedict's 'Crusaders,' Macfarren's 'Don Quixote,' and Lavenue's 'Loretta.' Loder's music has a practical, English sort of sound, too clear-cut to be fanciful and too eager to be epigrammatic, and he knows how to place his voice registers, though not how to vary his harmonies. Benedict's fame rests on 'The Lily of Killarney,' but 'I'm alone,' the best thing in it, sets us wondering chiefly what Stanford would have done with the same material. Macfarren worshipped Mendelssohn, who 'lived like a hermit and worked like a horse,' and when he used any other model it was Handel, as in 'Don Quixote's' 'When Bacchus invented the bowl'; but his dramatic sense was so slight that in the second act a Bolero, a Bridal Song, an Anacreontic song, and a hymn allowed to stow the march of the story.

"The trombone and the silken siren have gone, but the tunes of 'Maritana' remain. They are not great tunes; we need not quarrel with the verdict which calls them sentimental and the solace of

Bank Holiday-makers. But tune is, after all, the thing; and the best remedy for a bad tune is to write a better one. The trouble for an operatic composer is to get breadth in the masses and to learn how many things he can dispense with, and tune is not one of them. This is, perhaps, the meaning of Sir Thomas Beecham's advice to young composers to write opera. He sees they are getting abstruse, afraid to take the obvious good where they find it, too well content with their Abana and Pharpur. In opera, more than in any other form of music, much has to be torn up as unsuitable, and the suitable cheerfully and quickly invented. That is a severe discipline, but it has its compensations. The recitative in 'Aida' that was eight times recast is balanced by an instantaneous success like 'Quando era paggio,' which, though executed by one swift stroke, stands every test to which a tune can be put. When all was ready for the production of 'Ernani' the police nearly drove the composer out of his mind with the excisions and alterations they required; on the other hand, when the fate of 'Rigoletto' hung in the balance they saved him from himself.

What is the reference to 'Sullivan's Songs of Araby'? We know the song by Frederick Clay.

Before we leave 'Maritana' let us say one word more about it. In 1902 it was staged in London journals that Wallace's sister, Mrs. Wallace-Bushelle, became a permanent resident of Sydney and its leading singer. Miss Hilda Mulligan, a grand-niece of Wallace, made her debut as a singer in Sydney in the summer of 1902.

Summing up the work of Wallace, M. Pougin: 'English opera is then dead, dead indeed, I fear; it seems to have disappeared with him that created it.' This, written in 1865, was inspired by a pessimistic article in the Musical World.

"The Bohemian Girl" was also revived by the Carl Rosa Company in London (May 19). The Pall Mall Gazette:

"A visitor from another country, unfamiliar with our musical history, must surely be amazed at last Saturday's enthusiasm for 'The Bohemian Girl,' or the preceding Saturday's welcome for 'Maritana.' Neither opera is to be compared, for instance, with 'Fra Diavola,' which both appear to have outlived, so far as this country is concerned. The tunes are good, but obvious, and the dramatic element is childish. But even their ingenuousness seems to tell in their favor just as the ingenuousness of an oleograph in a plush

frame sometimes secured it a stranger's permanent place in the affections of a household. The solution is to be found in this same clinging to a possession simply because it has been in the family a long time. And save for its disconcerting effect it is a sentiment worthy of respect."

How could this critic write of "Il Trovatore" as he did? "The artificiality of the opera is such that one wonders whether its revival, however rare, is not harmful to the cause of opera in England, where the idea that no human interest can survive being set to music has held sway too long." Tut, tut! Plish! Piffle! Likewise, go to!

The revival of Bruneau's "Attack on the Mill," by the Carl Rosa Company, called forth serious articles. The Pall Mall Gazette's opening sentences deserve quotation. "All things considered, French literature has not dealt unkindly with the Germans of 1870. Even the bitterness of Maupassant sometimes gives way to sympathy for the good Pomercanian, cast into the cauldron of war without knowing why; and in the story upon which Bruneau founded his opera the librettist, Louis Gallet, goes out of his way to make us sorry for the murdered sentry—a kindly intention that was, however, frustrated last night by the singer who took his part." The Times found fault with the English translation. The critic spoke of Zola and Bruneau: "Two intimate friends convinced each other of the truth of their aims." The outcome of this conviction, says the Times, is a great work. "Shall we ever hear the collaboration of Housman and Vaughan Williams, of Yeats and McEwen, or of Masfield and one whom we know, but must not name? . . . Acted song must be made to say such things as a poet might have said in blank verse, dropping into strophic or even rhymed form for lyrical moments and into ordinary speech for genuine comedy, as was Shakespeare's practice. Rhymed couplets are out of date; they went with cavatinas and seguidillas and other operatic lumber; and to have them revived in a translation is gratuitous mischief. We admire French; but a Frenchman loves it. And if some day we come to love English, instead of shuffling it off the tongue as if we were ashamed of it, we may be able to unite a libretto, too, instead of thinking a libretto not worth writing, and to sing it so as to tell an audience something they did not know—that English is as noble speech as the heart of man has yet devised."

To the Editor of the Herald:

One's impressions of Edouard de Reszke are necessarily tempered by doubt of the maturity of an opinion of singers who were at their greatest 20 years ago. Then, too, when we get reminiscent there is a certain glamour cast over things once seen and heard. Old men have told me that Jean de Reszke did not compare with Mario, and many now cannot forget Jean's tones even in Caruso's great moments. Yet it seems that even the kindest notices of Edouard de Reszke do not give the reader the full measure of his greatness purely as a singer—that is, as a technician producing and handling musical tones. His tone was not only of matchless resonance and beauty, but was produced with equal ease, whether high or low, and was unclouded in rapid passages. One of the few basses who never resorted to a shout, he excelled also in parlando phrases and was often able to color his tone to match the word. It is unfortunately true that he was heard after the voice was impaired. However surpassed on the imaginative side of his art by Plancon, it is certain that teachers of the day much criticised the latter for shouting. Plancon's faults of technique, if they existed, would be hidden and reputation enhanced by his magnetism, his distinguished hearing and by the refined intellectuality that most French artists inject into their work. On the other hand, it is a question whether Edouard's honhonic, while it amused the people and endeared him to them, did not conceal his true rank.

FRANK E. DOYLE.

Boston.

We do not share the opinion of our correspondent. Edouard de Reszke often shouted; witness his singing "The Call of Gold" song in "Faust." His upper tones were often taken with great difficulty; witness his laborious singing of the count's music in "The Marriage of Figaro." His "parlando" as Leporello was often halting. His voice was not impaired when he first visited Boston. Plancon never forced his tones. As a singer, pure and simple, he stood head and shoulders above the genial Edouard.—Ed.

John Drinkwater's "Anthony Crundle" was published in the New Witness:
Here lies the body of
Anthony Crundle,
Farmer, of this Parish,
Who died in 1849 at the age of 82.
"He delighted in music."
R.I.P.
And of
Susan.
For fifty-three years his wife,
Who died in 1860, aged 86.
Anthony Crundle, of Dorrington Wood,
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cedar tree:
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he was so good with stick and sword.

With cattle and laboring ewe,
Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
And played of a night to himself and Sue.

Anthony Crundle, eight-two.
The earth to till, and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day.

May providence do no worse by me;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

Notes About

the Stage, Music

and Musicians not draw, so II. B. Irving revived "The Bells" and "A Story of Waterloo" (May 19). The critics fell on the former play, although they admitted that it still has the power to "string people up into the tension from which they are glad to escape into applause." The Times said: "If Mathias were ill, or feebly-acted, the crude old piece could raise nothing but a smile or a yawn." The Daily Telegraph was a little more friendly, but it admitted that the plot shows its age, and found this obvious age a part of the fascination of the story. "It would not hold us as it does if it were not for its last century style. That throws over it a glamour which a more subtle psychology, a more studied invention could not give. . . . To some of us the tale is a piece of stage folk-lore. We can no more judge it with cold criticism than the stories which we heard in childhood." The Pall Mall Gazette was less sentimental: "We all admired Mr. Irving's magnificent effort. But one doubts if a single member of the audience was genuinely 'skeeered' by the face of Mathias in the limelight and the jangling of the sleigh bells in the wings as the good folk at the old Lyceum undoubtedly were. For one thing, it is a different world now. Hypnotism is a familiar scientific study; the only 'ghosts' we happen to be worrying about are social superstitions. Glamour of the mere black and white 'dark seance' order has to a great extent been usurped by the cinema. Even as a 'horrible tale' any letter from the front beats the murder of the Polish Jew into a cocked hat. Accordingly the play is left with just its human and artistic appeal to help it. These are something, but the real truth is only more apparent than ever that Sir Henry Irving's imagination—to be enriched later by a far higher aestheticism—gave life to a very rough and simple hearted old melodrama."

This judgment of "The Bells" is in line with that expressed by Mr. Towse in his discussion of Sir Henry Irving's art. "The character, of course, is not a great one. . . . Psychologically, it is not scientific or important." Mr. Towse adds that Irving then had such "a wealth of cunning intellectual executive resource, such infinite variation of facial play, expressive pose, gesture, and vocal inflexion, that it became fascinating, harrowing, and plausible. In later years the impersonation became somewhat feeble and overwrought, and so conveyed an impression of strain and artificiality. Actually it was always the result of artful, deliberate, theatrical calculation, a composition designed for effect, not for analysis."

It is to be regretted that in his "Sixty Years of the Theatres," a book that cannot be too highly commended, Mr. Towse does not compare the Mathias of Sir Henry with the Mathias of Coquelin. The latter impersonation, not one so melodramatic, was undoubtedly the type of the hurgomaster in the original play "Le Juif Polonais."

We saw Irving in "The Bells" at the Lyceum, London, in 1878, when his performance was fresh, vigorous, and apparently spontaneous. He played Alfred Jingle the same night.

Mme. d'Alvarez, formerly of the Boston Opera Company—how long ago it all seems!—is still singing in London. The Pall Mall Gazette said of her recital of May 17: "The combination of a dramatic temperament that has been compared with that of Duse, with one of the very best voices of its register now before the public, is enough to ensure success. What if the dramatic instinct tempts Mme. d'Alvarez to an occasional excess? It is counted as virtue in opera, and it is surely no vice in a lyric, which is often a dramatic emotion caught on the wing. In short, Mme. d'Alvarez's bag of songs was a mixed one, but her interpretations were a series of vignettes of moments of greatness." Noting the fact that she sings rarely, the reviewer wrote: "When she does she gives proof of such close work on each of her songs that one no longer wonders. To get every fraction of the emotion possible in a song like 'J'ai Pleure en reve' is not a light task. The usual rendering barely escapes being perfunctory." The Daily Telegraph states that she drew an audience of "imposing numbers"; that her style is "essentially dramatic and 'temperamental'." Even when inclined to be rather overforceful and emotional in style, she never fails to be interesting."

The Daily Telegraph mentioning the fact that Hugh Marleyn sang in half a dozen different languages, said that it would have conduced to the enjoyment of his singing "if one could have known exactly what he was singing about."

For a long time a G. . . . might be excused if . . . among his accomplishments . . . an acquaintance with Norwegian, Dutch and the Taal, as well as French, English and Italian, as to be able to understand them without the aid of a translated program."

Songs by Ratchkonoff, Kasheravoff and Pasekhalova were sung recently in London for the first time. The London Times said of Miss Kathleen Long playing Mozart's music "the best test of all." "It is not much use playing pellucid runs if you smother them all up again." After this reference to injudicious pedalling, the critic added: "And since a woman's strong point lies in fine gradations of tone, would it not be better to leave those punishing blows to men who, poor things, often do not know any better?"

An interesting item of musical news is the approaching retirement, for two years of quiet and concentrated study, of Solomon, the boy pianist. It is a sign of great promise that he should realize the necessity of this step, the neglect of which has cost so many "prodigies" the loss of all prospect of figuring among mature pianists of the front rank. His best admirers, who have seen the danger for some time, will be relieved and encouraged. Some of them are arranging to facilitate his studies, as the conditions under which he appeared until a year or so ago did not admit of these being provided for. Among his guarantors the lead is taken by Sir Lionel Phillips. Pall Mall Gazette.

The Manchester Guardian says of Bizet's "Fairy Maid of Perth" that the music is frankly emulative rather than original; "purity of style is the note of the whole opera, and saves the whole from every charge of plagiarism and of commonplace." Thus the critic disagrees with the Parisians that saw the first performance and with M. Gauthier-Villars, whose opinion we quoted last Sunday.

Austin de Croze has collected "The Beautiful Folk Songs of the Stricken Provinces of France," published by A. H. Butler & Co., St. Leonards-on-Sea. "The songs, harmonized by Gustave Ferrari, are chosen from Alsace, Lorraine and Champagne. To each section of the book is prefixed a short history (with map) of the province concerned, so that the young singer's imagination is stirred in every possible way. But that desir-

able end is best attained by the songs themselves. They are all beautiful and all admirably set; and they cover a wide range of styles. No school music master can afford to neglect such a collection, and no member of his tribe should omit to notice that this volume is only the first set of the first book. Mr. de Croze is fortunate in the moment of publication. He has clearly been an enthusiastic missionary in the cause of the music that he loves, for this first set of songs has been bought for use in no fewer than 185 schools. That is an encouraging beginning. But it is only a beginning. The list of public schools, for instance, which are adopting this book is by no means exhaustive, and the gaps in it ought to be filled without delay. Because, to put it as briefly as possible, this little nucleus of a coming collection is a storehouse of things that are good without reserve and without qualification."

Miss Fillpova in London: "Her singing rang true. There was none of the forced passion, the prolongation of a high note or the affected tremble of the voice which we are compelled only too often in this country to associate with operatic singing."

The London public apparently did not care for H. B. Irving's "Hamlet," or perhaps the tragedy itself, for he dropped it and revived "The Bells," of which we speak elsewhere today. The London Daily Chronicle was moved to say: "Had London rejected 'Hamlet' in 1602 as she has rejected it in 1917, we should lack today the richest treasures of our Shakespearean heritage. He wrote the tragedy to tide him over the paramount crisis of his life. The competition between the Boy Actors and the adult companies was at its height. Recruited from the choirs of the Chapels Royal, the boys created a furore. Ben Jonson wrote his 'Cynthia's Revels' and 'Poetaster' specially for them. Shakespeare and the elders found their occupation all but gone, the children were beating their seniors out of doors. 'Hamlet' was to be despair's last journey. Happily, it mightily prevailed. It established the ascendancy of its author and of the adult actors, who had afterwards nothing to fear. But if it had failed, as it has just failed at the Savoy! All unwritten were: 'Othello,' 'Measure for Measure,' 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'Timon of Athens,' 'Pericles,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Tempest' and 'Henry VIII.' Desperate fellows, these histrionic choristers. Still, they, and not women, were the Juliets, Cleopatras and Lady Macbeths of Shakespeare casts. The youngsters 'hoyed out the greatness' of all his feminine roles."

"Strings," the "American" comedy by George Nelson and Velsor Smith, was performed in England for the first time at Manchester (the Prince's Theatre), May 21.

"The Quilter: an Episode of a Year Ago," by Sewell Collins was produced as one play of a triple bill at the Kings-

representatives of the Chicago Tribune and the New York World. So, cursing all these men, he puts on his R. A. M. C. uniform again and takes the boat to Boulogne. The sketch deals with the horrors of war. George Elton's acting was highly praised. "Luck of War" by Gwen John, on the same bill, "invests a rather conventional melodramatic plot with satisfying probability, owing to the fact that it is woven around a soldier's wife, whose husband, having been reported missing, is assumed dead, marries again, only to be faced with his return from the front, safe but mutilated, shortly after the ceremony has taken place." The returning soldier says to the man who has temporarily supplanted him, "Let bygones be bygones." "The authoress has sold a good deal about the working of the separation allowance and pension system, in mitigation of the conduct of Ann."

"A Pair," in one act, by "Henry Seton" and Randal Roberts, was produced at the Ambassadors, London, May 15. It is described as ingeniously contrived and neatly constructed. "Gilbert Forrester and Elizabeth, his wife, had been married long enough to forget all about their wedding day. So they were much disconcerted when the servants remembered the anniversary, and bestowed upon them affectionate presents. This is notion number one, and its fun was new and lively. Now Mr. and Mrs. Forrester had forgotten not only their wedding, but any ardent affection which they might ever have had. Each tranquilly left the other alone, confident of fidelity, and not considering it necessary to be exclusively faithful. But they liked each other, and kept up appearances prettily, so each pretended to have remembered the wedding anniversary, and to have duly ordered a present, which would arrive later. So we pass to notion number two, which is about a private room in the Hotel Paradis. There Mr. Forrester had been wont to go, and so the head waiter, retiring into private life, offered, indeed insisted, upon selling him a vase from the mantelpiece of that private room for £200. Blackmail? Not at all. The sale of a genuine 'antique.' So Mr. Forrester, grumbling and swearing, went off to get the money. Then came in Mrs. Forrester, and—ar you surprised?—recognized the waiter. She, too, had been in that private room, and he knew her well. Instantly he sold her the companion vase for all the cash she had about her. And then husband and wife affectionately presented each to the other as the wedding day gifts those two vases. The end, you see, is not quite so fresh as the beginning, but it is worked out so adroitly and with such fertile invention of comic detail that it was excellent fun." Our old friend, Lennox Pawle took the part of the waiter.

"Circumstances have up till now prevented me from reviewing 'La Vieille d'Armes,' the successful play by MM. Claude Farrere and L. Nepoty. It is practically the only war play that has won any favor with the public, and this is due to the strong impression of clever spectacular and dramatic effects rather than to the development of any ethical thesis. Of course the play is well written. One could not expect less from the collaboration of such a popular novelist as M. Farrere and so talented a playwright as M. Nepoty.

"De la Croix de Carfax, commander of the battleship Alma, is giving a farewell dinner to his wife and brother officers, on board ship, the night before sailing, at the outbreak of the war. He is 50, his wife, Jeanne, only 23, so we are not surprised when Brambourg, a young officer, makes violent love to her. She repulses him with scorn, but we learn that she has an 'affair' with his brother officer d'Arteles. The latter begs her to pretend she is leaving on the launch, but in reality to remain on the ship with him, that last night. She gives way to this rather surprising request. Meanwhile her aged husband confides his unhappiness at her want of affection to d'Arteles—of all people—in a somewhat hesitating scene.

"Of course next morning the ship sails before the lovers are aware of it and Jeanne is trapped. She must lie hidden in d'Arteles's stateroom until they reach port. But an enemy's battleship is sighted and in the third act from the Alma's bridge we get a striking and a vivid picture of the engagement itself. The Alma sinks her adversary, but is sent to the bottom in turn. Jeanne is saved by a devoted sailor of d'Arteles, but the latter and all the ship's crew except her commander and Brambourg are drowned. The commander is court-martialled for the loss of his ship, and things are going hard with him for want of a witness, since Brambourg has lost his memory, when Jeanne comes forward, confessing all she had seen of the fight from d'Arteles's stateroom. The commander is acquitted and forgives his young wife.

M. HARRIS, Editor of the Dramatic Mirror, and sharply outlined history of the commander and M. H. Harris, Cande, Margot, Vainy and Fontera make up a thoroughly homogeneous cast. Madeleine Lely is simple and taking as Jeanne. The battle scene is extraordinarily thrilling and impressive."—Paris Correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror.

Anton Chekhov's "Wedding" was produced in London at the Grafton Galleries, May 14. The audience is supposed to witness a marriage supper given in honor of a happy couple. "The company is composed of the most heterogeneous elements, the principal aim of the guests being seemingly to out-roar each other. In order to impress the company the bride's father has arranged with the proprietor of the restaurant to procure the presence of a general. Twenty-five roubles is the price fixed, and, as may be guessed, the money never passes out of the hands of the hotel keeper. In due course the general arrives, but he, too, although ignorant of the fact, is a sham, holding no more exalted a position than that of a sailor in the imperial volunteer fleet. Shamed and humiliated, the old man, when the truth is made known, steals out of the room completely broken in spirit." The Times reviewed the play as follows: "Our English lower middle class manners are not perfect. Possibly even in London wedding parties get tipsy and quarrelsome. But they do not behave like this wedding party, to study whose ways does not bring us much nearer to understanding Russian life. The din these people make may not be true to type, though it is certainly lively to watch. But it all leaves one gasping 'What people! What manners!' The drunken old father, the midwife in scarlet who cries out for poetry and atmosphere, the young Greek who drives, the surly bridegroom, the unhappy red-headed telegraphist who cannot say a word without every one jumping down his throat—what people, what manners! It simply cannot be true, as a Russian very likely might say that a stage picture of English lower middle-class life simply could not be true. . . . The old boy (the supposed general) was a terrible bore at table, but his fine indignation on learning how he came to be in the house of these strangers was welcome as the one breath of sincere feeling in the play."

June 11 1917

MME. FARRAR'S REMARK

Mme. Geraldine Farrar, who is a ready talker, discussed art, men, and other things, in a railway station of Chicago, as she was on her way to California. At least some one reported her conversation, and she has not contradicted the report, although, unlike other singers, she may be averse to publicity. "She decried the false economy of cutting out lobster and caviar just because there is a war. 'Somebody has to eat lobster and caviar.' And so there are men who now drink champagne freely and to the detriment of their clock-work, arguing that France is sorely in need of money."

Now caviar is an acquired taste, as was shown long ago by the familiar saying in "Hamlet." Old Venner in his treatise, "Vla Recta ad Vitam Longam," spoke of this "sauce which begins to be in use with us, such vain affectors are we of novelty. It is prepared of the spawn of sturgeon; the very name doth well express its nature, that it is good to beware of it. But this and all other noisome sauces, devised only to allure the stomach and palat to meats and drinks, a leave to the beastly and Bacchanalian meetings of drunkards and African belly-gods." A coarse Italian proverb also shows the contempt in which caviar was long held.

Mme. Farrar might say that by eating caviar she encourages a home industry, for very little caviar now comes from Russia; and that commands an exorbitant price. She reasons, as other lovers of luxuries, that extravagance in dress, jewelry, food and drink maintains many in employment. This is good as far as it goes. Simpler dress, less costly jewels, eatables and drinkables would still require workwomen and workmen. If any should lose their jobs, there is a loud demand for men and women in other fields.

Sensible and patriotic people are endeavoring to be economical, but not extravagantly economical. They refuse to buy things that would be luxuries in time of peace. They endeavor to avoid waste in the household where they contend with re-

lent eatables in the kitchen. Our hard efforts will not be persuaded or commanded. The higher the price of potatoes, the more they want them. They laugh at any substitute, rice, hominy, samp. Their scorn is the more exasperating because few of them know how to cook such substitutes.

The Herald recently spoke of Anne Turner as the inventor of yellow starch. Strutt in his "Dresses and Habits" would take the honor away from her. We quote from "The Narrative History of King James" (1651) in "Somerset's Tracts": "Mistress Anne Turner, whose sentence was to be hanged at Tyburn in her yellow ruff and cuffs, being she was the first inventor and wearer of that horrid garb." Collier in a note to "Pierce Penniless": "blue starch was used for stiffening ruffs, etc., and seems to have preceded yellow starch, which was in the highest fashion in the reign of James I. Mrs. Turner, who was executed for being concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, was a maker of it."

Mr. Francis Watt, in that delightful book, "The Law's Lumber Room," says that she invented the yellow starch; "and my Lord Coke with a fine sense of the picturesque ordained her to hang in the yellow Tinny Ruff and Cuff." She dressed the part gallantly, says Mr. Watt, quoting from some old account; "her face was highly rouged, and she wore a cobweb lawn ruff, yellow starched." The hangman in her honor put on yellow bands and cuffs, but he tied her hands with a black silk ribbon she had provided, as well as a black veil for her face." Being turned off, she seemed to die quietly. But yellow starch went hopelessly out of fashion."

And to think that this noble dame has no page devoted to her in the "National Dictionary of Biography!"

Still in Ignorance.

Some one asked: Who invented the "biled" shirt? As yet we have not received an answer. Dr. Cabanes in his "Indiscretions de l'Histoire" has examined into the date of the first night-shirt. Who was the first man in Boston to don pyjamas in the place of a "nighty"?

"Peeler."

"J. D. K." asks whether policemen were ever called peelers in New England. They certainly were in New Haven, Ct., in the Seventies. "Cop" and "peeler" were then interchangeable terms for the sworn foe of Yale students. "J. D. K." calls attention to the fact—he quotes the Useful Brewer—that the word now applied to a thief catcher was applied in the 16th century to robbers. Yes, O worthy Brewer, and it was the meaning as far back as the 14th century, but the word was also spelled "piller" and in other ways. The Herald has discussed the origin of "peeler." Mrs. Stowe in "Old Town Folks" uses "peeler" as an energetic term: "She was spoken of with applause as a slaver, a 'peeler,' a roarer to work." In western Massachusetts, in the Sixties, "peeler" was a high term of praise, perhaps as eulogistic as "corker."

"J. D. K." writes: "There is an old Irish song about the Banshee Peelers, who one dark night arrested a goat by mistake. The goat is made to say:

Meg-a-ge-g-ge, let go my leg.
Or I'll give you a pick of my horn.

This word "puck" meaning a blow, especially one with the horns of a goat, is heard in Lancashire, Eng., and America, as well as in Ireland. "Peeler" in dialect has several meanings: a crab that has cast its shell; a plant that impoverishes the ground; a crowbar; a round iron bar for making the holes in which hop-poles are placed; a baker's shovel.

A Backwoods Song.

As the World Wags:

Many years ago I was one of a sleigh riding party, engaged in the important work of inspecting the turnpike roads on the island of Montreal. It was in the depth of winter. The tour of inspection was made by short stages, the completion of each stage being marked by a gathering for consultation at the nearest house of public entertainment. Some members of the party showed so little sense of the seriousness of the duties they had undertaken as to make these halts occasions for exercises of a purely convivial nature. One gentleman in particular persisted in leading in song at every stopping place, and others joined with great good will in the choruses. The most popular of the songs,

indeed I think it was the only one, had reference to backwoods life, or something like that. I think it began with the original words, "Come all ye," but I may be mistaken. However, I remember the refrain ran partly like this:

If you can eard and spin,
We can plough and hoe,
And we'll ride through the wild woods
And hunt the buffalo.

Can you, or any of your readers, supply the text of the song? J. K. Boston.

The Household Doctor.

"Earth worms slit and censed, and wash from their slimy and earthy matter (halfe a dozen of them, at the least) and cut in peeces or chopped, and a good measure of potage made thereof with Otemesse and water, and so much every meale and water, and so much every day eaten by them that have the blacke jaundies, for the space of twelve dayes or longer; no doubt it will perfectly cure them thereof, though it bee never so long rooted, or thought to be past cure. Or else a spoonfull of the powder made of them in March, or any other time when you can get them taken every day so long in a little draught of any drink; so long in a little draught of any drink; so long in a little draught of any drink. This is very true, and hath bene often-times proved. It hath helpt some in fewer or five daies."

Astor's Staircase.

The rise of the ex-American, William Waldorf Astor, in the English aristocratic order reminds us of a little story told in London. It seems that in his mansion—or does he call it a palace?—Astor has a staircase, all of malachite. At a dinner, given, probably, in honor of this staircase, he took out an authentic duchess. To his annoyance she did not notice the malachite or refer to it. Finally he called her attention to it. "Yes," she replied. "We, too, have a staircase in our castle. It is not of malachite; it is of wood; but it has been shipped by the spurs of crusaders."

June 12 1917

THE COPLEY

By PHILIP HALE.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Man Who Stayed at Home," a play in three acts by Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry, produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, Dec. 10, 1914; transferred to the Apollo Theatre, London, March 20, 1916. Produced in New York as "The White Feather" at the Comedy Theatre, New York, Feb. 5, 1915; in Boston at the Plymouth Theatre, Sept. 6, 1915.

John Preston, J. P., H. Conway Wingfield Miss Myrtle, Florence Leclercq
Fraulen Schroeder, Beatrice Miller
Percival Pennycook, Leonard Craske
Daphne Kidlington, Lillian Woodard
Molly Preston, Doris Sawyer
Fritz, Fred W. Ferman
Miriam Lee, Phyllis Ralph
Christopher Brent, Leon Gordon
Mrs. Sanderson, Jessamine Newcombe
Carl Sanderson, Camerun Matthews
Corporal Atkins, J. Casler-West

When this play was produced at the Plymouth Theatre with the title "The White Feather," Mr. Gordon took the part of Pennycook and Albert Brown the part of Christopher. It is hardly necessary to tell again the story. Christopher, in the secret service of England, thwarts the plot of Germans at an English seaside boarding house. These Germans are cunning: the mistress of the boarding house, Miss Schroeder, who had lived in England for 20 years, Carl in the British admiralty, Fritz the butler, all devoted to the fatherland, ready to die for the Kaiser. Christopher plays the silly ass, is accused of cowardice and at last of being a German spy. There is a pleasing blend of comedy and melodrama, with a concealed wireless apparatus, carrier pigeons, flash lights, bomb, revolvers, dictograph, what not. There are plots and counter-plots; and through them all Christopher is imperturbable, silly when it is necessary for him to play the fool, simple and natural with the girl Molly, who believes in him, although his behavior is mysterious, swift and terribly in earnest with his fellow spy Miriam, manly and heroic in the last scene with Carl. No wonder that the play had a long run in London. If one is surprised that jesting was acceptable to the English in a play that deals with England's danger, there are the cartoons of the soldier Bainsfather, picturing humorously life in the trenches. The play is singularly appropriate at this time; it was particularly so last night when the evening journals carried the news of a spy in the navy department of this country.

The play is, indeed, entertaining, without regard to present conditions. Curiosity is at once excited; the interest is maintained throughout. It is a pleasure to add that the performance was excellent in many ways, and greatly enjoyed by an audience that filled the house completely. The play should have a long and prosperous run.

Mr. Gordon put another feather in his cap, but not the white feather offered to him in scorn by pretty Miss Woodard. That he could play the silly ass with a monocle was taken for granted; he has shone in similar roles before this; but the transition between the cheerful idiot and the alert secret service man was deftly made. The character of the man was changed, not merely the voice; not merely the outward bearing. There was strength in the more stirring moments; there was finesse in the whole impersonation.

But Mr. Gordon was not the only one that deserves praise. Miss Ralph, a new comer, was a fascinating Miriam, spirited in her work with Christopher, seductive and convincing in the scene with Carl. Miss Sawyer was pleasingly ingenious as the trustful Molly. Miss Miller's make-up, facial play and speech as the viperish German old maid took us back to pension life in Berlin. Miss

Newcomb was sufficiently light-toned as the German widow masquerading as Mrs. Sanderson, while Miss Leclercq was amusing in an eccentric part. The men in the company were adequate. Mr. Permain's butler was carefully conceived. Mr. Matthews would easily have passed for a German with a good command of English. Mr. Wingfield gave one a good idea of a blustering justice of the peace, a type that has figured in English novels and in Punch, but would he not be still more effective if he were to be vocally more moderate?

Of late he has been given to roaring. The play is in three acts, and they are not long, yet the final curtain did not fall until after 11 o'clock. There was no need of this.

Over 20 years ago Jules Lemaitre, discussing the play "Magda," wrote: "As German Socialists continue to love their Kaiser, the insurgents of German literature continue in submission to the chains of tradition. At bottom the spirit of revolt is not in this people. Alas! it is perhaps so much the better for this folk."

Nobly Planned.

The inscription on a tombstone in the churchyard of St. Giles's Matlock (Eng.) is of interest in these days when women are filling the places of men.

Here lies romantic Phoebe,
Half Ganymede, half Hebe,
A maid of mutable condition,
A jockey, cowherd and musician.

According to the historian Hutton, this Phoebe Brown "undertakes any kind of manual labor, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the barn, using the flail; but her chief avocation is breaking horses at a guinea per week. She is fond of Popo and Shakespeare, is a self-taught and capable instrumentalist, and supports the bass viol in Matlock Church." The same writer says that she could lift one hundredweight in each hand and carry fourteen score. She could sew, knit, cook and spin, "while possessing every accomplishment to the female character except modesty." She never knew fear. "She gave no affront, but offered to fight any man who gave her one." The excellent Phoebe departed this life in 1854 when she was 84 years old.

Early Schooling.

How many of our bright-eyed boys in school, seniors in college, grown-up protectionists or free traders, know how Canada was so named? We could not have answered the question for a wilderness of monkeys, trained or natural. But the Rev. Isaac Taylor, in "Words and Places," comes to the rescue. "Canada is the enchorial word for a village. When the French explorers first sailed up the St. Lawrence, it would seem that, pointing to the land, they asked its name, while the natives thought they required the name given to the collected wigwams on the shore, and replied, 'Canada.'" "Enchorial" sent us to the dictionary.

Looking back on school life in our little village, we are convinced that our lessons in geography and American history were superficial, ridiculously superficial. For a year or two we knew the date of the erection of the first block house in New England and we believed that the French were "a gay people, fond of dancing, silks, laces and light wines." The country that was pictured in the most brilliant color on the map was the one that chiefly interested us. Russia was known to us by a picture of persons in a sleigh pursued by wolves. We were under the impression that Italians spent their time in dancing the tarantella, when they were not running away from lava pouring down the sides of a volcano. Are these "branches of education" better taught today?

Submarine Instruction.

The men of the American destroyers have something to learn from our fellows as to the avoidance of submarines. Before the war we ourselves had need of teaching. At manoeuvres, up beside an admiral's ship popped a submersible. "I have taken the liberty of torpedoing you, sir," reported the lieutenant. "You be d—d!" sweetly replied the admiral. Lieutenant, under weight of comminatory metal, dived, to reappear on the other side. "Torpedoed you again, sir." "You be d—d again." Damned and diving seven times, our man morally riddled his admiral's vessel, then homeward sailed rejoicing.—London Daily Chronicle.

Balfour in Service.

London journals tell us of incidents in Mr. Balfour's early life that were not mentioned when he was last in this country. It seems that in our civil war he supported the northern cause. There was a cotton famine in Lancashire. The Balfours did their own work at home and gave to relief funds the sum saved in servants' wages. Mr. Balfour cleaned the boots and knives and worked in the vegetable garden. His sisters did the cooking.

This reminds us of a story attributed to Lincoln, perhaps not known to the younger generation. Some Englishman at Washington said contentment is a

The Star Spangled Banner, (4 times)
 Two Norwegian dances, (4 times)
 Selection, "Egde" (4 times) Rubins
 Selection, "Egde" (4 times) Herbert
 Selection, "Egde" (4 times) Holy Ede

BREAD EXTRA

Mr. James W. Gerard some days ago suggested that there should be an extra charge for bread and rolls in restaurants and hotel dining rooms. "This would mean an enormous saving of wheat for the allies." "Enormous" is here perhaps an enormous word, but the extra charge would be of some service.

There is no doubt that bread is foolishly, one might say, wickedly wasted, and not only by high-spirited college students throwing it in a dining hall at their fellows or at some passing visitor. In an English town a few weeks ago a woman who had gayly tossed some bread, about four pounds of it, into a dust-bin, was fined £5. or sentenced to prison for two months. On the other hand, in a London restaurant the controller's injunction to economize is followed by placing baskets of bread on the table and allowing the customer to take what he wants for a penny. Inconsistency is not confined to the doings of the censor.

It is a question whether an extra charge for bread would seriously disturb many Americans. It would not affect those who are trying to "keep their figure." The man in the song, who was refused bread with one fish-ball, was probably more annoyed by the publicity of the refusal than by the refusal itself. The stuffing one's self with bread between courses is not only fattening, it is an aesthetic solecism. The palate is blunted; the next dish is not fully appreciated. Yet the epicure Charles Astor Bristed insisted that at the ideal dinner there should be plenty of bread, and an individual carafe of water near each guest. The French are great bread-eaters, while it is said that Englishmen eat less bread and more meat than most civilized races, and this has long been so, for a French traveler at the end of the 18th century estimated that an amount of bread which would scarcely be enough for a Frenchman of ordinary appetite would suffice three hungry Englishmen. As the art of making good bread is not generally known in England, there is an explanation of the comparatively small consumption

We read that German jokes, "which have been the mainstay" of the comedians at the Century Theatre, Los Angeles, have had their day. "With the advent of the war, the jokes have lost favor with the public, and the business dwindled to nothing."

This takes us back to the old days when no vaudeville, or variety show, as it was then called, was complete without a "German comedian." We see him now with wooden shoes galumphing over the stage, with a thick cheese and sausage pie, and singing in a hoarse voice his "Was Ist" the audience roared, when he mentioned sauerkraut strong men beat their sides. Would the Rogers brothers repeat their success today? Would even J. K. Emmett be applauded, graceful and fascinating as he was in his early years? As for that matter, would Tony Pastor be a drawing card, or Milt G. Barlow "in his great impersonation of the acid contraband?"

German Measles.

The deaths and permanent, resulting, injuries from measles are appalling, and the danger of its infection can be judged from the recent thousand cases in Toledo alone. So the Lord deliver us from measles, frankly such or "German." CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Mr. Aab adds, "Please give the dates of Mr. Herkimer Joinsie's arrival on wagging the ears and of the subsequent letters, so that I may purchase copies. No one seems yet to have mentioned the occasional connection between poverty and hysteria." (See Mr. Aab's "Prolongation of Life," p. 25.) "One of the pleasures of the court was to see the Empress Marie Louise take her turn on itself." (The *Duchesse d'Angoulême's* "Mémoires," cited in *Chabrous's* *Conférences de Médecine*, p. 239.) This is an estimate that more pronounced than is known, which is merely the ordinary characterizing.

Mr. Johnson's letter was published in the Herald of May 5. Other letters on the interesting subject of wagging ears were published in the Herald of May 22. Letters written by Mr. John H. Carrick and "Auriferus Erebus" of May 2 (by "Wigwag"), June 1 (by "A. M. P.

Pockets and Tobacco.

It is said in London that the "fashion" of smoking is becoming so increasingly popular among women, who are now taking to pipes, is that women for the first time in memory are providing themselves with pockets on a lavish scale. With ample pocket room one of the great difficulties of women smokers—where to keep matches and cigarettes (not to mention pipes and pouch)—has been overcome.

Close observers have informed us that some women carry cigarettes and matches where other women are in the habit of secreted money. Perhaps some member of the Society for Physical Research can tell us whether this information is well founded. Intelligent apes have been taught to smoke. If we have heard of the boxing kangaroo. If the kangaroo could learn to smoke he could carry his pipe and tobacco bag over his shoulder. He could carry a tin of a box of cigars in his natural and thoughtfully provided pocket.

Who Cares?

"Rhine wine prices soar." Let them. Even stout German consumers have assured us that daily drinking of white Rhine wines does great harm to the kidneys.

A STATUE TO HEINE.

To the Editor of the Herald.
Your editorial "New Jersey Chauvin-
ists" of June 8 was too good to have
it marred by any inaccuracy. Therefore,
permit me to make note, that at last,
within very recent years, a statue was
erected to Iloine at Frankfort-on-the-
Main. George Kolbe is the sculptor
JOSEPH AND SCHOLL

Wilmington, June 10.

TERESA CARRENO

Any review of the extraordinarily long and brilliant career of Mme. Carreno, whose death is reported, brings up a question in art. Mme. Carreno for many years was numbered among the Amazons of the piano, with Miss aus der Ohe and Mme. Sophie Menter. They, and there were others, were uncommonly virile in performance. The three mentioned were conspicuous for force, brilliance and a demoniacal spirit.

Saint-Saëns, reviewing an orchestral score of Augusta Holmes, remarked: "Women are curious when they seriously concern themselves

erth and the great attraction of her personality to men, and the fact that she was a woman, to show that she was really, not reflectively, that woman. This anxiety reveals the woman. You may say that the fascinating Mme. Carreno was not a woman. She has four husbands and five children. In private life she was eminently womanly. Yet as a pianist she was conspicuous for qualities that are commonly supposed to be the prerogatives of the male.

There are male pianists who have the caressing and wooing touch that one might think peculiar to women. In their art; Vladimir de Pachmann is a noteworthy example; but he and others have shown on occasion that they, too, could storm and dazzle. Is it that "the mother" predominates in their nature? Rubinstein could thunder and lighten in the concert hall, but he could also "roar you at a girl as any sucking dove." No one since has surpassed him in delicate and intimate appeal when the music makes these demands.

Or is it that, after all, as some

travelers and anthropologists insist a woman is inherently the stronger. Swinburne, considering the comparative influence of women on the literature and work of Dryden and Pope, remarked in one of his long, highly colored and surging sentences that the "weaker" sex "has given the nation and crowning proof of its unquestionable superiority in strength by its truly preternatural success in persuading the weaker half of humanity to call and perhaps to believe it the stronger." Perhaps, then, the Amazons of the piano are faithless to their sex in allowing males to see that a supposedly gentle woman can equal them in virtuoso force. The answer is that true, convincing, irresistible virility includes a capacity for infinite tenderness.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, whose death is reported, played the piano for the first time in Boston in Music Hall on Jan. 2, 1863, when she was in her 10th year. Mathilde Phillippis sang. Mme. Carreno played here for the last time in Symphony Hall on Dec. 10, 1916, when she was nearly 63 years old. Louis Graveure sang at this concert.

She was the daughter of a milster of finance at Caracas, Venezuela. A revolution drove the family to New York. At the age of 9 Teresa played the piano at a concert in the Academy of Music for her benefit. Mme. d'Angri, Castle, the tenor, Campbell, the bass, Theodore Thomas and others took part. When she appeared in Boston she was described as "a child of 9 years with fine head and face full of intelligence, Spanish looking. . . . Her playing would charm even if she were not a child." John Dwight wrote of her: "The child's face beams with intelligence and genius. These speak, too, in her touch, in a certain untaught life that there is in her playing. It is a precious gift. O true! it reverently and tenderly, educate I save it, and not let the temptation of dazzling success or gain exhaust it of its prime. . . . There can be no doubt of real talent here: may it only have wise training, and not be early wasted before public! It is too precious for continual exposure. Such gifts are of God, and not to be prostituted for mere gain."

Mr. Dwight's prayer was richly answered. Teresa's first teachers were her father, Julio Hoheune, and Gottschalk. She went to Paris where she studied with Georges Matthias, a pupil of Chopin. In 1866 she achieved success in Paris by playing at a concert given by Vivier, an extraordinary horn player, and a still more extraordinary man, whose pranks amused Napoleon the Little, and his court. Vivier wrote a little book, a compilation of stupid commonplaces that one hears in the street, as a guest, as a host, in all walks of life. Paul Smith in a Paris journal described Teresa at that time as "beautiful as a Calatea just leaving the chrysalis of a new Pygmalion." For many years she was a radiant handsome.

Later Teresa took lessons of Rubinstein. She played in European countries for six years and sang the part of the Queen of Navarre in "The Huguenots" in England. When she returned to Boston she was a member of a concert company that included Carlotta Patti, Annie Louise Cary, Mario, the tenor, Boncompagni, the baritone, and Emile Sautet, violinist, whom she married in 1876. She then took the part of Zelmira in "Don Giovanni" at the Boston Theatre. The career of this remarkable woman is known to all her trumpet players of Europe and America.

... was the first of a series of ...
... the battle of ...
... These ... were divorced ...
... to 1895 she was the wife of the ...
... the divorce she said good-naturedly ...
... from him she had learned much ...
... the interpretation of Beethoven ...
... her last husband was Arthur Taglia ...
... with whom she lived happily ...
... Ranked among the great pianists of ...
... the world, she sang in opera, and once ...
... in Venezuela she not only managed an ...
... Italian opera company, but for three ...
... weeks conducted the performances. She ...
... composed a string quartet, many piano ...
... pieces, and the music of the National ...
... Hymn of Venezuela. Before 1889 she ...
... was considered a fascinating pianist; ...
... after that year she developed a broader ...
... style; her interpretations were of a ...
... more thoughtful, deeper nature. For a ...
... time she was conspicuous chiefly for ...
... brilliance, dash, a demoniacal energy. ...
... In her later years before age compelled ...
... prudence and cooled her virtuoso blood ...
... she retained these qualities, while her ...
... performance of the greater compositions ...
... was on a higher and a nobler plane.

A Disappointing Flag.

The latest wheeze of Mr. Oliver Herford is thus reported. At the Players', New York, it is the custom as in certain clubs of this city, to display a club flag at half mast when a member dies. Mr. Herford recently seeing a display of this nature, remarked to a friend: "I have been a member of the Players for many years. I have never seen this flag hung out for the right man."

Whale Meat.

The department of commerce advises us to eat whale and live cheaper. We are reminded that whales and porpoises are mammals and their flesh is meat not fish. "In texture, appearance and taste they resemble beef, though the color is darker red."
A word to those thinking of buying a whale for home consumption and hanging it in the woodshed or back yard: Read Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." You will then know that at least one Nantucket whaler insisted that whale steaks should be served nearly raw, if not bleeding.

June 15 1917

Passing the provision shops, one is struck by the large bunches of asparagus, with fat stalks, "native grass," and one considers the cost; but the biggest asparagus is not always the best. Brillat-Savarin once saw a great bunch in Paris marked f.40. He said to the vendor: "Hardly any one but a prince or a king could eat that asparagus." To which the woman replied: "You are wrong; bunches like this never enter palaces where they wish what is fine and not what is magnificent."

Let no one be shocked because the Greek or the Italian puts out the sign "native grass." It is true that Dialect Notes of this country says that the abbreviation of "sparrow grass" is common among grocers, but the abbreviation was in good usage in England nearly 200 years ago. It is in one of Hood's poems:

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Tossed it just like a haymaker at work.

And in another poem of Hood's, "A Public Dinner," we find:

You then make a cut on
Some Lamb big as Mutton;
And ask for some grass too
But that you must pass too;
It served the first twenty;
But toast there is plenty.

It is "grass," not sparrow grass, not asparagus in "Bleak House."

There is a delightful note in John Walker's "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" (London, 1931): "Asparagus. This word is vulgarly pronounced 'sparrowgrass.' It may be observed that such words as the vulgar do not know how to spell, and which convey no definite idea of the thing, are frequently changed by them into such words as they do know how to spell, and which do convey some definite idea. The word in question is an instance of it; and the corruption of this word into 'sparrowgrass' is so general that 'asparagus' has an air of stiffness and pedantry."

Garden and Table.

It is said that those whose gardens are near the sea grow the best asparagus; that seaweed is one of the best manures for it. Mr. Herkimer Johnson some years ago boasted to us of wild asparagus growing on his few acres at Clamport. "I am looking after it, old top," he addressed us thus familiarly after he had been drinking a few glasses of nigger-head rum from Barbados, sent to him by a brother sociologist. "Come down next June and I'll have a fine dish for you." June came, and Mr. Johnson called at the office. "How about that asparagus?" Mr. Johnson answered: "There's no use in trying to raise anything down there. Last summer I was growing some corn—only a few stalks, to be sure—and some vegetables. I was rather proud of the little patch, and when some visitors

... I had told them about my ...
... garden and I led the way. When we ...
... were there, nothing but ruin and desola ...
... tion. A tramp cow of a Portuguese had ...
... crunched and gobbled everything above ...
... ground. The asparagus would have been ...
... all right, but some rude village boys ...
... were on the ground before I opened my ...
... cottage."

We read in a newspaper that devotes space to questions of etiquette that asparagus is now eaten with a fork, "the eatable portion of it being easily separated from the woody part of the stalk with that implement." The writer adds: "A few years ago there was a sort of mania for eating asparagus with the fingers. It was a messy business, at best, and the fashion soon died a natural death. This was followed by asparagus tongs." We have seen these tongs, as we have seen green corn holders, but we disdained to use them. The "eatable portion" of asparagus is not easily separated with a fork. A knife should not be used; nor should a haked potato ever be cut with a knife. The only way to eat asparagus is to take each stalk boldly with two fingers, then

throw the head well back, insert the stalk in the mouth, lower gracefully and munch. If the stalk is worth eating at all, only a little butt remains to be put on the plate. A good many years ago *Vie Parisienne* published a pleasing double page picture showing how noble dames and other dames of France ate asparagus.

We read also that the fork should be used for eating small vegetables, such as peas and beans. Again we differ respectfully. Peas that are fit to eat are fresh from a garden; they are cooked with a small piece of salt pork; they are seasoned; they are dished into a saucer; they are eaten with a spoon. Unfortunately we have not eaten peas deserving the name since we visited grandpa in the late sixties in a little village of Windsor county, Vermont.

The Buffalo Song.

As the World Wags:
I think the following may be the song inquired for by "J. K." in your column of June 11th:

THE BUFFALO.

Come all you men and maidens as wishes for
to sail,
And I soon will let you quickly hear of where
you must roam.
We'll embark into a ship, which her topsails
is let fall,
And all unto an island and never more go
home.
Especially you ladies that's anxious for to rove,
There's fishes in the sea, my love, likewise
the buck and doe.
We'll lie down on the banks of some pleasant
shady grove,
Thro' the wildwoods we'll wander, and we'll
chase the buffalo, and we'll chase the
buffalo.
Thro' the wild woods we'll wander, and we'll
chase the buffalo.

This may be found, with the air, in "Sea Songs, Ships and Shanties," collected by W. B. Whall, master mariner, third edition, published by James Brown & Son, Glasgow, 1913. The editor says of it: "This was a great favorite 60 years ago, but is much older than that. It was said to be an old buccaneer song. The first verse is all I know."

Boston. GEORGE C. WALES.
We are also indebted to Mr. L. G. Miller, who quotes the verse from the same volume. He begins:

Come all you men and maidens that fancies for
to sail,
And I soon will let you quickly hear of where
you must roam.

THE POPS

Miss Mary Desmond, the distinguished English contralto, who was soloist at the Pops last night, had a decided success with the large audience, singing the familiar air from "Samson and Delilah" and a group of songs with piano as well as various encores.

Tonight Arthur Hackett, the Boston tenor, will make his second appearance of the week, singing Lohengrin's Narrative and the Flower Song from "Carmen." The program is as follows:

Overture, "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana
Waltz, "Joyous Vienna".....Komzak
Trio for violin, violoncello and harp:
Messrs. Theodorowicz, Keller and Haly.
Selection, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Dance of the Hours.....Donchelli
"Lohengrin's Narrative".....Wagner
Soloist: Mr. Arthur Hackett.
Suite, "L'Arlesienne" No. 1.....Bizet
Overture, "The Star Spangled Banner".....Weber
Flower Song from "Carmen".....Bizet
(Mr. Hackett.)
Intermezzo from "William Ratcliff".....Mascagni
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

June 16 1917

FEMALE REGIMENTS

It is stated that a female regiment is raising in Petrograd. Two hundred girl students have enlisted, and "scores of girls and women anxious to fight have appeared at the office of the League of Equal Rights for Women, which has approved the plan." They all wish to go immediately to the front and fight under the same conditions as men.

A regiment of women is nothing new. It is not necessary to go back to the Amazons and Penthesilea, or

to name heroines from Tomiris to Joan of Arc, from Semiramis to the Maid of Saragossa and Mary Ambree, "who marched so free." There were bodies of European fighting women in the Female Crusade organized by order of St. Bernard. Sultane women defended their homes against invaders. Native princes of India for centuries supported a female guard noted for their courage. Then there were the Amazons of Dahome. When Burton went on his mission to Gelele, King of Dahome, the women troops numbered about 2500—the blunderbuss-women, the elephant huntresses, the razor women, the infantry, the archeresses. Burton saw them all marching in 1863. They were "old, ugly and square built frows, trudging grumpily along, with the face of 'cook' after being much 'knag'd' by 'the missus.'" The privates carried packs. They all fought furiously at Abeokuta, where the King lost the better part of his force. Two-thirds of the army were said to be maidens.

Burton was led by the sight of this army to reflections on women as the stronger sex. He remembered that the woman of the Scotch fishing islands was the man of the family; that not so far back woman was among the Southrons a mason, a day laborer, a barber. "It appears to me that in England there is a revival of the feminine industries; and, when it is asked, 'What shall we do with our old maids?' I would reply that many might be enlisted." He argued that they would serve well in garrisons, and eventually in the field; that the warlike instinct was easily bred in women. "A sprinkling of youth and beauty amongst the European Amazons would make campaigning a pleasure to us." He added, and it now seems as in prophetic vein: "The measure may be taken into consideration when our new-fangled rage for neutrality shall be succeeded by more honorable and less 'respectable' sentiments; and when the model Englishman shall be something better than a warm man of business, with a good ledger, and 'the dean's daughter' to wife."

Is it not possible that these Russian women enlist to strengthen the resolve of the men now in the army and to shame the slackers and the hesitant?

The Pall Mall Gazette, noting the disappearance of the Restaurant Thirion in the boulevard St. Germain, said: "It was there that the great novelist (Thackeray) used to have his bouillabaisse, his omelette aux champignons, and his bottle of Vouvray, when he was a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts."

But in the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," the inn, "not rich and splendid," was not the Restaurant Thirion; it was Terre's Tavern; and it was not in the boulevard St. Germain:

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.

In an article "Memorials of Gormandising," written by Thackeray in 1841, and published in Fraser's Magazine, there is mention of many Parisian restaurants: Cafe Foy, Vervy's, Trois Freres, Rocher de Cancale, Vefour's, Voisin's, the Grand Vatel and a two-franc house in the rue Haute Vivienne. There is nothing about the Thirion; but Thackeray, describing "an original portrait of Shakespeare, by his comrade, the famous John Davis," wrote: "I remember it used to hang up in a silent little street in the Latin quarter, near an old convent, before a quaint old quiet tavern that I loved. It was pleasant to see the old name written up in a strange land, and the well known friendly face greeting one. There was a quiet little garden at the back of the tavern, and famous good roast beef, clean rooms, and English beer. Where are you now, John Davis? Could not the image of thy august patron preserve thy house from ruin, or rally the faithful around it?" The writer in the Pall Mall Gazette says that a signboard with a caricature of Thackeray used to hang above the door of Thirion's.

A delightful essay, this "Memorials of Gormandising," and in it is Thackeray's paraphrase of Horace's ode, "Persicos odi"; a paraphrase that can never be too familiar:

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is—
I hate all your Frenchified fust,
Your silly entrees and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dauble behind my arm-chair,
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain bit of ...
I prefer ...
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
Twill amply suffice for the maid,
Meanwhile I'll smoke my canaster,
And tiddle my ale in the shade.

O, inconsistency of man! In this essay Thackeray describes with amazing gusto a little dinner for two at the Cafe Foy: A Julienne soup with a dash of puce in it, though this insertion was not of Thackeray's recommending; a marvelous beefsteak with which he drank "honest, firm, delicious" Burgundy with it; a partridge with truffles, and a bottle of sauterne; punch and cigars. There was little conversation during the eating of the partridge with truffles.

Gustavus—Chop, chop, chop.
Michael Angelo—Globloloblop.
G—Gobble.
M. A.—Ohble.
G—Here's a big one.
M. A.—Hobgob. What wine shall we have?
I should like some champagne.
G—It's bad here. Have some Sauterne.
M. A.—Very well. Hobgobgloblop, etc.
And after the last dish, there was silence: "The best dessert after a goodly dinner."

At the Lunch Counter.

As the World Wags:
In a celebrated Boston case Prof. Townsend of Boston University, a witness, was asked by the late M. F. Dickinson how he felt sure a certain day of the month was a Saturday. The professor quietly replied: "Because we had the regular New England supper that night." "And that was what?" asked the gifted advocate. "Beans and brown bread," and every one smiled in recognition. Not long ago something was printed in this column about the cooking of baked beans. The making of fish balls of the old-fashioned kind is apparently a lost art. A Greenfield housewife tells me that one reason present-day fishballs are a failure is because cooks use mashed potatoes instead of the cut-up little cubes we used to eat. Many of the present-day cooks are either ignorant or lazy. Thus one by one our blessed blessings take their flight!

Barney's hash was a well known luxury among boarders down on Leverett street in 1871. Hulled corn is a favorite dish of one of our admired and respected jurists on the bench. He says he gets it at a counter near the Court and it fills him with gastronomic glee. I never cared for hulled corn; it tasted like lime, and those who seem to know say lime is really used in preparing it. But many Bostonians long nevertheless for hulled corn. Hominy, often offered us now in the suburban boarding places as a substitute for boiled potatoes, is poor stuff. It always makes me think of the colored politician who used to scratch his head sadly and say: "What we need in the Republican party of the South is more hominy!"

Boston. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Beans in Boston are usually too mushy. They should be cooked in a knappy; all of them crisp and well-shaped, brown on top, with salt pork lifting its head a little, but proudly in the middle. Fish balls began to deteriorate as soon as they were called fishcakes. We are sorry that Mr. Wright does not like hulled corn and hominy. They are far better for him than potatoes. We fear that samp also does not find favor in his mouth.—Ed.

THE POPS

At the Pop concert tonight the number of the coupon, to the holder of which will be given a \$50 Liberty Bond, will be announced. Mario Laurenti will again be soloist. The program is:

Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas
Waltz, "Espiana".....Waldteufel
Lap Solo, "In Springtime".....Holy
Mr. Alfred Holy.
Selection, "La Boheme".....Puccini
March, Slave.....Tchaikowsky
Cavatina from "Faust".....Gounod
Soloist: Mr. Mario Laurenti.
Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Fantasia, "Othello".....Vivaldi
Tchaikowsky Song from "The Nutcracker".....Vivaldi
Mr. Laurenti.
Intermezzo, Act III, "The Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf Ferrari
Hungarian Dance.....Brahms

June 17 1917

Mr. Percy Mackaye in the preface to his "Caliban by the Yellow Sands," a community masque, says that in Prospero's words, "It was mine art," is the text of his masque.

"The art of Prospero I have conceived as the art of Shakespeare in its universal scope; that many-voiced art of the theatre which, age after age, has come to liberate the imprisoned imagination of mankind from the fetters of brute force and ignorance; that same art, which being usurped or stifled by groping part, knowledge, prudery, or lust, has been botched in its ideal aims and—like fire ill-handled or ill-hidden by a passionate child—has wrought havoc, hypocrisy, and decadence.

"Caliban, then, in this Masque, is that passionate child-curious part of us all (whether as individuals or as races,

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

Mackay points out that these characters "derived, but reimagined, from Shakespeare's 'Tempest' the profound symbolic dramatics of a plot and conflict that are a conception. 'They are thus no Shakespeare's characters of 'The Tempest,' though born of them and carrying their names. Their words (save a very few song-snatches and sentences) and their actions are those which I have given them; the development of their characters accords with the theme—not of Shakespeare's play, but of this Masque, in which Caliban's nature is developed to become the protagonist of aspiring humanity, not simply its butt of shame and ridicule.

The theme of the Masque—Caliban learning the art of Prospero—of course, the slow education of mankind through the influences of co-operation, that is, of the art of the theatre in its full social scope.

And yet, however brave the attempt of Mr. Mackay or any other dramatist, it is not easy to rid one's self of the Caliban that Shakespeare drew. This Caliban was not wholly averse to art. He was at least musically receptive. When Caliban and Trinculo were disturbed by Ariel playing on a tabor and pipe, Caliban reassured them:

"...and sweet airs that give delight,
...and not a thousand twangling instru-

ments
Will intrude upon mine ears; and sometimes
I have been wak'd after long sleep,
When the clear moon like a silver disk
In the sky hangs, and then, in
dreaming,

"...and thought, would open, and
Rejoice to sleep upon me, that when I wak'd
I might be again

I wonder that many pages have been
written about Shakespeare's Caliban,
his significance, the symbolism of the
character. De Quincey's note is curi-

ous. "Caliban has not yet been thoroughly
fathomed, for all Shakespeare's great
works are like works of nature, subject
of inexhaustible study. It was this
character of whom Charles I. and some
of his ministers expressed such fervent
admiration, and, among other circum-

stances, most fittingly they admired the
language almost with which he is
endowed for the purpose of expressing
his fiendish and yet carnal thoughts of
 hatred to his master. Caliban is evi-

dently not meant for scorn, but for
sympathy mixed with fear and partial
respect. He is purposely brought into
contact with the drunken Trinculo and
Sycorax with an advantageous result.
He is much more intellectual than either
of these more elevated language, not
degraded by vulgarisms, and is not li-

able to the low passions for plunder, as
they are. His is moral doubtless, as his
master's. For Shakespeare will not call
him a fiend, Sycorax. But he inherits
from her such qualities of power as a
fiend could be supposed to hequeath.

He is miles indeed before Prospero, but
not in the way we are to understand, through
the moral superiority of Prospero in
Christian wisdom; for when he finds him-

self in the presence of dissolute and un-

principled men, he rises at once into
the dignity of intellectual power." Else-

where De Quincey refers to Caliban as
"a carnal monster, like the Mil-

lind Aspidochelone, the fleshiest incubus
among the fiends, and yet so far en-

lightened into interest by his intellectual
power, and by the grandeur of misan-

thropy." Did De Quincey really believe
that Prospero was put forward by Shake-

speare as the incarnation of "Christian
wisdom?"

Coleridge found that Caliban is all
earth. "He has the dawning of under-

standing without reason or the moral
sense, and in him, as in some brute an-

imal, the catalogue of
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

Caliban, according to Mr. Mackay, is
mankind to be educated slowly through
the influences of co-operative art, i. e.,
"the art of the theatre in its full social
scope." There are interludes in this
task. In the first worshippers of Osiris
celebrate the resurrection by a dramatic

ritual; Sophocles rehearses a chorus of
his 'Antigone'. Caligula witnesses a
farical comedy in pantomime enacted
in a Roman street. In the second
Nuremberg apprentices play on a
wheeled stage in the street a pantomime
scene from an early version of 'Dr.
Faustus'; Francis I. and Henry VIII.

meet on the field of the Field of the
Cloth of Gold, hold a tournament;
actors of the Cammollia dell'Arte
on the plaza of St. Mark's in
Venice enact a pantomime scene de-

scribing an adventure of Don Giovanni.
There is a celebration of an Elizabethan
May Day festival on the outskirts of an
English town.

In the acts themselves there are five
shows for the instruction of Caliban.
Act I. A scene between Antony and
Cleopatra. The latter, the "snake
bright queen," moves Caliban strangely.

O dazzle blue, gold-shine, hot lotus smell!
Blood-root in bloom, and scarlet water-
weeds!
O silver sight and tinkle-tinkling sound!
Spurteith my body with joy—burst in my
brain

Enormous moons of wonder! Float, still
float,
You purpling sails! Blaze, thou flame
woman! Speak
Sparkles of kissing fire!

A scene from 'Troilus and Cressida'
follows; then Brutus in his tent seeing
the Ghost of Caesar.

Act II. Hamlet and the Ghost; Romeo
and Juliet, Lorenzo and Jessica; Flor-

izel and Perdita.

Act III. Orlando and the Duke; Fal-

staff disguised at Herne beneath the
Oak; Henry V. exhorting his soldiers.

At the end Shakespeare as Prospero.
"Our revels now are ended." The
Spirits of Ariel sing unseen,

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little
life

Is rounded with a sleep."

In the masque, Caliban, having been
educated by the stage, dancing and
song, seizes Prospero's hood, and with
War, followed by the groups of Lust

and Death, overcome the Spirits of
Ariel, and take captive Prospero, Ariel
and Miranda. Prospero exclaims that
he cannot be robbed of his will. The
Spirit of Time appears. There is a
pageant of the great theatres of the
world, the great actors and dramatists.

Caliban's voice is "hoarse with feeling."
Dazed, he reaches his arms towards the
dark circle where the stately Spirit has
vanished, and he cries aloud:

Lady of the Yellow Sands! O Life! O
Time!
Thy tempest blinded me: Thy beauty
baffled.

A little have I crawled, a little only
Out of mine ancient cave. All that I build
I botch, all that I do destroyeth my dream.
Yet—yet I yearn to build, to be thine
Artist

And stablish this thine Earth among the
stars—Beautiful!

He calls on Shakespeare for more
visions: "With a gesture of longing, he
crouches at Shakespeare's feet, gazing
up in his face, which looks on him with
tenderness."

It will be well to read with Mr. Mac-

kay's masque, the 'Caliban' of Renan,
with the sequel, 'L'Eau de Jouvence'.
In the preface to the former philosophic
drama Renan describes Prospero, Duke
of Milan, unknown to all the historians,
Caliban, an unformed being, scarcely
fashioned, in the way of becoming a
man; Ariel, son of the air, the symbol of
idealism, as the three most profound
creations of Shakespeare. It is Renan's
purpose to show these types acting in
certain combinations adapted to modern
ideas. Prospero is again on the throne
of Milan, and there are Ariel, Caliban,
Gonzalo, Trinculo also. "Shakespeare is
the historian of eternity. He does not
paint any special country or century; he
paints human history. In these great
conflicts of the pure idea, care for local
color and exact representation of cos-

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...
...and up and down the ...

Mr. Davies. "I have heard Mr. Davies sing in 'Dorothy' exactly 91 times, counting that night 'I've kept all the counter-folts of the tickets, and paid every time,' she added, 'and I hope to hear you 90 times more.' Probably she did, for Mr. Davies sang in 'Dorothy' for nearly three years—altogether 500 nights. With the exception of a brief appearance in 'Ivanhoe' in 1891, he has not sung in opera since 1889, and his reappearance as an operatic artist after so long an interval is surely a record.—London Daily Chronicle.

"Carlo" Hackett has been re-engaged for La Scala at Milan and the Costanzini at Rome for the season of 1917-18. His

engagement at the Colon in Buenos Ayres this summer is the first of three seasons there, according to his contract.

Comyns Carr, dramatist, theatrical manager, art critic, left property valued at £4266.

The Philadelphia Ledger described N. Lindsay Norden, conducting the Mendelssohn Club of that city, as follows: "Mr. Norden, whose gestures are exuberant, even to the undulation of the knees, the crook of the elbow and the body with it and the sweeping gyration of the hands, is of the rare type of leader to whom much can be forgiven, because he is always intently alive and he makes music and the musicians kneel instead of state. No fossilized, moldering, dry-as-dust way of doing things suits the dynamic individuality of this conductor."

The Ildor Picture Corporation will make a "vast and significant" drama of the Russian revolution as "the biggest States rights attraction ever offered in films." The title is "The Downfall of the Romanoffs." The "featured player is Ildor, the fugitive monk who was the spiritual adviser of the Tsar Nicholas." Hot stuff!

The smoking concert at the Aeolian Hall is the only Sunday evening entertainment in London, "where a soldier or a sailor can walk in with his best girl for nothing; at other concerts he must either come alone or pay for the lady."

It is to be feared that the average man in the street does not appreciate at its full worth the unrelenting way in which the dramatic and music-hall profession are "doing their bit" during the great war. The claims of the multitudinous charity functions on actors and actresses have now reached such a pitch that it entails a severe strain on the artists concerned. The cheery willingness of the profession to give their services at all times to any deserving cause has never been questioned, but it is just to them that the public should recognize the measure of self-sacrifice that is so often demanded. Sunday, which in normal times was the one period set aside for well deserved recreation, has become a more strenuous day than any in the week. It is not only the mere appearance at a charity function that calls for such a relinquishment of necessary leisure as the fact that very often many rehearsals have to be attended prior to the actual performance.—Pall Mall Gazette, May 19.

Leonard Borwick, pianist, known here as a solid English pianist, recently played nine pieces by Selim Palmgren, the Finn, at his recital in London. Archy Rosenthal, playing the piano in London, took pains to inform the public that he is of British birth and parentage.

A new comic opera, "Blue Wing," book by Cyril Arthur Player, music by Gerard Touling, was produced at Seattle, Wash., May 18.

"The Merchant of Venice," translated into French by M. Nepoty, has been produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris. We quote from a letter of the Paris correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror: "The translation is by M. Nepoty, and very creditable, but it is of the staging I would speak. There are six scenes, several recalling pictures by Veronese, and M. Rabaud has made some agreeable adaptations of old English music to accompany them. Gemier has done away with the footlights and replaced them by a flight of steps upon which the actors sit at times, many making their entrance from the audience by this way. Powerful projectors throw changing lights upon the scenes and the whole is startling in its novelty and effectiveness. Gemier played Shylock with striking realism and he has imbued the rest of the cast with his energy. Andree Megard is an altogether charming Portia and Arquilliere as Antonio, Escoffier as Bassanio, and Mlle. de Frace as Jessica gave excellent performances. It is certainly one of the most interesting productions of the year."

The Paris critics did not care for Mme. Rejane's production of Bayard Vellier's "Within the Law" at her theatre. Vera Sergine took the part of Mary Turner.

A contemporary has recently been calling Mr. Wilkie Bard severely to task for drawing attention to the late arrival of two ladies to the stalls at the Coliseum, remarking that visitors to music halls surely are free to choose their own time for taking their places. While I agree that remarks from the stage as to the behaviour of audiences are usually to be deprecated, yet there are times when the patience of an artist is taxed beyond endurance, and one sympathetically can understand an occasional outburst. The matter is not one of privilege but of courtesy, and should a theatre or music hall patron arrive late it is surely not too great a demand on his sense of good fellowship for him to await the conclusion of a song or recitation before he proceeds to his seat.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A new three-act comedy, "The Two Miss Pardons," by Alfred Sutro, was produced at the Gaiety, Manchester, (Eng.), May 21. "The position of two girls of the middle class, housed in Stoke Newington, struggling for an existence while pandering to a father's weakness, develops nothing that is new. Similar conditions have been the theme of many comedies in the past. The author, however, brings much wit and humor to the play, and adorns a well-worn plot most entertainingly. The plot is thin, and the ways of the lovers are transparent." The sisters are motherless. The father for some years has been trying to construct an airplane that will carry passengers and bombs. One of the sisters is in the front row of the chorus; the other teaches dancing. The story tells of their love trials and Farndon's breaking open a cash-box belonging to one of his daughters to pay for a model of the airplane. Haughty parents of suitors are at last appeased and Farndon is summoned to the British war office.

Petrograd opera singers are becoming emancipated. To get their salaries raised, the chorus went onto the stage at a recent performance and instead of singing the choruses went through them in pantomime, or in a whisper if the parts were marked fortissimo; but in the softest passages, they shouted. So it went all evening. The next day their wages were raised 50 per cent.—Exchange.

Ernest Torrence, the amusing Scotchman in "The Only Girl," has been engaged for "Furs and Frills," a new musical comedy with music by Rudolf Friml. After a few weeks on the road the piece will be performed in New York about Oct. 15.

"Inside the Lines," by Earl Derr Biggers, was produced at the Apollo Theatre, London, on May 23. The Pall Mall Gazette says it won an excellent reception from a cheery house. Having described "the customary bag of tricks," the reviewer adds: "Frankly, as an American spy-play one cannot put 'Inside the Lines' on the same level with 'Secret Service,' but at least it deals with the present war, and is neat and bright. Apart from the mere 'cleckery,' its real distinction is that its hero and several of its characters are English as seen through American eyes. . . . Though all the English except the infallible hero are duffers (our own tradition seems still to hold across the Atlantic) and though the General is the biggest duffer of all, one likes them, as usual, all the better for it, so far as the stage is concerned." A double crown poster in which the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes are interwoven and brilliantly printed was prepared for the play.

Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie's spirited action in issuing bills containing a quotation from a speech by Lord Derby on amusements as a national need, recalls a suggestion made by this paper at the beginning of the war, when such foolish questions as "Shall the theatres close?" were being raised, even in the professional press. In "Chit Chat," on Oct. 22, 1914, we said—"It might be

timely at the present juncture for managers to issue a manifesto to the public, say, in poster form—a manifesto in terms brief, simple, arresting. It could point out that in the view of all the leading authorities the public should give the wholesome and bracing art of the theatre all possible support." The bishop of Winchester had just said: "We have before us a long and wearing pressure upon heart and nerve, and an almost breaking strain of absorption, needing relief and change. To go to the play will, I believe be right"; and the bishop of Birmingham: "I think we should strive at this difficult time to encourage the theatres in every possible way." These sentences were quoted by us as suitable for reproduction by managers in poster form.—The Stage.

At the City Temple next Sunday, when Dr. J. Fort Newton (an American citizen) begins his ministry, "God Save the King" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee" will be followed by an Anglo-American anthem which is being sung in America, and on Sunday will be heard for the first time in an English church:

Two Empires by the sea,
Two peoples great and free,
One anthem raise,
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God whose glorious name
We love and praise.

—Pall Mall Gazette, May 25.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson gave up his part in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" which he was playing for the benefit of the British Women's Hospital. He followed the advice of his doctor. Ben Webster succeeded him. On May 26 it was announced that over £6000 had already been contributed as a result of the performances.

Strenuous opposition was shown on one evening last week at the Birmingham Repertory to the Irish play, "The Tinker's Wedding," by J. M. Synge. In our notice we pointed out that many bitter things had been said against it, but urged that if viewed in a judicial way, it was not offensive. Irish Roman Catholics in Birmingham were responsible for the interruption. They congregated on the balcony, shouted until the players could not make themselves heard, and a few eggs and other articles were thrown on the stage. No one was struck, happily. The play was stopped, and Mr. John Drinkwater, the manager, went on to the stage and attempted

to pacify the protagonists. An Irishman, who was their spokesman, said their main objection was to presentation of the priesthood in an untrue or unfavorable light. They contended that the play in that respect was an offensive caricature. Irish songs were sung, including "Ireland once a nation," and "Gloria Maria." Mr. Drinkwater told the malcontents that he could not discuss there what he called the rights and wrongs of the play, and his attitude won the sympathy of a large section of the audience. The play was then renewed, and finished, but not without constant interruption. "The Tinker's Wedding" was included in the repertory for the whole of the week, and there was no further interruption. The Rev. Father Hogan, of St. Michael's Church, Birmingham, stated that Irish Catholics came to him respecting the play, and he agreed that a protest should be made. There would be further protests if the play were again produced. Mr. Drinkwater has announced that the play has been included in the theatre's repertory, and that at a later date it will again be presented. It would be impossible, he told The Stage representative, to yield to mob clamour. He could understand there being a difference of opinion, but that was entirely different from

shouting a performance down. Synge was a great Irish genius, and his plays would live in spite of the fiercest opposition.—The Stage, May 21.

In view of these demonstrations W. B. Yeats delivered a public lecture at the Birmingham Repertory on May 29 on "Synge and the Ireland of his Time."

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Selim Palmgren's music has the impishness which Sir Hubert Parry ascribes to Grieg's, combined with the latter's lyrical method. "There is, however, a more pronounced difference. Debussy once described Grieg's little pieces as pink sweets stuffed with snow. Then Palmgren's are bonbons pralines." The reviewer also said: "There is an indefinable something about Leonard Borwick that almost marks him out to specialize in Grieg or MacDowell."

Mr. Ch. J. Bishenden of London raises his voice for a statue of Purcell to be placed in front of what has been known as the Handel Orchestra at the Crystal Palace. Also to do justice to British music he says that Purcell festivals should be given on this great orchestra to make Purcell's and other British composers' works popular.

"Daddy Long Legs" completed a run of a year at the Duke of York's Theatre on May 29.

H. B. Irving has acquired the English rights in a play "Victory," adapted by B. MacDonald Hastings from Joseph Conrad's novel.

Brieux's "Three Daughters of M. Dupont," which translated by St. John Hankin, was acted by the Stage Society in London in 1905, has been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

"Under Cover," celebrated its 150th performance at the Strand, London, on May 21.

Julia Sanderson will play next season in "Rambler Rose," written for her and Mr. Cawthorn. The book is by H. B. Smith; the music by Victor Jacobs.

A new drama by F. Marriott-Watson and T. Roydon Duff, "The Voice in the Dark," will be produced in London. Mrs. Marriott-Watson will take the part of Deborah, a Jewess.

Jan Hay has based a play, "Tilly of Bloomsburg," on his novel "Happy-Go-Lucky," published in 1913.

The Stage Society, London, will produce "The Outcry," a comedy in three acts by Henry James.

Eden Phillpott's "Farmer's Wife," produced at the Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory six months ago, was revived there the last week in May. "It is a delightful and natural play; its imagery is obtained from the rural life of Devon, and throughout there is plenty of bucolic humor and racy speech."

Appropos of the provincial tour of Miss Mary Anderson in "Pygmalion and Galatea," a story has been started which is so silly that it need hardly be refuted. All the same, such statements should not be made. They are slanders upon the intelligence of the great actor-manager of the Lyceum. The particular story in question is to the effect that when Henry Irving was on the eve of sailing for his first tour in America, "someone discovered that, by an agreement already made, the Irving-Terry company could not leave the Lyceum without putting someone in their place at the theatre, and no one in London was able to step into the breach." It is further suggested that the American manager, Henry E. Abbey, under whose auspices Irving was to make his first tour of the United States, had to beseech Miss Anderson's stepfather to step into the breach. Well, to go no further back, Henry Irving left England for New York on Oct. 11, 1883. On the last night of his season at the Lyceum, July 28—it is important to bear the dates in mind—in the course of his farewell

speech he said: "This theatre will not be closed long, for, on Sept. 1, a lady will appear before you whose beauty and talent have made her the favorite of America from Maine to California—Miss Mary Anderson, a lady to whom, I am sure, you will give the heartiest English welcome—that is a foregone conclusion."—The Stage, May 31.

Greening & Co., London, have published a shilling popular edition, making the 45th thousand, of "Harry Lauder at Home and on Tour," with an epilogue in

three chapters on Harry Lauder from other points of view, by Charles Willmott.

"Pierrot Philanders," a modern fantasy in one act by Gwen Lally, was produced at the Strand, London, May 29. "A slight piece, serving chiefly as a vehicle for affording Miss Lally the opportunity for giving some of her male impersonations."

"Penny Wise," a farcical comedy of Lancashire life, by Mary Stafford Smith, based on the story of Leslie Vynar, was produced at the Prince of Wales's, London, May 26. This piece, entitled "Dying to Live," was produced at the King's Hall, Ilkley, on July 13, 1914. The play was produced by Miss Ilorninlan's company at Manchester, April 10, 1916. A mother schemes for the good of her family, artfully, but foolishly. Her proposal is to invent the death of John Willie and so draw his insurance money, £20 of which is to buy a half share in a little grocery business coveted by her husband, who has the sense to say: "I wish it didn't look so much like swindling." The play is of a farcical nature except as far as the mother is concerned.

New Tunes for We are indebted to the numerous friends who send us new

Patriotic Words tunes for "The Star Spangled Banner" and for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and must beg them to understand that the failure to reproduce their music is not an attempt to frown upon their efforts. In the standardized words of the editors of purely literary publications: "Rejection of MSS. does not imply a lack of merit." Of the various musical compositions with which we have lately been favored nearly all have merit in a considerable degree.

They are written with a thorough knowledge of how to write music. The harmonies are ingenious. The eye discovers contrapuntal beauties. We run them through and admire the possibilities when orchestration should be undertaken. We murmur to ourselves: "How well that would sound if given to the brass choir!" And we know, or think we know, just which notes and phrases should be confided to the violoncellos playing for the moment alone.

Withal when we are through our head shake regretfully. Something is lacking. It is as if we sat in a splendid new motor car with 12 cylinders and a specially designed body and found ourselves unable to make the self-starter work. These note besprinkled pages are exactly like that. Everything is in them but the spark.

The spark is melody to be sure, but not any melody nor even most melodies. It is the one inevitable melody, which once wedded to the words, can never be wholly dissociated from them by those who have heard it. We fear that the anonymous composer of the music of "The Star Spangled Banner" has forever forestalled all possible competitors. To inform us that the melody is that of an old drinking song is useless. For generations those grandiose and thrilling strains have been joined to Francis Scott Key's great lyric. The two are as united as these United States. They may be said to be one and inseparable.

With "America" there is this difference, that the tune is a national air of other countries. In flavor it is characteristically British. The flavor can no more be extracted by fitting to it the words of "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" than Tommy Atkins can be disguised by a Prussian helmet.

With both "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America," and most immortally in the "Marseillaise," every hearer is conscious of a quality in the music that can only be characterized by the word "religious." These airs are rightly spoken of as national hymns; they breathe in every phrase the unshakable belief, the aspiration, the religious fervor and the triumphant certitude of final victory which invests the worshipper. They are the songs of men worshipping liberty and eternal truth.

This flaming quality of the music is not something which can be instilled by cunning musicianship. No knowledge of counterpoint will enable a man to do it, no mathematical skill in weaving harmonics, no eager wish nor laborious toil. Offhand we can recall but one modern composer who could on occasion write chords that stirred the hearer as do those tunes of which we have been speaking. That was Sir Arthur Sullivan. With Celtic genius he wrote serious music about W. S. Gilbert's jocular words. For an example of what he could do it is sufficient to turn to "When Britain really ruled the waves" in "Iolanthe" or to "For he is an Englishman" in "H. M. S. Pinafore." It is worth remembering that Sullivan was the composer of much church music.

To the many who are inventing new words for our familiar patriotic tunes it would be an unkindness to offer any encouragement at all. When people have not, after over a century, learned the words Key wrote, how can they expect to hear their improved words sung spontaneously in the course of an ordinary lifetime?—New York Sun, June 6.

June 18 1917

It is said that Mr. Vincenzo Cerro of Ancona, who was arrested here for carrying a bag containing detonating caps and anarchic literature, first excited suspicion by wearing "a flowing cravat," the badge of anarchists. Yet he has been as blameless as the Ethiopians visited by the gods of Homer sport flowing black cravats, foulards, and about thought of bombs and red ruin.

Years ago anyone wearing a red cravat was looked at askance and not regarded as a wholesome companion. There are still conservative persons who object to a flowing cravat of any color that is tied by the wearer. They prefer a "made-tie," hideous term!—because some mysterious person that rules the fashions has thus decreed. The persons go to the hatters and say: "show me the latest style." They then buy without regard to the shape of the head or general bodily harmony. It matters not whether the head resembles a lantern or runs up to a peak. They wish to conform to convention. They are content to be of the great thinking crowd. A more desirable citizen is he that changes cravats—always except for formal evening dress according to his mental disposition and the weather. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for instance, wears a green cravat on Patrick's day. When there is a stormy sky he cheers himself and others flaunting a cravat of flaming red. He wears this color also at home in the city flat when the landlord has just turned off the heat and the radiator no longer cracks, groans, or sings. We remember an astute old man in Albany, N. Y., a power in railway transactions, a close friend of Samson J. Tilden, who once attended a political convention. He always wore a brown wisp or a black "tie." On his return from the convention he was asked what he thought of a prominent Bostonian present. Dangling his eyelids Mr. Fairchild remarked: "A frivolous man, a frivolous man. I noticed that he changed his necktie every day." There broke the fine old crusted conservative.

Then and Now.

Late in May five bands of the English Brigade of Foot Guard assembled in Paris at the Place Vendome around the column on which Napoleon stands. The sight recalled to some the French emperor at the beginning of the war: Napoleon coming out of his tomb at the Invalides, waving his hat, and shouting "Vive l'Angleterre!"

Gen. Pershing at the tomb of Napoleon, interested greatly in the sword of the emperor, compared it with modern swords. As he kissed the hilt, did he remember Napoleon's reply when he was asked why he did not take away the sword of Frederick the Great from Potsdam? "I had my own."

A Pious Almanac Maker.

As the World Wags:
Can you give me through your column any information regarding Thomas Buckminster, the almanac-maker? I think that he lived in London. Were his almanacs generally regarded as "literary productions" or what made Buckminster famous?

RUSSELL LEIGH JACKSON.
Newburyport.

You are probably thinking of Thomas Buckminster, not Buckminster. Buckminster flourished in the last half of the 18th century. He was an English divine and an astronomer. In one of his books he called himself a professor of physics but did not name the university. His chief works are these: 1. "An Almanack and Prognostication," 1566-7. 2. "The Buckminster, Minister His Right Christian Calendar, or Spiritual Prognostication Made for the Year 1570." 3. "A New Almanack and Prognostication for the Year 1573, Wherein Is Expressed the Change (sic) of the Moon." 4. "Commendatory Verses in Wharton's Dream," 1576. Other almanacs by him are mentioned in Herbert's "Ames' Typographical Antiquities."

Oxford not long ago celebrated the tercentenary of the birth of a still more singular person, Elias Ashmole, "the greatest virtuoso and curious that ever was known or read of in England before his time." He was astrologist, alchemist, herald, an inquiry, engraver; an M. D.; he held government offices; was an early Freemason; a Rosicrucian. He had "the true matter of the philosopher's stone bequeathed to him as a legacy." His journal, written in a matter-of-fact way, is at times not without humor. Having given his library to Oxford, he wrote: "The last load of my rarities was sold to the college and this day I was freed from the gout." He cared himself of an ague by hanging three spiders about his neck.—Ed.

June 19 1917

There was a terrible scene in London at a luncheon when Lord Beresford refused to the toast of his health. He had been talking about the presence of Germans in England. Suddenly he picked up a plate and called attention to the

...the English should surely know their own dialect, but we do not find in the huge Oxford Dictionary or Wright's great Dialect Dictionary "sapling" with this meaning. A greyhound is called a sapling, until he is a year old, after which he becomes a puppy till he is two years old. "Coursing and Falconry" (1892). "A sapling is a greyhound whelped on or after Jan. 1 of the same year in which the season of running began."

The general manager of the Savoy was deeply mortified. He said that when the war broke out he had about 10,000 of these German plates, but he had given them all away, as he thought, to the hospitals. It is not stated whether the wounded soldiers enjoy eating off the plates, or whether the guests at the luncheon paid for the plates that they smashed.

War Notes.

The Daily Chronicle tells a story about target practice. The officer said to a gunner: "You see that sapling on the hillside?" "No, sir," said the man, after a careful look, "I don't see no sapling." "What?" said the officer, "you see no sapling! Well, there's only one, right in front of you!" The man looked again, and reported as before. "Look here," said the officer, "do you know what a sapling is?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the gunner, "a young pls."

The English should surely know their own dialect, but we do not find in the huge Oxford Dictionary or Wright's great Dialect Dictionary "sapling" with this meaning. A greyhound is called a sapling, until he is a year old, after which he becomes a puppy till he is two years old. "Coursing and Falconry" (1892). "A sapling is a greyhound whelped on or after Jan. 1 of the same year in which the season of running began."

An English economist thunders against "an unnecessary embellishment" of girls, "the latest craze of wearing a scarf of flimsy netting (tulle) round the neck." "Enormous quantities of this and similar material are required by our soldiers in the tropics for mosquito netting."

During the civil war there were many stories about soldiers that were saved by a bullet embedding itself in a New Testament, which protected a vital spot. They now tell of a British Tommy in the trenches that carries Spurgeon's sermons in his breast pocket and now and then does some preaching. He has a friend, a comrade, Private G., who does not carry sermons or any godly book. The two were resting with others when a German sniper hit Private B. in the breast. The bullet was deflected. "Seeing, or perhaps fearing, that Private B. was about to improve the occasion, Private G., the unregenerate one, in a very fair imitation of his friend's best preaching manner, put in: 'Oh, dear friend! what a blessed thing it was that our dear brother B. wasn't a reading of his book of sermons—as he ought to have been—instead of engaging in worldly conversation with sinful soldier-men. For if dear brother B. had been reading of his book of sermons, where, oh, where, my dear friend, would brother B. (priceless old thing!) have been then?'"

Eichberg's Hymn.

As the World Wags:
In view of the widespread feeling that it would be desirable to have another national hymn, not necessarily to supplant the Star Spangled Banner, but to express in a worthy and dignified way, the patriotic sentiment of the present generation, will you permit me to call your attention to "To Thee, Oh Country," for which Julius Eichberg wrote the music. As I recollect, it was sung in the Boston schools 35 or 40 years ago. I frequently recall with pleasure the majestic character of this musical composition.

Cambridge. JOHN H. HUBBARD.

The Silver Turnip.

As the World Wags:
In connection with the remark in this column that a large silver watch is known as a turnip, it is instructive to note that the French call one, or did call one, a cabbage; the Italians, an onion; and the Germans, a potato. I have made a fruitless attempt to discover whether other nations have extended the nomenclature further through the vegetable kingdom. Perhaps your readers can elaborate the subject.

L. G. MILLER.

Boston.
Do the French call a large silver watch a "cabbage"? We do not find this use of "chou" in any French slang dictionary. "Onion" is given, also "warning pan" (bassinoche). In English slang "warning-pan" was applied to a large, old fashioned gold watch. "Turnip-top" in thieves' slang meant a watch chain with seals and charms. Ed.

A Definition.

It was A. Dennis Ward that in the course of the civil war explained M. C. as meaning "miserable cuss."

"BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE" AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Production Marks Farewell of Craig as Actor Manager.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Blindness of Virtue. Drama in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton.

The Rev. Harry Pemberton, Donald Meek The Hon. Archibald Graham

Graham Velsey
Collins Joseph Skinner
Mrs. Pemberton Augustus Gill
Mary Ann Sylvia Cushman
Cooke Beatrice Barrington
Effie Pemberton Dorothy Dickinson

The week at the Castle Square is Mr. Craig's farewell after nine years' uninterrupted activity as actor-manager of that house. When he took charge of it in September, 1908, the new regime made the Castle Square one of the most popular playhouses in Boston. It immediately took front rank among the stock company houses of the country. With himself and Mary Young in the leading roles many hundreds of plays were acted from week to week, and among the greatest successes were the Shakespearean productions and the annual Harvard prize plays. The production of musical comedies by a dramatic stock company also proved a popular innovation. Mr. Craig, in short, made the Castle Square a local institution and a theatre of national reputation.

JULIA ARTHUR AT B. F. KEITH'S

Miss Julia Arthur began a week's engagement yesterday at B. F. Keith's Theatre in a patriotic spectacle, "Liberty Aflame," by Roland Burke Hennessey.

The author, shrewdly in tune with the warlike spirit of the day, has provided the actress with a congenial medium of expression. In flowing robes, with crown and torch she represents the Statue of Liberty against a background of illuminated Manhattan. "Liberty," the breath of God, comes to life. Views of the Minute Men, George Washington, Lincoln, the Lusitania, President Wilson are all thrown on the base of the pedestal and upon each the goddess makes fitting comment. These comments grow more and more dramatic, ending in a stirring appeal to the young and strong to fight and win for liberty.

Miss Arthur is playing her first vaudeville engagement. "Liberty Aflame" was given for the first time some five weeks ago in Philadelphia. It enables the actress to display her voice, a rich and thrilling organ, to excellent advantage. Miss Arthur's remarkably eloquent reading of her lines and the charm of her gracious and dominating personality make the act impressive.

The Gladiators in feats of strength and balancing; Fritz and Lucy Bruch, cellist and violinist; Dorothy Toye in songs, operatic and otherwise; Al Lydell and Bob Higgins in a rural comedy, "A Friend of Father's"; "The Volunteers," and the four Boises, human aeroplanes, are others on the bill.

ETHEL FRANK IS HEARD AT POPS

Miss Ethel Frank, a young Boston soprano, sang at the Pop concert last evening. She has given successful recitals in this city. Her voice is light, expressive, well schooled. Last evening she was more effective in the famous aria "Sol che sapete," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," than in the air "Un bel di" from Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly." Recalled, she added to the program. Selections from "Tosca," and "Lohengrin" and Bainbridge Crist's "Egyptian Impressions" were other pleasant features of the concert.

Arthur Hackett, whose fine singing last week gave so much pleasure, will again be the soloist this evening. The program will be as follows:

Overture, "Norma".....Bellini
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier".....R. Strauss
"Letter of Manon".....Gillet
Fantasia, "Un Ballo in Maschera".....Verdi
Sultra from "Carmen".....Bizet
(a) Chanson du Toreador.
(b) La Garde Montante.
(c) Dances Boheme.
Aria, "Cielo e mar".....Ponchielli
(Mr. Hackett.)
"Carnival in Paris".....Svendsen
"The Star Spangled Banner".....Herbert
Selection, "The Fortune Teller".....Puccini
Rudolf's Narrative, "Che gelida manina"
(Mr. Hackett.)
Coronation March.....Meyerbeer

CHANGING NAMES.

Certain men, women and towns that have German names in this country are asking that these names be changed. In the case of women that are maidens or widows the change might be easily made, if physical and mental attractiveness, or a substantial bank account, still influences the male. Nevertheless a widow and two daughters in New York recently applied to a supreme court justice for permission to change the name of Kaiser to Swain. They argued that Kaiser led persons to slight them or suspect them of being pro-Germans. The inhabitants of a western Berlin demand that another name be substituted.

Is not this supersensitiveness? Is it not another instance of patriotism run mad? Might not the petitioners as well refuse to use Berlin wool, wear Berlin gloves, or be treated for German measles?

Wilhelm II. is not the only Kaiser. There have been many since Caesar. The dwellers in Palmyra, New York, might wish another name because the old Palmyra is in ruins, or those in Pompey, N. Y., be disturbed because great Pompey was finally defeated. Men have changed their names for many reasons: to inherit; for family reasons; for euphony; because their names, foreign and originally significant and respectable, excite in this country ridicule. The first Belmont in the United States was a Schoenberg. Many names now familiar in our towns have been translated into English from French, German or Italian surnames.

What harm does the name Berlin, or Bismarck do to the inhabitants? There may be a prophesy in Berlin Falls. Are dwellers of German descent in any American Paris, Rome, Petersburg seriously disturbed? Are the people of Canaan unduly sharp in business? Are the people of Babylon given over to riotous debauchery? Many of our English surnames had a base or ludicrous origin.

It is to be regretted that sonorous and beautiful Indian names have been dropped; that towns, mountains and rivers have been renamed by the genteel, or to satisfy the pride of some local magnate. Manhattan is a far finer name than New York. Sentiment and significance are too often disregarded. In the Adirondacks two ponds were known as Edmond's after the name of a pioneer. The name of the old man of whom many amusing stories were told has disappeared. The region is now known as Cascadeville!

We publish a letter from Mr. H. B. S., although we are not sure that Mr. Johnson will welcome the proposed indorsement. He is singularly shy and sensitive in private life. We have been told that his house at Clamport—where he is now living—is unencumbered. He wrote a month ago that he purposed to invest in Liberty bonds first, because it was his duty as an American second, because the bonds were not taxed. Is it possible that the delay in the publication of the first volume of his colossal work is due to the fact that it is not yet ready for the printer, either through a longing for fresh material, or from the desire to revise and perfect?

As the World Wags:

It is with sincere reluctance that I trench on your column—a reluctance all the more profound because the intrusion is at a time when nearly the whole world is a world in arms—but the absolute unselfishness of my aim and the physical aloofness from me and from mine of the object of my suggestion will surely absolve me from the imputation of any ulterior object. Unquestionably our country should come first, even to the extent of the apotheosis of the merely material. Nevertheless, the spirit does still live. In our midst are ideals and hopes near and dear to us—so near and dear and familiar that we are prone to overlook, to disremember them. So instead of longer hoping against hope, of reading wearisome iterations and reiterations of the high cost of living and white paper, let us have done with protracted procrastinations. Let us do. There is no alternative apparently. W. MUST ENDOW HERKIMER JOHNSON

Year after year we have awaited The work. Year after year we have read, blushing with mortification and flushing with righteous indignation, of importunate landlords, grasping tradesmen, callous-souled and horny-cerebrated publishers who say, forsooth, that they are not in business for their health! Long, long ago we expected to read in Mr. Sidney Williams's inspired paragraphs some Wednesday morning such a phrase as:

Messrs. Longgreen, Little & Piffin announce for publication next month the volume "Alcohol-to-Belly" of Herkimer Johnson's "Man as a Social and Political Beast."

Instead, we are informed that, on account of the increased cost of white paper, Mr. Johnson has not even been able to publish the volume "Abdomen to Beer." He, the pluribus unumest, the unus ex multisest, the (if we may go to the athletic arena) Ty Cobb of sociologists is in w-a-n-t! It is no palliation to say that Henri Fabre was in want when old. Let us subscribe, and liberally and immediately subscribe, to an endowment fund for Mr. Johnson. Let us walk home once or twice a week to Chestnut Hill. If necessary and not too warm, to save odd pennies for the fund. Make it possible for him to eat where he wants, to live where he wants, to have individual strawberry short-cakes in season, to drive his own motor. Let our slogan be:

ENDOWENDI'S EST HERKIMER!

Only a few days ago I met Mr. Johnson leaving a car in the Park street subway station after he had tried in vain to convince a rough looking conductor that it was not the end of the route. I showed him a short cut to Franklin street by way of Park Street under, the Summer Street tunnel. He did not know of it. The dear old soul got out at Chauncy street. Before venturing on the ascending escalator, a device quite new to him, the dear old

gentleman paused a moment and I thought his lips moved in silent prayer for either safety or thanks, I don't know which. Half way up he forgot where he was and took out a notebook to estimate, as I learned afterward, the number of minutes and steps he had lost by not using that route before. Had it not been for the helping hand of an intelligent looking, very democratic Negro on the parallel escalator Mr. Johnson would have been thrown on his face at the top.

POSEIDON HICKS, JR.

"The Buffalo."

As the World Wags:

I note in "As the World Wags" several lines of the old-time song of "The Buffalo."

In the middle 1850's, when home from a voyage on the sea, three or four of us boys, regular chums, used to get us each a chaise and take our sweethearts for a ride on the road from Chatham to Brewster, which was the best road we knew of at that time. At Brewster we treated the girls to cake and ice cream, and then we drove home by moonlight. I was always forced, not unwillingly, perhaps, to take the lead. I had a fairly good voice. The other fellows, as soon as we entered the Brewster Woods road, as we called it, would sing out: "Frank, give us 'The Buffalo'!" which, of course, I did, and they would join in the chorus. It was great. Today those rides abide in my most beloved memories. This is the song:

Come all of you young heroes
That have a mind to range,
Or in some foreign land, my boys,
Your fortune for to change,
Or in some foreign land, my boys,
Where we can reap and mow,
And we'll settle on the banks
Of the pleasant Ohio-o.
Through those wild woods we'll wander
And chase the buffalo-o-o, and chase the
buffalo.
Through those wild woods we'll wander
And chase the buffalo.

And if any of those bold Indians
Should happen to come near
There is no other enemy
We have any cause to fear,
We'll all unite together, boys,
Give them the fatal blow,
Chorus—And we'll settle on the banks
Of the pleasant Ohio-o, etc.

Then come all of ye young maidens
And spin for us some yarn,
And weave for us some clothing
To keep ourselves warm,
For if you'll come and spin for us,
We will reap and mow,
Chorus—And we'll settle on the banks
Of the pleasant Ohio-o, etc.

I thought I would send this, as there may be some of my old chums still living who remember those happy, happy days.

F. M. HOWES,

Commodore of the Merchants & Miners Transportation Company, Retired, Brookline.

June 21 1917

For an introduction to the letter of "Exsillis" we quote from John Marston's comedy, "The Malcontent" (1604).
Blanca—And when you come home again, I'll teach you how you shall get two hundred pounds a year by your teeth.
Bilioso—How, madam?
Blanca—Cut off so much from house-keeping; that which is saved by the teeth, you know, is got by the teeth.

Hominy.

As the World Wags:

What is it that "corn products" (to

use the commercial term that ought to include whiskey), vastly popular south of Mason and Dixon's line, no longer please the palate of New England? My notion is that New Englanders, whose ancestors invented hasty-pudding, or perhaps cheerfully adopted it from the Indians, have grown too civilized for the consumption of corn in its simpler states. They buy at extravagant prices elaborately disguised and absurdly named breakfast cereals made of corn, but if you offer them honest corn pone, delicious corn cookies, the glorified form of mush known as "spoonbread," unadulterated corn muffins, hoe cake, or true hominy, otherwise cracked corn, they rebel. My children, all born well north of Mason and Dixon's line, can hardly be induced to eat any of these cheap, wholesome and delicious articles. The art of milling corn for true hominy hardly survives in New England, except in a few remote places, as the unspooled bits of Cape Cod and remote regions of Maine. Even those who manage to get true hominy seldom know how to cook it.

Cooking hominy is a high rite. The pot, a big one, should be put on the stove not later than 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and permitted to boil over a moderate fire. Toward a normally early bedtime, say about 10 o'clock, the whole family should go to the kitchen, and there the woman of the house should open the pot, take out a sufficient quantity of the hominy, salt, pepper, and butter it, and permit each member of the household to taste it. This ceremony is merely experimental, a foretaste of the morrow's feast. The pot is duly recovered, and placed so that its contents shall remain hot without further boiling, unless, indeed, the experiment shall have proved the hominy has not reached the proper condition, in which case, somebody may sit up with it while it boils longer, or the further boiling may be postponed until the morrow. All this used to be the preparation for hominy to be eaten at the rural midday dinner of my youth. I suppose hominy for a 7 o'clock evening dinner might properly be set cooking at 7 in the morning, but I hate to think of hominy that has not been the subject of that solemn bedtime rite.

One member of the Porphyria has his own corn specially milled so that he obtains a rich and delicious meal, and this admirable product he keeps on deposit at the club for the use of appreciative fellow members. He deserves a monument more lasting than bronze.

Newton.

EXILIS.

MME. FERRABINI HEARD AT THE POP CONCERT

Mme. Ester Ferrabini, soprano, wife of Conductor Jacchia, made her first appearance at the Pops last evening at Symphony Hall. In 1906 Mme. Ferrabini came to America with Leoncavallo's concert company. For five years she was leading soprano of the Montreal Opera Company. Her performance of Mimi in "La Boheme," when she sang here as guest with the Boston Opera Company in its fourth season, is remembered with pleasure.

Last evening the singer's striking appearance at once pleased the audience. She sang two arias, "Ritorno Vincitor" from Verdi's "Aida" and "Volo sapete, Mamma" from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," with native fervor and the free use of open tones dear to many of her countrywomen.

Charles de Mally, the accomplished flutist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was another soloist of this conjugal evening. Skillfully accompanied by his wife, Mme. Claire Forbes de Mally, the well known pianist, he played a nocturne and scherzo by Gaudet.

Mme. Ferrabini added several songs to the program and Mr. de Mally another piece. The charming valse caprice "Tillia" by Mr. Nagel, whose versatility has been revealed as ocellist, pianist and composer, was played again, while Tschakowsky's "Nutteracker" suite and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" were other features of the program.

This evening Mr. Laurenti, baritone, will again be soloist. The program will be as follows:

Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro" Mozart
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows" Volstead
Evening song (for strings only) Schumann
Selection, "Tillia" Massenet
Second Hungarian Rhapsody Liszt
Prologue to "Pagliacci" Leoncavallo
(Mr. Laurenti).
Overture, "Sakuntala" Goldmark
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Selection "Eileen" Herbert
Aria, "Largo al factotum," from
"The Barber of Seville" Rossini
Wedding March Mendelssohn

June 22 1917

A POPULAR HONOR

The Parisians are not only discussing the pronunciation of Gen. Pershing's name; they are already nicknaming him. Thus is his place among the allies and in the heart of the French nation secure. The generals that are loved as well as respected are soon nicknamed. It has

been so through the centuries. No doubt Hannibal and Alexander the Great were known to their troops more familiarly. We know that the faithful soldiers of Caesar sang songs about him as they marched. A few days ago a London journal published a list of nicknames given by British soldiers to their present generals—that is, to the generals whom they thought deserving of the honor. To be nicknamed by soldiers is an honor.

It is not always awarded the successful. Witness the case of "Little Mac" in our civil war. The affectionate diminutive and abbreviation stuck, however, long after the war was over. Jackson will be known for years to come as "Stonewall." No doubt in the encyclopaedias of another century, there may be discussion over the question, whether Stonewall was not his Christian name.

Nicknames in troops have passed victoriously into surnames. What does "nickname" mean but another name? "Eke-name" is the original form. The nickname bore some relationship to condition, shape, age, peculiarities of complexion, dress, disposition; or it came from the mineral or vegetable kingdom; from oaths, street cries, mottoes. Many a now highly respectable surname was at first applied to some poor devil in mockery and derision. Schoolboys are ready and skilful inventors. Let one of them stammer in his recitation of Byron's poem about the Assyrian, and he will be dubbed "Sennacherib"; "Snack" for short. He will be known as "Sennacherib" in his village when after many years he is prosperous and a power in some distant city. There are chapters of history that are only the story of nicknames.

In the summer of 1871 Gustave Flaubert at Croisset wrote to Ernest Feytaud: "I do not hate the Communists for the reason that I do not hate mad dogs. But what sticks in my crop is the invasion of doctors of philosophy who shatter looking-glasses with pistol balls and steal clocks: Something new in history! I have kept against these gentlemen so profound a rancor that you will never see me in the company of a German, whatever he may be. No doubt the armies of Napoleon the First committed horrible actions. But these armies were made up of the lower order of the French people, while in the army of William, it is the whole German people that is guilty."

A "Bit."

As the World Wags:
While wandering about in the crowd seeking to enter the circus recently here—a crowd that would have caused Mr. Herkimer Johnson to rub his hands together in delight and titter in ecstasy—I saw a young man step up to the side-show barker and ask the price of three tickets. "That will cost you six bits, young feller," was the answer. The "young feller" hesitated, looked dismayed, and then asked, "How—how much is that?" "Seventy-five cents. Three-quarters of a dollar. Six bits, we call it out West. Step right in and see the Tattooed Venus, that paragon of panoramic pulchritude." The young man paid his money in visible relief. I thought, at not having to part with \$3. for a young blood with a damsel on each arm dare not flinch at prices.

I reflected on the state of a land not recognizing the bit as a unit of exchange. It is by no means exclusively a western term. Perhaps the South uses it still more than does the West. In Pennsylvania I have heard older people refer to the dime as a "short bit." They spoke of a past and gone 12½-cent piece known as a shilling. This was possibly the original bit, and with its disappearance we are left with dyadic units of two, four and six bits. There is an endearing expansiveness in the use of the term—a contempt for the telling of cents, the enumeration of nothings. Pinchpenny natures cannot bear to use it—they love the lolling of large numbers on the tongue. To them \$20 is far more than a double eagle, and 75 cents to be preferred to six bits. To deal with bits betokens an easy familiarity with money, depriving it of awe and wonder. I think of the disgust of the old argonauts in California when newspapers made necessary a unit of exchange lower than the dollar. It complicated life, too much.

OCCIDENTUS.

Boston.

The term "bit" for a small piece of money is old. In 1683, the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania spoke of "Their Abuse to ye Governmt in Quining of Spanish bits and Boston money." In the 18th century the bit was, as a rule, the old Spanish real, one-eighth of a dollar. Later values were a half-pistareen or one-tenth of a dollar, one-sixteenth of a dollar, or, in some colonies, three

cents. Southall wrote in 1730: "I would give him a bit (a piece of Spanish money, these current at seven-pence half-penny)." Fifty years later Capt. Cook wrote of meat sold for "half a bit (three-pence sterling a pound)." Thomas Jefferson wrote in his Autobiography: "The tenth (of the dollar) will be precisely the Spanish bit, or half-pistareen." Dyche's Dictionary (1748): "In the West Indies, it is the least piece of silver coin, which goes current at 7 pence half penny." The "bit" in Jamaica, the smallest coin, equals 12 cents in our money. "Slang and Its Analogues" gives this delightful information: "In America a defaced 20 cent piece is termed a long bit." A writer in Scribner's Magazine for July, 1875: "For a young city, San Francisco is very much wedded to petty traditions. It clings to the 'bit' with a deathlike tenacity; clings to it against all reason and against its own interests. The 'bit' is a mythical quantity. It is neither twelve and a half cents, nor half of twenty-five; it is neither fifteen cents nor ten cents. If you buy a bit's worth, and throw down twenty-five cents, you get ten cents back; if you offer the same ten cents in lieu of a bit, you are looked upon as a mild sort of a swindler. And yet the 'bit' is the standard of minimum monetary value." In England four-penny pieces are called "bits" in slang, though "Joe" or "Joey" is also used. "These pieces are said to have owed their existence to the pressing instance of Mr. Hume, from whence they, for some time bore the nickname of 'Joeys.'" So says Hawkins in his "History of the Silver Coinage of England." This four-penny piece was coined for the first time, after a lapse of two centuries, in the reign of William IV. "Six-penny bit" and "three-penny bit" are in common use in England.—Ed.

MME. SUNDELIUS AND CUYLER BLACK IN CONCERT

Soprano and Tenor Heard in Jordan Hall—Former Has Steadily Grown in Her Art.

Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, assisted by Cuyler Black, tenor, gave a concert at Jordan Hall last evening. Mrs. Dudley T. Flitts was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Leoncavallo, Bird Song from "Pagliacci"; Liszt, "Oh! Quand je dors"; Coquard, "Mimi Pinson"; Fouldrain, "Les Abeilles"; Alfven, "The Forest Sleeps"; Swedish Folksong; Carpenter, "My Heart's Country"; "Don't Cease"; Dunhill, "The Cloths of Heaven"; Foster, "One Golden Day"—Mme. Sundelius. Puccini, "E lucevan le stelle" from "Tosca"; Burleigh, "Almona"; MacFadyen, "Love Is the Wind"; Sharp, "Japanese Death Song"; Hesselberg, "Come My Beloved"; Di Nigero, "My Love Is a Muleteer"; Spross, "Mourah"; O'Hara, "Life"—Mr. Black. Puccini, duet, "Viene le sera" from "Mme. Butterfly."

Mme. Sundelius, whose beautiful voice and accomplished singing have won admiration in Boston and other cities, gave great pleasure. Her voice was fresh, warm, compelling, now exquisitely pure, now glowing with womanly emotion. She sings easily with the fine phrasing that is the result of breathing skilfully controlled. Within the last few years Mme. Sundelius has steadily grown in her art. A certain vitality is now apparent in her singing where before there was complacent beauty. This dramatic quality which enhances the natural beauties of her voice was apparent in her singing of the air from "Pagliacci" and in one or two of the songs.

Mr. Black, a pupil of Cotogni, also studied in Germany and sang at the Kurfuersten Opera in Berlin. A crude and obvious singer with a sturdy voice, he was alternately violent and sentimental.

There was an audience of fair size, with singers added to the program.

THE POPS

Mario Laurenti, baritone, was soloist at the Pops last night with his usual success. Tonight Mme. Ester Ferrabini, soprano, will be the soloist, singing "Un bel di" from Madame Butterfly, and the Habanera from Bizet's "Carmen." The program is:

Overture "Light Cavalry" Suppe
Waltz, "Girls of Baden" Komzak
La Capricieuse S. Goldstein
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah" Saint-Saens
Rhapsody, "Espana" Chabrier
Aria, "Un bel di Vedremo" Puccini
Madame Ferrabini.
Overture, "Tannhauser" Wagner
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Selection, "The Prince of Ilben" Luder
"Habanera" Bizet
Madame Ferrabini.
Overture Solenne, "1812" Tschakowsky

June 23 1917
KITCHEN TYRANNY

There is not a little hysteria in certain propositions concerning reduction in expenses for food. One person insists that sump should be the chief dish; another would substitute rhubarb-leaves for spinach cabbage, or

any green said: a third revives the diatribes of William Cobbett against the potato. While nearly everyone has his or her little say about "cheap and nutritious" food, one great obstacle against household thrift is overlooked; or if it be discussed, it is discussed faintly and timorously.

Few servants are willing to assist the housewives in reasonable thrift. Many insist on joints in the hottest weather and demand meat twice a day. It matters not to them that the price of this or that vegetable is absurdly high. They look skew-eyed on whole-wheat bread and turn up the nose at cornmeal, hominy or rice. When fruit is plentiful, they scorn it. Fish poisons them. More than one mistress of a house orders of the meat man chiefly for her servants, who will not listen to argument, still less to entreaty. As they are not obliged to buy food, they reck not of the expense. Good sense and patriotism on the part of the mistress are to them synonyms of stinginess. Then, they are so wasteful!

Unfortunately, few mistresses have the courage to stand alone or together against the true rulers. The inexperienced servants demand as high wages as the accomplished. In their demands they are aided and abetted by some of the women that keep what are ironically known as "intelligence offices"; also by mistaken female philanthropists, who in their desire to "better the condition of the working classes" fill the girls' heads with foolish and disturbing notions. If the women of Boston who really wish to be sensibly economical should get together and agree on a fair scale of wages and on rules of dietary conduct, a long step would be made toward the overthrow of kitchen tyranny and the establishment of desirable economy.

We were recently informed that a flowing black cravat was the distinguishing badge of the male Anarchist. Was Berkman wearing one when he was arrested in New York? The reporters were sadly negligent. Yet we are informed of the costume worn by the indomitable Miss Emma Goldman. When she prepared herself to accompany Marshal McCarthy, "She wore a purple jersey skirt and a purple jersey jacket, a white crepe de chine shirt waist and a purple velvet hat trimmed with a purple silk ribbon, with dashes of white. And in her golden hair glistened gold-encrusted tortoise-shell combs." Now, purple was the color affected by Roman emperors; it was the color of the higher magistrates; it is the color of imperial and royal mourning; it denotes the rank, state or office of a cardinal. "An apartment of the Byzantine Palace was lined with porphyry and reserved for the use of the pregnant empresses, and the royal birth of their children was expressed by the appellation of 'porphyrogenite,' or born in the purple." This peculiar surname was first applied to Constantine VII. Surely, the color is the last that a professional and practical Anarchist should choose. "Berkman also wanted to change his editorial togs for the splendors of his wardrobe." This was allowed, but we are not told what he wore. Oh, remiss, unintelligent reporter.

In Memoriam.

We have not seen in our newspapers an allusion to the death of Anthony Trollope's widow, who departed this life on May 25 at Stroud, Minchinhampton, at the age of 96. She was the daughter of a bank manager. She met Trollope in Ireland in 1842, when he was a post-office surveyor in that country. They were married in 1844 in Dublin. Trollope had then begun his first novel, "The Macdermots of Ballycloran." The marriage was a happy one.

Thackeray was unhappy in his marriage, but consoled himself in a measure by using his wife as "copy." Thackeray's life was saddened by the insanity of his wife.

Ah me! how quick the days are ditting! I mind me of a time that's gone, When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting, In this same place—but not alone. A fair young form was nestled near me, A dear, dear face looked fondly up, And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me. There's no one now to share my cup. George Meredith married a widow, a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, the charming poet and novelist—if his

novels, but he married a widow, a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, the charming poet and novelist—if his life, married a second time—his secretary, it is said, so she was accustomed to his ways. "Mrs. Trollope lived long enough to see his reputation, on the strength of his best work, perhaps even more securely established than at the height of his popularity during his lifetime." Yet many who know the clerical series and the parliamentary set have never read "The Bertrams" or "The Three Clerks," and there are unfortunate beings that find Trollope dull. They also can see nothing in the novels of Jane Austen and have never heard of Mortimer Collins.

We mentioned not long ago the death of Col. Newnham-Davis, dramatist, journalist, soldier and the author of several works on gastronomy. He contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette a series of articles, "Dinners and Diners," that were afterward published in book form. The Pall Mall Gazette of May 30 said: "He regarded cookery as a high art, and discoursed upon it with enthusiasm; but for many years water was his only drink and the plainest food his fare." In this respect he resembled our valued friend Mr. Herkimer Johnson. The eminent sociologist writes with amazing gusto about cookery, foods, strong waters, wines and malt liquors, but he leads a Spartan life—although he substitutes black bean soup for the famous black broth. We saw Mr. Johnson not long ago breakfasting and supping at the Porphyry. For breakfast he had a raw apple, two slices of toast with a dab of marmalade, and a glass of water. For supper at 6:30 P. M. he ate a dish of milk toast and drank a pint of ale from pewter. This supper might be thought by some an unholly mixture, but Mr. Johnson is intrepid and has a steel stomach, nickel-plated and firmly riveted.

War Note.

The recruit was both sulky and stupid, and strongly resented the inquisitorial character of the questions put to him. At last the sergeant turned to him and sternly said: "Look here, young fellow, you've got to give a straight answer to questions put to yer. Now, then, where were you born?" Then came the answer, slowly, as if the information imparted were grudging: "London—right-hand side, going in."—London Daily Chronicle.

June 1917

We had the pleasure of seeing a few days ago the autograph manuscript of "The Black Crook." The possessor, having searched for it a long time, finally purchased it from an heir of the author. The manuscript will probably be in the Robert G. Shaw collection in the Widener Library of Harvard University.

The manuscript is carefully written. There is a wealth of stage directions, calling for music and a spectacular display of scenery, stage tricks and devices. The manuscript is dated 1862. "The Black Crook" was not produced until 1866.

The story of the production has often been told, but there are perplexing variations. In November, 1883, Mr. Charles H. Greene, who was then with the Kralfys Brothers, told a reporter of the Cleveland Leader that "The Black Crook" was written by Charles M. Barras as a drama, "and was first produced in that character in Buffalo in 1866, without the least feature of a spectacular play. Its success was not flattering, and the Meech Brothers did not stick to it very long after they found it would not go as they had expected."

Another story runs as follows: "Poor Charley Barras used to be a struggling lawyer in Cincinnati, but an opera troupe happening to perform in the town, Charley was so struck with 'Der Freischuetz' that he determined to perpetrate an libretto himself. He did so, and offered it to the present writer, who at that time was a musical sharp of some eminence, in his own opinion. The present writer pointed out to the aspiring author that the original (!) libretto was strangely like, in many of its details, the aforesaid opera of 'Der Freischuetz' but evaporated as it were, till all the spirit and flavor was lost, and the offended author made his exit with a glance of mild contempt, mingled with scorn. Some years after we chanced to meet on Broadway, New York. Charley was on his way to Niblo's Theatre to receive his royalty on the piece, which was boosted up by Jarrett and Palmer with ballets, spectacular scenery, music, illuminations, legs, and lorettes, had lifted the author from his stool in Cincinnati to the author from his stool in the Cincinnati office to a splendid country seat and a pair of fast trotters, but Charley was disconsolate. 'They've ruined my piece,' said he, 'with all their infernal tomfoolery and nonsense. It would have been a damned sight better without any of their trash.'

The Boston correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal wrote on Nov. 27, 1879, at the time "The Black Crook" was revived here at the Globe Theatre by the Kralfys: "When the late Charles Barras wrote 'The Black

the whole of it was a farce, and with dramatic realism and dramatic force that his brains were completely hoodwinked. The play was not very original, having been borrowed principally from the 'David Queen,' 'Dr. Freischuetz,' and an obscure old Breton legend called 'Le Chevalier Maudit.' He read me the manuscript long before it was published, and having prefaced the reading by the assertion that he had invented the legend and then wrote the play, thereby making himself safe from literary pirates, he closed with this audacious claim every loophole to criticism. There was one element in the play (which play, by the way, has never been played) which entitled it to respectful consideration. The unities of time, place, etc., were carefully preserved, although the time would have suited almost any point in that doubtful-margined period known as the 'middle ages.' A few nights since I went to the Globe Theatre to see 'The Black Crook,' and I found it to be the debris of a play not at all resembling the effects of the spell evoked by the crooked wizard, but something appertaining to the region of imbecility, the transformers being acrobatic wizards of the name of Kralfys."

Joseph Howard, Jr., wrote in a letter to the Philadelphia Times that Barras made \$75,000 out of the play; that he "fell through a trestle bridge and other people got his money." Howard also said that Barras was disgusted because nothing was left of his play, on account of the hit made by the ballet, except "a shred of the lines and a skeleton of the plot."

Another writer in New York also said that Barras was deeply hurt because the dramatic portions were almost completely cut out. "He made a fortune from his royalty, fell in love with Cora Adrienne, a tall and angular danseuse, a coryphée, I think, now being educated by the family who adopted her, but before he could marry her he jumped one evening from a train on the Hudson River railroad, tumbled through a trestle bridge and was mashed to pieces on the rocks that form a picture not unlike the famous Serpents' Glen in the 'Crook.'"

A writer in the Boston Herald of Sept. 12, 1897, stated that Barras, after the first run at Niblo's Garden was over, made a new arrangement with the managers by which he received much greater compensation. "He never disposed of the play, and when he died he willed the author's rights to his brothers, two farmers of Beverly, N. J., who made more money out of the bequest than they had ever accumulated by the sale of garden truck or other farm products."

We remember reading that the accident by which Barras lost his life occurred near or at Cos Cob.

This, at least, is true: Barras fully intended that his play should be produced with elaborate spectacular effects; this is clearly shown by the stage directions in his manuscript; but he had no thought of a dominating ballet. To say that he borrowed largely from the opera, "Der Freischuetz," is absurd. There is no casting of bullets; there is no shot directed by the Evil One. It is true that there is a Samiel in Weber's opera; also a Zamei in "The Black Crook"; the wicked hunter in the opera is bound by his compact with Zamei to tempt a fellow to his destruction. This is the only resemblance. By the way, there is much curious information in the books of the Rabbi concerning Samiel, "the venom of God," prince of the demons, accuser, seducer, destroyer; the twelve-winged chief of Satan's hosts; called by some the demon of carnal desire; by others as assuming the duties of the angel of death. It is said that he planted the vine, the forbidden tree in the Garden of Eden; that he had an affair with Eve; also that he had Lilith for a wife.

The story of the production has been told by many. Here, too, are variations. A. M. Palmer, in 1866, meeting his friend Jarrett in New York, said he had \$10,000 to risk on a ballet, but he needed \$10,000 more. Jarrett raised the money. In London Palmer saw the scenery, properties and wardrobes of the "Biche au Bois" at Astley's Theatre. These were purchased. The Academy of Music, New York, was leased for the production of "La Biche au Bois." The scenery and costumes were shipped from Liverpool. On May 22, 1866, the Academy of Music was destroyed by fire. It was not again ready for use until February of the next year. Jarrett and Palmer then went to William Wheatley of Niblo's Garden. Scenery, costumes and certain imported dancers were on their hands. When they told them he had contracted with Barras to produce the latter's new play, "The Black Crook," and had already paid him \$2000. The "Biche au Bois" was discarded, and its scenery, properties and dancers put into Barras's drama. "Wheatley agreed to assume all risks of production and to pay Barras the

sum of \$1500 for the run of the piece, no matter what its duration might be. If he failed to have it acted one single night (Sunday excepted), the contract was at an end and fresh terms would have to be made." But, according to a statement quoted, Barras had already received \$2000. Another statement is that: "It cost Wheatley, Jarrett and Palmer \$50,000 to put the piece on the stage, and every week they realized the

\$104,000." Another statement is that after Palmer saw the "Biche au Bois" at Astley's, in London, he and Arthur Mathison wrote a play called "The Black Crook," in which it was intended to produce the spectacular effects of "The Black Crook." Let us add to the confusion. The London Daily Telegraph, noting a revival of "The Black Crook" at the Alhambra, where it was originally performed in December, 1872, spoke of the play as "the grand, spectacular fairy opera founded on 'La Biche au Bois.'" This, of course, is wholly wrong.

"La Biche au Bois," by the way, known as "The White Fawn," was produced in New York at Niblo's Garden, Jan. 17, 1868. It was produced at the Boston Theatre on Feb. 10, 1868, and ran 11 weeks. James Lewis, D. J. Maguinness, George Atkins, John Taylor, Mrs. Agnes Booth, Mrs. Boniface, Rachel Noah, Dora Goldthwaite and Annie Kemp Bowler were in the company.

The first performance of "The Black Crook" was at Niblo's Garden, Sept. 12, 1866. The cast was as follows: Wolfenstein, J. W. Blaisdell; Rodolphe, George C. Boniface; Puffengruntz, J. G. Barnett; Hertzog, Charles H. Morton; Greppo, George Atkins; Dragonfin; Hernandez Foster; Zamei, E. B. Holmes; Stalacta, Annie Kemp Bowler; Amina, Rose Morton; Barbara, Mary Wells; Carline, Milly Cavendish. The chief dancers were Marie Bonfanti, Rita Sangalli, Betty Rigi, Rose Delval. The music was by Thomas Baker. Harvey J. Dodworth led the orchestra. The performance began at 7:45 P. M. and closed at 1:50 A. M. The 475th performance took place on Jan. 4, 1868. There were, of course, changes in the cast and in the list of dancers during the run. There were revivals at this theatre on Dec. 12, 1870 (122 performances); Dec. 18, 1871, when Kate Santley made her debut in America as Stalacta and the Majlitts, St. Felix Infant Ballet and Samwell's trained animals were added to the attractions (57 performances); Aug. 18, 1873, with the new dancers Adele Boni and Emilin Gravassy; the Kralfys Family; London Madrigal Boys; the Sisters Valdis, gymnasts, and Felix Regamy, caricaturist (120 performances). There were revivals in other theatres of New York: Academy of Music, Sept. 15, 1892, with Mmes. Tornaghi, Mavoroff, Rizzi, and later Salmoraghi. Elise Gray was the Stalacta. Four French quadrille dancers did "The Split" (306 consecutive performances); Aug. 14, 1893, when Bartoletti made her debut. Haverly's Theatre, Nov. 13, 1892; Fourteenth Street Theatre, Sept. 21, 1896; Grand Opera House, Nov. 23, 1874 (Eliza Weathershy, Marie Bonfanti, Kathi and Emilie Kralfys); Dec. 18, 1876, with Guiseppeina Morlacchi; May 14, 1883, Mmes. de Rosa and Astegranio, chief dancers; May 17, 1886; Sept. 24, 1894, Oct. 14, 1895.

Standard Theatre, March 20, 1889; Harlem Opera House, March 26, 1894.

No doubt there were other performances.

The first performance in Boston was at Whitman's Continental Theatre, Jan. 7, 1867. Rodolphe, Mrs. L. B. Perrin; Wallenstein (sic), D. R. Allen; Puffengruntz (sic), W. H. Smith; Hertzog, H. A. Weaver; Greppo, James Lewis; Dragonfin, D. J. Maguinness; Zamei, J. Davies; Stalacta, Miss L. Meyers; Antina, Fanny Davenport; Carline (with song "The Naughty Man"), Kitty Blanchard; Barbara, Mrs. L. Morse. The chief dancers were Marletta Ravel, Kate Pennoyer, Mary Blake, Kitty Blanchard. The march of the Amazons was led by Georga Langley and Jenny Reed. Napier Lothian conducted. Later the dancers, Annetta Galletti Cordilla, Eveline Lehman, Helen Shaw, La Fairie (three years old) and Nellie Le Roy, appeared in December, 1867; Rita Sangalli danced in a revival at this theatre.

"The Black Crook" was performed for the first time at the Boston Theatre on March 4, 1872. Wolfenstein, W. C. Pope; Rodolphe, J. J. Sullivan; Puffengruntz, G. W. Wilson; Hertzog, Louis Aldrich; Greppo, D. J. Maguinness; Dragonfin, Martin; Zamei, A. Leonard; Stalacta, Kate Santley; Amina, Dora Goldthwaite; Barbara, Mrs. Charles Poole; Carline, Rachel Noah. The music was by G. Oport and Napier Lothian. The latter conducted. The chief dancers were Pierini Sassi, who danced at La Scala, Milan, in 1865; Cora Adrienne, Bedon Felicitas, Bonni Bambina, Clotilda Marchesi. Among the attractions were the Majlitts, Egyptian jugglers; the infant ballet troupe and trained animals. The spectacle ran five weeks. There were performances at the Boston Theatre by the Kralfys, beginning April 26, 1866, and Dec. 20, 1866. There was a revival on Sept. 4, 1893, when the run was for 18 weeks. Lida Dexter was the Stalacta. There was a revival for two weeks on April 13, 1895, when the chief dancers were Mmes. Iole Tornaghi, Mavoroff and Ricci. There was a ballet of popular airs in which "Ta-ra-ro-boom-de-ay" was introduced. Eugene Tompkiss managed companies playing "The Black Crook" in New York, 1892, and in Chicago, 1892.

"The Black Crook" was performed at the Globe Theatre, Nov. 3, 1879, with Nell Larkelle as Stalacta. The chief dancer were Mmes. Zallio, de I...

described as "composers and poor." A critic wrote that there was an enormous audience "composed almost wholly of men, and to a considerable degree, we should imagine, of undergraduates. Miss Larkelle's substantial form was displayed with frank generosity and her style of acting matched it with a sort of intelligent ponderosity. Her singing was sweet and pleasant." Another critic spoke of "the session of Harvard students as disgraceful." * * * These young men, callow youths, occupied almost an entire section of the orchestra seats, and the familiar "rah! rah! rah!" which has cheered so many on to victory in the sports of the college, rang out approvingly last evening to the obscene allusions of some of the auditors. The manner in which the performers were gaped was an outrage on the remainder of the audience, whose rights were trampled upon. An honest recall is a matter of pleasure to all, but an encore for the sake of prolonging the entertainment or to gratify some whim at the expense of the majority of the audience is an imposition which should not be allowed to go unrebuked. In the last act matters were brought to a climax when Mr. Lytell appealed to the rowdies to have some respect for the lady, Miss Conway, who was singing, if they had none for him. There were mothers and sisters in the audience last night whose cheeks must have tingled with shame at some of the allusions of the young men."

The Boston correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, from which we have already quoted, wrote a blistering article. "The Kiralfy Brothers, it must be understood, run entirely on legs. * * * The ballet which these Polish Jews have brought to Boston for the delectation of the Pilgrim fathers has the appearance of having been selected by the proprietor of the lowest variety shop. They are young women of the most bulky legs ever seen under the glare of footlights—

legs stuffed to absolute deformity. The two principal female dancers are of the toe and whirl and teetotum and acrobatic school. One is a little squat, Spanish-looking Jewess, who presents better even than Leslie the painter has ever done, or Dorc, the daughter of Sancho Panza. She is of the teetotum school. The other is plain enough to waltz forever in the chaste moonbeams, a woodland nymph, without even a wink from faun or satyr. She goes about on her toes, and by a perpetual smile seems to claim admiration from the audience for an 'improvement,' as if the judges were all examiners in the patent office and were diligently studying a petition which set forth 'what I claim is a new arrangement of muscles and an adaptation of the big toe, etc., etc., for a more perfect style of locomotion.' While poised on the left big toe, she extends her right one in rapid, not to say violent, often-repeated action, horizontally toward the centre of the orchestral circle, until she is satisfied that her admirers can retain no doubt of the fact that her limbs are attached in the regular way, that there is no artifice used, and that she is not held together by anything so flimsy as the light clothing she wears out of respect to a vulgar prejudice only. This kind of dancing belongs strictly to the acrobatic school. It is agility, strength and muscle, 'but of grace ye shall have none.' Although the 'corps de ballet' is of wretched material, yet it works in very nicely in those moving tableaux which are the backbone of the ballet and give it its principal charm through its constantly changing combinations, where each grouping gives a new picture. The Kiralfys appear to understand this essential part of their art. The Amazon march was very beautiful, executed as it was by 60 women in the prettiest of fancy armor, commanded by a Stalacta, who then, for the first time in the play, seemed to have any clothes on. The march should be especially commended, as it was the solitary good thing of the evening. * * * Of the company engaged by the Kiralfys for small passages from "The Black Crook," taken out apparently at random, old theatre-goers will readily appreciate their quality when I state that J. B. Roberts, once a star who shared with Neafie the execrations of outraged humanity as rivals for the position of the worst actors in the world, stood out by comparison with his associates a second Edmund Kean. Either this old gentleman of 70, whose lungs still remain replete with youthful vigor, has mellowed into excellence, or the crew around him were the most hopeless of amateurs. The old woman especially was an unpardonable trespasser on the stage. She had but one note, and that of a quality that even Paganini could not have improved. The Carline only appeared once. It was to sing, which she did three times, the last song being a comic satire touching Gen. Grant, 'his sisters, his cousins and his aunts.' It appears that Grant and the Pinafore were heard of in the Hartz mountains centuries before they were born. The 'transformation scene,' so-called, was too pitiful to be mentioned."

There were other performances by the Kiralfys at the Globe beginning Jan. 2, 1882, when Annie Randolph was the Stalacta. The chief female dancers were Mmes. de Rosa and Bazzano.

There were performances at the Columbia Theatre by the Newell and

Tompkins' company for one week, beginning Aug. 15, 1886, with Dorothy Lathrop as Stalacta. The chief dancers were Mmes. Kraskce and Micari.

One of the dancers in the performances here at the Continental Theatre in 1867-8, afterwards became famous in Paris, where she was the first Sylvia in Delibes's ballet of that name at the Opera (June 14, 1876). Georges Duval then wrote an enthusiastic article about her, contrasting her with Marie Taglioni and praising her for her departure from academic rules.

"La Sangalli is a thoroughly pagan dancer. She recalls the muse Terpsichore with her tambourine, her tunic slit over the thigh and held by golden clasps. When she twirls herself on her reins and throws back her arms, drunk and dead with voluptuousness, you see one of those beautiful figures of Herculaneum or Pompeii, which stand out in white from a dark background and accompany their steps with sonorous castanets the line of Virgil—'Crispans sub crotato move latus'—comes involuntarily into the mind. The Syrian slave whom he loved to see dancing under the vine arbor of the little inn bore much resemblance to her."

"Others said in Paris that she was a vigorous and intrepid ballerina, accurate and forcible, but somewhat lacking in charm."

She danced in the production of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre, beginning March 10, 1888, with George L. Fox as clown, C. Fox, Pantaloon; Frank Lacey, Harlequin, and Emily Rigi, Columbine. Clifton W. Tayleur wrote to Col. Brown: "The box office received \$1,406,000 during the run of 'Humpty Dumpty.' 'The Black Crook' was running at Niblo's Garden, and principal dancers were not easily to be found. A quarrel between Vestral and Sangalli enabled me to secure the latter. Betty and Emily Rigi, who had previously seceded from Niblo's, were also secured. Sangalli received \$150 a week. The two Rigis received jointly the same amount. The entire ballet cost, with the extra music, coryphees and figurantes, \$943 a week."

When Lalo's ballet, "Namouna," was rehearsing at the Paris Opera in 1882, Mme. Sangalli, the Namouna, was expected to light and smoke a cigarette while dancing. She had made praiseworthy attempts to accustom herself to smoking and was at last sure of herself, when this business was cut out for several reasons. It was decided that she should roll the cigarette, but not light it. She injured her foot. Some of the newspapers said that Rosita Mauri would replace her. She replied: "I shall rehearse Saturday, March 4, and on Monday the 6th I shall dance Namouna, or I shall be dead." She did not die; she danced; she lived until 1909. Some years before her death she complained that the world was growing old; that dancing had been all but abandoned. It is a pity that she did not live to see the Russian Ballet in Paris.

At the Continental in Boston she danced also in "Cinderella" and in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Morlacchi was also dancing that season, as in "The Golden Branch."

A New Yorker, reminiscent, described Rita as "superbly voluptuous dancer; her motions were sensuous, but never indelicate—she was fond of macaroni and long since returned to the land where they know how to cook that savory dish."

Joseph Howard, Jr., writing a good many years ago about managers, dancers, actors and actresses, in the early performances of "The Black Crook" mentioned first of all Pauline Markham, "whose hair floated behind her like a trail, whose legs were long and shapely and who had a 'velvet voice.' I remember when men fought for her hand, raffled for her company, bid high for the pleasure of driving her home. At one time she was so popular that donkeys took the horses from her carriage and pulled her home themselves. As Stalacta in 'The Black Crook,' she was superb. Of late years Nellie Larkelle makes a more magnificent creature of the Queen of the Waters, but Markham as a spirituelle sprite, with grace and long hair, statuesqueness and superb carriage, gold bracelets and pearls all over her and nothing to speak of in the way of clothes, was the knee plus ultra of stage divinities. * * * Wheatley was an actor of the old school. He had a beautiful wife. When she died he went to the tomb every week and looked at

her embalmed remains. He's dead, too. He made about \$300,000 (and it is divided among his families. Harry Palmer was gay and festive and a pusher. He made \$200,000, and left about \$90,000 to his pretty widow and handsome son. Harry Jarrett made \$200,000, gave half to his wife, who put it in a New York house and is now in Europe with 'Fun on the Bristol.' Markham is all broken up. Betty Rigi and Emily Rigi were dancers then. Markham was not. Betty married a nice fellow in Philadelphia, and Emily has blossomed into a first-rate actress of the saturnine school. Sangalli was one of the premiers. She had a famous back action trick which made her look as though, when she was entirely twisted inside out, she'd fall to pieces, but she didn't. She and the King of Bavaria are in Europe. Bonfanti was another premier. She was a great favorite with the late and as yet unbared A. T. Stewart, and the inside of his stage-box was always at her disposal. He was kind and generous to her

and helped her all wonderfully, until she ran away and married young Mr. Hoffman and then came back and settled down to dancing. I saw her in the Aleazar the other evening, capering about with a silvered fig leaf, fat and matronly. Helgho how we go!"

Wheatley, an excellent light comedian, died at New York in 1876.

A writer in the New York Tribune, late in the 70's, also indulged himself in reminiscences: "Augusta Solika is now maintained by the actor's fund and such old admirers as choose to send her an occasional present, knowing her needs. Miss Sommerdyke, it is said, after waiting 10 years for a youthful lover whose wealthy parents would not brook the idea of his marrying a dancer, has recently married him, he in the meantime having become a millionaire. One of the Zanfretta sisters having married a New York editor, retired for a time, but she has reappeared as a singer with a remarkably clear voice, under the name of Mile. Vanoni, and next season will be the principal in Collier & Rice's Burlesque Opera company. Bonfanti, married a wealthy young man of New York, whose widow she now is. She returned to the stage on his death, but for a brief time only. Elsie Moore married William E. Cook, who was Tweed's 'right bower' in the department of public works, and now is a favorite in London, where she lives with Cook. Emily Rigi, after dancing for a few seasons, learned English and elocution and is now an actress of promise, and is to be, it is said, connected with Stetson's company for next season."

Another writer gossiped amiably: "Milly Cavendish, the original Carline, died suddenly, as did Miss Wilmot, who succeeded her. Bessie Sudloe was a Brooklyn girl, full of life and fun, and after a queer experience here, went abroad as thin as a rail, and soon married Mr. Green, manager of the Dublin Theatre and one of Dublin's aldermen; Lizzie Kelsey was a charming English danseuse, who saved her money, bought a farm in New Jersey, imported her sister, her cousins and her aunts; George Boniface was then tall and slender, and his Rudolphe was a uniquely romantic effort." Kitty Blanchard died in 1911; Boniface in 1912. Mme. Morlacchi died beloved and respected at

East Billerica of cancer of the stomach. Born in 1843, she married J. B. Omohundro ("Texas Jack") in 1873. The marriage was a happy one, for she was a devoted wife. Mme. Bonfanti is still teaching dancing in New York.

Kate Santley—we see her now at the head of the Amazons; we hear the marching song, "I Am Stalacta"—It was at the Boston Theatre in 1872—born in America, began her career in pantomime and played Shakespearean heroines with Charles Kean before she was seen in "The Black Crook." At Oxford Music Hall she made a sensation by singing "The Bells Go A-Ringing for Sarah." From 1868 to 1872 she played in pantomime and burlesque. After her visit to America she was heard in London and the English provinces in operetta and burlesque. In 1876 she began to manage the Royalty Theatre and in 1894 gave up acting and singing professionally. She adapted the play "Mixed Relations" from "Divorcons" and wrote the libretto and some of the music of "Vetah." At last accounts she was still the lessee of the Royalty.

The storm of disapprobation aroused by "The Black Crook" for many years now amuses the older theatre-goers who have seen symbolic, nature and "interpretative" dancing. "The Black Crook" was attacked in press and in pulpit. It was denounced not only as a "leg show," but as a sink of abomination. Poor Baras! He little dreamed that his romantic play would be called fit only for Sodom and Gomorrah. The protests, of course, fanned curiosity. It was rumored that village deacons visited New York and Boston and entered the theatre with false whiskers to snatch a fearful pleasure. As a writer in 1897 put it, "The Black Crook" introduced tights without skirts, which shocked playgoers. "There had been no intermediate step from the short petticoats extending several inches below the knee to the full-fledged tights and trunks. The public was not prepared for the revelations of such a costume, and some people didn't like it. But the vast majority did, and theatre-goers were not long in realizing that this revolution in the style of ballet girls' dress had come to stay and that they might as well accept it first as last."

In those early days of "The Black Crook" and the British Blondes beauty was found in beef. When a benefit performance was given in London to Emily Soldene on Nov. 13, 1906, Miss Soldene spoke to reporters about the change in types. "The old style of beauty was plump. 'Physique' was the great thing. Now they like them slender and petite and mincing and chirpy. Socially, too, they are of a much higher class." For Emily Soldene flourished in the years when London stage girls stuffed their "shapeless trunks" with the Daily Telegraph. "I believe," she said, "that the public now would be quite shocked to see a girl in tights. You never see one in musical comedy. In fact, take figures all round and I don't think you see the figures you used to."

Even thirteen years after the first production of "The Black Crook" in New York there were outliers: Witness an article in the Tribune of April 14, 1879, apropos of a revival by the Kiralfys. These Kiralfys are, probably, the best dancers that have been seen on the

New York stage since the days of the voluptuous and astonishing Cubas. There is no need to dilate on the dances and processions. They have been seen before; and their meaning and drift are well understood. The purpose of the whole exhibition is sensual luxury—and therefore had. Such displays work a two-fold injury to the stage; they cast into shadow the more intellectual, and therefore more delicately toned themes, ideas, and pictures with which it is concerned, and they vitiate the public taste for true drama by making it rank. The senses, to be sure, have their rights and their uses. The truly spiritual elements of life do not flower upon starved and barren physical condition. Asceticism is not necessarily either purity or health. Color, form, fragrance, music, and pleasure—the sensation of being alive, and of joy in mere existence—are all blessings to the state of mortal man, and it is perfectly right that we should find in them all the comfort and benefit they can afford. But it is very easy to overdo the business of sensation, and thereby to degrade the nobler attributes of the soul. Spectacle plays in which the semi-nude figure, voluptuously displayed is the principal feature are fraught with influence which is likely to produce this result. To one class of spectators, indeed, they are merely trivial and tedious. Everybody remembers Carlyle's remarks on the ballet. Philosophers and men-of-the-world naturally look with careless or jaded eyes upon the painted girls who caper in silk tights under a limelight. The spectacle, to them, is nothing. But there are thousands of juvenile, or volatile, or inexperienced persons whom it intoxicates and bewilders—to whom it is like a glimpse into the enchanted gardens of the Arabian Nights. These are the sufferers—since, under the rosy, insidious and alluring influence of the spectacle play, they find their tendencies to mischief not only promoted but speciously disguised as virtues. The true life, they now begin to think is the life of pleasure; and those who know the world are profoundly, painfully, often terribly well aware that this is the most dangerous doctrine that can possibly get control of a human creature." the review began: "And Satan Came Also!"

When Mr. Tompkins took "The Black Crook" to Chicago the French "split" dancers were savagely denounced as making the production "unfit for the patronage of modest women and respectable young girls." "The exhibitions, or so-called feats, of these four impudent sprawlers and kickers, are grossly vulgar, disgusting evidences of the extent to which it is possible to degrade womanhood for hire. * * * A few years ago Manager McVicker would have closed his theatre rather than allow his stage to be the scene of such gratuitous bawdry. * * * If these women had worn the minimum of underclothing, as they do in the notorious resorts of Paris, there would have been packed houses (at McVicker's), just the same, for nastiness has its devotees by the myriad. But no honorable, right-minded man, knowing what this 'split' dance is, will care to take his wife or daughter to McVicker's while it is a part of the evenings' entertainment." And so on, and so on.

"Nym Crinkle" wrote a brilliant column of "Reflections at the Crook." "I suppose there is nothing in the world more wearisome to a man or woman with a disciplined imagination than a ballet. I believe the spectators whose taste and intelligence have been liberally developed will tire of 'The Black Crook' after half an hour of it. * * * But to the multitude it is a revelation; a real scene of enchantment; a congeries of marvels, a lascivious bath of music, in which something of the old witchery of a sensuous mythology is felt." The writer first studied the spectacle on the stage. "They are young women, middle-aged women, maidens and matrons so far as their physiology betrays condition. They come and go, come and go, in great chromatic waves—a sea of sexuality, beating up against the wings, eddying round in vortices, and melting away in circles. They are for the most part creatures who bring obediently to this exposition that which nature has given them—limbs. But collectively and under guidance their individuality is lost in the triumph of collective motion, and the rhythm and geometric beauty of the vacillating crowd produce an effect upon the spectators not unlike that made by a kaleidoscope. * * * I am inclined to think that any form of entertainment which will hold four thousand people night after night, which is put forward with a plea of art and is openly countenanced by society, must have some kind of merit. * * * Did you ever wonder why the crowd go to hear Moody and Sankey, or stand for hours in discomfort in the parks waiting for the fireworks, or on the steps along Broadway watching for the procession? The three things have one charm in common—and it is rhythm. 'The Black Crook' pulses with it from first to last; its tinsel and text vibrate with it; its stupid horde of women are marshalled by it into recurrent delight, and its meagre and muddled story catches some glory from the vibration it suffers. I believe this elemental luxury is wholesome. It is true the spectacle is so-

...and there are other things than rhythm to be considered in it—but let us consider them.

"The undraped women are not wholly beautiful to the aesthetic eye; but would it not be a good thing for the public if they were? This is an old and vexed question in art and morals. For hundreds of years men have been debating whether the undraped female form should be gazed at. But they have never ceased gazing at it whenever the opportunity came. The debate does not interfere with their practice. Nothing is easier than to argue that the ballet has a high, chaste, poetic mission. While they are arguing it, come and look at the women. . . . Let us be frank: What we want is a spectacle of voluptuous figures writhing about sensuously and indifferently. But the 'Black Crook' does not present them. The women who are shown as ideal types are in most part physically imperfect. They are gathered from those walks of life where circumstances have modified nature. Your sculptor will not have them. They are without lines. The sewing machine has warped the flowing muscle of their limbs. They are bent a little with making cigars or shirts. They are run to adipose folds, or are double-jointed, or are anaemic and knobby. And art requires perfect animals. There are not three of them who could get a position to stand in the life school at a dollar an hour. The notion that a beautifully formed woman must disrobe herself to prove her perfection is a monstrous error. Beauty of form flows continuously and unconsciously through to all impediments of wardrobe into action. The ballet school sets up an empiric standard of grace, and asks us to accept feats of endurance and skill for evidences of organic beauty.

"As if nature intended women to stand on their toes and gesticulate with their legs. But there is a mellow haze between the footlights and the multitude. The poor, toiling women seem to the dazed people in front to be hours. The light softens their outlines. The varicose veins are hid in pink silk and the property man has painted out all the blemishes. If they were only beautiful women in 'The Crook'! Well, why not? Would not an exhibition of excellently formed women have a good effect upon the public? I cannot imagine anything more beneficial than a well regulated public show of figures, every way adapted to the performance of all the functions of life. We have lost sight of the ideal standard. As to the morality

of the exhibition nothing need be said. In art a handsomely formed woman is not necessarily immoral, and if there is any immorality in this show, it lies in the fact that the women are not as handsomely formed as they might be. . . . 'The Black Crook' may cultivate public taste. Even such fairies as the poor ballet girls represent when partially denuded may make better impressions on the mind than the over-draped and fashionably malformed women that the observer meets in real life. There is one great advantage to the masculine eye in the business of the coryphees. It cannot be carried on in French shoes that constrict the feet, nor in stays that congest the lungs, nor in any of the harness and armor that beauty, out of mimic life, believes to be adjuncts of nature and triumphs of art."

Baker, Jacobi, Operti, Lothlan and others, among them Frederick Clay, wrote music for "The Black Crook."

Notes About

Music, Musicians and the Stage

"When Puccini set out to write 'The Girl of the Golden West' he aimed at opera 'with every modern convenience,' but 'not being quite to the manner born he finished by putting coals in the bathroom. In other words, it is full of useful resource wrongly placed, a wrong-headed attempt to be up to date when nobody with any sense of the theatre wished him to be other than himself. He is himself at times—notably so in the second act, and, significantly, that is the act that really counts, the act by which the opera stands or falls—and, by grace of jury, it stands—just!"—Pall Mall Gazette, June 1.

Robert Parker, who first sang here as a member of Mr. Savage's English grand opera company, took the part of the sheriff in Puccini's opera, and was warmly praised. "His make-up, too, is picturesque, and may be authentic, save that we believe the variegated ancestry indicated would render him unacceptable in authority over American miners." Mr. Parker also took the part of Boris in Moussorgsky's opera at Drury Lane.

The London Times said of "Louise": "No wonder tastes differ about this music. It is bad music in itself, but good for its purpose; it sounds beautiful if you are intent upon what is going on behind the footlights, but if you shut your eyes 20 consecutive bars are unendurable."

Hart Lauder after his engagement at the Shaftesbury Theatre went to France to amuse the soldiers at the front and in the hospitals. After his return he will rest till fall; but he will not be idle. "I'm going to chop wood for the government." He recently made a speech at The Cup and Saucer, a non-alcoholic public house.

A lot of people go to a public house for a glass of beer, because a cup of tea satisfies you, but when you get a glass of beer it satisfies you for a minute or two; then you feel you want more and you go on until you get wobbly."

Apropos of a performance of "Louise" in English at Drury Lane, June 1, the Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "No London-born music-lover can suppress his regret that the first operatic idol of the life of a great city should have fallen to Paris. Charpentier's opera is fascinatingly full of incident, but a Cockney music drama conceived in the same spirit and carried out with equal talent might so easily surpass it that one instinctively looks round to see whence it is to come. 'Louise' is no supreme masterpiece. It is possible to pick serious flaws in the music. But it is warmly, intensely human, and it is humanly plausible. That is the secret of its success." The writer added that the workgirls scene was indanger of being spoiled by the progressive exuberance of the Apprentice, who allowed the success of her first appearance in the part to tempt her to disconcerting extravagances. This was true of the young woman who played the Apprentice in the performances at the Boston Opera House.

Of an adaptation by Russell Thorn-dyke and E. A. Ross of "Oliver Twist," produced at the old "Vic," London, May 24, it is said: "The play is open to the usual criticism of Dickensian adaptations. The little incidents, so finely limned and infinitely true to life, which form the chief charm of Dickens's novels, become disconnected and incoherent when put upon the stage. This is perhaps inevitable if overcrowding is to be avoided, but it gives to individual parts a prominence which the original text hardly warranted."

Were Miss Lily West and Philip Cathie pleased with the London Daily Telegraph's review of their "thoroughly comfortable" performance of Brahms's violin sonata in G? "There was nothing in it calculated to arouse the hearer either to great enthusiasm or to any feeling of resentment, but from first to last it radiated an atmosphere of placidity and contentment."

At the Coliseum, London, June 4, in behalf of the War Seal Foundation, the most successful of the women collecting bank notes in the stalls was one that sold kisses at £1 apiece to a large party of naval officers and others. "Honi soit qui mal y pense! The audience was delighted with the frank and innocent fun. What a Duchess of Devonshire did for votes, may not a modern girl do on behalf of totally disabled soldiers?"

At Victor Benham's piano recital in London, June 6, he announced that he would improvise on themes provided by the audience. The critic of the Daily Telegraph wrote in advance: "So far as my recollection serves, it is many years since a pianist publicly extemporised in this way. I do not see why he should not. In days long past all the great pianists did it, and Mr. Benham has extemporised before Wagner, Liszt, von Bulow, Hanslick and many of the musical big-wigs of the days that are gone. As a fact, I believe Mr. Benham himself has extemporised in public here many years ago."

The Deutsche Theater in Berlin recently raised a tempest by the production of Moliere's "L'Avare," not only in translation, but also freely adapted. Max Rheinhardt, of "Sumurun" fame, put the piece on, and Carl Sternheim, as yet not generally known on this side of the water, did the adapting. Moliere, having with astral body witnessed the performance, was moved to epistolary protest in the Berliner Tageblatt. He admires an impartiality which permits a community besieged on all sides to witness performances of enemy masterpieces. But he objects to having his fllet served up with sauerkraut and dump-lings. His work may be imperfect; he admits the likelihood. But, though a poor thing, it is all his own. This may be the first of a long series of literary brutalities planned against enemy genius. Shakespeare has already suffered unspeakably through a German translation passionately defended by Teutons as superior to the original. Other deeds of violence will, no doubt, soon follow. Retaliation and reprisal will be difficult on our side, for obvious reasons.—New York Evening Post.

The life of Marie Lloyd is evidently not all song and gaiety. On June 4 her husband, Bernard Dillon, ex-jockey, appeared in court in khaki.

"According to the evidence, a constable passing Miss Marie Lloyd's house in Finchley road on Sunday evening, heard screams of 'murder' and 'police.' A servant ran out and said that Dillon was threatening to murder his wife. He entered and found Dillon with a soda water syphon in his hand, and Mrs. Dillon and a Mrs. Wilson crouching in a corner of the dining room, screaming. Dillon said to him, 'Who sent for you? Get out of my house.' Before he could reply Dillon

struck him three blows with his fist on the forehead. There was a struggle, and both fell. Dillon struck witness several blows on the head while he was on the floor. Miss Lloyd was stated to be too ill to attend the court."

There was a private view yesterday at the theatre of the Transatlantic Film Company, Oxford street, of the film "Motherhood," which was written by Mrs. H. B. Irving for production in cine-mas all over the country during the Black

...and a lot of people go to the theatre, who are really going to the cinema-houses as a resort. It profits going to the cinema for purposes of infant welfare.

The film tells the story of the courtship and marriage before the war of a railway porter and a factory girl. The young wife is faced with the ordinary hardships. She has to drag water up long flights of stairs and to live in a room without conveniences or comforts. There are bickerings over her had housekeeping, and she finds comfort in the room of a neighbor, who tempts her to drink. She goes back home smelling of drink and has a violent quarrel with her husband, who strikes her and has a jug thrown at him. The neighbors are listening to the wrangling when the health visitor—a part which is played by Mrs. Irving—comes on the scene and reconciles them.

When war breaks out the man goes; the young wife is left alone, and her baby is born. The health visitor comes to her and brings her to a school for mothers, arousing her interest in the advice given, the babies at play and being weighed, the making of baby clothes, and the other work carried on at an efficiently run centre. Afterward there are charming home scenes. The young mother is shown being initiated into the washing and dressing of her baby. The father gets "cradle leave," and is seen proudly taking his first-born in his arms. The other side of the picture depicts the neighbor who drinks overlaying her child, and the subsequent inquest. Then appears the national council of baby week, sitting, with Mrs. Lloyd George in the chair, declaring, "What we want is a mobilization of motherhood." Afterward comes the realization of one side of the national council's propaganda. The young couple, when the war is over, are happy in a home built for them by a grateful country, where there is air and space for the children to grow and to play, and labor-saving devices for the mother.

Judge Neil of Chicago explained the origin of his scheme for mothers' pensions, which originated in Illinois, and were now adopted by 39 of the states of America.—London Times, June 3.

THE POPS

The seventh week of the Pops, which begins tomorrow evening, June 25, brings another set of interesting concerts with attractive soloists. The schedule calls for Lilla Snelling, contralto, on Monday and Friday evenings. She was soloist at the special season of Pops given in Symphony Hall last September, and enjoyed a good success. During the season she appeared in Worcester with the Symphony orchestra. Tuesday night Arthur Hackett, than whom there is no better tenor in the country, and who is a great favorite with the Pop audiences, will make his last appearance of the season. He will leave town for the summer the next day, and it is with great regret that the patrons will see him go.

Wednesday night the soloist will be Martha Atwood Baker, soprano. Mrs. Baker has given recitals of interest in this city, particularly those with George Copeland, which were devoted principally to modern French music. She will sing an aria and a group of songs.

Mario Laurenti, the popular Italian baritone, who has had such success at the concerts this season, will be the soloist Thursday evening, and Saturday evening the soloist will be Stephen Townsend. Mr. Townsend will sing once with the orchestra and then with the piano he will sing a group of songs in English.

Mr. Jacchia announces a "Wagner night" for Tuesday evening, June 26. This will be Mr. Hackett's last appearance as soloist. He will sing Lohengrin's Narrative. The major part of the program will be devoted to music by Wagner.

The program for Monday night, June 25, is as follows:
March, "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
"Reve Angeli".....Rubinstein
Trio or violin, "cello and harp:
(a) Santa Notta.....Orlando
(b) Gondola Song.....Holy
Messrs. Theodorowicz, Keller and Holy.
Selection, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Overture, "Jeanne d'Arc".....Verdi
Aria (selected)

Miss Snelling.
Dance Macabre.....Saint-Saens
Solo violin, Mr. Theodorowicz.
"The Star Spangled Banner"
Fantasia, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Aria (selected)
Miss Snelling.
Waltz, "Dream of Love".....Fahrbach
March, "Semper Fidelis".....Sousa

MR. WILLOUGHBY

A telegraphic dispatch states that Mr. Percy Spencer de Willoughby, arrested at Hamilton, Ont., talked in reminiscent vein about his experiences in the United States, especially about his club, and otherwise social life in Boston. It is also said that his entertainers in this city are not inclined to discuss their hospitality or their guest.

This unwillingness is a symptom of parochialism. No one that met Mr. Willoughby will deny that he was an

...away from his quiet and modest authority in speech and bearing, led those startled for the moment to believe that if the things of which he spoke had not actually happened to him, they might or should have happened. He amply repaid all those who paid him the compliment of listening and entertaining him in other ways. He was the chief entertainer. He gave color to drab social life. He enlarged the horizon. The heavens were higher; the air more bracing. The spirit of adventure quickened the most phlegmatic in his company.

Is it not ungrateful to deny him now; to mutter the words "shameless impostor"? Does not this reflect on the sense of humor that is in daily intercourse the savor of grace? During his sojourn here Mr. Willoughby was an indispensable lion in club and drawing room. His roaring was delightful. Is not the memory of it agreeable? No one requires too curiously into the character of the novelist that writes a thrilling romance. Mr. Willoughby was a romanticist, not of mediaeval days or of gorgeously barbaric lands, but of contemporaneous, crash and gigantic years. As such he should be gratefully remembered.

Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly wishes an answer to this question: "Why do many women, young and old, wear what I may call a pneumonia-corsage in winter, so that standing in street cars when I visit Boston I keep my eyes fixed on the advertisements in the car—for I am a shy and modest man—why, I say, do these exhibitionists wrap furs about their necks in summer? The discomfort must be great. Think, too, of the extravagance! My neighbor's wife, who has much to say about household economy, but, like the man in the negro preacher's sermon, fares 'sumbustuously' every day, is wearing a silver fox skin around her fair neck that must have cost at least \$300."

His Fountain Pen.

The busheller smiles when he examines Mr. Gollightly's waistcoat for from the ink patch on the right inside he observes that Mr. Gollightly carries a fountain-pen "warranted not to leak."

Rhubarb Leaves.

There has been talk about rhubarb leaves, "cooked in salted water with a pinch of baking soda, then rinsed with fresh cold water for 10 minutes." Mr. Ernest Montjean writes to the New York Sun: "When mixed with half of their quantity of green kale, spinach, lettuce, or any salad leaves, beat top, and prepared with milk or gravy left over, these leaves make a delicious garnishing for roast veal or pork and can also be served as a side dish with hard boiled eggs." Mr. Montjean, the chef of the Hotel Savoy, also remembers gratefully the pancakes his mother used to make out of the left overs from the above recipe. He says that he has never heard any one complaining of after effects of the leaves.

A clergyman died in England last month from eating rhubarb leaves. His death was one, the experts said, from poisoning by oxalic acid and soluble oxalate contained in the leaves. The coroner received letters from all over England stating that rhubarb leaves had been cooked in every way, with and without soda, and in all sorts of utensils. Several persons had been badly affected by eating. There were also many letters showing that the leaves had frequently been used without injury. Dr. Spilsbury considered the use of leaves as inadvisable and he warned against using soda when cooking the stalks. "Soda has been advised as an economy for sugar, but I would advise that it should not be done."

It appears that rhubarb was first introduced in London markets by a Mr. Malt about 1820. He sent his two sons with five bunches of which only three were sold, but rhubarb was known in England in 1873 if not earlier. In 1833 Lord Berners wrote: "The physicians with a Lyttel Rhubarb purge many humors of the body." A few years later it was described as dainty and dear. The best in that century came from China, the next best from Barbary, the poorest from Bosnia and Pontus. The word is in "Macbeth." Rhubarb leaves were used as a pot herb in Queen Elizabeth's time. Did any of our readers ever drink rhubarb beer? It was known in the 18th century. Francis of France always carried some rhubarb about him mixed with mummy. Ebn Baithar, a learned man, declared that rhubarb was used in mental diseases as well as a purgative, stomachic, and a stimulant of all the internal viscera.

Thomas Tasser in his "The Points of Good Husbandry" (173) in fiction, "March's Abstract," name the herb among "necessary herbs to grow in the garden for physic." He says nothing about rhubarb for the table. Rhubarb pie was eaten in England as early as the middle of the 19th century, about the time that tobacco was adulterated with rhubarb leaves.

A Whaler's Poem.

As the World Wags:

Herewith is a poem written by a whaler, "Boston Ben," as we call him, who is finishing a well spent life on a pension from the Civil War, since which he has sailed many waters. If he wants to be a member of the Sailors' Snug Harbor he can, but he likes his independence, spends some time with us who have shipped him many times, and he likes Nantucket his native town. He is quite a character, and his reminiscences are fine to me in spite of my own 45 years' experiences. H. L. HOPKINS. Providence, R. I.

OFF THE COAST OF PERU.

The Thrasher she thrashed her broad flukes in air,
Bread o'er the waters her glittering light shed,
While the sea birds around us are flying
Combing the billows that break o'er our head.
Call up your sleepers then,
Larboard and starboard men,
Main yard aback, all your boats clear away;
Hard on our lee beam
See, there, white water gleam
Breathing and foaming in gallant display.
Lay back every man,
Spring hard all you can,
Now up and give her some,
Send both your irona home,
Safely stern all, and the contest is o'er.
Here's a health to our captain,
Also our ship's crew,
Here's a health to the pretty girls on the coast of Peru,
Here's a health to our chief mate,
His name we now shout,
For he never gets fast, boys,
But he rolls them like o's.

B. C. B.

A Modern Crichton.

A legislator of rich and varied culture has let a domestic secret session kitten out of the bag. He talked of sovereignties and submarines (with inexplorable reserve); of art and science and letters. He talked of the evolution of shorthorns, of building up the mediaeval horse and lowering its withers. Then a stunning pronouncement: "Carbonate of soda, sufficient to cover a threepenny-bit, applied in the cooking, neutralises the acidity of gooseberries and halves the sugar bill." Britain, to the last woman, will vote him the O. M. for this Archimedean revolution. For he is right!—London Daily Chronicle.

June 26, 1917

WAR AND THE THEATRE

The Athenaeum of London takes a gloomy view of the theatre as affected by the war. It finds managers and public anxious concerning only the lightest, the most frivolous stage entertainments. It is especially disconcerted and grieved by the attention paid to the "revue."

The managers are not wholly at fault. Serious plays have been produced of late in London, plays by Ibsen, the Russians and others. Mr. I. B. Irving spent much time on a production of "Hamlet," with omissions and innovations. The production was one to excite curiosity; Mr. Irving is respected, admired; but the tragedy was soon withdrawn to make way for a revival of "The Bells." Perhaps the public did not like Mr. Irving's Hamlet; perhaps it preferred a more modern drama, though to some "The Bells" is now older than a play by Euripides.

Booksellers and theatre managers have declared that their business thrives in wartime. The people wish to be amused. The grimmer the tragedy in life, the greater demand for amusement in the playhouse. Some have wondered how the English could go night after night to see "The Man Who Stayed at Home," in which German espionage is treated as comically seriously. The spectators, no doubt, were none the less alert and indignant after they left the theatre, but at the time being they were amused by the cleverness of their secret-service agent rather than depressed by the treachery and skill of Germans pretending to be loyal Englishmen and Englishwomen.

Not only exciting war plays thus entertain those who have more than enough to distress them, but frivolity, prettily bedecked and gayly colored, with dancing step and contagious laugh, is more welcome than any drama of northern realism or pessimism, or any dialogued discussion of social problem. There is room for

all manner of plays in the theatrical world. The manager as a rule gives the public what it wishes. If the public insists on "Hamlet," the tragedy will be produced and it will run. If the public prefers some gorgeously mounted and silly care-dispelling tingle-tangle show, the manager will be equally obliging.

Renan's philosophical drama "Le Pretre de Nemi" might now be read with profit, although it was written over 30 years ago.

Metellus, the chief of the patricians in Alba Longa, whose inhabitants are looking with suspicion and dread on rising Rome, makes many shrewd remarks. He speaks in the third act: "Perhaps the chief fault of democracy is that it does not do what it wishes. The party of democracy is essentially pacific, and it has good reasons for being so; nevertheless it is the party that most easily enters into war, for it is a party that invites outbidding in opinions, where it is very difficult to resist the impulses of the moment. See, for example, Liberals, who is in power. He is the most peaceful of men, oh, he is most sincerely pacific. Well, I am not sure that Liberals would not be, on occasion, the leader in a war against which he had advised. A man does not wish to yield power to his adversaries, and, so he does things that in his heart he condemns."

Here is a scene in the forum at Alba. "First citizen. The question is whether it is better to die or to endure injuries worse than death.

"Second citizen. Yes, yes, that's the question.

"Third citizen. Death rather than outrage.

"Another. Yes, war! On to Rome! On to Rome!

"Volturnus. But take care, you are not prepared. Rome for 10 years has had only one care—to perfect her military system. You have let yours decline.

"An enthusiast. What bad citizen said that? He should be killed; his house should be burned.

"Another. To discourage patriots is the worst treason."

"Save! Save! Save!"

Mr. Clifford Grey has written a new war song for England for which Mr. Nat D. Ayer has written the music. The song was made at the instigation of the

food controller's department. Here are a few lines:

When you wander out to dinner and you
ramble out to tea,
When you help yourselves to bun and
fancy cake,
Perhaps you'll think about the boys who
are fighting o'er the sea,
Well, they do their bit for you, and no
mistake.

The refrain is "Save! Save! Save!" Years ago Mr. Kipling and Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote a war time song, "Pay! Pay! Pay!" Mr. Feldman says of the new song: "From my experience of popular songs I should say with confidence that the new ditty will win as great a popularity as that which 'Tipperary' achieved. Statesmen's speeches can work wonders on the public mind, but the experience of the most up-to-date of our statesmen has proved to them that often the power of song is even greater than that of ordinary speech." This song will be featured in all the music halls. "Band parts are ready and the number is entirely free to performers."

With Deep Regret.

As the World Wags:

Re your remarks in the Herald of the 15th relative to green peas. I live in Windsor county, but am a native of New York, where we first had our real peas (First and Best is the Name). I have raised that variety in competition with others, but no other touches it as to flavor. In my estimation, I hope to have my first picking in about a week. I give you a most cordial invitation to come up to dinner, and see if these meet with your favor. D. S. BROWNELL. Springfield, Vt.

Gladly would we go, but we are chained to the desk. We should like to see again this little town in the deep valley of the Black river. We should like to eat those peas, if our host would allow the employment of a spoon. But aesthetic and gustatory pleasures are not for those laboring to raise the moral tone of a community and bring consolation and hope to the criminal class.—Ed.

MISS LILLIA SNELLING

AGAIN HEARD AT THE POPS

Contralto Sings Irish and Italian Songs on First Appearance of the Season.

Miss Lillia Snelling, a contralto already known to Pop audiences through her singing in the supplementary season of 1916, appeared in Symphony Hall last evening for the first time this summer. She sang Bizet's "Agnus Dei," "Liete Signori" from "The Huguenots," a setting of "Deep River" and Irish and Italian songs. Beyond

other virtues is her grasp of the mood of song, a sense of interpretation often missing in the work of singers technically resplendent. Miss Snelling's next appearance at these concerts will be on Friday evening.

Tonight Arthur Hackett, a Boston tenor whose reputation is rapidly becoming national, will make his last appearance of the season in a Wagner program. Julius Theodorowicz will also appear as a violin soloist. The program follows:

March from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier".....Richard Strauss
Violin Solo, "Dreams".....Wagner
Mr. Julius Theodorowicz.
Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried," Act II.....Wagner
"Lohengrin's Narrative" from Act III.....Wagner
Soloist, Mr. Arthur Hackett.
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner
"The Star Spangled Banner," Supra.
Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....Supra
Aria from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Soloist, Mr. Arthur Hackett.
Rackoczy March.....Berlioz

ACT AT KEITH'S

Conroy and Le Maire are the head liners at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was highly pleased. The team's sketch, "For Sale, a Ford," was seen before as an interpolation in musical comedy; the act has been somewhat amplified. The technique and vernacular of the automobile is nicely burlesqued by these comedians and many of the points made are uproariously funny. The comedians, physical opposites in speech, poise and manner, have a style that is their own.

One of the bright bits of the bill is Al and Lanny Steadman's "Dianocapers." Miss Steadman charmed with her agreeable flippancies and with the facility and ease of her voice which is peculiarly adapted to her style. Mr. Steadman was interesting, both as a comedian and musician.

Charles T. Aldrich, known in musical comedy by the excellence of his quick change act, furnished one of the best acts on the bill. The best compliment he could have is to note that the audience, unmistakably moved by the bewildering variety of the actor's many changes, was so completely baffled as to fail to applaud.

Other acts were Emma Stephens, a gospel-eyed miss of much charm of face and voice; Frederick V. Bowers in a song review that was merely a new dressing for the old quartet act, and that revealed nothing better than the

dancing of Beatrice Price and John Foley, for Mr. Bowers, never a singer in a strictly musical sense, was often laborious and screechy; Eddie and Ramsden, in a comedy act in which Mr. Eddie excelled in his dancing; Golet, Harris and Morcy, in a musical act; Sprague and McNece, who appeared in one of the best roller-skating acts seen at this theatre, and the Five Metzettis, in a sensational acrobatic act.

June 27, 1917

THE STARCH QUESTION

It is said that shirts having a glossy appearance, looking to the eye like linen, are sold in Berlin shops. When they come back from the laundry they are merely soggy paper. Thirty years ago a common word commendatory of articles sold in Berlin was "practical." This or that thing was "sehr praktisch." Evidently these paper shirts cannot thus be indorsed. Yet in Germany, as in England, as in some American cities, there is a movement to do away with starched clothing. The "soft shirt" must drive out the "bil'd shirt." It seems that the Germans have been putting their trust and their neck and arms in paper.

The mistake is in sending the paper shirt to the laundry. Some years ago a Bostonian showed a device making toward comfort and economy. His proposed shirt was a species of pad with thin layers of glossy paper cut to resemble shirt fronts. Each front could be torn off daily, as one tears off the day with its motto—a verse of poetry, or a moral observation—from a calendar. The pads could be arranged for service during a week or a fortnight; strong men could find them designed for a month. Was this invention ever patented? Were rights sold for foreign nations?

Paper collars were long in general use in this country. A traveler carried a box with him, and did not hesitate to make a change in the railway car just before he arrived at his des-

tination. These collars were regarded by many as eminently practical, though the fastidious frowned on them. They were to be preferred to the steel enameled collar seen in the years of the civil war, which were cleaned usually with an old tooth-

brush. In agitated moments the wearer might suffer injury. If the objection is brought against the paper collar or the paper shirt that in hot weather it is soon soggy, the same may be said of linen when the Dog star grins on high or the humidity is abnormal; but the destruction of one sheet is a trifling loss.

The Biddford Daily Journal gently chides us for spelling "nappy," "knappy": "When he says 'knappy' he means 'nappy'."

No; we prefer the older spelling. The earthenware dish is all the yellower and deeper when the name is spelled with a "k." So when a woman "knags" or "knagges," the action is more intense and exasperating than when she "nags." So the bull-dog, mastiff, Newfoundland, police dog should always be known as a "dogge."

An Anonymuncule.

On May 31 the Herald published "Moth Nests" in free verse. The poet, Mr. Richard D. Ware of Amherst, N. H., as he smeared the nests of moths on his trees, thought how pleasant it would be for him to smear in like manner Cuxhaven, Helligoland, Zeebrugge and Kiel, and how bulky it would be if even now The God to whom all kindly peoples pray Would get it in for that Divine Pervert With "Made in Germany" stenciled on his throne, And empty His vials of wrath "on other vermin in their nests."

Mr. Ware received the following anonymous letter postmarked Cambridge, Mass., June 4: "The God to whom all kindly people pray certainly made a wonderful thing when he created you. But alas! he made one great mistake. Instead of brains, he put vermin into your cranium, for such noble thoughts as you entertain, can be bred only in vermin-infected brain-cells."

A fine example of the retort courteous.

Soundly Endorsed.

Reading the certificates of merit written by several gentlemen about a book now in the market we are almost persuaded to drop work and rush to a book shop that we may purchase a copy before it is too late. Here is Mr. J. A. Judd's personal testimony: "I love books. I love my library, in which are more than 300 of the world's best works." If he were "driven by adversity to a hall bedroom"—one furnished with a fish-tail gas burner, a rickety chest of drawers, a non-reflecting looking-glass, a chair, a cracked water pitcher and a Spartan bed; we have known this bedroom in many cities—if this sad fate fell on Mr. Judd, and he could select only five books that would supply him with "delightful reading" for the rest of his days, his first selection could be "_____."

A Bostonian raises his voice in the chorus: "_____ is the best book I ever read." The New York Sun is quoted as saying: "They don't write such English nowadays." Gov. Walsh, reading the book, was simply delighted, like Clara in the story: "It is not only a companion, but a friend." Let us add the statement of "the largest wholesale booksellers": "_____ appeals to the cultivated classes." That settles it; we must read "_____ before the sun goes down tomorrow.

London Tower.

"The Tower of London is sliding into the Thames."

Let us quote from a letter of Artemus Ward to Punch:

"I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basises I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America? said a man in the crowd who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alas! no," I answered; "we boste of our enterprise and improvements, and yet we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my unhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Bon!"

Most Hussar Like.

There are some entertaining stories in "Memories, Discreet and Indiscreet," by A Woman of No Importance, published recently in London. The author has much to say of Lord Kitchener. Having witnessed some of the horrors perpetrated by the Dervishes, "he ever afterwards carried about with him a little powder of virulent poison to enable him to put an end to himself quickly if he ever should be unlucky enough to fall into the Mahdi's hands." Here is a story about Lord Cardigan to illustrate an early type of veteran.

A subaltern once asked him for three days' leave, adding that it was "most particular"—to which Lord Cardigan, as colonel, said: "But, my boy, your troop's

for music. On being pressed as to what was "most particular," he at first demurred to reply. Lord Cardigan, to encourage him, said, "Now, between man and man, tell me why you want three day's leave?" "Oh! well, sir, if you put it like that, I meant to bolt with another man's wife." "Most Hussar like," answered Lord Cardigan, "of course you can have the time. Why the — didn't you say so before?"

THE POPS

A Wagner program brilliantly played, with Arthur Hackett as the soloist, brought a large audience to the Pop concert last night. Tonight Martha Atwood-Baker, one of the most promising of Boston sopranos, will make her first appearance at these concerts. The program:

Overture, "a Muette di Portici"....Auber
Waltz, "Joyous Valse".....Komzak
Reverie.....Rissland
Pavane.....Gounod
Ballet Music, "Coppelia".....Delibes
Aria, "Il est doux," from "Herodias".....Massenet

Mrs. Atwood-Baker.
Marche Slave.....Tschalkowsky
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Selection, "You're in Love".....Friml
Songs with Piano.
Mrs. Atwood-Baker.
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz

GUM AND THE FLAG

Tommies and the poilus are chewing American gum in the trenches. No doubt the Boches have contracted the habit; it is possible that even Von Hindenburg thus exercises his iron jaw, for gum-chewing is now a worldwide habit; from the Cape of Good Hope to the rice fields of China; from Eastport, Me., to the Philippines. The statistician declares that over a million dollars' worth of American chewing gum will go to foreign countries before the end of the year.

It was once said that chewing tobacco was a distinctively American habit. This was not strictly true. Tobacco was chewed in England and in France years ago. Dean Swift in his will left a box to a friend to hold his chewing tobacco. There is mention, condemnatory, in Otway's comedy, "The Soldier's Fortune," acted in 1681. James Howell wrote of men in Barbary and other parts of Africa who in the desert put small balls or pills of tobacco in their mouths. "It affords them a perpetual moisture and takes off the edge of the appetite for some days." It is true that no people ever approached the Americans in the quantity, persistence and fury of expectoration. Foreign visitors admired also the American accretion.

To many the practice of gum-chewing is as obnoxious as that of chewing the Indian weed, yet it is universal, seen in the office, the theatre, on the street and in trolley car, in factory, shop, even in church. Defenders speak of wholesome and medicinal properties; they insist that man is naturally a "ruminator." The child instinctively chews something from babyhood. The boy chews flagroot, lovage, slippery elm; he strips bark; he takes gum from the tree. The defenders point to savages in a state of nature. Ruminator or ruminant is hardly the word. The human gum-chewer has only one stomach; nor is he in the act of chewing necessarily contemplative. Cyron in Dryden's poem, "whistled as he went for want of thought." The same might be said of the gum-chewer, whether it be the pretty girl working her jaws, careless of observation, or the gray-haired man seated in the family pew vaguely conscious of a collection to be taken.

Hoov. A verb in Cheshire (Eng.) dialect. With "at"—to throw oneself with energy into.

Hoove. In Warwickshire, Worcester-shire and Somersetshire dialect. Noun, a hoe; verb, to hoe.

Mr. Hoover.

I'm glad that Hoover is a man with fat. No lean and hungry Cassius would suffice.

As arbiter of our internal needs: He'd lack sympathy.

A plump man knows That mice will fatten Where the lion starves, And be more lenient to needed nourishment Than would a meagre man.

I'm glad, too, that he is a man who laughs In spite of all the piteous things he's seen.

He wept for them.

Now let him laugh with us

Until we laugh away

The sordid scares and panics and hysterias

The glum-faced statisticians spread abroad,

And learn how paltry is the sacrifice Of cherished savors from our pots and pans.

A titbit that we do without

Perchance may be the only bit we do.

Nor is it an accepted sacrifice

To share one's daily bread with hungry men,

So let us laugh that ever we thought thus.

No one shall starve so long as Hillsboro' hocs

Can flashing rise in air,

As did the stout broadswords

At Londonderry overseas erstwhile,

And as they flash

They send Jan hill to hill,

From hill to plain and then across the land

The message that the fight is being won.

So hold you to your faith, for there shall be

Your daily bread

And theirs.

Now what a hoover is I do not know,

But by presumption he is one who hooves,

But what it is to hoove I do not know,

Nor can I find

Elucidation in my new Britannica,

On India paper and that sort of thing.

But something tells me that the word must mean

To act with energy, efficiency,

And kindness.

So let us place, like bronze upon a monument

To our plump, laughing fellow-citizen

This word among those used in daily speech;

Then, when our daughter's daughter

tells with pride

How much she's hooved that day

We'll know just what she means.

There's one thing quite in line with the campaign

I hope he'll do.

'Twould help conserve the food if we're

to live

And take the sting from death if we're

to die.

First let him cause to register

All those of either sex and every age

Who come to breakfast mornings with a frown

And say their coffee is too hot or cold,

Then sniff the cream as if in search of taint,

Making one's own well-savored brew suspect.

Then those whose beef is always too

much done

Or yet too rare, or cut too thick or thin;

Too something anyway.

Then those who can't eat this and don't

like that

That's set before them for a peaceful meal,

But order special dishes from the cook,

Who's on the verge of leaving as it is.

Then those who sit at table with proud talk

Of dietetic ailments, symptoms new

And organs out of tune

Until you feel you know

Their inwards better than the outward self.

Then, having commandeered a ship,

Let them embark for one of those new

isles

We've lately purchased in the southern

seas

Where fresh health-bread-fruit grows

upon the trees,

Bananas, mangoes, cocoanuts galore,

And juicy pineapples beneath the palms.

There let them feast as Eve and Adam

did

Until repete, they sleep,

And then

Sink that fair isle beneath the rippling

waves. RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

MARTHA ATWOOD-BAKER MAKES DEBUT AT POPS

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker, a young and promising soprano of Boston, made her first appearance as soloist at the Pops last evening at Symphony Hall.

The singer, who has given successful recitals here, shows marked and continued improvement. Her voice, finely placed, is intelligently used. She sang effectively and with taste the air "Il est doux, il est bon," from Massenet's "Herodias"; del Riccio's "Thank God for a Garden," Hadley's "Evening Song" and Daniel's "Daybreak." Recalled, she added to the program.

Other pleasant features of the concert, brilliantly conducted by Mr. Jacchia, were an arrangement of Gounod's "Faust," Tschalkowsky's Marche Slave and a selection from Friml's musical comedy, "You're in Love."

Mario Laurenti, the popular Italian baritone, will be soloist at the Pop concert tonight. The program will be:

Overture, "Zampa".....Herold
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss

Ave Marie.....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Selection, "Martha".....Flotow
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn

Aria, "Eri tu".....Verdi
(Mr. Mario Laurenti.)

Dream Music (Hansel and Gretel).....Humperdinck

"The Jew of Sion".....Friml
Selection, "The Jew of Sion".....Friml
Serenade from "The Jew of Sion".....Friml
Madonna.....(Mr. Laurenti.)
March, "Aida".....Verdi

June 2, 1917

Mr. Sidney Shannon of Appleton, Wis., began life as a grocer with a horse and a buckboard. He soon became the leading merchant of the city. He died about a year ago. During the last year of his life he bought a horse for \$100. When he will be owned recently, it is reported that \$300 he set aside to provide a way out and good shelter for the horse the rest of his life.

Mr. Shannon was by no means the first. Dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots even a carp, have been named as legacies. Horses in this country have been provided for by will. The most curious case is probably that of the peasant near Toulouse about 1780. Having no wife or child, he made his will as follows: "I declare that I name my bay horse my heir and I wish him to belong to X, my nephew." The will was of course attacked. Claude Serres, professor of French law at Montpellier, gave the reason for sustaining it. "The will was declared valid and the estate of the testator was adjudged to the nephew whom he had named as proprietor of the horse; because it was seen that the simplicity of the viler should insure the fulfillment of the last wish. As his nephew was named, he should be the heir."

Fredrick Christian Winslow, professor of surgery, dying at Copenhagen in 1811, ordered by his will that his carriage horses should be shot, so that after his death they could not be abused by any one that might purchase them. There was a dispute at the time, over the question whether Winslow thus showed kindness or cruelty.

"Cigarillos."

Were cigarillos ever known here in the retail tobacco trade? They are included in the English Board of Trade's order as to tobacco. Leading tobaccoists in London say they never have heard the term for 20 years, but one was found who said they were small cigars sold at a penny or twopence each, "and covered with tobacco leaf, not paper."

The word is not in Barrett's old Spanish and English Dictionary, which includes "cigarro"—"leaves of tobacco folded in the manner of a small pipe." It is not in the great Oxford Dictionary. But Richard Ford, in his "Catherings from Spain," uses the word as a synonym of "cigarrito," a paper cigar. He gives a description of a Spaniard rolling one. "A leaf is torn from the book which is held between the lips, or downward from the back of the hand, between the fore and middle finger of the left hand—a portion of the cigar, about a third, is cut off and rubbed slowly in the palms till reduced to a powder—it is then jerked into the paper leaf, which is rolled up into a little squib, and the ends doubled down, one of which is bitten off and the other end is lighted. The cigarillo is smoked slowly, the last whiff being the bonny-bouche, 'the breast, la pechuga.' The little ends are thrown away. They are indeed little, for a Spanish forefinger and thumb are quite fire browned and fire proof, these remnants are picked up by the beggar boys, who make up into fresh cigars the leavings of a thousand mouths." Ford also spells "cigarillo" with a final "a" instead of "o." "Some of the Spanish fair sex are said to indulge in a quiet hidden 'cigarilla; una pajita, una reyna,' but it is not thought either a sign of a lady or of one of rigid virtue to have recourse to these forbidden pleasures, for says their proverb 'whoever makes baskets will make a hundred.'" (Ford's book was published in 1846.)

George Augustus Sala in "Under the Sun," has much to say about Havana cigars and Havana cigaritos. He gives an entertaining account of his visit to the tobacco factory of La Honradez, he uses the word "papelitos" but not "cigarillo."

By the way who introduced the cigarette into English society the Duke of Buccleuch, who contracted the habit of smoking cigarettes at Petrograd in 1856 or Lauren O'Connell, who learned to smoke them as a war correspondent in the Crimea two years earlier?

Shameless.

As the World Wags.

One might also say that Joffre should have changed his name to Jacopite.

And hereafter Old Hundred will not be allowed in our churches.

Boston.

R. W.

THE POPS

Miss Lillian Spelling will again be soloist at the Pop concert in Symphony Hall tonight. The program is as follows:

Overture, "The Barber of Seville".....Rossini
Waltz, "Dolores".....Waldteufel
Solo, "Romance".....Saint-Saens

Enthusiasm, "Ave Maria".....Verdi
Solo, "Ave Maria".....Saint-Saens

Ave Maria.....Miss Lillian Spelling
Solo, "Ave Maria".....Wagner

Overture, "The Barber of Seville".....Rossini
Solo, "Ave Maria".....Saint-Saens

Overture, "The Barber of Seville".....Rossini
Solo, "Ave Maria".....Saint-Saens

June 2, 1917

Now that the tide of prohibition is rising high, anything pertaining to the literature associated with the Demon Rum is of melancholy, if not sacred, interest. We heard a young man at the Porphyry yesterday maintaining in a decisive manner that a "rickey" is always made of gin. The very fact that he called for a "gin rickey" refuted his statement.

Col. "Jie" Rickey of blessed memory gave his name to a comforting drink, but he himself said that he was not the inventor, he was the introducer in the East. "Many years ago," said the colonel to a New York reporter, "In St. Louis, which has a beer-drinking population, I knew a doctor, and a German at that, who did not worship at the shrine of Gambrinus. His friends drank beer, but he would call for a glass of cracked ice, lime juice, whiskey and seltzer and mix them for himself. He was always in splendid health and when I asked him why he always drank that and nothing else, he entered into an analysis of the hygiene involved. He took the ice to cool, the whiskey to stimulate, the lime juice to correct the acidity of the stomach, and the seltzer to prevent biliousness. His explanation made a profound impression upon me, and I have been a practitioner of his theory in a moderate way ever since." Col. Rickey used to visit Washington, where he was widely known. The barkeepers used to say "that thing Rickey drinks," and "Gimme a Joe Rickey" was contracted to "rickey." In due course of time the drink and the name it received in Washington became known throughout the land.

North and South.

As the World Wags:

I wish to protest against the assumption often raised, and to which reference was recently made in the Herald to the effect that the cornbread of the northern states is in any way inferior to that of the South. It was my fortune to spend three years in two southern states, where I sampled quite a number of specimens of the bread in question and I witness that nowhere did I find it approach in taste or quality the old-fashioned Johnny-cake for so long mixed and baked by our mothers and later by our wives. The southern article, called pone, hoe cake or simply cornbread, in many instances seemed made from cornmeal mixed with water and a little salt, while the down East variety has been carefully compounded and cooked with the best of materials after many years of experience and practice, beginning, perhaps, when the Pilgrims borrowed their first corn from their Indian neighbors.

"Hominy" I am not so sure of; but for real quality and succulence little can equal and nothing surpass our Yankee Johnny-cake. EDDIE DAGGY.

The "Bit."

As the World Wags:

When I was a boy ("Ah, woeful when!") we talked of "fi-pennybits," which last were also called "levies." An article for 37½ cents was quoted as "three levies." The fi-pennybit was a small, thin, much worn silver piece, comparatively old in coinage in those days, I take it. We had also a similar three-cent silver piece, which, I suppose was called a "thripennybit," though I'm not quite sure of that. The old "copper" was the "red cent" of the phrase, "I don't care a red cent" or "I don't care a red." The Canadian copper penny of that day was even broader than our red cent, but not so red. Perhaps it was of a somewhat different alloy. The word "cent" was even yet, at that time, when it had been a good deal more than half a century in our native coinage, not quite a literary word. Persons fastidious of speech were apt to say "penny" instead, though "pence" one rarely heard. Such persons even yet dislike the term "quarter" for quarter of a dollar, and when the nickel 5 cent piece took the place of the fi-pennybit and the shinpaster, to call it simply by the name of the metal was regarded as vulgar, as, indeed, it still is perhaps. Human conservatism in these matters is strange and interesting, especially since from earliest times money in popular speech was apt to be named for its material or its color.

This should be a fruitful subject for the omniscient Herkimer Johnson. Is the rumor well founded, by the way, that this truly great man has declined an L. L. D. from his Alma Mater?

Newton. NUMUS.

Called to the Colors.

The registration of men between 41 and 50 will be carried out on pink forms. At forty-five I my contrive
A figure lithe to show;
But scarcely think
My form as pink
As forty years ago.
A. W.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Household Doctor: 1627.

"If one doth buy Warts of them that have them and give them a pinne therefore; if the party that hath the Warts pricke the same pin upon some garment that he weares dayly, or commonly, the Wart or Warts without doubt will diminish and weare away privily, and be cleane gone in short time. This was told me for an often tryed and proved thing: Yea, and by such a one as had seene the experience thereof. Also Warts rubbed with a piece of raw Beeffe, and the same Beeffe being buried within the ground, the Warts will weare and consume, as the Beeffe doth rotte in the ground—Proved."

A Ballade of Beaux.

No more do they delight the eye,
The exquisites in blythe array;
No flawless Brummell saunters by
Supreme in sartorial sway.
No splendid Nash, and no D'Orsay!
Gone is the glory once that shined
When men were graceful, manners gay—
Where are the beaux who made the mode?

Do they not give a ghostly sigh
For masculine attires' decay,
And drab dullness of dress? O why
Should brave brocade and the display
Of sufficed lace be laid away?
What of the bloods to whom they showed
The latest cut in coats—but stay!
Where are the beaux who made the mode?

All modern young men fondly try
To look as clothing adorns portray,
And with each other muddle vie
In "snappy suitings," said to say!
Graceless garbings of clumsy clay!
Concealing lega knock-kneed or bowed
In shapeless trousers—tell me pray,
Where are the beaux who made the mode?

L'ENVOI.
No longer men dress distinguee
Beauty and grace are where bestowed?
Shade of that vanished yesterday,
Where are the beaux who made the mode?
CHARLES WILCOX.

Steven Townsend
what at Pops.
July 1-1917

M. G. Jean-Aubry, the author of "La Musique Française d'Aujourd'hui," an English translation of it by Edwin Evans, will soon be published—contributed to the June number of The Music Student (London), a valuable article entitled: "An Introduction to French Music." There is a little preface: "Why we should study French music"—"we" meaning the British. First, of course, because of the friendship that unites the two countries. There should be even a closer understanding. "French music of today, or of former days, tells us more immediately and more directly than the writers and the poets can the special flavor of the spirit of the French, their taste, their moral and intellectual habits, their attitude face to face with the great universe, or before the emotions or sensations of humanity. Better than any other art, music translates the sentiments and inclinations of every race, of every people, and, in so doing, quickly shows us the deep things of a nation's life."

French music has now arrived at a point of development which makes it a "notable fountain at which musical Europe can draw." Great Britain has had a glorious musical past, "which for almost a century has had no continuation, and has too readily given place to foreign influence." Today she is endeavoring to reconquer an independence of spirit.

"France for about 50 years has been confronted with the same problem; she also had known a wonderful musical epoch which, little by little, had dropped out of mind; musical art had disappeared; people were actually accepting the idea that France was not a country capable of serious music-making. Suddenly, however, French musical art came to life again, and the history of French music of today is that of a resurrection. At a time when Britain is thinking, and rightly so, of 'naturalizing' her musical creativeness, it cannot be useless to see how her great nation—friend compassed this."

Nor need one fear that the study of French music would result in the substitution of one foreign influence for another.

At little doubt. Some of the young musicians knowing the classical and helpful suggestions in France. Today Spain possesses a school of music importance, and the greatest and most Spanish of the composers of Spain are precisely those who came to work in France. Their familiarity with French works have, then, not caused them to lose anything of national quality. On the contrary, it has helped them to find this again. French influence has never either politically or intellectually taken on the absorbent character of German influence; the French spirit has a tendency toward the freedom of nations. Deprived, as it is, of dogmatism, French art of today, as of former days, lays down no absolute principles, but guidance, from which it is the business of other nations to draw whatever may be of service to themselves."

M. Jean Aubry begins with the harpsichordists of the 17th and 18th centuries. He naturally has much to say about the great Couperin, whose music is not so familiar as it should be. "Merely to read the titles of these pieces is a pleasure, revealing the sense of the picturesque and wit, and of the inclination toward elegance, sensitiveness, irony or tenderness of their composer." There are no repetitions, no useless developments, no padding. "Couperin says what he has to say with exactitude, and without a word too much. In this respect he is one of the masters of French musical style."

"Everything Couperin writes is inspired by discretion and by grace; he does not like to insist, he writes for the elect, for cultivated people, and especially he writes for his own pleasure and to satisfy that taste for seeing, for living, for seizing the charm or the absurdity of things and of people—a taste very French, and one to be found again today in the composers now around us. The work of Couperin is abundant and varied. Sometimes, even it appears in the guise of suites, such as the delicious 'Les Dominos ou les Folies Françaises,' or that other (a sort of witty indictment) 'Les Fastes de Menestrander la Grande et Ancienne.' How many pages there are that one longs to hear again, once more has made their acquaintance and given them a little study, from 'Le Bavolet flottant,' 'La Badinet,' a little mannered, the purity of 'Les Naissances,' and all those Musettes and Bergerles which testify to a true feeling for nature, to the 'Rossignol en Amour,' in which is to be found one of the most beautiful scenes in all music, to noble and grave 'Soeur Monique,' to the 'Carillon de Cythere,' and to the grotesque and playful 'Arlequin.'"

"In these four books is to be found a wealth of invention such as has never been surpassed in France, and it is but as a matter of simple justice that the most original of our French composers of today, such as Debussy and Ravel, look upon Couperin as their master."

"It is regrettable that such a wealth of loveliness should have been so long forgotten; it is also regrettable that certain executants should think it necessary to interpret these works, permeated as they are by grace and by charm, with a cold correctness; to do this is to neglect the instructions given by Couperin himself in his first volume. If it is desired to give to the works of Couperin and the other French harpsichordists their real expressiveness and to respond to the intentions of their composers, they must be interpreted, not as antiquarian curiosities or historical revivals, but as works of all time."

"All these works came into existence at a time when, happily enough, people thought a good deal more of art than of dogmatism. Couperin himself has written: 'I love rather what touches me than what surprises me'; and shortly after Rameau was to write: 'You will notice that there is little appearance of the exercise of my science in my productions, for I aim at the art which conceals art.' The 'cold correctness' of which I have just spoken is, then, quite out of place here; it is the sense of the picturesque spirit and feeling which ought to be unceasingly present in the mind of the performer as they were in that of the composer."

In connection with these remarks, Mme. Wanda Landowska's words about the interpretation of harpsichord music by the old French, Italian and German composers are pertinent and valuable. She speaks of modern pianists and pedagogues that define style as severity or sobriety. "The radiant solemnity of the first section of the 'Italian Concerto,' the overflowing sportiveness of the Presto, the exuberant ecstasy of the Prelude and Fugue in C-sharp minor of 'The Well Tempered Clavichord' and of the chromatic section in Bach's Toccata in F-sharp minor, the old and luminous stained-glass windows of Handel's Chaconne in F-sharp major, the restrained ecstasy of certain pieces by Pachelbel (Magnificat primition); Couperin's 'Tendrement,' 'Affectueuxment,' 'Galamment,' 'Voluptueusement sans lenteur,' 'Tendrement et noblement sans lenteur'—all these should be performed, they say, with the same severity, sobriety, rigidity, in this alleged uniform style." She quotes Couperin as advising that even tender pieces should be played without too much sluggishness, for "taste and the management of the cadence can preserve this sentiment independently of more or less slowness in pace."

Rameau is characterized by M. Jean-Aubry, as "the continuation, the com-

pletion and enrichment of the Couperin.

Couperin reflects the taste of an amiable society, expert in clever conversation, of delicate perceptions, and given up to pleasure; Rameau is a man of that logical eighteenth century which was to beget the revolution. Rameau is French rationalism in all its regularity and orderliness, in all its comprehensive preparations, and, paradoxically, in all its freedom and even audacity of expression. Even today one cannot look at the piece entitled 'L'Enharmonique' without being surprised at the novelty of its composer's technique and invention. With Rameau French music found its greatest example (up to Berlioz and Claude Debussy) of the union of the strictest science and the most independent invention."

Daquin wrote other delightful pieces than "The Cuckoo." Dandrieux's "Tendres Reproches" and Rameau's "Les Tendres Plaintes" are "the most moving examples of what French sensibility has produced in the keyboard music of past centuries."

And then political troubles, the rage for the theatre, the leaning toward virtuosity, "dissipated the very memory of the works just spoken of, and we have to wait more than a century before we find French composers beginning again to confide to the piano their emotions and sensations with any real and lasting personal feelings."

There is a page devoted to the consideration of that incredible genius, Hector Berlioz. It is in the "Enfance du Christ," the love scenes in "Romeo and Juliet" and the great recitatives of "Les Troyens" that Berlioz often combines the grand tradition and the tradition which is most really French.

"Singularly as it may seem, the influence of Berlioz has been perhaps, up to today, less active in France than it has in Germany (in the case of Richard Strauss, for example). But indirectly Berlioz's work marks the very birth of the modern French symphonic revival, for neither Wagner nor Liszt was ignorant of the very smallest of Berlioz's researches, and when, 30 or 40 years ago, French musicians borrowed from those composers certain procedures or ideas, they often did nothing more than take up afresh, develop or complete the inventions of the great instinctive musician, Berlioz, that well of waters in the parched ground of French music, and the sign and signal of the French musical renaissance."

Saint-Saens with his great faculty for assimilation and his classical taste; Gabriel Faure, finely individual; Chabrier, the incarnation in music of the "Jolie de vivre," picturesque, brilliant; Lalo with his exquisite tact and taste are briefly discussed. There is a chapter for Cesar Franck and his disciples.

"The loss of Ernest Chausson is, with that of Chabrier, among the most cruel ever sustained by French music. He died at the very moment when he began to free his temperament and his actual character from a quantity of scruples which shackled their expression. Nevertheless, he has left several works of great interest, and is one of the French composers most necessary for our study if, for example, we wish to understand the way in which the passage was made from the school of Franck to that of Debussy. He is, in a way, the means of transition between these two great French movements of the end of the last century."

Mr. Jean Aubry is of the opinion that d'Indy's Symphony on a French Mountain Theme marked an epoch in the history of French symphonic writing. "The often austere inspiration of Vincent d'Indy is enveloped there in an atmosphere so full of charm and so life giving that the years have rolled by without robbing the work of any of its attractiveness." There is due appreciation of Duparc, Dukas, de Breville, Magnard, Ropartz.

"Just as at one time the work of Berlioz was enough to show the musical possibilities of France, so the presence of Debussy would have sufficed in itself to draw upon France the attention of the whole of musical Europe. In the matter of technical innovation the appearance of Debussy is as important in the history of music as that of Haydn, of Mozart, of Beethoven, or of Liszt, for he is not merely a composer of attractive personality but one of those rare geniuses capable of renewing the very means of expression of an art."

"Not that Debussy has, to speak exactly, invented any one of the means he has used, but his use of them has been so wise, so evocative of feeling and so sensitive that in these respects he has no equal in our times."

"Ever since Debussy's works attained universal celebrity, critics have been tumbling over one another in the effort to prove that the elements of his innovations are to be found in many works of former times, in Russian compositions, and even in the work of Wagner. Nevertheless, in the music of Debussy rings an accent which is to be heard in no other. He has known how to assimilate in a most wonderful way what he has taken from Monteverdi, from Chopin, or from Schumann, from Liszt, from Moussorgsky, or from the Wagner of 'Parsifal,' if you like to say so. From his very first works (such, for instance, as 'La Damoiselle Elue') he proved himself to be a musician of a really personal touch, clever in seizing the smallest shades, the most subtle modifications of thought and of sentiment, the most fugitive glimmerings, the most rapid play of light and

95
shade. . . . It must be admitted that the first time one hears a work of Debussy, one is singularly attracted by the harmonies used, and even tempted to imagine that in them lies its principal merits, later, however, one discovers that there are many other qualities which are rarer still. First among these comes a perfect good taste and an unexampled sense of proportion, from his earliest days, Debussy has had an horror of the disproportionate, of development without an expressive end, of 'dilation.' With Robert Louis Stevenson he thinks that the great art is one of omission; and he puts into his work nothing that is unessential. It is by this that he is linked up with the musicians of old France, it is for this that he looks upon them with a particular affection and that one of the most beautiful of his piano pieces bears the title of 'Homage to Rameau.' It is this taste for emotion at one and the same time, conscious and yet without other control than its own sweet will, that has led him to disdain the dogmatic rules of the professors of harmony, and once again to give music its freedom. He has bestowed on music an almost indefinite liberty, he has turned back to the most ancient forms—those which showed no evidence of restraint though controlled within academic limits; he has turned back to Plain Chant, to picturesque and spirituelle evocations of feeling. In his opera, 'Pelleas and Melisande,' he has turned back to the old principles of the most direct declamation; he has cast aside the shackles of the leit-motif, of themes used over and over again in various ways. His work is, always of the nature of an ordered fantasy. He has not wished to submit to out-of-date restrictions, he has thought that each subject ought to carry its form with it, not that one ought, so to speak, to take an empty form in one's hand, and pour something into it."

Studying the score of "Pelleas and Melisande" the principle of French art will be at once grasped—that of producing the maximum of expression with the minimum of means. . . . Since the death of Cesar Franck and of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Claude Debussy and Richard Strauss remain incontestably the greatest figures in European music, and the future will show that it is the French composer who has least to fear from the ravages of time, and that it is he who has brought into music not only the greatest number of innovations or of technical novelties, but also the greatest amount of human emotion—and this is, first and last, the justification of art."

Other contemporary composers are mentioned—the Post-Debussysists—Ravel, who has "a fine and deep sensibility, perpetuating amongst us, with modern refinements, something of the spirit of Mozart; Florent Schmitt, an 'incontestable personality'; Roussel, whose 'art reminds one a little of that of Lalo as to its general nature, but with all the novel resources of the latest developments of the musical art'; de Severac, Ladmiraalt, Grovlez, Delage, Erik Satie, the fantastical humorist."

This article is only one of many valuable ones that are appearing monthly, in this excellent English musical magazine.

The Palmer associated with Jarrett in the production of "The Black Crook" was Harry, not A. M. Palmer. Both names appear in the article about "The Black Crook," published in the Herald of last Sunday.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mrs. Sedley Smith, who died recently at the age of 87, was the oldest actress in America. We used to know her in Boston as Mrs. Sedley Brown, before she adopted the stage as a profession, owing to financial reverses on the part of her first husband, who was well known from his connection with the book business. At that time she resided on 'Common Street.' Though both her parents were well-known and popular players, she apparently did not contemplate following their profession until circumstances compelled her to be a bread-winner. She made her initial public histrionic attempt at the Howard Athenaeum, and her second one was at the Boston Theatre in "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Her father, whose real name was Sedley, was known on the mimic scene as W. H. Smith. He was for many years the stage manager of the Boston Museum, and is remembered as a sterling actor of the old school. The first part I remember seeing him in while I was still a small boy, in the forties, was Edward Middleton in the old moral drama, "The Drunkard, or the Fallen Saved," which puritanic people used to go and see because they said it was not a real wicked play, but rather a dramatic lecture given in a museum and not a theatre. Perhaps they could see the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, but the real dyed-in-the-wool playgoers used to laugh at them. Mr. Smith was dropping juvenile characters when I first came to know him, although even then I saw him enact Mercutio with great spirit. He was especially good in my early play-going days as the bluff old men of English comedies, but I imagine he could never have attained any great distinction in tragedy. I have been told that he was the Richmond that the famous Junius Brutus

could draw the footlights and the first by the mad impetuosity of his lighting as Richard III. on Bowditch field, at the first Tremont Theatre. A constant benefit terminated Manager Smith's connection with the Boston Museum.

His wife after they had separated still continued to use his stage name and was very popular in Boston and elsewhere. She was in the company at the old Federal Street Theatre after it had been restored by Oliver C. Wyman, from a hall called the Odeon to its original use as a temple of the drama. I saw her there in some of Planché's extravaganzas and, though I was a youngster then, I thought her very charming. Later, when she had older grown I enjoyed immensely her finished performance of Mrs. Sternhold at the Howard Athenaeum when "Still Waters Run Deep" was first produced in Boston. Her sister, Mrs. J. M. Field, was the Mrs. Mildmay.

Both these ladies belonged to the Riddle family, and their father and mother were friends and patrons of Edwin Forrest before he dominated our stage as the great American tragedian. Edward Riddle, once a well known Boston auctioneer, the father of George Riddle, was their brother, and Kate Field, that brilliant writer who failed as an actress, was Mrs. Field's daughter. Mrs. Sedley Smith's brother, Henry Sedley, who married the sister of Edwin Forrest's divorced wife, also faced the footlights without marked success, though he won esteem as a journalist. So it seems that Mrs. Sedley Smith fared better in the dramatic world than two of her talented relations. Her second husband, Sol Smith, was the son of the eccentric and famous western manager of the same name. She was an agreeable vocalist and in the summer of 1867 as a member of the New York Burlesque and Comedy Company she enacted "Fra Diavolo" in an English version of the opera of the same name at the Theatre Comique in Boston. Her co-star, Mr. M. W. Leffingwell, was Beppo. This was nearly 50 years ago while she was still comparatively young and charming and before she dreamed of playing old women characters effectively for a later generation. JOHN W. RYAN, Dorchester.

"Solomon," a boy prodigy, gave a farewell piano recital in London on June 5. The Pall Mall Gazette then remarked:

"One often wonders what becomes of juvenile prodigies when they grow up. Not one in 10 is ever heard of again after the juvenile stage is passed, because the excitement of their public life prevents them from studying for a more settled career. The boy who is widely known as 'Solomon' is, it seems, to escape this danger, for he gave a farewell recital at the Wigmore Hall yesterday afternoon prior to retiring for a prolonged period of concentrated study, the need of which has been apparent for some time. He has a very remarkable talent that needs to be developed quietly, without the constant fatigue and disturbance of concert work. His program took in a wide range, and a great deal of it was very well played."

It every now and then the tendency to force the pace and other troublesome mannerisms, hindered real enjoyment of the music. Among the best performances was that of Schumann's "Papillons." At the close came a group of pieces, one of which was an agreeable unpretentious idyll—"Printemps," by Percy Colson. The recital concluded with Liszt's fantasia on the "Ruins of Athens"—a worthless affair that almost deserved its fate at the pianist's hands."

There have been juvenile prodigies that have been famous in after years. In old times Mozart was a shining example; in modern times Joseph Hoffmann. But of the great-majority the lines published long ago in Punch might be applied.

Prodigious!

(Another musical prodigy is announced.)

Prodigies here, prodigies there, prodigies, prodigies everywhere. Next little musical prodigy girls. Short frock, stockings, and corkerew curls. Pert little priggish prodigy boys. Long hair, "knickers," and lots of noise. Prodigy concerts at half past eight; prodigies stop up far too late. Prodigies taking by storm the town sketching an octave up and down. Swirling fugues with a massive bass. Fingers all in their proper place. Fitzwork fantasies, oh, so smart! Chopin, Schubert, and old Mozart. Some with Beethoven making free as best as they can. Prodiges A deserves a medal for skill in the use of the softer pedal. Prodigy B should have a prize for her manner of using her hazel eyes. Prodiges playing quick or slow. FINE, FORTÉ, FORLINSIMO. Little fancies and tiny waltzes. All of them thought out their scales. Little flutes in cracks and shorts. Beating their Broadway pianofortes. Little Nocturnes in trill and frock, crapping away like one o'clock. Little Fats—but why proceed? Basta basta! agreed, agreed! Prodigy hearing's an awful bore. We've enough and too many, and don't want more.

Mr. E. L. Benavys signed his name to three "Impressions of a Press Agent," which were published in Mr. F. P. Adams's column in the N. Y. Tribune. Here is one entitled

THE TENOR.

It was a world of Metropolitan singers. His name and feel blazoned over these United States. And in Europe it was a well known

in Italy he was a great success. A great test—here the music was to judge. To do praise to him and his up. Two days before he left he came to the manager's office. With a sick expression on his round face. And a deathly gasp in his voice. One thought that he needed a doctor. Or the first aid of some Red Cross nurses. He was ushered into the private office. To find out the difficulty of his troubles. This was his lament in short. A friend, in the hurry of the moment, had procured tickets for him on the Twentieth Century. Which demanded an extra fare of six dollars. And he wanted to ride on the cheapest train. So we got him tickets on a road. Which takes 36 hours to Chicago and per, haps more. And the great singer whose name has been blazoned over these United States. And was well known in Europe. Walked out contented and smiling like a young baby.

Notes About

the Stage, Music

A report from Paris, France, states that the

and Musicians greatest theat-

rical event since the beginning of the war is the production by the Comedie Francaise of Henri Bernstein's war play, "L'Elevation." As a work of art the play fulfills every requirement, combining great dramatic intensity with extreme simplicity and directness of appeal. It is a present-day document likely to go down in the history of dramatic art. It is the first synthetic expression of the war spirit of France. It also marks a new manner of Bernstein art, which seems to have risen to a higher plane.

The play was conceived by Bernstein while operating as an aviator with the Salonica army, and was discussed with his flight comrade, but was only worked out in a hospital at Salonica.

No work by Bernstein has been produced at the Comedie Francaise since the famous occasion when his play, "Après Moi," caused riots in front of the theatre. Since then the author once more held the public stage when at the Caillaux trial, on the eve of the war declaration, he made a dramatic outburst of justification of his past military career, announcing the imminence of the great catastrophe which, he said, would find him at his post.

Through the war play the action shows the uplifting influence of war on the leading characters. The first act during mobilization, reveals the love of a doctor's wife for a young society man who leaves for the front. Through his wife's emotion the doctor divines the truth, but the call to duty forces them to bury the secret. The second act shows a conflict between the doctor and his wife, who has been summoned to her wounded lover's bedside. The doctor has proof that the man his wife worships is not worthy of her love, but refrains from using this information against the dying man. The latter on his death bed has written a confession of his past life. In the final scene he tells the woman who has come to die with him that she must live for her husband and reveals how, face to face with death on the firing line, he has accomplished a spiritual union with her.

Profound emotion, which gripped actors and audience alike, marked this premiere as unforgettable. The views of all critics are enthusiastic—Dramatic Mirror, June 23.

Robert Edson has written a war play in one act, "The Boy," for vaudeville.

Harry Lauder's new book is entitled "Harry Lauder's Logic." He will give an organ to the Highlanders' Memorial C. F. Church in Glasgow in memory of his son, Capt. John Lauder, who was killed at the front last December.

"Seventeen," Hugh Stanilaus Stange and Stannard Meers's dramatization of Booth Tarkington's book was produced at Indianapolis by the Stuart Walker Players June 18. Gregory Kelley took the part of Billy Baxter.

A French friend told me a charming story yesterday in regard to the Divine Sarah. To the casual observer there would seem to be no affinity between a rose garden and Mme. Bernhardt's recovery. But there is, if French horticulturists are to be believed. They are saying, "I told you so!" It appears that one day the great tragedienne, among the flowers she loves so well, confessed to a little superstition, "I am never so well," she said, "as when my rose garden is well stocked." And this year the bloom which bears her name runs riot everywhere, waiting only for her to come and gather the buds with her own fingers—Pall Mall Gazette June 5.

"Rosmersholm" was revived on June 5 in London. The Pall Mall Gazette did not think the revival would herald a popular war-time appeal. "There is an obvious war-time urgency about 'Ghosts' but not much of the moment about 'Rosmersholm.' It is, when perfectly acted, a deep and delicate study of character. There are political echoes that enrich one's knowledge of Norwegian history and of Ibsen's own spiritual adventures. Above all, there is a supreme technical interest in 'Rosmersholm' as the pioneer experiment in the kind of play that gradually reveals the past. It was to it, of course, that we owed Sir Arthur Pinero's 'His House in Order.' But could one blame the big public for not demanding it just now? * * * With Ibsen, where the significance is so delicate that it only begins

of time as to what it has to do with a toast-fork. The man and that Miss Mary Grey, in the most important part of Rebecca West, in the depth of whose intelligence the whole drama is being acted, did not suggest even in the unprompted passages, the true point of the paradox on paradox. To all appearance her Rebecca had not got as far as the first paradox. So far from there being any need for suicide, there was no apparent need, in her Rebecca's case, why Rosmer and she should not have been married and lived happily ever after, like other folk."

The Times waxed humorous over the performance of "Rosmersholm." "We know that in the ancestral halls of the Rosmers no child was ever heard to cry nor man to laugh, that there were grisly legends of white horses there and a pervading uncanniness, but that was surely no reason why Miss Mary Grey should make her pauses longer than her words and Mr. William Stack make a martyr of himself in an appalling frock-coat. No reason, we say, for we are well aware that the appalling frock-coat is an accepted Ibsen tradition in London. It must be worn by somebody in every Ibsen play—under the impression, presumably, that such a garment gives an exotic, Scandinavian, or at any rate un-English tone to the affair. Probably the actors cast lots for it, and this time it was Mr. Stack's bad luck. What with the coat, the pauses and the play itself, the performance was so depressing that you felt you could have thrown yourself into the mill-race after Johannes and Rebecca. Nevertheless, it is obviously a masterpiece, this 'Rosmersholm,' a masterpiece in the peculiar Ibsen manner of story-telling. * * * the retrospective manner which lets the past facts leak out and accumulate and then plunges you into the tragic sequel. * * * Half of Ibsen's art sometimes strikes one as that of giving a new, peculiar turn to what are essentially old things. Rosmer, with all his dreamy idealism, his craving to 'ennoble' the people, is essentially a prig; Rebecca, with all her courage, her veracity, her self-sacrifice, is essentially a 'cat.' Indeed, we make bold to think the 'Master' (as solemn asses used to call him in the old days) has been more masterly in his minor characters here."

In the notices of "My Lady's Glove" now playing in New York no mention has been made of the fact that this operetta, entitled "The Beautiful Unknown," was performed here at the Majestic Theatre on April 6 and in other cities. It was produced at Hartford, Ct., before it came to Boston.

Donald Brian will dance in a new work by Victor Herbert, "Her Regiment," in which Carolina White, formerly of the Chicago Opera Co., will sing. Percival Knight will be the star in "Dew Drop Inn." Fred Stone's new show will allow him to appear on skates. Alice Nielsen, as has already been announced, will be the star in "Kitty Darlin'," based on Belasco's play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow," will be turned into a musical comedy, with music by Jerome Kern. The title will be "Leave It to Jane." "The Girl from Ciro's" will be a musical version of "The Girl from Rector's." Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer will head an "Oh, Boy" company, beginning in Chicago. Eleanor Painter has left musical comedy. She will be seen in "The Pursuit of Pamela," a comedy without music. Blanche Ring will be seen and heard in "What Next?" which was produced at Santa Barbara, Cal., on June 18. Jimmie Powers will have a new piece, so will Mitzel Hajos. There will be a musical version of "Good Gracious Annabelle," with tunes by the author, Clare Kummer. Stewart Baird, formerly of Boston, will have a part in "Rambler Rose," the new musical comedy for Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorne.

The Daily Telegraph believes that even "the most obstinate opponent of opera in the vernacular" would not object to hearing "The Girl of the Golden West" in an English translation. "In English, at any rate, it was sung at Drury Lane last night, and it is not easy to conceive of anybody being present who would have considered the Italian language better suited to drama of the 'Bower' type, with its rough, strenuous atmosphere of a California mining camp, its American film-like melodramatics and its crowd of gold-diggers, bar-tenders, outlaws, 'greasers' and the rest, with an Indian squaw thrown in. It was never difficult to see what Puccini found to attract him in David Belasco's lurid, but picturesque tale, though it gave him little enough opportunity to display his command of the lyrical, as distinct from the dramatic side of his art, but it would be hard indeed to believe that even the composer himself would not concede that his opera lends itself infinitely better to performance in an English text than in his own mellifluous tongue."

The London Times, discussing some modern piano music, thinks that York Bowen and Cyril Scott speak the new harmonic idiom fluently. "Wagner bequeathed us two things. He found the secondary sevenths and the augmented triad transient chords, i. e., requiring explanation, and left them substantive, self-explanatory, and he enlarged the bounds of the key, including in it every major and minor triad of the 12 semi-

tones. (Curling up his fingers in a crown's work, in which he was a broad, whole laugh at events of all sorts, and in particular at those people who know what they like, but it shows his method as well as another. In all his delightful foolery, which includes a chord containing eight out of the 12 notes of the scale and a simultaneous glissando down the black notes and up the white, he never loses sight of his key, but consistently writes sound sense, though it sounds nonsense. Cyril Scott's method is to jolt us out of our complacency by the sudden juxtaposition of two triads which have no ostensible connection, and by the introduction into any chord to which we might have attached a definite meaning of an irrelevant note which upsets our calculation. Both the 'Irish Reel,' with its provocative sharp 'bagpipe' fourth, and the 'Little Russian Suite,' show further a special weakness of his—a sentimental progression of the bass continued till kingdom come. It is only fair to say that when he played his own music not long ago all this sounded much better than it looks on paper, whereas York Bowen's looks quite as well as it is likely to sound."

The London Times also remarks: "Dr. Eaglefield Hull has put together a Coleridge-Taylor Album, but it was hardly worth while to transcribe for the organ a composer of such uncertain taste; the vulgarity of 'Ethiopia Saluting the Colors' passed through that medium makes the blood run cold."

And now we are reminded by Mr. Richard Northcott that Dr. Cummings, who possessed the composer's autograph will—acquired some time ago another interesting Handel relic in the shape of his watch, said to have been presented to him by one of his admirers in the year 1745. On his death it passed into the possession of George Amyand, one of the executors, and subsequently into that of William Snoxell, an amateur violinist in the orchestra of the old Sacred Harmonic Society. When the latter died, in 1873, it was sold by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, at their auction rooms, to Miss Henrietta Mackenzie, also a member of the society just mentioned. Great store was set on the watch by that lady who constantly wore it and refused all offers from would-be purchasers, one of whom was willing to give £150 for it. Eventually ill-health induced her to part with it to Dr. Cummings, in whose keeping she knew the relic would be safe. The watch has been described as a fine specimen of repoussé art in silver. On the back is depicted a musical performance in the centre of the group of figures is a conductor, near him being a lute player, a performer seated at a spinet and a bass viol player. Two other figures complete the group, one presumed to be a singer, and the other a gentleman holding in one hand a flagon and in the other a salver bearing a glass. Herein seems to lie a mystery. Was the gentleman with his hands thus full about to offer refreshment to the musicians, or was he the 18th century equivalent of a wonder-working Cinquevalli, capable of performing prodigious feats of equilibrium with crockery, glass and other articles usually treated with respect? Perhaps Mr. Northcott can throw light on the mystery.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Herald spoke of Vletor Bonham, pianist, purposing to improvise on an air given by some one at his piano recital. He did improvise (June 6) on "Cherry Ripe." The Pall Mall Gazette said: "The method was superficially effective, although the frequent resort to the same familiar sequential devices ended by creating a feeling of monotony which was not lessened by the hackneyed pianisms introduced. So far as the performance proves anything beyond Mr. Bonham's command of the idiom of 1890 or thereabouts, it proves the ease with which a certain kind of music may be manufactured. A recording attachment to Mr. Bonham's piano, and you may have as many pages of it as you like, without a single passage that has not its counterpart in the standard authors."

A Guignol "dream" was introduced into "Suzette" at the Globe Theatre, London, June 4. Suzette's young farmer betrothed finds her (Gaby Deslys) with her boy lover and is killing him by slow strangulation when Suzette stabs the betrothed and he falls dead. The police, called on another errand, rush in and the girl is arrested. The boy is left bleeding on the closed door through which she has been dragged.

Eugene Walter Discusses Certain Types of Stage People

has been so successful in New York freed his mind about certain modern actors and actresses in a letter addressed to Mr. Charles Darnton, published in the Evening World.

"The conceited actor, up to the minute in shape, with a Charlie Chaplin mustache, wrist watch and shoes of peculiar design, may be superlatively entrancing on the screen, but when it comes to speaking regular words of regular men on the regular stage and giving a regular impression of masculinity—all wool and a yard wide—he's about as impressive as the one button of his vest, hidden at the extreme point of his an-

Mr. Eugene Walter, whose play, "The Knife,"

"Then, after a long and now son-top-and-lesser-son, a for flap a few direct and terse speeches right on the wrist you wave him aside at rehearsal and send for a dramatic agent to help you find some one for the job."

"You have a play which aims to portray red-blooded men and women, and you feel that in some way or other you can take care of the women if you have a maximum number of males with real male thoughts, shapes, manner of expression, who will put over the footlights the impression of having eaten regular 'he' food, as the late Paul Armstrong was wont to express it."

"Have you any?" you ask the agent.

"Male or man actors?" she will ask.

"Man."

"How old?"

"Must look between 25 and 30."

"Then comes your list—pitifully short, painfully familiar. Here they are—the thin manly line—every one a veteran and an artist, hanging on to the remnants of youth and ready to do their bit."

"Pretty well along in years," is your invariable comment.

"They can make up young enough."

"How much?"

"She runs her fingers lightly over the short list and murmurs the salaries—the lowest \$350, the average \$500, and then up to \$800."

"Not one of them under 40, and most of them 50 years old," you comment.

"You know 'em! Any one of them who looks it can play the part."

"Haven't you any young ones—real ones, who are fairly good and want a start?"

"They haven't the punch."

"How about the women?"

"Just as bad," is the answer. "Can give you a lot with the debutante slouch, but vigor and conviction and the power to put it over went out with-

out corsets, hips and a normal bust," is your answer.

"And so as an author I am going out on a trip to find, if they can be found, young players of both sexes with the punch, with voices well placed and who can hit from the shoulder."

"The American stage has been made the dumping-ground during the last 10 years for men without girth of waist or intellect, ill-formed, ill-informed, light-waisted in all essentials of life—physical and otherwise—while the baby-doll, the hipless, voiceless, simpering, cuddle-up-closer leading woman has driven our fine actresses nearly into obscurity and authors nearly to the asylum."

"I am not going to argue the cause from either a sociological or political point of view. If this is the era of the chicken, someone else can figure out the reason why, but don't blame the playwright when he is compelled to give them chicken feed to keep them alive. If the lounge lizard is at the height of his glory, then blame not the poor author for giving him little more to do than lie out on the rock and bake and blink in the sunlight of popular adoration. If the 'feminist' woman is breeding a class of men who live on the earnings of their sisters and sweethearts and wives while muscles become flabby, gesticulation girlish and voices falsetto, then blame the feminist movement and not the dramatist. One cannot cut down a giant redwood with a pair of manicure scissors."

"That's the condition of the stage today—that's why I'm going into the tall grass to find some real men and women who can act with the punch. Women who can start when started, the Ethel Barrymores—the Blanche Bateses, the Julia Deans, the Dorothy Donnellys, the Margaret Anglins, the Helen Wares and a dozen more—and men—real men with a real punch to come up in reserve of the rapidly thinning lines of dependable veterans—they are the ones we need."

"Maybe the war will straighten the shoulders, fill out the bellies and bring back the punch to the vast production of concave kids. Maybe the war will bring back to style the woman made by God to carry his real burden, the responsibility of the endurance of the race—a woman of sound brain, sound mind, sound morals and sound emotions."

"Let us hope all this will come, and that the man with the punch—shoulders, girth, and a conviction or two—will walk with her hand-in-hand to a new era of plays and players for real, healthy grown-ups. That's my dearest wish as a writer for the stage."

Mr. Walter is working on a drama of certain social conditions in New York.

Are Orchestral

Concert Programs

Too Heavy?

Are our concert programs, for the most part, too "heavy?" A correspondent, who signs himself "A Real Music-Lover," asserts that they are, and it may well be that there are others, no less entitled to such a description, who are somewhat of the same opinion. This particular "music-lover's" standpoint is interesting. Let us consider it for a moment. In the first place, what, precisely, does he mean by the term "heavy" as applied to the kind of fare more or less typical of that provided by concert-givers? On this point we cannot do better than let our correspondent speak for himself.

"Is the average—say orchestral—program," he asks, "drawn up in a way to make the widest popular appeal? I think not. The idea seems to be that a con-

cert must invariably be something very solemn and weighty—something that only the highly-educated can understand and appreciate. What real justification is there for narrowing by this means the public to whom musical entertainments might, and should, appeal? Do the people who give concerts and arrange these programs consider it beneath their dignity to include music of a less ponderous kind, works such as the ordinary music-lover like myself can enjoy?" The writer adds that he is speaking, not only for himself, but on behalf of "thousands more" who, he believes, would become more regular frequenters of concerts if they were less restricted in their appeal.

Frankly, our sympathies are all with this "real music lover." Obviously, he is very much in earnest, and, with him, we are wholly of opinion that there are probably "thousands more" in a city like London who share his views. If you doubt it, take the case of the Queen's Hall promenade concerts. Our correspondent points himself in that direction as showing how numerous a public there is for orchestral concerts that are rightly reckoned high class without being "stodgy." Nobody needs to be told that symphonies, concertos and other works in the large forms are by no means excluded from the "prom" programs. But, unquestionably, they do contain a far greater variety of music and consequently appeal to a wider diversity of musical tastes and sympathies than the average concert.

In this matter one cannot help thinking that our concert-givers, for the most part, are far too conservative. It would seem as though their point of view is that there is only a limited public for concerts, and that if they were to venture upon experiments by offering them something different from the kind of music they have been accustomed to, there would be a risk of losing their support. But it surely does not follow, because A is all for music of the most severe and "serious" order, that B and C might not welcome a scheme containing also music less serious. And most assuredly the intrinsic value of a musical work is not conditioned by the degree of its "seriousness"—or its length.

We must not be thought to decry the "classics." But does not a palpable fallacy lie in the assumption—by no means uncommon—that no music-lover deserves to be so called who has ears only for a work of the pretensions—and dimensions—of a four-movement sonata or symphony. A work is not the less "musical" in the best sense because it takes less than 45 minutes to perform. And the chances are that, to many people not necessarily unmusical, it would be infinitely less tedious. In one recent program we had three works, not one of which occupied less than from 35 to 40 minutes in performance. Is it not quite conceivable that our correspondent, the "Real Music-Lover," might have attended that concert (we feel sure he didn't) had the program been leavened with one or two works of a lighter style and character?

Perhaps, in happier times, it will be worth some enterprising concert-giver's while to experiment in the direction of orchestral programs on the lines suggested by the correspondent we have quoted. Such an experiment need not entail the services of a full-sized modern orchestra. On the other hand, there are any number of beautiful, attractive works that do not call for the employment of such an orchestra, and for the performance of which one of the proportions of the New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, so admirably conducted by Mr. Alick Maclean, and so popular at the Chappell ballad concerts, would thoroughly suffice. That particular orchestra has shown us—what, indeed, should have required no demonstrating—that there is a wholly attractive repertory of more or less "light" music to be drawn upon, and that delightful variety can be obtained occasionally by performing one movement from a long work which, in its entirety, might easily repel those music-lovers who do not want to concentrate their attention for three-quarters of an hour or so upon a single composition, be it ever so fine.—London Daily Telegraph.

ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMS

FOR 9TH WEEK OF POPS

Interesting Features and Popular

Soloists Will Be Presented

During the Period.

The ninth week of the Pop concerts in Symphony Hall, which begins tomorrow night, will have many features of interest. Conductor Jacchia grows constantly in favor. Never in the history of the Pops have the programs presented so wide a variety of music as they do now. There are comparatively few repetitions and the list of pieces that have been played is formidable in length.

Again there will be soloists, with the exception of Wednesday night, July 4, for which special arrangements are being made. Monday night Mario Laurenti, an Italian baritone, well liked by Pop audiences, will again be the soloist. Tuesday night the soloist will be Grace Bonner-Williams, one of the best sopranos of Boston. Mme. Ester Ferrarini, an Italian soprano, will be soloist on Thursday and Saturday evenings. Friday night the soloist will be Martha Atwood-Baker, who made a successful debut at these concerts last Wednesday evening.

and a few other soloists. The last composers of real will be presented and Mme. Laurenti will sing twice.

The program for tomorrow night will be as follows:

Overture "The Jolly Robbers" Suppe
Waltz "Roses from the South" Strauss
Romance, for string orchestra, "Cello Fantasia" Cavalieri-Rusticelli
Mascagni
Suite "Peer Gunt" Grieg
(a) Morning Mood
(b) Anitra's Dance
(c) In the Hall of the Mountain King
Aria "Vision fugitive" from "Herodias" Massenet
Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde" Wagner
Selection "Oh, Boy" Kelt
Songs, with piano, "Mr. Laurenti's Coronation March" Meyerbeer

The Season at Ye Wilbur.

Ye Wilbur Theatre closed its season Saturday evening, June 30, with a very successful four weeks' engagement of a new farce, "Mary's Ankle," which gave every promise of being one of Broadway's most notable hits the coming season. The past season at Ye Wilbur has been conspicuous for its elongated engagements, the attractions having been carefully selected from New York's most brilliant successes.

The season opened Monday evening, Aug. 14, with "Very Good Eddie," which ran 13 weeks. Other attractions were as follows:

Nov. 13, "The Cinderella Man" (seven weeks).

Jan. 1, Emily Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman" (five weeks).

Feb. 5, "The Blue Paradise" (seven weeks).

March 24, "He Said and She Believed Him" (two weeks).

April 9, The Dolly sisters in "His Bridal Night" (seven weeks).

June 4, "Mary's Ankle" (four weeks).

On Dec. 5 and 7 Yvette Guilbert gave two special recital matinees.

The week of April 26 the Vincent Club gave a series of special matinees of "Pleasure Island."

July 2, 1917

A few days ago the Herald published a letter from Mr. George P. Bollivar of Beverly. It wondered why women, young and old, wore "pneumonia corsets" in winter and encircled their necks with furs in the summer. The question evidently obsesses him, for here is another letter in the manner of comment:

"Reading the Tatler the other evening I came across Mr. Addison's essay, 'Court of Judicature on the Petticoat.' The petticoat then in fashion, let me say, was so large that it with difficulty went through a door. I was struck with this paragraph: 'I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot and swan shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.'

"The first sentence is perhaps the true answer to my question about a fur boa, tippet, what you will. But is a fur tippet ornamental in hot weather? One might reply: 'That depends on the scragginess or the fulness of the neck.' A woman might well smile at men's summer dress going to the North Shore and coming from it in summer, a straw hat and an overcoat."

The Dead Alive.

Two American publishing houses are about to issue some compositions by Bryceson Treharne. Mr. Treharne, an Englishman, has been kept in a German internment (sic) camp since the beginning of the war, and has produced these works during that time.—Milwaukee Free Press.

A Seaside Tragedy.

We read with regret that five men and women were brought into the Chelsea police court for having a dozen bottles of ale and a pint of port which they purposed to drink on the sands at Revere Beach. We did not regret that they had a thirst or that they intended to slake it; it was the mixture that grieved us. Bottled ale is, of course, inferior to that drawn from the wood, yet it is always a comforting and seasonable drink. To add port, though the wine were to be served as a liqueur, was an unpardonable solecism. We once saw in the bar of a hotel in Halifax, N. S., strong men putting down glasses of gin and port. The barkeeper assured us that it was a favorite tiple in the town. We have heard of whiskey being followed by ale as a chaser, but ale and port are warring elements. Nor is port a wine to be carelessly drank out of doors. It is for a cheerful dining room, candle-lighted and cool after a thoughtfully prepared and leisurely eaten dinner; to be drank in moderation to the accompaniment of pleasant anecdotes and the gentle discussion of non-heating topics. It is not a drink for idle, careless youths and frivolous maidens.

And what vile stuff is the concoction generally sold as port! There used to be good sound port in certain cellars of Albanians. We still see, smell and taste the port that was on the table of a London music publisher in 1878. For the first time in our life we saw, the

beating out this port was a burning drink, provoking a folding of the hands to sleep.

The Modern Woman.

In regard to the examination of recruits in Glasgow by women doctors, a lady M. B. writes to us: "There is nothing novel about this. Women doctors examine men and boys every day. When a woman qualifies and enters into general practice her dealings are not necessarily limited to woman patients. Women doctors are just as well qualified as men doctors to determine if a man is, or is not, fitted for army service."—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Percy Grainger.

Mr. Percy Grainger, having enlisted as an obolst in the 15th Coast Artillery band, is a newspaper hero for a day or two. His action is highly praiseworthy. Here is another proof, if proof were needed, that he is a fine fellow as well as a composer and a pianist of genuine individuality. But when the newspapers tell a pathetic story of his thus giving up piano recitals at \$1000 a recital, we remember a story told of Mr. Rosenthal in Vienna. A pianist, returning from a tour met Mr. Rosenthal in a restaurant. "How much do you think I made on my last trip?" To which Mr. Rosenthal answered: "Half."

PERSISTENT FIENDS

It is not surprising that at the banquet given here in honor of the Prince of Udine some rushed to the head table and asked the prince to sign his name on the bill of fare.

The mayor's suggestion that the prince would not like to be disturbed in this manner fell on deaf ears.

The prince good-naturedly, with Italian grace and probably in a fine Italian hand, wrote his name. The wonder was that some one did not ask him for his fountain pen as a souvenir of the memorable occasion.

It is not easy to say which one is the more to be dreaded, the pursuer of souvenirs or the collector of autographs. The former in his mad quest often runs the risk of going to jail

as when he makes off with a hotel spoon, a chamber-key, a street sign, or a stone dog at a front door. The autograph collector is not to be trusted in the library of a fellow-manc or at an exhibition in an auction room; otherwise he offends only against one's time and good nature. Often he insists on the victim writing a "motto," a "golden thought," some passage from a poem, essay, novel. The keepers of guest-books at country places might be numbered in this class. If the victim is an artist, the collector does not hesitate to ask for a little sketch; if he is a musician, the demand is for a few measures from a favorite song or familiar piece for the piano. Some are undoubtedly flattered by the request; for man is naturally a vain animal. Many regard this attention as an imposition, especially when no postage stamp is enclosed, and when the beggar writes the hideous phrase: "Thanking you in advance."

July 3, 1917

The news that the Tower of London may soon slip into the Thames brings to mind the romance, "The Tower of London," by William Harrison Ainsworth, who was a prodigious swell in his day. Collectors value the first edition on account of George Cruikshank's illustrations. Visiting Mr. Herkimer Johnson at Clamport a few days ago, we saw the old novel on a book shelf in his study. Mr. Johnson, by the way, was somewhat hurt by a letter printed in the Herald calling for an endowment that he might hasten the publication of his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription). "Do I look as if I were in want?" he asked, as he was lighting his blackened T. D. pipe. At the same time he was pleased by the intended compliment. We were relieved by the appearance of prosperity, yet as we were leaving the village Capt. Nickerson ran out of the store to ask some searching questions concerning Mr. Johnson's financial standing, sitting or crawling, in Boston.

We looked at the picture in "The Tower of London" which we had not seen for over 40 years. Some of them show Cruikshank at his best, pictures to be put on the plane with the melodramatic ones in his "Oliver Twist," "Mauger Sharpening His Axe," "Queen Jane's First Night in the Tower," "Nightgall Dragging Cicely Down the Secret Steps," "Xit and the Scavenger's Daughter," "The Fate of Nightgall," and the horrible one, "The Burning of Edward Un-

Clancy's spirit was not in the least diminished by the fact that he was the only one of the three who had not been to the city of the future.

But Clancy's face, thank God, was not to lean on his dappled in the glorious art, however Homeric when compared with the labored compositions of his imitators.

To a small circle, comprising his few dear friends, Frothingham Clancy is known as the sweetest singer of our generation. It was when he snote for the pure lyric strain that his sublimest chords rang. They reached the ear only of the devoted few, for Clancy resolutely refused to publish. This was, as he used to tell Prof. Deedledum, because the true lyric artist lays bare his soul.

"I am naturally modest," he said once; "yet I had rather walk naked on these thronged streets than show the gaping mob my suffering heart. When I die my body will be given to the medical school of your university. I shall not need it. And all the schools shall have my every written line. I shall not mind any scalps."

To those of your readers who are intellectually capable of understanding this feeling and of sympathizing with it the poem which follows will have a deeper significance; its lofty symbolism will be transfigured with the rosy warmth of a human experience. Lacking such a translation into terms (however remote from the artist's desire) of personal experience, no work of art is more than silly sensuality or heartless marble. "A Plausible Explanation" is neither; it is one of the purest, most elevated fragments of sheer poetry that our literature has brought forth.

A PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Burning Sappho's ashes burn
Still in their funeral urn;
Cleopatra's mummy hisses
Still from Antony's hot kisses;
Everywhere their dust is blown
Fire doth lurk, unseen, unknown;
Fire is round us everywhere,
In the earth and in the air,
Nothing ever quite is lost,
Heat or hall or dew or frost;
All the warmth engendered by
Ancient passion did not die,
But still clings to, does not cool,
What was once so beautiful.

That's why when a piece of Helen
Floated airily and fell in
Jersey City's prime conditions,
It raised hell with the maulions.

Every man of genius composes at least one tribute to Helen. Clancy's is as noble as Poe's, and far more chaste. These lines might have been written by Keats, or a maturer Knowles. And their author—Dr. Deedledum wishes me to ask you to exert your powerful influence in his behalf; to pluck this serene gem of minstrelsy from its native dark unfathomed oceanic sepulture and set it in your column. (You need not to seek a full-recent interminable diatribes upon New England fauna have added little ether to the sum of human knowledge or the joy of living.) He says that by so doing you will not only adorn yourself and compliment your readers, but that you will be performing a public service: by laying, as he puts it, one blown petal on the pall of unlucky genius; by helping us, he means, to make the bounds of Clancy wider yet.

H. SPENCER.

Boston.

The Irish at Messines.

A German officer captured at the battle of Messines Ridge is reported by the Pall Mall Gazette as saying: "I have heard that the Irish were great fighters, but I never expected to see any advance like that." While the Germans ran, the Irish made new hymns of victory, one of which contains a pretty compliment to the artillery. It runs, if I remember right (writes Mr. Beach Thomas), thus:

And if perchance we do advance to Wytchaete and Messines,
They'll know the guns that strafed the Hun
were wearing the green.

THE BUNDLE

The suggestion is made that men and women going to market, or shopping should carry home their bundles when these bundles are not too heavy or unwieldy. "Suggestion" is hardly the word, for by some, the more hysterical in advice concerning household and general economy, the wish, say command, is thundered. Undoubtedly there would be some saving. Undoubtedly, too, it would be better if more customers would go to market instead of ordering by telephone, with a pathetic confidence in meatman, fishmonger and grocer, and without thought of the cost.

But the modern man dislikes to carry even the smallest bundle. His father did not hesitate to walk home with a package under each arm, though an old-fashioned codfish protruded his tail through a brown paper wrapping. The son, if he orders a few collars, a cravat, half a dozen pairs of stockings, says to the clerk with a lordly air: "Have them sent to No. 666 Bucolic road." His son in turn would rebel if his mother asked him to fetch and carry. Women, as a rule, are not so foolish in this respect. Witness the heavy-

clank of the iron trunk on the part of the woman who is vain, or because he wishes to walk unencumbered, so that his manly stride will attract attention? He does not hesitate to don evening dress at a public dinner or reception, although he may there be mistaken for a waiter. To carry a bundle, he thinks, is beneath him. Unlike Napoleon he has no respect for a burden. In former years the American boasted of his democratic spirit. Today he wishes to be known as one of the untitled aristocracy. He does not wish to black his boots; to perform any task that might be considered menial. It might be added that he is of those who tip foolishly to gain credit in the eyes of the waiter or those seated at a neighboring table.

THE POPS

This will be "Italian Night" at the pop concert in Symphony Hall. The program is representative of the greatest and best Italian composers, and the soloist will be that much admired Italian prima donna, Mme. Ester Ferrabini, who has already had success at these concerts. The program:

Overture, "Norina".....Bellini
Gavotte.....Jaccchia
Intermezzo, Act III, "Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf-Ferrari
Grand Fantasia from "Aida".....Verdi
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Mimi's Narrative from "La Boheme".....Puccini
Madame Ferrabini.
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
The Star Spangled Banner.
Intermezzo from "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Ave Maria from "Stella".....Verdi
Italian National Anthem.....Gabetti

July 6, 1917

Has anyone explained Swinburne's change of attitude towards Walt Whitman? Mr. Sidney Williams in his interesting review of Edmund Gosse's Life of Swinburne quoted last week Algernon's well-known description of Whitman's muse: "a drunken apple woman," etc. But in "Songs Before Sunrise" one of Swinburne's most spirited and euphonious poems is addressed: "To Walt Whitman in America." Swinburne declared "When lilacs last in the door yard bloomed" the most sonorous nocturne ever chanted, and there are warmly appreciated remarks about Whitman in essays of Swinburne. Is it not probable that the genteel and finical Watts-Dunton squirted cold water on Swinburne's glowing admiration of Walt and told him that he should keep better company; as the Cambridge clique labored with Emerson after he had written his letter in praise of "Leaves of Grass" when it first appeared? There is this difference: Emerson always weighed well his words; Swinburne was wildly extravagant in praise or censure, praising so many that censure might be regarded as a compliment. Furthermore, Emerson, if he did not persist in praising Whitman openly, was not a backslider; he was a faithful friend to the end.

The Journalist.

One of Sainte-Beuve's malicious notes. "Michaud was a journalist to his finger nails. These nails were very black. His wife said of him: 'When he takes his bath he puts on gloves from fear of washing his hands.'"

Gum-Chewing.

As the World Wags:
The editorial on "Gum and the Flag" in this morning's Herald has stirred me to the depths. Far be it from me to sit in judgment on the rulings of those good and wise men who drew up our country's "Constitution," thus condemning one, as it were, for their "pursuit of happiness," so that this philippic is not intended as an arraignment of the more act of gum-chewing per se, but rather to call attention to its civil after-effects on both the chewer and the eschewed.

It is, to say the least, a bit disconcerting to discover, on arising from a chair, that that same piece of furniture had been made a receptacle for "quids" placed there, presumably by victims of this obnoxious habit while they sought a brief respite from their arduous labors.

Then, again, such incessant motion of the jaws must tend towards a malformation of the mouth itself, and it is for this reason, more specifically, that I raise my voice in songful protest.

Disturbed do the mouths become
Of those who fall for chewing gum;
To cite the case of Carrie K.,
Who chewed the stuff both night and day,
Until at last, say those who knew her,
Her mouth became a caricature.

ADAM F. ANATIC.

Boston, June 28.

Attila's Descendant.

Why the selection of Count Esterhazy as prime minister of Hungary should please the Emperor William is explained by the London Daily Chronicle. The family of Esterhazy claims descent from Attila, King of the Huns. "There seems to be considerable truth in the claim. The fact that all modern Esterhazys have been conspicuously handsome whilst Attila was one of the ugliest men on record is explained away by the fact that the latter, being the vast wealth

of his time, had called the fact to select the most beautiful women for their consorts."

An Esterhazy was the patron of Haydn. For this patron, who gathered men singers and women singers and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. Haydn wrote operas, cantatas, symphonies and chamber music. The famous Austrian Hymn, which is the theme of variations for a string quartet, was taken by Haydn from a Croatian folk song.

Jena, or Sedan?

As the World Wags:

The question propounded several years ago by Franz Adam Beyerlein in his novel of German army life, "Jena, or Sedan?" seems in a fair way to be settled at last.

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Allston.

THE POPS

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker and John P. Marshall will be the soloists at the Pops tonight. The program is:

Overture, "Raymond".....Thomas
Valse Caprice, "Tillia".....Nagel
"Ave Maria".....P. Marshall, Bach-Gounod
(Violin, Mr. Theodorowicz; harp, Mr. Cella; organ, Mr. Marshall.)
Grand Fantasia, "The Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf-Ferrari
Marcho Fantaisie for Organ and Orchestra.....Gullmant
(John P. Marshall.)
Aria, "Espana".....Chabrier
Rhapsody, "Espana".....Chabrier
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Selection, "Katinka".....Primi
Songs with piano. (Mrs. Baker.)
Triumphant Entry of the Bavaria Halvorsen
(Rudolph Nagel, accompanist.)

July 7, 1917.

The Pall Mall Gazette of June 16 publishes paragraphs which should interest Bostonians.

"From a wounded officer I hear great accounts of the work of an American medical unit in France. During last week's fighting they found themselves with every available bed occupied. For a time doctors and nurses worked like furries trying to take care of all cases as they arrived, until they found it humanly impossible. Then they summoned assistance from a neighboring British medical unit, which was immediately forthcoming; and between them every case was attended to, and since then fresh cases have been arriving daily in considerable numbers.

"Dr. Harvey Cushing, one of the most famous surgeons in America, with a reputation extending worldwide, was at work in one of the most advanced clearing stations during the recent heavy fighting and performed some surgical marvels under heavy fire."

Imprudent Pickwick.

As the World Wags:

In the course of one of Mr. Pickwick's little journeys with his friends they stopped to dine at the Hop Pole at Tewksbury, "upon which occasion there was more bottled ale with some more maderia and some port besides, and here the case bottle was replenished for the fourth time. Under the influence of these combined stimulants Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Ben Allen fell fast asleep for 10 miles." By a curious chance I had read this passage only a few hours before lighting on your cruel remarks concerning the bibulous practices of the revellers of Revere. Now, if ever there was a connoisseur in drinks it was Mr. Pickwick. I think he must have indulged in at least 57 varieties every day of his life, and in all sorts of picturesque combinations. So there must be some happy—well, say consanguinity—between malt liquors and wines. I am somewhat squeamish myself about these matters. I should hate to spoil good ale by topping it off with either maderia or port, and a good wine should not be mingled with a baser liquor. It is amazing to read "Pickwick" in the light of this age with its prohibition propaganda. The early Victorians surely had strong heads and long purses. The gentlemanly toppers of today are babes at the breast to them.

Boston. W. E. K.
Mr. Pickwick with his catholic taste and imprudent experiments was hardly a connoisseur. Did it not take him a long time to determine whether a certain drink was milk punch?

"Rumfustian."

Has any Bostonian of the older generation quaffed in his long and honorable career the noble drink known as rumfustian? It was thus composed: "A quart of strong beer, a bottle of wine or sherry, half a pint of gin, the yolk of 12 eggs, orange peel, nutmeg, spices and sugar." Strong, but not unpleasant! This recipe is from A. M. Earle's "Stage-Coach and Tavern Days." Pray, what was meant by "wine"? Surely not champagne, although to the foolish, "wine" is always champagne—hence the "wine-opener." Is "rumfustian" known today in well-appointed bar-rooms? Jerry Thomas in his invaluable work "How to Mix Drinks" (New York, 1862) says that rumfustian was then much in vogue with English sportsmen after their return from a day's shooting. Now they drink tea after their shooting in France.

"What's in the Teacup?"

Tea and beer are both stimulants. Beer is a food. Tea is not! If it is unpatriotic for the beer drinker to consume sugar, it is at least equally wrong for the tea drinker.—Daily Express (London.)

A Southern Breakfast.

As the World Wags

Mr. Eddy Daggy had hard luck during the three years he was privileged to live in two southern states. It was my privilege to be born in one southern state, where my seven brothers and sisters were also born, having followed me in rapid succession. I wish Eddy could have shared with us our breakfast where the eight of us together, with our father and mother, two aunts and several cousins, were daily provided with four "pones" of corn bread, several plates of Maryland beaten biscuit, several dozen eggs, a large dish of home-made bacon, or sausage made of real hogs, a half dozen Potomac roe herring, a plate of butter at either end of the table, a gallon or two of fresh milk (coffee and tea were the only things supposed in those days, to be bad for children) and other "fixings."

The best of it all was the corn bread, which was made of corn meal, ground between stones at the country mill. This was mixed with "clabber," i. e., curdled milk, several eggs, sufficient salt and a pint of baking powder. The mixing was dexterously done by "Aunt" Jane with the aid of an enormous pewter spoon.

I don't know whether or not our mothers or wives ever made corn bread, and if any of the mothers and wives of New England made it they did not learn the art earlier than it was learned in the South, for Capt. John Smith was buying or stealing corn from Indians in Virginia before the corn growing on Plymouth Rock was sited by the Mayflower's company. Whatever they may have learned about it they have long since forgotten. The present day corn bread made of corn flour, wheat flour, sugar and what not would have seemed poor food to a band of Pilgrims whose ancestors have evolved such luxuries as fish balls and Boston brown bread.

Boston.

X Md.

THE POPS

Mme. Ester Ferrabini, mezzo-soprano, will be the soloist at the Pops this evening. The program is as follows:

Overture, "Orpheus".....Offenbach
Waltz, "Vienna Blood".....Strauss
"Ave Maria".....Schubert-Wilhelm
(Entire string section, harp and organ accompaniment.)
Fantasia, "Lucia di Lammermoor".....Donizetti
Suite, "Nut Cracker".....Tchaikowsky
Elsa's Dream, from "Lohengrin".....Wagner
(Soloist, Madame Ferrabini.)
Overture, "Robespierre".....Litolf
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Selection, "Miss Springtime".....Kalman
Aria, "Vissi d'Art" from "Tosca".....Puccini
(Madame Ferrabini.)
Charge of the Hussars.....Spindler

July 8, 1917

President Wilson and the experts in taxation look with favoring eyes on film pictures. The former writes to Mr. William A. Brady expressing his belief that the films can be of great assistance to the government in diffusing information and kindling patriotism in the breasts of any that are now phlegmatic. The latter are unwilling that those paying low prices for admission to cinema theatres should be taxed even a cent a ticket.

The Dramatic Mirror of June 30 published an instructive article on picture serials, reminding one that the first film serial released in America, and probably in the world, was "The Adventures of Kathleen." That was four years ago. "A whole flotilla" of serials is mentioned. In some the daring Miss Pauline White is the admired heroine. We shall not soon forget her in "The Iron Claw," a film drama surpassed in exciting foolishness only by "The Criminal Stain," in which the physician of the dual personality pumps the juice, or gas, or current, or whatever it is into poor mortals, thinking to give them strength, but filling them with criminal purpose and efficacy.

Mr. Larieton Winchester thinks that the serial is absolutely necessary to the neighborhood theatre. "Most of the screen theatres of America are small houses, statistics prove that. The serial spreads the cost of presenting a big star. The small exhibitor could not afford to present Pearl White for one night. It is a different question where the rental spreads it over 15 nights. It reduces other expenses, such as advertising, etc. The small exhibitor couldn't afford to advertise a big feature every night. On the other hand, one splash covers a whole serial, keeps the people coming and paves the way for another serial. It aids the small theatre."

Some of these serials have brought in over a million dollars. Work will be begun on one called "The Hidden Hand." Is this based on the novel by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the story that thrilled readers of the New York Ledger in the good old days, when "The Gunmaker of Moscow" was reprinted several times?

The only novel that we have seen pictured is "A Tale of Two Cities." In many ways the work was well done. But what is to be said of "The Woman in White"? Read the synopsis: "The story concerns the efforts of a bogus count to obtain the fortune of his wife, even to the extent of having her placed in an asylum for the insane. He does this by substituting for her a weak-minded girl, the woman in white, who is a prototype

of his wife, and who had escaped from the institution some time before, and who later dies. The pseudo count is shown up through the medium of several wrappings given by the woman in white before her death which are led by the wife's sister and a young artist who is in love with the unfortunate wife. These two are united when the girl becomes a widow through the villain being cremated by accident. This film will "feature" Florence La Badie. Now there is only striking, vital character in Wilkie Collins's romance—Count Fosco. The other villain is a mere lay figure. We are informed that the settings will be "atmospheric" and the play will surely entertain. "Generally a melodrama embracing social intrigue proves popular."

And what is to be said of George Loane Tucker's "I Believe"? It has a high and moral purpose. "I Believe" is one of those pictures which cause one to sway almost instinctively to the theory so often denied, that the screen is sooner or later certain to become the medium for propaganda above all else—that even its value as vehicle for entertainment will be subordinated to the lessons it will teach. We realize, however, that to become absolutely effective and safe as a teacher, the screen must be ultimately removed from the speculative and financial. There is the story of the "conflicting forces of religion and atheism against a background of sordid London. A man of science, a cold-blooded and material thinker, endeavors to win converts to his godless creed. "There is a little mission near his meeting place, presided over by an elderly clergyman and his faithful son Stephen. To save a girl of the slums, Stephen marries her and in other ways indicates his goodness. The death of a worker in a factory turns the scales against the scientist, Gedge, and he is almost mobbed. Stephen saves him and is hurt. Gedge takes him to his own house. There he chats with his rival and plants a seed of doubt in the young man's mind. At that moment Stephen touches a live wire, and both he and the scientist drop to the floor. The latter is revived, but Stephen is apparently dead. Gedge asserts that he can do what the minister's God refuses to do—give back the boy's life. He makes good, but produces a purely evil intelligence, without a soul. He goes about the city doing evil, and at last, when even the worst turn from him, proving the powerlessness of evil when it is unleavened by any good, he goes to Gedge, who cannot help him to regain his belief in God. Then the little wife from the slums is reminded to pray—they all do so—and he is restored. Stephen, in an act of kindness, falls a distance and is evidently killed. Here we are made aware that it was all a vision shared by the scientist and Stephen during their temporary insensibility from the shock. The materialist is convinced; the burden of his prayer is 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' It ends with all acknowledging the supreme power."

"Some of the comedy characters approach the burlesque in make-up." In spite of this, we should prefer "The Iron Claw" and "The Crimson Stain." Nothing can be funnier than the actions of the doctor when unconsciously he is the desperate villain and the leader of the gang that includes a seductively writhing, twisting, clinging vampire. The hand-acting and facial contortions of the physician's butler are alone worth the price of admission.

There was exhibited in 76 cinematograph theatres of London last month a food economy film called "Everybody's Business." The picture play shows how "a self-satisfied middle-class man got rid of an idea that the appeal for economy of food was not meant for people like himself." He is converted by a dream of submarine attacks on food ships and of long bread queues. There are glimpses of actual incidents of the war. The prime minister, Bonar Law, and Kennedy Jones are shown urging the need of a reduced consumption of food. Norman McKinnel plays the man that needs conversion, Gerald du Maurier is a soldier son home on leave for whom a special dinner is arranged. Matheson Lang, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Renee Kelly and Miss Gwynne Herbert are in the picture-story. The whole of the hiring fees received from exhibitions are given, after deducting the cost of printing the copies, to three charities. The picture was released for the country on June 18.

At a London theatre that will soon pass over to the cinema, topical pictures of the daily events will be shown. There will be an attempt to illustrate views of the day and the hour. The promoters of the scheme say: "We are going to illustrate the evening papers edition by edition, as it were."

The Russian Art Film Company proposes to "popularize" novels by Turgeneff, Tolstol, Dostoiévsky, Pushkin, Andrieff and other Russians in this country. "No one can fail to realize the spectacular possibilities of Tolstol's 'War and Peace.'" Will "The Kreutzer Sonata" be filmed?

To the Editor of the Herald:
In the issue of the Sunday Herald of June 24, commenting on certain burlesque actresses appearing in New York and Boston in the 60's and 70's of the last century, a certain writer, whose name was not given, was credited with the following: "Bessie Sudloe was a

after a queer experience here (New York) went abroad as thin as a rail, and soon married Mr. Green, manager of the Dublin Theatre and one of Dublin's aldermen."

I remember seeing the lady in question playing the title part in the pantomime of "Dick Whittington" at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, early in 1876. She was a capable actress of agreeable presence and manner. The name was given as Sudlow (not Sudloe) in the playbills. It was soon after announced that she was married to Mr. Michael Gunn (not Green), who with his brother under the style of J. & M. Gunn, were lessees of both the Theatre Royal and the Gaiety, the two leading playhouses of the Irish metropolises. Mrs. M. Gunn, following her marriage, retired from the stage, never reappearing except at rare intervals to help in a charity performance.

Whatever may have been the "queer experience" hinted at by the writer quoted, she, in social life, gained the esteem of her neighbors as a prudent and respectable matron, active in benevolent movements, and gracing with excellent tact and discretion the social functions in which, owing to her husband's prominent position in local affairs, she was often called upon to take part. It is possible she may be still living. I have not seen any mention of her death in the Irish or English papers.

Noddle Island, June 28.

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph paid tribute to the memory of Mme. Carreno:

"It seems hardly possible that the immortal Teresa Carreno, greatest pianist of her sex and time, and one of the world's truly great players, has passed away from our midst. Yet such would seem to be the case, and the world is infinitely the worse. As player and as human being, Carreno (for she was great enough to have the prefix dropped) was of the very elect. . . . With her audiences she was eternally popular, and in a sense she carried on the 'tradition' of her sex, which had previously raised Sophie Menter to the topmost rungs of the ladder. The Menter star waned as that of Carreno waxed in more or less recent years, and Carreno it was who made the path more amenable to later comers in the piano world who thought differently from the Schumann school of playing."

"Carreno had a wonderful command of the pianoforte. Her technique, which was of the kind known to newspapers as 'spacious,' was of the Rubinstein order, her temperament was superb, and her whole style was majestic, as was her personal appearance. I may, perhaps, be forgiven if I quote one personal reminiscence of many, for at one time we were firm friends, though for obvious reasons we had not seen each other for several years recently. It happened that I was deputed to write the biography of Carreno for a well-known dictionary. This I wrote, and a proof of it arrived at my house at the very moment when I was on the point of starting out to a luncheon party, so I slipped it into my pocket. To my surprise and delight, the first person I saw on arrival in the party was none other than Carreno, and to my greater delight I was her luncheon partner, as it were. During luncheon I remembered the proof, and mentioned it to Carreno, with the result that I was compelled to show it to her later, after the meal. While she was reading it she burst into a peal of the most hilarious, joyous laughter, the sound of which lingers with me still. Of course, I had to discover the reason. 'My dear friend, your chronology is all wrong,' said the divine musician; 'you have married me first to a boy who was not even born when I really was married to his uncle!' Carreno married two personages of the name of Tagliapietra—hence my muddle. A glorious artist she was. Her place will not easily be filled, for those whose memory goes back down 10 long years, perhaps never! God rest her."

Mr. Legge in the Daily Telegraph of June 9 made some remarks about concerts and concert halls that will appeal to many in this city.

"Many odd ideas have crossed my mind during the recent hot weather as to whether our general concerts are made as attractive to the public as they might, nay, should be. I know that the season is supposed to be over—season forsooth! The season which began in 1914 has never yet stopped, and music has been continuous for three solid years. There were forty concerts given in London during the present week. Does this look like the season being over? I trow not. But this is a degeneration. The point is that just now we are supposed to be taking stock of our musical affairs, and this being the case we, surely ought to be taking stock likewise of all those things which count in the matter of attractiveness by and to music. It is really high time that we saw some sign of a change in the commonplace arrangement of an average recital programme. We must get rid of the old order of the English songs being placed last in a program. And, well, why should every singer insist in providing four groups of songs representing (however badly) four different nations? What is the matter with our own? All this means, let us get away from a petty convention. As for pianists, can they not let the sleeping Beethoven or Chopin lie? Can they not

show as good a reason for the piano as the 'Last Chorus'?" If you think a minute you will see how dreadfully conventional our programs are.

"But what about the accessories of our concert rooms? Are they any better? We go in hottest weather, and sit like so many swallows on a telegraph wire listening to conventional music, on conventional benches, merely, I suppose, because our ancestors sat on, in some cases, the very same benches. And what is more, we look mostly as bored as they must have looked. I have seen about two generations of them, so can vouch for this, only perhaps we today do not appear so sanctimonious as they appeared! But that is a difference in degree, not in kind. What I think is necessary now, with a view to the future and the greatest happiness of the greatest number, is that all this should be changed. We should aim at making our concert rooms places in which we potentially may be comfortable while we listen to music, be it lively or severe."

"I want a mixture of the Queen's Hall promenade concerts, but with more comfortable seating accommodation, and the extraordinary concerts organized by Mr. Frank Armstrong, organist to the Aeolian Hall. At both of these I can be happy. I can lose myself in the solace of my pipe if I am bored with the music. If I don't particularly want to watch Miss Kaskovskii, or whatsoever the name, dance Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' I can pull away and lose myself protem. But if I do want to hear Mr. Armstrong play that wonderful organ with a skill the more surprising because I have tried my hand at it myself without making much of a 'job' of it, I can listen and still be comfortable without looking griggish."

"Now, it is not only the mere fact that one can smoke at these concerts that makes for happiness denied one at the more formal affairs. It is the fact that the concerts themselves have a 'body' which has little or nothing of the conventional about it. At Mr. Armstrong's concerts on Sunday evenings our delightful enthusiast, Thomas Atkins, Esq., or Tom Bowling, Esq., may come in as fancy pleases him, and bring his wife or his going-to-be wife with him. The fact that no charge is made for admission is a good point, it is true, but it is not an essential one for comfort, though I believe it to be unique. On these Sunday evenings Mr. Atkins and Mr. Bowling can get out of the hot stuffy streets, sit down, chat in the intervals—they don't talk all through the music as we critics do to show our superiority—and, if so disposed, listen to people like Miss Lilian Hoare and Mr. Percy Kahn, two of the cleverest musicians after their kind we have ever seen."

"If Mr. Atkins and Mr. Bowling are made comfortable in body and mind in this kind of way, why on earth should not a miserable old critter like myself be made happy also on similar lines? Why should I be compelled by the slings and arrows—especially the arrows—of a particularly outrageous fortune to sit like a mummy in a case to hear music which I have heard year in, year out, for nearly half a century, when this kind of thing is as obsolete as the dodo? Why cannot the superior concerts make for superior comfort? Indeed, why should there be any discomfort in our modern concert-rooms? Why? Merely because they are only concert-rooms and concerts, and not at all modern. They are as immovable as the Pyramids, as fixed in their everlasting seats, as it were, as the Bristol organist when he won his case against the corporation years ago (whereby hangs a tale), and as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. And it is just this which this little article is intended to attempt to rectify. Do let us move in the matter. Let us get rid at once and for ever of the hideous conventionality of the concert-room and the concert program. At vocal recitals we really do not want a Babel of tongues, and least of all that our own should be relegated to the end; and piano players really may be invited to note that there are other quite good composers than the half-dozen usually selected. Will no one 'set a fashion' now—yes, now—for after-the-war concerts? Let us hang the old thinks up for a while and try the new; date the Renaissance from now. Think it over!"

Notes About the Stage, Music

Daughters of M. Dupont," by and Musicians Brieux was produced at the Ambassadors, London, on June 8. The adaptation was by St. John Hankin. The play, which is dated 1897, was performed in London "in supposed privacy" in March, 1905, by the Stage Society. The Stage: "Of course, in 'The Three Daughters' the things that really matter are the passages referring to the Feminist Movement and to the difficulty with which, at the beginning of the century, at any rate, a woman was able with decency and propriety to make her way alone, and to the vexed question as to whether a wife should not be something more than merely a housekeeper and a mistress' in one. Julie does not fortify herself with the famous lines of Portia, great Cato's daughter, in her matrimonial jangles with Antonin Mairaut, who deliberately denies her the mingled joys and pangs of motherhood, Julien Brignac's regarding of his wife Lucie as but a child-bearing machine being the other facet of the same problem shown in

No one would say that Brieux is a course, that there is a certain logic in the time 'all for Brieux' 'The Three Daughters' as there was for the 'aged Goods' 'Intentionally child marriages are not the crying evil of the moment here or in France. One doubts if even the play's lighter satire upon the marriage of convenience in bourgeois household is quite as much to the point now as it once was. But 'The Three Daughters' remains quite apart from its 'blue-book' purposes. Such a magnificent acting play, and so bright and racy a genre-comedy, that one quite agreed with last night's audience in being very thankful indeed that the chance of the Brieux Vogue had been seized for its sake. One of the most remarkable things about the evening was the entirely cheery and brilliant fashion in which the comedy parts were received. There was a rattling—almost farcical—jollity of satire right up to the verge of horror. Possibly the audience did not take even the serious parts quite seriously enough in every case. Possibly they were right. With all its trenchant sincerity of motive, the play has a certain falsity of exaggerated cynicism. These three daughters, Angele, the wanton; Caroline, the unloved; and Julie, the married, are too obviously just a trio of awful examples. The constructive optimism of 'Damaged Goods' is, after all, a far profounder achievement. However, nothing could affect the sheer cleverness of the play, and the brilliance of the playing. As Julie, Miss Ethel Irving repeats her tremendous performance of 13 years ago with not a whit less power, and, if anything, a surer command of the lighter comedy."

William Archer some years ago dwelt on the fact that Brieux in "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" was logic-ridden. "Every character is a term in a syllogism, every scene is dictated by an imperious craving for symmetry. . . . Why has providence blessed M. Dupont with three fair daughters and no more? Because providence foresaw exactly the number M. Brieux would require for his demonstration. Are there not three courses open to a penniless woman in our social system—marriage, wage-earning industry and wage-earning profligacy? Well, M. Dupont must have one daughter to represent each of those contingencies. Julie has illustrated the miseries of marriage; Caroline and Angele shall illustrate respectively the still greater miseries of unmarried virtue and unmarried vice. . . . 'Symmetry of symmetry, all is symmetry' in the poetics of M. Brieux. But life does not fall into such obvious patterns."

Paul Claudel's "L'Annonce faite a Marie" ("The Tidings Brought to Mary"), a mystical play in a prologue and four acts, English translation by Louise Morgan Sill, was produced at the Strand Theatre, London, June 10, by the Pioneer Players. The Pall Mall Gazette: "Viewed merely as a mystical poem, the work is of surpassing beauty. As a play its dramatic construction leaves much to be desired. Like all the writings of Paul Claudel it is full of deep religious feeling; yet it has not the spectacular appeal of 'The Miracle,' nor the quaint mediaeval simplicity of 'Everyman.'"

The Stage: "This piece of ecstatic transcendentalism is but fitfully dramatic and terribly long-winded, for all the literary graces of its interminably long speeches. It may be said of Claudel as of one of his characters, 'This man talks well,' and his personages, instead of following the injunction, 'Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once,' don't go, and keep on talking."

The chief characters are Violaine, beautiful and innocent, who becomes a leper; the mason and church architect, Pierre, whom, though he is known to be a leper, the girl kisses on the lips and thus contracts the disease; Violaine's jealous and vindictive sister, Mara, who saw the kiss, given because, as Violaine said, "He was so sad and I was so happy." Violaine's father, starting on a pilgrimage, gave her to his rough right-hand man, Jacques, who is loved by Mara. She conspires with her mother to tell him about the kiss. "On the day of her betrothal Violaine, though Pierre is cured speedily, has to own to Jacques that her soul alone is for him, and to show him 'the white flower' of leprosy beginning to disfigure her beautiful body." Jacques leads her to the place reserved for lepers. He marries Mara, but cannot forget Violaine, who he thought had been unfaithful. Mara's child dies. She takes it to Violaine, for eight years in a cave. "This happens on Christmas night, and the leprous one, forced to take the dead child from the arms of Mara, has apparently an access of mystical rapture, for amid celestial lights and liturgical music, rendered 'off,' she hands back to Mara a living child, with eyes, not black like those of the dead one, but blue, like those of Violaine, seemingly giving birth to it in an 'Immaculate Conception,' after the manner of Mary Mother. As the author has provided this miracle for us, he might have given another in the healing of Violaine; but she is found moribund, cast into a sand pit by Pierre, who brings her home to die, Jacques and the fruitlessly scheming Mara being reconciled in some sort of manner." Hazel Jones took the part of Violaine.

"Sheila" a play in three acts, by Miss Githa Sowerby, was produced at the St. James Theatre, London, June 7. The Pall Mall Gazette "It says very much, indeed, for the sureness of Miss Sowerby's touch upon our heartstrings that just for once one would have wished dramatic conscience to go hang and let the baby live! He or she—one really forgets, and it does not essentially matter which—was Sheila's baby. Sheila was a pretty, guileless, romantic young typist, whom Mark Holdsworth had married. Like a good few other young wives of her description she did not get on too well with her husband's elegant relations especially as she learned from Mark's cousin, Sybil, that Mark had only married so as to have a child. At this Sheila was unforgiving, even after the arrival of the 'little stranger.' But when the baby died—ah, then! It is all very pretty, witty, and sweetly sentimental. We cannot see why Mark and Sheila could not have made it up without the baby dying. Must a baby die for every little misunderstanding between husband and wife? Still, it is all charmingly done, with all sorts of tender, poignant, little feminine touches, where the authoress of 'John Rutherford and Son' shows just that freedom and grace within convention that is the most reliable recipe for success. Miss Fay Compton has never played anything better than this wide-eyed little typist, who was at heart a child until motherhood awoke the woman in her. Mr. Aubrey Smith was the ideal Mark, with his quiet strength and unfailing 'gentleman of English' touch." The Times: "The 'comic relief' duly pays its little call in each act on its way to a dinner party or just to take tea or (as they say in Mr. Henry James's later novels) whatever. Perhaps the misunderstandings are a little babyish even for this innocent kind of entertainment."

"The Mouse in the Larder," a comedy in four acts, by Arthur T. Colman, was produced at the Galety, Manchester, Eng., on June 11. "This new comedy is at times amusing, and exploits the problem as to whether two people are justified in living together as man and wife, being unable to get married because the husband of the woman refuses to divorce her. The main idea, however, concerns a scheming young lady, typist and private secretary, who flatters her master, and makes herself so indispensable to him that when domestic trouble ensues, she tries to dominate the position by becoming the mouse in the domestic larder. There is nothing new in the theme, and the comedy at times is incoherent and the characters labored. There is also a want of natural smoothness in the general running."

"Driftwood," a new four-act play by Laurence Eyre, was produced at Washington, D. C., June 25-30. An immigrant girl is a bit of driftwood in a great city. "The action takes place in the home of Becky, the girl in one of the gilded palaces, common to every large city, and also in the home of Becky the woman, after she has won out in her struggle with the world." Fay Baintor took the leading part.

Has Mr. Sterling Mackinlay discovered a snake charmer among his pupils? Because, on Saturday next, his operatic opera is reviving, at the King's Hall, Audran's "The Grand Mogul," and it was in this opera, some 30-odd years ago, that the late Florence St. John startled the first-night audience at the Comedy by appearing in the leading role with a "real live" snake coiled around her neck. It gave them, one recalls, a creepy sensation. The present day public, grown accustomed to thrills, would probably be less sensitive.—London Daily Telegraph.

Arthur Hopkins will produce early in August at the Hudson Theatre, New York, "The Deluge," adapted by Frank Allen from the Scandinavian play of Henning Berger. Robert E. Jones will design the decorations. The Dramatic Mirror informs us that the play treats in a cynical manner of the morals and manners of mankind as specifically related to a group of sinful men and women, confronted by grave danger. "In the presence of a flood which threatens to drown them all, their better natures come to the front, and each is inspired by lofty ideals of sacrifice and heroism. But upon the sudden subsidence of the deluge they become again the low, parasitic specimens of humanity as in the beginning." This reminds one of Renan's declaration in the preface to his philosophical drama, "The Abbess of Jouarre," which interested greatly Mme. Duse, for whom he made a different ending. Renan declared that if the world knew surely that it would come to an end in a few days, there would be a universal outbreak of love, as the word was understood by the French of 20 or 30 years ago.

William Faversham, actor-manager, will produce in New York next September Dion Calthrope's "The Old Country" and then taking the leading role, played in London by Gerald Du Maurier. About Oct. 1 Mr. Faversham will produce Shaw's "Misalliance." He will not play in it.

Mme. Alberto Randegger died some weeks ago in London, it is reported. As Louise Baldwin she was well known in Boston and other cities as a concert and choir singer. She had a brilliant soprano voice and a striking personality. Vachell's new play, "Humpty-Dumpty," produced at the Savoy, London, June 14, is described as a lifeless bit of work, little more than an assortment of varnished conventionalities with the varnish worn very thin. "The aim is clear

to write a play about a barber character-part hero, after the recipe of Quinney, Beverley, and so on. In this way, doubtless, the 'missing heir' theme would naturally suggest itself. But really Mr. Vachell should have cudgelled his brains for something fresher and more genuine than the very stale trickeries he has trimmed it with, and shallow characterization and dull dialogue. In this case the 'missing heir' is Albert Mott, who 'barbs' at Swashcombe-on-Sea. We open with the inevitable will-reading scene. Then we visit Mott in his shop. Then he comes to town as the Earl of Mottisfont. Then he hears from behind a screen—oh, that screen!—that he is being swindled by his elegant supposed relations. Then, of course, he turns out to be not the heir at all, his supposed mother having adopted him in place of her own baby, who had died. The whole thing is just the worn old novelette rigmarole." H. B. Irving took the part of Mott.

The Associated Press's correspondent in Stockholm announces the selection and arrangement of the manuscripts left unpublished by the late August Strindberg has proceeded so far that preparations have been nearly completed for the printing. The result will be a considerable addition to the Swedish author's already known works. Manuscripts found available will comprise five volumes. The first volume will contain three complete dramas and a number of dramatic fragments. The second volume will contain poems, short narratives and a number of sketches—little more than a memoranda—which are said to throw an intimate light on Strindberg. The last three volumes will show Strindberg in a more serious light. The third is to contain historical and philosophical works, and the fourth and fifth will be devoted to the author's excursions into the fields of occultism and natural philosophy.

Now that the chorus of birds is hushing it is easier to distinguish two who are giving tongue against the background of silence. As the blackbird has the same scale of note as man, and the same intervals, one can write his notes on the five lines of human music-paper. It appears, then, that one blackbird has one phrase, and sticks to it. A blackbird in Sussex this June is singing all day long, and part of what is for us the night, the first six notes of that old Scots tune, "The Campbells are Coming." Man and bird may very possibly, and in this case did, hit upon the self-same phrase. But the bird never goes on. Dividing our attention with the blackbird is a little bore—can you guess his name? It is not the yellowhammer, whose "Very-little-bread-and-no-cheese" wears the ear somewhat later in the summer. But it is as tedious, more indefatigable, and no more beautiful a singer. You cannot count 12 between his utterances of six or seven chirps and a twirl. All day, many hours of the night, I have threatened to expose him. Why should the lady in "Pride and Prejudice" be absurd for ever with her "entail," and this bird bore us underead?—London Daily Chronicle.

Despite the hot weather, the success of opera in English in London is most pronounced. The Sir Thomas Beecham season at Drury Lane surpasses all anticipations, while crowded houses are the rule for the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Shaftesbury. The present, however, is by no means the first year in which opera in English has drawn large receipts to Old Drury. As long ago as 1836 the nightly receipts for 16 representations of "The Maid of Artois" averaged more than £355 a night, no mean record. This opera, one of the earliest compositions of Balfe, was produced on May 27, in the year named, and sung with success, despite hot weather, races, morning concerts and Italian opera, until July 1. On the latter date the receipts were £478 12s. 6d. Malbran, as Isoline, the Maid of Artois, was a vast favorite. In 1835 the average receipts for 16 performances of "La Sonnambula" were £311, and for 10 representations of "Fidelio" £330 a night.—The Stage, June 14.

Up to June 14 performances of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," given by Forbes-Robertson and other players in London, had netted £11,500 for charitable purposes. A performance of "Romance" netted £450 without a raise of the ordinary prices.

Albert Chevalier will play Eccles next fall in a provincial tour of "Caste."

Florence Cripps, a chorus girl in "Hitchy-Koo," arrived at her dressing room last night with a small piece of blue pasteboard which she had picked up as she left her limousine. It proved to be a subway ticket. Miss Cripps said she had never seen one before.—New York Evening World.

Giovanni Barbilotti, cellist, made his debut June 13 in London, where he had taken scholarships. "By the time his tone has matured to the same stage of ripeness as his technique he should be in the front rank. He has two invaluable assets, one, in relation to his instrument, a startlingly perfect staccato touch; the other, in relationship to his art, the true instinct of high-grade musicianship." Mr. Barbilotti, a British subject, was born in London in December, 1899.

There is a certain type of pianist that does not aspire to, compete with the Titans, but aims at pleasing our ears. To such belongs Miss Maria Seguel, whose playing of Mozart has long been recognized as an institution, on the part of the public, because it has the right touch, on her own part because it sets the stamp on her own fastidiousness.

When it comes to playing Chopin Study in F major, with which so many have overwhelmed us, in such a manner as to make the right hand part the merest ripple over the keyboard, there may be ground to doubt the authenticity of the performance, but the unfamiliar reading conveys an impression that is priceless to jaded musical appetites.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 13.

In writing for an eastern potentate Verdi very rightly conceived Egyptian opera primarily as a brave show. In fact were 'Aida' nothing more than a spectacle without the feast of song thrown in, it would justify its production."

The Pall Mall Gazette of June 9 headed its review of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci": "Old Favorites: Chestnut Saturday at Drury Lane." Of the former opera, it said it does not wear badly, but it discovered that the Intermzzo is "rather threadbare." "Il Trovatore" was described as lacking dramatic interest; "It has the worst plot of any opera in his (Beecham's) repertory."

Capt. Robert Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor" was revived at the New Theatre, London, June 14. The Times found that the "careless rapture" of the play was refreshing to recapture. In this time of stress, the gaiety had a "happy childlike irresponsibility," only possible in a time of peace. "Happy old days when you had not the least difficulty in accepting the notion of a Colonial Governor and his private secretary and his A. D. C., all falling in love with the same ingenue amid subtropical vegetation and twinkling stars and burlesque—military alarms and excursions! Happy old days, too, when playwrights were at the pains to contrive ingenious stage pictures, like that of the Governor, mounted on a barricade of furniture, addressing the nightingale, whose notes are found to proceed from a reed and a glass of water manipulated by his private secretary!" Miss Irene Vanbrugh took her old part of Stella and Mr. Aynesworth and Dion Boucicault were again the Governor and the Secretary.

Edwin Evans, lecturing in London on the "Rise and Fall of Nationalism in Russian Music," an object lesson of the rises of nationalism in music generally, said that it was a rebellion not so much against the predominance of any particular idiom, German or other, as against the tyranny of uniformity. That tyranny once broken, the nationalist tendencies in Russia began to wane, and now Russian music, wholly emancipated, is not aggressively Russian. In another lecture he showed how every art-movement may be divided into three phases—the primitive, when a new medium comes into use; the classic, when the medium is ripe to serve as a means of expression; and the post-classic, in which it seeks to stave off exhaustion by means of extraneous assistance.

At a concert of piano pupils in Turin the whole program was devoted to works of Cyril Scott—piano, violin and vocal music.

It is scandalous that artists at charity concerts other than hospital concerts (which are, of course, not charity concerts) should be invited to sing or play free gratis, and for nothing. No profession has given up its best in the war time—or even before it—more freely than the musical profession, and no profession has been worked so hard in the cause of charity. The abuse ought to be stopped, and at once.—London Daily Telegraph.

Klaw and Erlanger have secured the American rights to "Madame and Her Godson," by Hennequin and Veber, which was successful last season at the Palais Royal in Paris. Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse will make the American version with music by Ivan Caryll. Ivan Caryll, by the way, has arranged for Gustave Quinson to produce "The Misleading Lady in Paris." The French version will be by Saché Guitry.

Frank E. Tours is now again the orchestra conductor of "Love of Mike."

The Herald spoke of Bernard Dillon's assault on his wife, Marie Lloyd, and a police constable. He was sentenced to one month's hard labor and, as he is a private in the machine-gun section, to be handed over to the military at the expiration of his sentence.

The Shuberts have put the operetta "Wie einst im Mai" in rehearsal. Rida Johnson Young has adapted it.

Pauline Hall will return to the stage in the support of Alice Nielsen in "Kitty, Darlin'."

Of Saint-Saens's piano trio in E minor, played in London, June 13: "It was interesting to be able to fortify one's opinion of Saint-Saens by a work which is rarely heard; there was the same impeccable counterpoint, the same irreproachable taste and the same restraint on emotion."

Jerome K. Jerome's new farce "Cook" was produced first of all at Eastbourne (Eng.), June 18.

Miss Nina Boucicault, leaving the orthodox stage, made her first appearance on the variety stage at the Victoria Palace, London, June 18.

"Mignon" is not an opera to be taken very seriously—in the dialogue even punning is allowed—but it contains music that requires good singing if it is to have real effect. Will this London reviewer kindly point out the puns in the original libretto?

Theatrical folk have a reputation for being superstitious, and most stage managers would rather resign than have peacock's feathers anywhere on evidence in a production, and to produce

a play on the 13th of the month or a Friday was considered a piece of temerity only to be followed by dire results. The recent success of "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," at the Ambassadors, will do much, however, to break down this tradition, seeing that its brilliant first night occurred on a Friday, and there are 13 in the cast. One of the principal members of the company during rehearsals noticed that one of the scenes had stencilled on the back: "Mr. Cyril Maude's company in 'Bunty Pulls the String,'" and he immediately went to the manager in great delight, stating that he had encountered this self-same scene in two of the most successful plays produced in recent years, so he was completely satisfied that "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" would have a glorious career. This point initiates the outside public into one of the secrets of theatrical production. The elaborate scenes one so much admires have in all probability done service in half a dozen theatres. The theatrical manager need have no compunction in this being known, especially in these days of patriotic economy.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 16.

Miss Helene Nera, a young French soprano trained in London, made her debut in London June 14. Her voice was praised. "She has the defect, rare in a Frenchwoman, of shirking the initial consonant of some of her words. As it is the commonest of English failings, she may have caught it from her fellow-pupils."

The title of Henry Arthur Jones's new play is "The Pacifists, a Parable in a Farce." It will be produced early next fall in London. "The piece is mainly satirical in its motive and tone, and is a venture in a new genre. It shows what happened in the town of Market Pewbury when certain of its citizens pursued the exalted principle of peace at any price in their municipal and domestic affairs. Those who choose may find in the circumstances and events at Market Pewbury an application to a larger sphere."

"It ought to be made a criminal offence—possibly to be called lese-memory—to dig out from oblivion the immature works of an artist who subsequently 'made good.' Coleridge-Taylor was undoubtedly a great artist. His 'Hiawatha' may not be a masterpiece for all time, but it has the true ring about it and contains much that is alike clever and exhilarating. It does not follow, however, that all he did was worth hearing. Last night there was a concert devoted to his works, for which occasion a posthumous Trio in E-minor was taken for the first time out of the cupboard where it should have remained. The program said nothing as to its date, but it is obviously the merest exercise."—Pall Mall Gazette, June 15.

Elgar's music to four songs from Kipling's "Sea Warfare," "The Lowestoft Boat," "Fare's Discourtesy," "The Submarine" and "Mine Sweepers" were first heard at the Coliseum, London, June 14. The composer conducted "The music with swing and melody fitted the words. With appropriate costumes, scenery and dramatic action the songs were quite successful and were received with much applause." The Daily Telegraph said that Elgar had set on the songs "The seal of his own musical idiom though somewhat less firmly than is his wont." The Pall Mall Gazette: "It is indeed rare that a poem combines declamatory force with the lilt of song. In those included with 'The Fringes of the Fleet' Mr. Rudyard Kipling has aimed at the former with no small success, and cared little for the latter. Had Sir Edward Elgar decided to set them in the declamatory manner of modern song, in which the language takes precedence of melody, he might have achieved a striking work; but it would not have been a popular success at the Coliseum. Therefore he made tunes to them, and reduced their melodramatic element to sundry illustrative noises in the drum corner of the orchestra. In short, he made concessions; but we fear in vain, for not all his skill can make a song if the poet in the first instance did not sing it. It was significant that the singers substituted here and there a more euphonious word for one of Kipling's, but that helped little. These singers were Mr. Charles Mott and three companions, in nautical garb, and so anxious to establish their seamanship that they rolled about as if on swivels that had worked loose."

"Annabel Lee," with Edith Tallafarro, was produced at Toronto, Can., June 25. Did the title come from Poe's poem?

"Wanted—An Alibi," a new farce by Anna Crawford Flexner, was produced in Albany June 18-20 with Hale Hamilton in the leading role.

"A Man's Home," a new American play by Anna Richardson and Edmund Breese, was produced at Albany June 21-23. George Nash and Margaret Dale headed the company.

In "The Lads of the Village" (the Oxford, London, June 12), the male chorus was almost wholly made up of men who have fought at the front. Three wore the D. C. M. ribbon. "The outstanding feature of the comedy, a melodrama, or whatever it may be called, is its reproduction of the incorrigible gaiety of the man in the ranks. It is something of an achievement at this stage to make khaki in the stalls laugh heartily at the jollity of khaki behind the footlights."

Mr. William Farren, whose "very welcome return" to the stage Mr. Punch notes, is a member of a family which for generations has given the drama a succession of "stars." There was a William Farren, born in the 18th century, who played Sir Peter Teazle. And his son, Henry, was playing Charles Surface 70 years ago. Miss Nellie Farren made her debut, as regards London, in 1864, and only said farewell in 1893 when a brilliant "benefit" crowned her career. Mr. William Farren is playing in Sir George Alexander's production of "Sheila."—London Daily Chronicle.

"What Next?" was produced at Los Angeles June 24, with Blanche Ring and Charles Welneinger, chief comedians. "The production resembles a vaudeville medley with catchy songs and little pretence of a plot."

"Seventeen," based by H. S. Stange and Stannard Mears on Booth Tarkington's story, was produced at Indianapolis June 18-23. Gregory Kelly took the part of Willie Baxter. The correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror wrote: "The play, called a play of youth and summer time, is in four acts and two scenes and follows closely the story and dialogue. It is made up of many amusing episodes, but lacks dramatic action and is too long, and while there was no doubt of its cordial reception, which was to be expected in Tarkington's home town, some changes will no doubt be needed to make it more than a local success." The Stuart Walker Players put on the comedy.

Newspapers of London, just received, state that Gen. Pershing, leaving the train at Euston, stopped to shake hands with the engine driver and fireman. "But it was no perfunctory action. For several minutes he stood there and talked as though they were old friends. 'Pershing is human; he is not afraid to show his feelings,' remarked an American officer."

The London reporter is evidently not aware that it is the custom for public men in this country to shake hands with the engine men when they arrive safely in a railway station; especially if there are spectators. The scene is a good subject for the reporter's camera. The crowd applauds and praises the act of good-fellowship, which on certain railways is really an act of gratitude, a votive offering. Then there are men, as well as boys, who are fond of locomotives. They feel as did Walt Whitman in his lines addressed to one. They crave permission to sit by the engineer, if not on the cowcatcher.

No one would accuse Gen. Pershing of playing to a gallery. A simple man, he is modesty itself. The action was natural and spontaneous. He thus unconsciously showed his democratic spirit. Napoleon unfortunately had not the like opportunity. To show that he did not feel himself above his people he pinched an ear of a grenadier or one of a fine lady at court, when he was in particularly good humor. Nor are the plain people, as Lincoln called them, easily deceived. When a now self-expatriated American was running for office in New York he wore an old suit of clothes at a meeting on the East side and took off his coat before he

whelming vote against him in that district. The people had wished to see the swell in his customary evening dress. They detected at once the disingenuous act.

**Final Night Will Witness Playing
of Well-Tried Favorites and
Gala Time.**

This week will be the 10th and last of the very successful season of Pop concerts in Symphony Hall and the seventh in which Conductor Jacchia has directed their destinies. Never has a season won more universal approbation than that which is now closing, especially those concerts which have had Mr. Jacchia as conductor, and various soloists. Symphony Hall will close next Saturday night and will not open for music again until the Symphony concerts begin in the second week of October.

For the closing week Mr. Jacchia has arranged a series of very brilliant and attractive programs. Monday night he will give his second Wagner program. The soloist will be Miss Mary Desmond, mezzo-soprano.

Tuesday night will be "De Koven night," with Mme. Ester Ferrabini making her last appearance of the season as soloist. Mr. De Koven will conduct in person selections from some of his operas, including the "Canterbury Pilgrims," a novelty at the Metropolitan Opera House last season.

Wednesday will bring the second and last "request night" of the season. Thursday night will be the first "French night" of the season. The last program but one to be played Friday evening will be devoted largely to music by Tschaiakowsky. A "Tschaiakowsky night" has always been an annual feature of the Pop season and one of the most popular. Boston will hear for the first time on that evening Gretchaninoff's "Hym of Free Russia." Gretchaninoff wrote this since the revolution of March, and it has taken the place of the old Russian hymn that figures in Tschaiakowsky's overture, "1812."

For the closing night Conductor Jacchia has arranged a gala program containing most of the well-tried favorites of the Pop concerts.

The program for Monday night will be as follows.

Wagner Night—Soloists, Miss Mary Desmond, Julius Theodorowicz.

Priests' March, from "Athalha". Mendelssohn

Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube". Strauss

Violin solo, "Albumbliatt". Wagner

Ma. Theodorowicz.

"Ride of the Valkyries". Wagner

Prelude to "Lohegru". Wagner

Arda.

Miss Desmond.

Prelude and "Love Death," from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner

"The Star-Spangled Banner.".....Wagner

Venusberg Music (Bacchanale) from "Tannhauser," Act I.....Wagner

Aria.....Wagner

Miss Desmond.
Introduction to Act III., "Lohengrin". Wagner
Mr. Rudolph Nagel, accompanist.

Owing to the inability of Mr. Reginald De Koven to be in Boston next Tuesday to conduct selections from his operas at the Pop concert that evening, a change has been made in the order of the concerts. Tuesday night, instead of Thursday night, will be "French night," with Mme. Ester Ferrabini as soloist. It is expected that Mr. De Koven will be able to be present Thursday evening instead of Tuesday. The rest of the week will remain unchanged.

We have received from a valued correspondent some recipes, not of his own invention. Let him introduce the recommender if not the inventor.

"These are suggestions from a lady well used to a sophisticated metropolitan life and luxury, and herself much an epicure, but who values very much her opportunity to live for some weeks or months in the country on the shores of lake or river in simple reliance upon the resources and facilities which are there afforded. To me her culinary dishes, made in some such simple way, are most delicious and satisfying, and these hints, I think, are worth calling to the attention at this time when all food resources are being availed of and conserved."

"Dish de Luxe."

The Chinese way of cooking string beans, preferably the green ones, taught by a Chinese gardener.

"Cook a good-sized pork chop for each person: sear in frying pan drawing out some of the fat. Put these in bottom of a tightly covered kettle (aluminum is favorable) and put over them the string beans, which have been in old water for half an hour. Put in a very little water (less than half a cup), salt, and cover, steaming until tender. This should be done at low boiling temperature, best on cooking stove. The beans have a flavor most delicious and, of course, the chops are also improved. This, with a few potatoes, makes a wholesome meal for any one."

I found
 the lamb's head so good I saw this
 was a new dish. I was only
 used to the head of the lamb to which
 I had added a little with a bit of
 quantity of the former. The lamb's
 head I served with a slice of bacon.
 For a finer dish of greens I never
 tried."

The hen's quarter is also known in England as fat hen, also white goose foot. A salad of it was recommended in England in 189 by a writer of a guide to health.

Man make salads out of wild lettuce, water cress, yellow rocket, with bits of orange, apple, banana or whatever else is available. One of the best salads known is made of oranges in slices, with ring of Bermuda onions on tender lettuce leaves, with an oil dressing."

As the World Wags:
I respectfully call to the attention of Mr. Herkimer Johnson "El Supremo," a recent romance by Mr. Edward Lucas White. It contains much pleasing and interesting information as to the habits and manners in vogue in that far too unknown country, Paraguay, in the year 1816.

At a dinner the New Englander Hawthorne observes that the gentlemen remove coats and waistcoats, roll up their sleeves and throw open the throats of their shirts while the ladies "drew the loose kerchiefs from their necks." They were regaled with an olla podrida then "Carne con Cuero," i. e., "Ribs of beef wrapped up and tightly sewn in an adjacent flap of hide." The third course consisted of roast and boiled fowls, pigeons, partridges and several hashies and stews. The fish, a kind of turbot, was served last; that is, except for such trifles as fruit tarts, candied sweetmeats, silver pitchers of milk, bowls of honey and platters of new cheese. During this slight repast there was a mutual bombardment of pellets of manioc bread and impromptu rhymes were exchanged with amazing facility. At the close, all except the unmarried ladies smoked, the matrons enormous cheroots, while the men were content with cigars of a moderate size. I am filled with enthusiasm for the vivands described, and hope to see the habits of Paraguay immediately adopted. Think of attending a banquet say at the Porphyry in Boston, where the much derided sport's shirt would be strictly all right.

Another thing bringing a hint of relief to those like myself who are at the prospect of a "bone dry" country, is the "rate" as described in this book. The use of the wonderful ingredients and the preparation make the most complicated cocktail or uzz a vain thing. No exhilaration needed is in the preparation of this marvellous concoction. I shall read at once for the vertebrae "bombillas" and calash gourd, and, thus equipped, will defy the rising tide of cold water.

All this with the zeal of an humble
unknown disciple I commend to Mr.
Herkimer Johnson, the Sage of Clam-
port
UPHRAIM BATTS.
Springfield, Mass.

But is not "mate" simply Paragua tea? Caylo in his essay "Dr. Francia" describes the gringos as "sucking it up in procession through the same pipe from one common skill." The silver mate cup stood on Dr. Francia's table. When Aim Bonpland, a friend of Humboldt endeavored to improve the culture of this tea Francia destroyed the establishment, accusing Bonpland of "shopkeeping agriculture."—Ed.

It appears that there is a "Bureau of Literature" for soldiers in this city. Contributions of books, magazines, illustrated periodicals are gratefully received. The question naturally comes up, what books will be appropriate, desired, eagerly or profitably read? Some, no doubt, will send New Testaments, as there is a tradition that a pocket Testament worn over the heart will check the speed of any bullet and save a life. Richard Steele, an ensign in the British army, wrote a little book, "The Christian Hero," to counteract the temptations coming from association with "gay and unthinking" young men, but copies of this book are not easily obtained.

It was a mistaken humorist that gave "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" to a friend about to make an ocean voyage. There are many books that a young soldier would do well to read when the war is over, not while he is in training for the trenches. Tolstoy's "War and Peace" is one of them; "The Conscript," by Erckmann-Chatriau, is another. Adolphe Andreieff, "The Red Laugh" and Zola's "Debauchee." The description of Waterloo in Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme" is admired, but it is not for young reading, even

"You are right," says the author, "the book is not calculated to put readers who only the breast of the actual fight heated. If there is any book teaching of alarms and excursions, victory, defeat and death that would freshen the determination of a young American it is Walt Whitman's 'Drum Taps.'"

Not long ago *La Vie Parisienne*, speaking of books now read by French soldiers of all degrees and conditions—but all one in their purpose to rid France of the invader—said that the books most enjoyed were light and amusing, frivolous is perhaps the word, or stories of love told gayly and without passion or any tragic note. This statement would be true doubtless of any army. Richardson, the architect, did not spend his leisure moments in reading the instructive works of Viollet-le-Duc; he found rest in detective stories, from Poes to those of the dime novelist. A member of the supreme court of the United States rests his mind by reading indiscriminately French novels, contemptuously called by the priggish "yellow backs."

July 10. 1917

If you are a peer, or a banker, or a large-acred country gentleman, why, be all means, be a poet likewise: if you are Dean of Sarum, or Fellow of Magdalen, translate Aristophanes or Catullus. But if, being poor, you feel yourself a great genius, capable of lays more musical than Tennyson's, and of articles more brilliant than those in the Saturday Review, appointe yourself to a grocer or a tailor. This is sound advice, and therefore will no be followed.

Let us add to the notes on beer an ale published here last week. A Grangerized collection on beer—"The Breweries and Breweries of London"—brought to a fortnight ago at auction in London. "This collection deals with Hogarth's 'Beer Street,' 1751, right down to the Barclay, Perkins period, with five mezzotints by Ward, and references to Godings, Meux, Truman, Hanbury and many other immortals of the trade. "Tea in Three Centuries from the Days of Queen Anne to close of Queen Victoria," formed to illustrate the annals of a great London tea house, published in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the foundation of the business of Twining's. 1710-1910 brought £22.

"Posthumous Poems" by Swinburne, edited by Edmund Gosse and T. J. Wise, just published in London, is a book chiefly remarkable for the imitation of the old ballads. Mr. Gosse says that William Morris objected to Swinburne's editing a selection of ballads for the Kelmscott Press on the ground that "he would be writing in verses that no one would be able to tell from the original stuff." Mr. Gosse's preface ends with a paragraph that will whet curiosity: "There is a section of Swinburne's lyrical writing which has often been talked of, but will not at present escape our guardianship. . . . The world is growing less and less censorious, and more and more willing to be amused. Perhaps a future editor, perhaps even we ourselves, may one day venture in this direction, but not yet."

"We recently asked why Swinburne changed his attitude toward Walt Whitman, whether the genteel Watts-Dunton did not influence him; and we spoke of Swinburne's wild extravagance in praise and censure. "W. E. K." wrote to the Herald: "And Swinburne once characterized certain of the earlier poems of Keats as 'some of the most vulgar and fulsome doggerel ever whimpered by a vapid and effeminate rhymster in the sickly stage of whelphood.' It rather beats anything the Scotch reviewers ever said of Keats."

From Raymond Blathwatt's "Through Life and Round the World," a Scotch minister called upon a sick parishioner and expressed the hope that the patient's "temperature was not higher to day." "I was juist warmerin' than mysel," was the servant's answer. "Heed at twal o'clock."

As the World Wags:
In a recent conversation with one of Boston's "Old Timers" on matters musical in the good old days, one of the matters touched upon was the appearance in this country of the pianist Leopold de Meyer. I contended that I antedated that of Thalberg's but my friend thought otherwise.

The mention of Meyer brought to mind a very well known at the time of the pianist's disappearance by a criticism pronounced by a crowned head before whom he had just played. I have done the tale into a Limerick in which guide it may prove acceptable to the reader of a younger generation.

Who has played with guns in a war?
I will design my war.
If all players are dead
There is not one that with you can persevere.
Boston

AN OLD TIMER.

Leopold de Meyer visited the United States in 1847; Sigismund Thalberg first came here in 1856. 7—Ed.

The Sportsman Zeppelin.

A correspondent sends to us a paragraph published in the London Times, surely before August, 1914. Can any one name, off hand, the year in which the catastrophe at Echterdingen took place? The paragraph is ironical today.

"Count Zeppelin . . . has won universal admiration and sympathy in this country, not merely by the signal ability with which he has handled the problems of a new and difficult science, but also by the sportsmanlike qualities he has displayed in very trying circumstances. His scientific method he shares with his countrymen, who have long discarded the rule of thumb which we are just discovering to be inadequate in modern conditions. But his personal qualities, his courage, his fortitude in presence of the heartbreaking catastrophe at Echterdingen, and the quiet tenacity with which he set himself to repair the loss of his airship and to carry on his work, are his own, and are qualities that appeal forcibly to the Englishman of every degree."

July 11, 1917

It has been noted that Gen. Pershing, arriving in London, shook hands with the Englishman, and, no doubt, the stoker. Unfortunately for the completeness of the record, we are not told whether the locomotive engine bears a name, and, if it does, what it is. For the practice of naming engines, thus giving them a certain individuality and a sense of greater responsibility, still obtains on the London & Northwestern and the Great Western railways. Before the war, Nos. 372 and 956 of the former railway were, respectively, named "Germanic" and "Daehshund"; now they are the "Belgie" and the "Bulldog." The old name was struck through with a red line; the new name surmounts the old one on a separate plate.

Mr. J. H. Hobbs in an article published early this year in Notes and Queries gave interesting information about locomotive nomenclature. Literature is well represented on the London and North Western: Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Scott, Carlyle, Dickens, "Thomas B. Macaulay," "Robert L. Stevenson." Thirty names were added in 1913-14: from Gibbon to the author of "Alice in Wonderland." The list includes Felicia Hemans, Wolfe, Campbell, but there is no De Quincey, who wrote the famous rhapsody on the English Mail Coach, and Browning, Hazlitt, Borrow, Meredith are passed by. Engines are named after Scott's novels. "Redgauntlet," however, appears on two railways as "Red Gauntlet."

How lovingly Mr. Hobbs treats his subject! "To appreciate an engine name one need not always have regard to its original signification." Many years ago a town in Wiltshire gave its name to a dukedom, so that nowadays "Marlborough" suggests dukes rather than Wiltshire. "Wiltshire must hide her diminished head; the name 'Marlborough' has, so to speak, enlarged its area of significance." That is to say, engine No. 411 received its name "Marlborough" from the dukedom. The name becomes a personal possession of the locomotive and an expression of its identity.

Let us digress a moment. Mortimer Collins, walking through Wiltshire, remarked: "The bold pedestrian who determines to explore it will have to walk many a mile on hard white chalk roads, unshaded by any tree; will have to eat the flesh of that unclean animal, the pig, in its crude state; will have to drink either abominable beer, or cider more abominable."

Mr. Hobbs objects to one variety of nomenclature. "Such names as 'County of Monmouth,' 'City of Bristol' are hardly names at all in any true sense. By no legitimate stretch of imagination can a locomotive be called a county or a city; it can be called after a county or city, which is a different matter altogether." The answer is: The naming of locomotives is a utilitarian affair. The "City" class was introduced in 1903. Engines were named with the view of securing ready identification and of helping on a scheme of standardization. "The names appropriated to the 'Cities' were chosen after Cathedral and other cities through which the company's line runs; moreover the common word 'City' was employed advisedly to indicate a type." Mr. A. I. L. White in "Great Western Railway Engines, 1914" argues that a name given to an engine aids the memory. "Names of individuals and of types constitute a facility of reference which means much where time is concerned—and time is money. In the locomotive shops one hears frequently requests for such and such a part for a 'Knight,' a 'Star,' or a 'County,' and the men are able to identify immediately what is wanted."

The locomotives in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, have long borne names of distinguished soldiers—Lord Napier, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener; and of

persons connected with the history of war material, as Shrapnel and Boxer. No doubt Gen. Pershing will thus be honored, an honor greater than even that of identifying a cigar, the lot of Henry Clay, Robert Burns, Chester A. Arthur and other fortunate mortals.

All this takes us back to boyhood when we collected names of engines; names of towns, generals in the civil war; names taken from mythology and the animal kingdom; names of railway presidents and superintendents. We see those engines now, Atlas, Vulcan, Apollo, Cyclops, Mercury, Gen. Grant, Springfield, Gov. Smith, D. L. Harris, Antelope. We entered the names in a book and exchanged them with boys in other towns. There were real engines then, with real smokestacks, with tenders gaily painted, landscapes, portraits of men with luxuriant whiskers or with shaven upper lip. When we sat on a fence or loafed in the "depot" and saw a new engine puffing its way we felt

Like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken.

The name was quickly entered in the book. That day was not lost. Alas, the book disappeared with a copy of Alexander Selkirk's adventures bound in green boards, "Dick and his Friend Fdus"; Wood's "Natural History for Children"; the Boy's Own Book; "Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics." Would that the less glorious engines of today bore names even if there were no desire to return to wood for fuel! The traveler on the Cape would like to be drawn by a Cotuit, Santuit, Sepult, Wellfleet, Mashpee, Eastham, Tuero, Brewster, or Thoreau.

Thomas Hardy's Tess.

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt tells many stories in "Through Life and Round the World," just published in London. He talked with Thomas Hardy about the models for Hardy's characters, who, it seems, were, almost all of them, taken from life. "Tess," said Mr. Hardy, "I only saw once in the flesh. I was walking alone one evening, and a cart came along in which was seated my beautiful heroine, who, I must confess, was urging her steed along with rather unnecessary vehemence of language. She colored up very much when she saw me, but—as a novelist—I fell in love with her at once, and adopted her as my heroine."

July 12, 1917

A correspondent incloses the following article published in the Middlebury (Vt.) Register:

"Some surviving member of the Brotherhood of Oxen Drivers in Addison county may be able to come to the relief of Mason S. Stone, former state superintendent of education, who has been appealed to by a compiler of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for the correct spelling, pronunciation, and definition of 'whoa-hush.' From a gentleman of Montpelier the Register learned this week that Mr. Stone is quite in doubt over the matter and would be glad to have some oxen driver help him out. 'Whoa' as already defined by the dictionary, means to stop, or halt, but the oxen driver, combining it with 'hush,' or some exclamation of similar sound, has turned the combination into a command meaning 'go on,' according to our best understanding and belief. As we remember having heard it, the 'h' was silent—'whoa-hush,' the 'whoa' being a subdued preliminary command of execution which well trained oxen always seemed to readily comprehend.

"Hitherto the dictionary has made no recognition of the word, but now that it is growing to be extinct it offers it a place—as we have observed dictionaries are wont to do."

Our correspondent adds: "When I used to drive oxen, we used to say: 'Whoa-hysh!'"

The Concise Oxford Dictionary gives the preferred spelling "Wo" and says it is applied chiefly to horses. The Standard Dictionary, recognizing only the spelling "Whoa," says that the word is for the interjection "Ho!" and defines it as a call of drivers to the animals driven.

There are curiously differing definitions in English dialect dictionaries. Lincolnshire: "Wo, woh, woy—stop (applied to horses)."

Wright's Dialect Dictionary: "Whoa, a call in driving pigs."

The Dialect of Craven: "Who, woy. A word used to stop horses in a team." Baker's Northamptonshire Glossary: "Who'e, Who'e, Who'e. An exclamation used in driving pigs, as Tig, Tig, Tig! calls them together. Cotgrave has 'Hou, Hou, Hou!' hootings or whoopings; voices wherein swine are scared; from which our word is doubtless derived."

Who Was He?

There are many questions that one would have definitely settled: Who wrote the letters of Junius? Who was the Man in the Iron Mask? What became of Morgan and the Ross boy? Was Swift married to Stella? Still more important is this question: Who was the nobleman of England that gave the recipe for Worcestershire sauce?

Cigarettes and War.

Miss Mary Garden writes that French women have given up smoking cigarettes. They purchase them, only to send them to soldiers at the front. "They say that almost more than anything else the soldiers must have cigarettes. Apparently they lessen the high nervous strain of the men, who are almost continually under fire. . . . The woman now who will brave public opinion by exhibiting a filigreed cigarette case in a cafe is exceptional."

Men and women in Boston, as in other cities, have joined in sending cigarettes to French soldiers, who warmly appreciate the thoughtfulness. And yet a physician of this city remembers that in our civil war northern soldiers smoked corn-cob pipes and chewed tobacco. The answer is that in the civil war cigarettes were not in common use. Those imported from Havana, the Honradex, were curiosities more or less in the North and were resold before smoking. Furthermore, many of the northern troops smoked briarwood pipes. One of the best of the war poems was "The Briarwood Pipe," by Charles Dawson Shanley, first published in Vanity Fair: The reverie of a New York zouave smoking before battle the pipe given him by a swell woman of his city as he marched with his comrades in the street. There is this to be said: The cigarette at the front is a light-hearted defiance to fate. Smoking a pipe is a serious matter; it induces contemplation rather than action.

There are persons, of course, who deplore the sending of tobacco in any form; but they are unwholesome companions. They would quote as an awful warning a passage from that strange book, "Interwoven," privately printed in Boston: Letters from a son in the next world to his mother on earth. The son had been a physician at the City Hospital. In the world of spirits he pursued his calling. Laboring over, frail once there just rising into shape, he wrote to his mother through a medium: "How to get the fumes of tobacco from the vapor of shape is a great question here. Liquor is not so hard to exterminate from cells as is the sense or habit of tobacco. Oh, if people only knew the discoloration it gives to the flames of the spiritual self they would try to check its ravages." This is a hard saying. We light a pipe while pondering it.

WAR AND THE HOUSEHOLD

The work of women here and elsewhere in going from house to house and preaching economy in foods and the necessity of avoiding waste is admirable, no doubt; but might it not be still more efficacious if a direct appeal were made to the servants in the house? However economically minded the mistress may be, however ready and eager to live simply, the dwellers in the kitchen are those who should be brought to an understanding of what war means and what it will mean with the coming months.

And for this reason: The servant is, as a rule, the last one to be convinced. She does not pay for the food; she feels no responsibility. She argues: "If the people with whom I live cannot afford to provide food in plenty, I will find a place with those who can." By "food" she means meat; for she cannot be persuaded that strength lies in any other article of diet. The argument of the mistress is to her only an exhibition of unwelcome thrift, and the maid is necessarily so accustomed to instructions from this source that the reasoning of the mistress falls on dulled ears, provided by the war department required the number of the precinct, but not of the ward, so a man may be entered as "John Jones, precinct 5, Boston," without any way of determining of which ward that is a subdivision. In some of the registration districts, however, the officers applied their common sense and wrote the ward and precinct numbers as you would write a common fraction.

One of the most difficult matters to be dealt with—and these are to be handled by an entirely different set of boards from the local exemption boards, namely, by 'so-called "district boards"—will be the appraisal of those industries which are necessary for the nation's defence, and continuing that idea, the men in them who are individually necessary to their proper conduct. As the law stands, it is the nation rather than the industry that must be saved, although many striking examples are sure to arise where the individual's going away will be attended with very great inconvenience, not only to himself, but to some industry vital to the community. The "district" boards having original juris-

diction in these matters of occupational exemptions are also to have appellate jurisdiction over the work of the "local" boards.

This is a new business. We have never had it to do before, and we can well afford to be patient with our public officials who are charged with the responsibility of interpreting the nation's purpose, and who we may feel assured, especially in Massachusetts, are handling it as expeditiously as possible consistent with its magnitude and importance. We shall know better how to do it next time, if indeed another war—should such a calamity befall our descendants—does find us in a much more adequate state of preparation.

DeKOVEN TO CONDUCT AT THE POPS TONIGHT

Many of His Compositions Will Be on Program.

For the first time in 13 years Reginald DeKoven will conduct the orchestra at a Pop concert, when tonight the program at Symphony Hall will include many selections from his own compositions—among them one from the "Canterbury Pilgrims," given for the first time outside the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. When the concerts were held at the old Music Hall a feature of the season was a DeKoven night.

Mr. DeKoven, however, will conduct tonight only his own selections and Mr. Jacchia will conduct the rest of the program, which follows:

Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro"Mozart
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier"Richard Strauss
MinuetBoccherini
Selection "Robin Hood"De Koven
Brands, "Lohengrin"Wagner
Waltz, "The Dryads"De Koven
(a) CzardasDe Koven
(b) Ronde De La LuneDe Koven
Ballet SuiteDe Koven
"The Star Spangled Banner"De Koven
"The Canterbury Pilgrims"De Koven
Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"Mendelssohn
Hungarian MarchBerlioz

There are city men in the mountain regions or in seaside villages who are seeking relaxation and health. For many the days are interminably long. Some do not play golf or tennis; others do not enjoy sailing or swimming in salt water. Cards are to them the Devil's book. Mountains and the ocean fret their nerves. The latest novels of adventure, of the slums, of "sex problems" do not prevent the mind from wandering. The newspapers, arriving at noon, are not long a distraction. "And what the Swede intends, and what the French" hardly excite curiosity. When will the summer end?

Mr. Tolman in Frank Stockton's story, a rich business man, was tired of going home. He longed for a change, so he at last went to a neighboring town and bought a little shop with a circulating library in which was that invaluable book, "Dormstock's Logarithms of the Diapason." Mr. Tolman then kept shop, interested himself in a young couple and at last sold out and went back to his office, refreshed in mind and body.

To follow his example would not be easy for our ailing and bored friends. A circulating library would not furnish occupation or pleasure, for almost every country village has now its public library, into which the city folk on leaving every summer dump large quantities of worthless novels.

About the beginning of the 19th century an Englishman of property, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood of the famous Wedgwood family, suffered from a cruel intestinal disease. "The external symptoms were torpor and morbid irritability." According to a story told on apparently good authority to De Quincey, but denied by Mr. Wedgwood's brother, the sick man opened a butcher's shop, "conceiving that the affronts and disputes to which such a situation would expose him might act beneficially upon his increasing torpor."

Now here is something practical. Let the bored and depressed man open a meat shop. He may thus be a benefactor to the city cottagers and to the natives. He surely will be taken out of himself. Think of the questions asked concerning a possible drop in the price of beef, lamb, pork! Think of the indignant exclamations; the cry of "robbery." The command "Smell it! Do you call that fresh," the debate as to whether a fancy brisket is really the choicest form of corned beef.

It is true that Mr. Wedgwood, an "accomplished but miserable man," at length sank under his sufferings. He was, however, doomed before he was master of block, saw and cleaver. For the city man who is mentally ill at ease, restless, or a victim of some trifling bodily ailment, there may be healthful recreation in managing a meat shop.

and by delivering meat, say once a week, would breathe fresh air and be acquainted with that interesting class, the rulers of the kitchen.

A Note on Tea.

As the World Wags:

Your slurring reference to tea in the paragraph on "Rumfustian," printed in Saturday's paper, has been rankling me ever since. Under ordinary circumstances I would not deign to argue the matter, but when the most refined of stimulants is held up to public ridicule I feel it a duty to step in in defence not only of the drink itself, but of all culture and intellect. Rather than to give a dissertation in the terms of my own opinion, it will be more convincing, if not completely demoralizing, to introduce Thomas De Quincey and incidentally Dr. Johnson. Several of the following phrases may, without doubt, be properly applied:

"For tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally coarse in their nervous sensibilities, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favorite beverage of the intellectual; and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a belum intermedium against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person who should have presumed to disparage it." English opium eater. B. C.

Boston.
The use of "rankle" as a transitive verb is rare; but let that pass. We are not prejudiced against tea; on the contrary, tea with rum in it is a refreshing drink. If there is plenty of rum and the tea is not too strong. Tea in pinch is also to be commended. But men and women have been ruined body and soul by tea-drinking. William Hazlitt was one of them. The tea sharpened his natural bitterness. Cowper, who wrote the famous characterization, was a profoundly melancholy man, despairing of his salvation. The saintly John Wesley in 1746 gave up the habit of 26 years' standing and found a sensible benefit. Read William Cobbett on the stop-kettle and J. Sheridan Le Fanu's grisly romance, "B. C." quotes the example of Dr. Johnson, but Dr. Johnson described tea as a "barren superfluity" and said: "As it neither exhilarates the heart, nor stimulates the palate, it is commonly an entertainment merely nominal, a pretence for an embassy to prattle for interrupting business or diversifying idleness."—Ed.

THE POPS

Russian sailors quartered at Commonwealth pier will attend "Russian-Tschalkowsky night" at the Pops in Symphony Hall this evening, and a feature of the program will be the first performance in Boston of the new "Hymn of Free Russia," composed by Gretchaninoff in honor of the great revolution and adopted by Russia as its national anthem. The sailors, numbering 125, will have seats in one of the balconies.

Conductor Jacchia has selected some of Tschalkowsky's music for the last concert but one of this season, and Tschalkowsky was never more popular as a composer than he is at this moment. The program follows:

Overture, "Martha".....Plotow
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song".....Strauss
Polka, "Csharp minor".....Rachmaninoff
Pompierse from "Eugen Onegin" Tschalkowsky
Suite, "La Belle au Bois Dormant".....Tschalkowsky
Second movement from Symphony "La Boheme".....Tschalkowsky
(a) Hanson sans paroles; (b) Marche Minuet.....Tschalkowsky
Overture, "Lillean".....Tschalkowsky
The Star Spangled Banner.....Herber
Selection, "Lillean".....Herber
Whispering of the Flowers.....on Rho
Hymn of Free Russia.....Gre banion

July 14-1917
We are indebted to Madame Emile Alexander-Marius for a letter written to her by a friend whose family suffered severely at Guiscard from the invasion of the Huns.

"Out of 1500 inhabitants there are now only 50; the others from 16 to 65 years and beyond that have been taken away. The country has been roasted, devastated, ruined, methodically, and in cold blood. I was very joyful when Guiscard was freed, but since I have visited it I am greatly discouraged."

"Thanks to the American revolution, the people have been able to live, but there has been no fresh meat for many months, only rice, beans, bacon and a few potatoes. In one way Guiscard has been spared. The houses are still standing, thanks to the sudden and tumultuous arrival of our cavalry, but great injury has been worked inside and outside. Take my own case: The factory—ninety per cent of the material has been stolen or destroyed. The tall chimney was blown up by a mine the day the Emperor of Austria died. The farm—absolutely nothing remains of it, not even a spade. The brush factory burned, equipment destroyed or stolen. My brother's houses pillaged, furniture carried off or destroyed. My house also was sacked; most of the furniture was stolen or destroyed. I came with my laboratory and all tools and implements. The Bocher tried to burn my safe, at first without success, but at last they broke it open."

There are skilful violin repairers in Paris who hope to save it. After this fine stroke the safe was thrown into a street full of water. Of course, we no longer have carpets, linen, clothing, mattresses, clocks, curtains, etc. The garden is ruined. Our loss, especially that of my brother, is immense."

The writer of this letter owned until 1913 a chateau at Viviers. His mother died leaving him a beautiful house in Guiscard (Olson). He then sold his estate at Viviers to Battaille, the dramatist. "Had he kept Viviers," writes Mme. Alexander-Marius, "all his brother's family could have taken refuge there instead of losing all the morning the Bocher got into Guiscard. Jean Haquet (the writer of the letter) had gone to Paris in his automobile to get provisions, etc., as the railroads were stopped. When he wished to re-enter Guiscard at night, he was not permitted to do so, and he has lived first in one place, then in another since then—early in the war—having been left with just what he had taken with him in the morning. I hope you will be willing to say a few words for the 'American food' getting into little places. It is wonderful! When I reached the line 'grace au ravitaillement américain' I was moved beyond expression."

It may be added that M. Haquet's brother and sister-in-law narrowly escaped being shot by the Huns. She was spared a mattress only on account of her little baby. "It was she," writes M. Haquet, "who apparently best endured the miseries of the occupation by the enemy. Her children were thin, dirty and they hardly dared to speak."

A Welshman's Chanty.

As the World Wags:

Do you care for another chanty? The following was written out for me by a Welsh sailor on the Labrador coast. The chorus has a fascinating rhythm when sung, and the chanty-man makes a sort of time out of the verses as he chants them. I give Will Evan's spelling and arrangement.

HEAVE AWAY THE CAPTAIN.

'Twas in London in the cold month of December
Hard up and all my money I was spent
How I got it I could not wonder
So I down into the shipping office went.
That day there was a great demand for sailors
From London round Cape Horn and back to
Fare.

And I signed aboard the barque called Oxford,
Here goes to have a drink with my advance.

CHORUS.

Paddy come back late in the slack
Heave away the captain, heave a pole, heave a pole.
For its bowship stations boys be handy,
For its raise tack, sheets and mainsail haul.

You must know that some of us had been drinking
And some of us were now partly boozed
So I sat upon my chest quietly thinking
Of turning in my bunk to have a snooze
When I heard a voice above my head was howling
I listened and I heard it once again,
'Twas the chief mate at the forecastle down a bawling
'Say aft boys and answer to your names!'

When I mind aft along the quarter deck
Such a sight I never seen before
There were greenhorns there of every nation
I'm sure it made my poor head for a second sore.
I wish myself back in the Jolly Sailor
Drinking whiskey punch along with Irish Kate
But be gollie what a fool is a sailor
But he always finds it out when its too late.

You must know that in my chest I had a bottle—
I saw the boarding master put it there
So I thought to have a drop to wet my throat
It would drive away all sorrow and all care.
I went down on my bended knees like thunder
I was groping like a pig in a trough
But to my surprise and great wonder
It was only a bottle of medicine for the cough!

E. W. APTHORP.

Marblehead.

July 15-1917
Park Square Closes.

The closing of the Park Square Theatre last night, which ended the phenomenally long engagement of 23 weeks for "Fair and Warmer," terminated a notably successful season for this popular playhouse. Success after success has marked the present season, which opened on Sept. 4 with "Hit-the-Trall Holiday," followed by "Good Gracious Annabelle," "The House of Glass," "The Great Lover," "Canary Cottage" and "Fair and Warmer," which has crowded the Park Square for 23 weeks, the third longest engagement in the last decade of Boston theatricals. Its record being exceeded by William Hodge in "The Man from Home" for 27 weeks, and "Under Cover" for 29 weeks. A singular circumstance in relation to these three engagements has been the fact that Mr. Fred E. Wright, manager of the Park Square Theatre, has been associated in managerial capacity with them all. The season will open on Monday, Aug. 13, with a return engagement of Oliver Morosco's "Canary Cottage." This will come a return engagement of "Good Gracious Annabelle." This will be followed by Selwyn & Co.'s production of "Lilac Time" with Jane Cowl. The succeeding attractions will be Colan & Harris's "Capt Kidd, Jr." During the holidays will come William Gillette in

"A Successful Calamity," which will be followed by Oliver Morosco's "Up Stairs and Down."

ALL OF THE SILK

From Los Angeles comes the report that the frock coat and the stove-pipe hat are going out of fashion disappearing; that the frock coat demands too much cloth in these hard times; that the silk hat is a luxury. The time was when the stove-pipe was the symbol of respectability. The slouch hat and even the derby were only for fellows of the baser sort. The American going to London purchased a plug if he expected to transact any business or pass unnoticed in the street. If the Englishman's home was his castle, the Englishman's hat was his crown. Swinburne, by dancing in alcoholic frenzy on the hats of fellow-members at a club, committed the unpardonable sin. His intoxication could have been forgiven on the ground that it was an act of poetic license; the outrage to the hats called for expulsion. As the devout Oriental will not allow his turban to rest on the floor, so the Englishman's hat on head or rack was held sacred.

It is doubtful, however, whether the passing of the stove-pipe in England is due wholly to the war. This hat, characterized by George Augustus Sala in his little book on hats, as the only true one, some years ago was treated irreverently by writers; discarded by the man in the street, reserved for formal occasions only by members of the "upper class." It soon was less common on the cricket field. A terrible blow was dealt to tradition when straw hats were worn in warm weather even in the House of Commons. This was an incident in the "Americanization" of England so bitterly deplored by fine old crusty Conservatives.

It is also doubtful whether the stove-pipe will wholly go out of fashion. The illustrated periodicals of London show that it is still de rigueur at ceremonies. A writer in the Out-fitter mentions its chief use: "It is as efficacious as ever for making an impression on other people. Private secretaries of ministers stick to the silk hat because they think it counts in promotion." And so in this country for many years lawyers were expected to wear no other hat. It was also worn by statesmen. (Western statesmen also clung to leg boots long after they were discarded by the East.) It is still regarded as necessary to the solemnity of a funeral, the joy of a wedding, the reception of a distinguished visitor, the enjoyment of the opera. The alderman wore a silk hat and rode in a hack; the automobile has changed all that; the plug hat in the car is a distressing solecism, even though a mayor in the procession is expected of the reporter's camera.

Judith Gautier, a daughter of Theophile, has written two or three volumes of uncommonly interesting reminiscences. In the second of the series "Le Second Rang du Collier," she tells a strange story of an American woman who insisted on acting in Paris. We have never seen an allusion to this story or a note concerning the identification of the American. The story as told by Judith is as follows:

"Persons came from the four quarters of the globe to Theophile Gautier, asking his aid and protection. He did not spare himself at all; he heard all their laments. One might say that they came into our house as into a grist mill. All that he could give them was advice, his influence, the support of his pen; but he gave royally."

"Among all these unknown askers for something, who came without introduction and letters of recommendation, I remember a certain Mme. Key Blunt, who was especially persistent. She tormented us for a long time. She came from America and had been the wife, so she said, of a President of the United States, who recently died. He had left her with children and without money; but she had the love of the theatre, and, as she believed, a gift for the stage, which would aid her, she thought, in improving her fortune. She was a very pretty woman, of medium height, always swathed in crape. 'My husband is always dead,' she replied to those who said to her that the time of mourning had passed.

"My father allowed himself to be touched by this exotic unfortunate. However, he combatted as much as he could the singular plan of the beautiful widow. She wished to play, in Paris and in English, one of Shakespeare's great dramas. To consecrate her talent

to 'Hamlet'—that was her idea. It could not be performed in Paris."

"My father at last gave up trying to dissuade her. He insisted, pointing out that it was the only way of getting rid of her; he dreamed of brinking about her purpose by diminishing it as much as possible."

"Tallade, whom Theophile Gautier had greatly supported and admired, consented, when asked, to join her. It was proposed to play in English an act of 'Macbeth,' that of Duncan's murder. Tallade did not know English, or hardly any; but that did not in any way disconcert Mme. Key Blunt, who undertook to teach the French actor the correct pronunciation, as one teaches a canary a serenade."

"The Vaudeville Theatre obligingly lent its hall and after innumerable and abortive rehearsals the performance took place. But it turned out as had already been suspected—that Mme. Key Blunt had very little talent and that Tallade had much, even in English. He knew how to make himself understood by the Parisian audience, greatly troubled by the unknown words, and he bore off all the honors."

"My father in his review tried to say something in favor of the American actress, but it was evident that he was more sincere when he spoke of Tallade: 'By a miracle of will, through his passionated worship of Shakespeare, he succeeded in speaking the lines, even with a very good accent, and in producing, in this idiom almost foreign to him, all the effects that he had made at the Odeon in the excellent translation of Jules Lacroix. Strange to say, far from being handicapped in grandeur, power, energy, his acting had something direct, native, original. Nothing stood between him and the poet. The ideas leaped forth with their words, sounds, colors; and from a performance that for the greater number of the spectators was hardly more than a pantomime, the profound, hidden, mysterious meaning of the colossal tragedy was disclosed with greater clearness than in all the commentaries."

"Tallade was indeed, superb. When he left, springing back from the chamber of the murder the accidental jostling of a chair gave him a start of fear that sent a shudder through the theatre."

"But I firmly believe that Mme. Key Blunt never forgave my father for the success of her associate Tallade."

Who, pray, was Mme. Key Blunt, the wife of a President of the United States recently deceased? Unfortunately there are few dates in Judith Gautier's volumes of reminiscences. Tallade played in "Macbeth" at the Odeon in 1863. Lyonnet in his long biographical sketch of Tallade says nothing about this performance at the Vaudeville. The story told by Judith comes soon after an account of the Gautier family visiting London at the time of an "International Exposition" when Theophile represented the *Moniteur Universel*, the official newspaper of the French empire. Soon after the story of Mme. Keys Blunt is told, the date 1863 of a birthday party is given. Can any one of our readers give further information about this American actress?

There is a curious account of Gautier's manner of writing his feuilletons about the theatre after he first went to live in Neuilly. A cab driver took the family to the theatres and drove the Gautier's back after midnight.

"During the performance, my mother, sister and I were told to listen carefully while father walked about in the halls, smoked a cigar on the steps, or slept at the back of the box. Going home, crowded together in the carriage, and bumped for a long time in the night, we told him amid the whirl of the wheels and the rattling of the windows the plot and the situations of the drama or comedy we had seen."

"It was necessary for us to keep in mind the different pieces played during the week, at least until the following Sunday, so that father, about to write his article, could be sure of the integrity of his reviews. Sunday rose in a gray and melancholy atmosphere for us. No morning songs; no fantastical or thunderous declamations. Father dressed himself to go out as soon as he got up and the dejeuner was served earlier than usual."

"It was the black day, the day of the feuilleton. Theophile Gautier went to write it at the office and not a line had been written in advance. One knows his famous reply to those who urged him to work a little on his article during the week. One does not demand of a condemned man that he should make himself be guillotined before the hour."

"The 'thousand steps' along the terrace were omitted. We conducted father to the omnibus, and he went in it to analyze in his perfect style the incidents and situations of 'Serpent à Phénix,' 'La Greve des Portiers,' 'Ver-mouth et Adelaide,' and other forgotten masterpieces."

Mr. Joseph Urban is at work on three operatic productions for the Metropolitan Opera House next fall. The Dramatic Mirror gives an account of his method. He reads the libretto and the score. "Then comes cogitation and conference." He outlines new ideas as to stage management or interpretation. Then the set-

etch and ground plans his craftsmen construct pastboard models. The painting of the scenery is novel. To begin with, the canvas is painted on the floor. Walking about on it and painting with longer or shorter brushes as the moment requires, the artist can get a firmness of touch and a breadth of conception which are not possible when the canvas hangs vertically, as in the American studio, and is painted from a 'bridge,' which itself obstructs a view of the whole work as it grows. The point of most value in this process undoubtedly is the ability to rub the paint thoroughly into the surface of the canvas. It means life for the color, physical and artistic.

"The other novelty in the painting of Mr. Urban's scenery—broken color—is not so novel as it was when he introduced it five years ago. From demonstrations on the stage under 'foot' and 'borders,' our scene painters have learned how much more varied and vivid and real color on canvas becomes when it is applied not in flat mixed washes, but in the proper proportion of pure colors laid side by side after the fashion that landscape painters call 'pointillage.' The various hues mix under the lights and reach the eye as a homogeneous shade, but they gain an immense vitality as the different colored rays of light pick them out and mix them for us. Further, changes of light play upon their own colors much more freely; the artist can paint one effect for daylight and, close beside, another totally different one for moonrise."

It is said that Mr. Urban will have full charge of the lighting. He is undoubtedly a man of marked talent, a man of imagination and technical skill. Will he at the Metropolitan follow the devices that attracted attention and excited comment, sometimes adverse, when he ruled at the Boston Opera House? From his work in Boston he apparently believed in a cramped stage and dim lighting. His scenes were often in a purely fantastic land or city. Take, for example, his Montmartre in "Louise" (second act). The houses were picturesque, but were never seen in that quarter of Paris.

His settings for "Pelleas et Melisande" forbade action. In the forest Golaud was continually so near Melisande that the dialogue and the action were absurd. In other settings there was hardly room for singers to move. This was especially noticeable when Golaud with his sword should come from a distance to surprise the lovers. Or take the settings of "Contes d'Hoffmann." The Venetian scene was gorgeously colored, but would any one have known that the singers were in Venice? There was no room for the approach and departure of the gondola that bore away the courtesan. In the ballroom there was a raised stage for Olympia and Hoffmann, while the guests were kept on the stage below. It may be said that the opera itself is fantastical; but the scenery provided for it at the Metropolitan was far more effective, although planned in a more conventional manner. The same was true of the scenery for "Pelicas et Melisande" at the Manhattan, which followed the original settings provided for the Opera Comique in Paris. Nor were any of us at the Boston Opera House reconciled to the dimly lighted stage.

"One generally goes to revivals of old plays with the secret hope of finding them grown old, withered, impossible. I cannot understand this feeling. We gain nothing, not even for our vanity, by establishing the fact that our fathers were amused by that which bores us, or that we no longer laugh at that which made us laugh 20 or 30 years ago. It seems to me much more agreeable and reassuring to settle the fact that certain works do not die; that a life of 20 or 30 years is moderate immortality. This was not enough for Goncourt, who at last was discouraged in writing by the thought that the world would come to an end."

These lines were written by Jules Lemaitre apropos of a revival of "Divorçons" in Paris. Is it not true that there is a certain pleasure in finding out how foolish plays that once pleased now seem? Is it not true also that some old plays suspected of being ultra-sentimental or wildly improbable—are still unexpectedly moving or exciting, when they are well acted?"

Mr. Richard D. Ware '90 of Amherst, N. H., has written the words of a marching song, "Carry on! Carry on! Old Glory!" dedicated to the Harvard R. O. T. C. The music is by David Stevens. The spirited song is published by C. C. Birchard & Co. Mr. George L. Tracy is to do the scoring for military band. The words are as follows:

Onward, onward, over seas,
Streaming in the western breeze;
Forth to meet their enemies
The stately banners go;
Gulldons of the law and right,
Leading on our Country's might
To the forefront of the fight,
To rout the common foe!

REFRAIN.

Carry on! Carry on! Old Glory!
For Freedom's torch is lit;
Carry on! Carry on! Old Glory!
We are off, we're off to do our bit.
We shall fight in Freedom's battle
And we'll do it with a will.
We are sorry for Fritz
For he's gone lost his wits,
But we won't do a thing to Bill, Pore Bill!
Oh, we won't do a thing to Bill!

All those shell-scared standards there,
Waving in the poisoned air,
Worn with war and toil and care,
And speed you in your path,
When at last the old flag flies
Bright against the lurid skies,
Foes will see with frightened eyes,
The emblem of God's wrath!

REFRAIN.

Carry on, etc.

Another marching song by a Harvard man, Mr. D. H. Verder, music by Mr. William N. Hewitt, now an aviator, is "O Stars and Stripes," published by C. W. Thompson & Co.

O Stars and Stripes, unfold and wave,
Above our homes, and keep us brave.
For freedom make a glorious path;
Unite in love, disparage war.
For love of truth let all men live;
For love of truth their lifeblood give!
O Stars and Stripes, Red, White and Blue,
Our loyalty we pledge to you.

We are informed that this song has been arranged for the Harvard Regiment Band.

Two of Edward Martyn's plays, "The Heather Field" and "Maevie," have been reprinted in a popular form by Duckworth, London. Mr. W. L. Courtney describes them as actable drama, "in the sense in which we call Maeterlinck's earlier pieces actable, or recognize the fitness of Mr. W. B. Yeats's 'Where There Is Nothing' or 'Countess Cathleen' for stage representation."

Let us quote from Mr. Courtney's review in the Daily Telegraph. The primary intention of the two plays is not to set forth a plot, but to illustrate a mood or throw light on deeply rooted tendencies. "If Maeterlinck in his 'Princess Maleine' or 'L'Intruso' or 'The Death of Tintagiles' tried to give us a vague, mystical impression of something that was not life, but 'such stuff as dreams are made of,' Mr. Edward Martyn, true to the literary school to which he belongs, makes his important characters the exponents of a mystical yearning for an ideal which is the very essence of Celtic thought. He is in sympathetic kinship with the poet A. E.—Mr. George Russell—with W. B. Yeats, with Lady Gregory, with J. M. Synge. He has his differences, of course, for he has a profound reverence for the Catholic church and its leaders, and is keenly appreciative of church music and Palestrina. But he, too, believes in a beauty which never was on sea or land; he thrills with a recognition of the spiritual interpretation of the universe; he sympathizes with dreamers and gypsies and nomads, and with all the unpractical, feckless, lovable people whom the world is apt to despise."

In "The Heather Field" the hero, Carden Tyrrel, is a stubborn and impractical Celt. "He has vague notions of reclaiming the land, and spends vast sums in drainage and cultivation. One expense entails another until all his money is spent and ruin stares him in the face. He has a staunch friend in Barry Ussher, who knows and does his best to correct his weakness, but he has also a persistent and ruthless enemy in his wife, Grace, an utterly unsympathetic woman, with vision limited to the severely practical issues of life. Impotent to restrain him by love or tenderness, she brings in a couple of doctors to certify him as mad, and though this base scheme is frustrated by the energetic remonstrances of Ussher, Carden Tyrrel, enamored of his heather-field, and of all that it symbolizes for him of beauty and freedom—driven frantic, too, by difficulties with tenants—becomes insane in the sequel. The wild heather had begun to spring up again in his cultivated field, and his own idealistic visions had betrayed him."

"It is the same thing with 'Maevie,' though here we have the additional moral that between Irish and English there is a great gulf fixed. Maevie is engaged to an Englishman, Hugh Fitz-Walter, a good, decent, honest fellow, who is not blessed—or cursed—with imagination. She has a father who thinks that this marriage, from which she shrinks with every fibre of her nature, will do her all the good in the world—make her sensible, in short, both as wife and mother. But Maevie has her own dreams. She is named after a Celtic fairy queen, to whom she pours out all her reverence and her faith, and whose subtle influence she recognizes in every action and thought of her life. On the very eve of her marriage to the unromantic Englishman she dies in the moonlight, frozen in the icy beams which are to her more real than the sunshine of commonplace day. She perishes as the victim of an impossible ideal. That is the keynote of these writers, of A. E. and John Eglington as much as of Edward Martyn. They are mystics, who believe intensely in a spiritual world, and who are 'full of the sadness' that has fallen upon all mystics, when they have first come to understand that there is an invisible beauty from which they are divided by visible things." So wrote Yeats, who knew and understood the malady of the Celtic temperament."

George Moore wrote, not in a wholly amiable manner, about Mr. Martyn: "The long, loose mouth tightened; a look of resolution came into the eyes; the woolen gloves grasped the umbrella, and the step grew quicker. I lagged a little behind to obtain a better view of the great boots. Years ago, in London, I had asked him to come and see the Robinsons with me, not noticing the size of his boots until he was seated in their drawing room; on the hearthrug at Earl's terrace they seemed to take up so much room that I felt obliged to tell Edward that he would do well to get himself a pair of patent leathers, which, I am bound to say, he ordered at once."

and in Jermyn street, presenting on the next visit a more spruce appearance. But he had always felt out of his element in drawing rooms, and had long ago returned to the original boots and to the black overcoat, in which he wraps himself in winter as in a blanket.

Mr. Moore also spoke of Mr. Martyn burning some of his poems, because they seemed to him in disagreement with the teachings of his church. "So he was in the beginning what he is in the end," I said, "and a great psychologist might have predicted his solitary life in two dusty rooms above a tobacconist's shop, and his last habits, such as pouring his tea into a saucer, balancing the saucer on three fingers like an old woman in the country. Edward is all right if he gets his mass in the morning and his pipe in the evening. A great bulk of peasantry with a delicious strain of Palestrina running through it."

The Stage: Plays and Players Here and Abroad

Here is a pleasant paragraph from the London Daily Telegraph (June 19): "According to the program on sale at the Coliseum yesterday afternoon, Mr. Arthur Bouchier made his reappearance there in the great patriotic sketch, 'The Fourth of August.' Internal evidence seems to throw some doubt upon the point, as the Maharajah of Mulpur would hardly be expected to play his part in immaculate evening attire, and to speak with a faint, but indisputable, Irish brogue. One must conclude that the piece presented was the little sketch, 'Pistols for Two,' announced some days ago. Here you have a tale of woman's misplaced devotion to a scoundrel and man's all too ready gallantry. The heroine is of the kind one occasionally meets on the stage, but rarely off it. Wearing an elegant toilet and provided with a revolver and mask, she invades an unknown gentleman's chambers in order to secure certain proofs incriminating the villain. She finds her match in Bryan Rankin—if we caught the name correctly—who also keeps a pistol carefully concealed, and who, to the intruder's astonishment, is apparently prepared to use it. 'Pistols for Two' is purely a theatrical trifle, and at least one of its effects seems to have been inspired by Sardou. Mr. Bouchier is none too happy as the chivalrous Irishman, a character which fits him indifferently well, while there is little to be said for Miss Kyle Bellew's performance as the heroine."

"The Woman on the Window Sill," by Michael Orme, was produced at Birmingham, Eng., on June 18. The play is described as stirring, with a thrilling episode dealing with the capture of a spy through the agency of a woman window cleaner. "The idea is ingenious and the circumstances are novel." Sir Bannister Praede, a war official, has been separated for some time from his wife, Lady Penelope. There is a daughter. Among the wife's friends is Rupert Steen, a foreigner. At the outbreak of the war she learns that Steen's intentions are to aid his own country by means of information in the possession of her husband. Steen makes love to the daughter and becomes engaged to her. The unsuspicious baronet gives him open house. Lady Penelope has offered herself for service, to release men for the army. She appears at her late home as a window cleaner. The baronet finds the papers in his study disturbed. He meets his wife. There is unpleasant talk. He objects to her appearing there as a window cleaner and protests against her "darkening his doors." She replies that she had only tried "to lighten his windows." She insists that the engagement be broken and denounces Steen as a spy. After the baronet goes out Steen enters, ransacks the drawers of the desk. She seizes a bundle of papers. Steen first tries persuasion, then uses force. As he draws a revolver the baronet and his butler enter and take care of Steen. Lady Penelope, played by Violet Vanhugh, receives her one shilling and six for cleaning the windows and again reaches the sill. Her husband calls her back for a happy ending. "The play affords an interesting psychological study, and, though the subjects dealt with are on the serious side, a true comedy spirit occasionally manifests itself."

Jerome K. Jerome's new farce in three acts, "Cook," was produced at Eastbourne, Eng., on June 18. "Frankly labelled a farce, it is yet farce with a difference, the action being frequently interspersed with those flashes of epigrammatic wit the talented author has taught us to expect." John Parable, M. P., has been a liberal supporter of all sorts of benevolent societies. He is betrothed to Miss Bulstrode, who has aided him. One evening "the animated work machine becomes human." Parable picks up Comfort Pryce in St. James's Park and takes her to dinner. Her betrothed, named Onions, comes along. There is a row and Parable is arrested. Comfort finds a friend to go bail for him. Returning home Parable discovers that Constance is his own cook. His absence from home and failure to appear at a meeting are put down by Miss Bulstrode to temporary mental aberration. A holiday in the country is suggested. Parable had told the trustees to his friend Quincey and gave his name to the police. The penalty "I'll probably be jail for seven days. Comfort promises Onions immediate marriage if he will assume the guilt and take the punishment. Onions talks of Comfort's damaged reputation and demands £1000 before he will consent. Comfort is indignant. "As the

prospect of her being Onions's wife had taught the unsophisticated Parable that the attraction he felt towards her was really love, the pair give the others the slip and steal out by way of the area steps to get married." Handle Ayrtton took the part of Parable, Irene Rooke that of Comfort.

Eugene Walter, according to the Evening World, is planning to produce his new play, "A Carolina Lady," with his wife, Charlotte Walker, as leading woman. Early in the fall his "Assassin" will be produced, with George Probert in the chief part. Before December his "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" will be staged in New York. Two companies will play his "Knife," one the original company, the other headed by May Buckley.

The musical play by Bolton-Modehouse-Kalman, known abroad as "The Czardas Princess," will be called "The Monte Carlo Girl" in this country.

The rights to E. C. Carpenter's "The Three Bears" and Henry Bernstein's new play, "Elevation," have been secured by Charles Frohman, Inc.

"De Wolf Hopper, now in 'The Passing Show of 1917,' has an offer to appear in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory in Australia and England."

A. H. Woods has commissioned May Tully to adapt Achmed Abdullah's story, "Bucking the Tiger," for the stage. Mr. Abdullah will collaborate with her.

It is said that Ethel Barrymore will play next season in Piner's "Mid-Channel." Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks," "The Bridge of Sighs," a new play by Edward Sheldon; "Camille" and "The School for Scandal." It will be a pleasure to see her again in "Mid-Channel," for she played the sombre part with true dramatic power, tempered artistically by fine restraint. Some of her old admirers in Boston, however, were greatly perplexed and disturbed by the play. A theatre party sat directly behind us. At the end of the first act a gentleman with a flushed face and in faultless evening dress said to the lady next him: "What's the matter with Ethel? She hasn't been a bit funny so far."

Ivan Caryll will write the music for Fred Stone's new piece.

Henry Miller will produce a new drama, "The Better Understanding." Perhaps he may be persuaded to play it in Sacramento, although he said he never would see the town again, never, no never, because a critic found fault with his acting. Richard Mansfield used to make similar speeches. William Faversham said, after "Herod" did not draw well in Boston, that he should not favor the city again, but he came back, and no doubt he will come again.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's novel, "Mother Carey's Chickens," will be dramatized for production in New York by John Cort.

Galsworthy's drama, "A Bit o' Love," was produced in San Francisco by Henry Miller July 2. It was the first performance in that city of any play by Galsworthy. Mr. Miller took the part of Jack Cremar; O. P. Heggie that of the village curate.

The title of the film in which Geraldine Farrar will appear as an aircraft star has not yet been announced.

"The Queen of Spades," a story by Pushkin on which Tschalkowsky based his opera "Pikovaya Dama," was shown as a film play in Washington D. C., on June 27, under the auspices of the National Press Club, receiving the special Russian commission. The pictures were taken at Petrograd and Moscow. The Washington correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror writes: "On this eve of the arrival in Washington of a Russian commission from the Russian people there will begin a series of art film productions which will show the best in literature, music, dancing, art, and the exceptional work of the greatest Russian actors and actresses in Russia. Such literary names as Tolstoy, Pushkin, Turgenieff, Vostokovsky, Sinkiewicz, Ostrovsky and Andreiev have furnished the subject matter of the vivid pictures which will be shown to Americans. Boris Bakmetieff, the head of the Russian commission, said in a speech to the audience that it was highly complimentary of his fellow-countrymen and their American associates to show just what the Russian people represented in the world of art, and he was further moved to remark that it gave great encouragement to the Russian people to know that in America they were already learning about the customs, habits, life work and amusements of their new sister republic. He more than complimented Mr. Kaplan in his great missionary work. In the filming for presentation in America of the works of Russia's great authors, painters, actors, dancers and historians. In all Mr. Kaplan has brought over 50 complete photo productions of works which bear vital importance to the Russian republic and which will be shown throughout the American country, and thereby the hope of cementing closer the bonds of the United States and the republic of Russia may be attained."

"Caste" is now a film play with Sir John Hare, Peggy Hyland and Mary Rorke pictured. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" will soon be exhibited in film form. Lina Cavalier has been added to the list of Paramount Pictures stars.

Earle Brown's comedy "Annabel Lee," produced at Toronto, Canada, June 25-30, is described as talky and kind of listless, without action, and with a disconnected plot. The whole atmosphere of the play is too insipid. Edith Tallaferro is very sweet and winsome, but her voice is too tiny.

"What became of the Flipflap Brothers?"

"The same. They were really brothers, were they not?"

"They were. But the act wasn't going so well."

"Well, they split up. Two of them

are Japanese acrobats and one is doing well as a Russian dancer."

'They took advantage of the current prices, eh?'

"Just so. Another is a Hawaiian artist on the ukelele, and the rest of them have formed a Guatemalan marimba band"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Josephine Victor is under contract with John Cort and will play in a new and serious drama by Thompson Buchanan. Leo Ditrichstein will be seen in his own new play. George M. Cohan has dramatized a story, "Mrs. Hope's Husband," by Gellert Burgess, which was originally published in the Saturday Evening Post. Chauncey Drott will have a new Irish play. Margaret Dale, Reginald Mason and David Torrance have been engaged by Selwyn & Co. for "Daybreak."

The new French Theatre, which will be installed in the Garrick, New York, on Nov. 20, will be known as the Theatre du Vieux Colombier. All productions will be brought from Paris. The board of directors will be composed of Gaston Liebert, James W. Barney, Nicholas Murray Butler, Paul D. Cravath, Andre de Coppet, William Adams Delano, Robert Goelt, Arthur Iselin, Thomas Lamont, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Rogers Winthrop and Otto H. Kahn. Mr. Kahn will be chairman.

"The Target" was produced by A. H. Woods in Atlantic City, July 9. Bayard Veiller's new play is called "The Chat-box."

The title of the new Potash and Perlmutter play to be produced in New York at the Eltinge Theatre early in August is "Business Before Pleasure."

The death of Shelley's editor, Buxton Forman, which occurred June 15, brings to mind the fact that, largely through his influence and that of Alfred Forman, Shelley's play, "The Cenci," was performed at the Grand Islington, on May 7, 1885, when Miss Alma Murray made a remarkable success as Beatrice.

"Under Cover," which had a long and prosperous career in London, was withdrawn from the Strand June 23. The 70th performance of "Romance" in London took place June 22; the 400th of "Chin Chin" took place on July 13.

Vincent Douglass, the author of a new Lancashire comedy, "The Jeffersons," produced at New Brighton, June 25, has just passed his 17th birthday.

The success of Brieux's "Damaged Goods" at the Olympia, Liverpool, has beaten all records at that house.

Sir John Hare has protested against "Eat Less Bread" placards disfiguring the base of Irving's statue.

H. A. Vachell's new comedy, "Humpty Dumpty," which has been reviewed in the Herald, did not please the public and it was withdrawn on June 22, the 10th performance. H. B. Irving will probably produce Joseph Cenrad's "Victory" in the fall.

A musical version of Plnero's "Magistrate" will be the autumn attraction at the Adelphi.

Notes About
Music, New and
Old, and Musicians

On Henry Hall, II, radio C. 100.7, House gave a concert in London July 22 with his fellow Rumanian, George Enesco, some of whose compositions are known here. The Pall Mall Gazette said of him, "He gave evidence of a subtle perception of the special quality of each lyric, and if his interpretations are mostly on the lighter side, their charm is undeniable, and compensates for a certain lack of resonance in his voice. A tenor to whom the word 'great' could be applied would do many things that this popular Rumanian cannot, but would fail in some instances where he succeeds." Mr. Strosescu's program included songs by Borodin, Ravel, Jongen, Toussaint de Sutter, Manuel de Falla, Cyril Scott and Manlio di Veroli. "If he was less successful with a song by Andre Caplet, it was largely the composer's fault." Caplet? Caplet? Where have we heard that name?

St. Saen's Biblical opera, sung in English by the Beecham Company in London, led a reviewer to this ethnological remark: "Some day an adventurous manager will give us the story of Samson and Delilah, if not from the Philistine point of view, at least with some attempt at historical balance, taking into account the fact that the Philistines happen to have been immeasurably more civilized than their opponents. They were originally fugitives from the Minoan Empire, whose magnificence has been unearthed at Cnossus. Meanwhile, we must take the story as we find it, and the Hebrews have certainly given it the right dramatic touch, which has been retained in its operatic garb."

This is alleged to have happened at a hall somewhere in Ireland. The conductor of the orchestra was beating time very energetically, leaning now towards one instrument, now towards another, and stamping his foot apparently in paroxysms of musical fervor. O'Callaghan, in the audience, watched him, fascinated; but at the end of the selection, with a disappointed air, he turned to his friend. "How did you like it?" asked the friend. "Come away!" said O'Callaghan, in disgust. "O'ive been watching him for half an hour, and he hasn't hit one of them yet!"—London Performer.

Flora Revalles, admired here as a feature of the Russian Ballet, sang for the first time in this country at the Civic Orchestral Society's concert in New York on July 4. 'The charm of the beautiful premiere danseuse dressed in crimson and gold, somewhat similar to Miss Liberty, and draped in a large American flag, invited a contrast between the eyes and the ears, in which the eyes won. Perhaps had Miss Revalles responded to the calls for an encore the spectators might have formed a more definite estimate of her lyric soprano voice, but most of them were too busy admiring her statuesque grace to analyze her musical gifts. If one's ears are to be trusted, the dancer has a pleasing natural soprano voice which she controlled with sureness, but a worse place (the St. Nicholas Rink) in which to test a voice would be difficult to find. She sang the Jewel Song from "Faust" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Before she became known as a dancer Miss Revalles had sung in Switzerland and France.

Max Eugene, a baritone in the Carl Rosa Company when Carl Rosa was the conductor and director, died at Buenos Ayres April 23. He was living there under the name of E. Stephen.

Much fine work has been done for our blinded heroes by institutions like St. Dunstan's and by private folk. One of the most interesting experiments is that just carried to a successful issue by Herman Darewski. After six months' close study of appliances devised for the help of the blind, he has perfected an invention by means of which blinded soldiers who can read music will be able to finger off and memorise a score and play it on the piano. Briefly, it is music on the Braille system.—The Stage, June 21.

Plunkett Greene has been singing in London (June 21) "Two French folksongs, Vaughn Williams's 'Silent Noon,' Walford Davies's 'When Childish Plays,' and Stanford's 'Cutting Rushes' gave the greatest possible pleasure. He made the English language a dream of beauty, and uses tone to strengthen its lines: and thereby preaches the best of all sermons, that which relies on practice in an age when it is much needed." Thus the London Times. When Mr. Greene visited Boston he often sang shockingly false whatever the language was.

Experiences of an English Theatre

Conductor on Tour chestra director and composer in London has contributed to the Stage some entertaining notes on his experiences on tour. For 15 years he has traveled in the English provinces with various companies as "musical director (we prefer the term 'director to conductor')."

"In a northern cathedral town, during a pastoral tour, our advance agent met me at the station and said, in a wonderful whisper he had cultivated: 'I say, old man, I've got a harp.' I was very pleased and asked him where he found him. 'Playing outside a pub,' he whispered. I was not so pleased, but determined to try him. At the rehearsal I noticed that he fumbled very much

[illegible]

"I was once sent down from town to choose a site for a pastoral. * * * In the course of the tour we arrived at the town, the stage manager and myself traveling together. As we got near I began to be assailed by ever-growing doubts about our site. I asked the S. M. if he thought the hill (or stage) was very steep; he did, so we arranged, in case of complaints, to say that it was the only possible place for miles and miles where we could play. We arrived on the site early in the morning, and we thought the hill looked dangerously steep. Presently the company straggled up in twos and threes to get their bearings. We dodged behind some bushes and listened to their comments. The leading man said he was glad he had a prize for cliff-climbing in Cumberland, the low comedian saw great opportunities for comic entrances, and the leading lady wept. The only person who seemed thoroughly pleased was the governor, but he was a famous athlete. I rehearsed the band under a tree, and they were all right, and then the S. M. said to me, 'Where are your perishing choruz?' He never really liked choruzes. We searched for them, and presently saw four solemn-looking men in top hats and frock-coats, wearing bright blue ties. We looked hard at them and recognized the local glee party. The S. M. greeted them roughly. 'Have you tied on your clothes yet?' The leader said, 'Aren't we to wear those clothes?' 'In the forest of Arden!' shrieked the S. M. 'Get into the tent, I'll send the wardrobe master to you.' They were very hurt, and actually wanted to sing, 'What shall he have that killed the deer?' to the banished Duke, in full view of the audience, dressed as they were.

I did one music hall tour and was most interested in all I saw. Most of the players had been originally in the theatres, but had left because the theatres were often closed for long periods, while music halls were open all the year round. I was much struck by the almost incredible quickness with which the resident conductor or orchestra picked up the performers' ideas. The show was with took from three-quarters of an hour to an hour to run through, so I was always asked to rehearse last so as not to keep the short turns waiting, and I used to make a point of listening to the rehearsal of the whole bill. The average music hall performer's 'books' or 'band parts,' as they call them, are the most difficult things to decipher I have ever seen, with perhaps the exception of an eastern palimpsest. Originally, I dare say, they were fairly clear, but after traveling them a little, with every one making his own marks and alterations, they looked to me to me quite illegible. The turn would come down to the floats, say 'Good morning' to the conductor and band, and then make a little speech explaining that the band would begin at No. 4½, play introduction till 'ready,' then straight through twice without chorus, then repeat introduction segue chorus fortissimo for dance, and 'stand by' for encore from sign (probably there were several signs), some in ink, some in pencil, scored over time after time by a long succession of reforming musicians, then go to No. 1 three times chorus twice first and second time, and three times last verse; then on to 2½ twice through to finish. Wonderful to relate, everything would go smoothly all night. The special trombone and drum effects are rarely written down and never correctly but the performer says 'I want so and so on such and such a bar in the second verse of No. 6 and he gets it.

"I think the first house on Monday must be a regular nightmare for the resident conductor and band. Of course conjurers drop plates in the orchestra, trick cyclists and knockabout comedians fall there—sometimes Intentionally, sometimes not—and horses and other animals have been known to desert the stage for the orchestra. And one other thing that makes music hall work so difficult is that the order of the numbers is often changed at the last minute, and the band, having several or eight band-books on their desks, have, in the shortest possible time, to find the correct book and then the first number required. As it is a point of honor for no music-hall artist to sing or in any way perform the first number first, this is also difficult, but always done in an incredibly short space of time.

"I had a very easy time with my show. I had been very careful with my copyist, and my numbers ran quite accurately, to the pleasure and great surprise of every orchestra I struck. Also, my numbers had to be played in the keys they were written in. Most music hall singers I met seemed to like their music transposed at sight; almost any key would do except the one the stuff was originally written in. Another thing that struck me was that the music-hall conductors seemed to speak and understand all languages; this was more necessary three years ago than now.

"Sometimes I have heard people grumble at the class of music played in our theatres. Certainly it is no fault of the conductor or orchestras; they really want to play good music, but the managers won't allow it, they say the public like bad music, and especially they say

orchestra, and I have not been able to get to have a programme of my own music, or to the entr'act, etc., we try, usually, after a long course of music—usually selections of quasi-American ragtime—so-called melodies. I know many quartet and quintet parties, formed from among the members of various theatre orchestras, who meet once or twice a week to play the 'chamber works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and all the great chamber composers, and have often spent happy afternoons listening to or playing with them. I remember one afternoon playing with the 'cellist of a West of England theatre three concertos, one by R. Strauss and the others by Beethoven and Mendelssohn. No; it is not the fault of the musicians that the programmes are so trivial.

"I don't know exactly why orchestral players hate going on the stage to play, but there's no doubt they do. I was on tour with one piece in which the whole orchestra had to go up for the second and third acts. At one place we were at, when I explained this at rehearsal, everyone looked glum except the double bass; he looked quite happy, and told me that he was sorry (though he did not look it then), but the exit from the orchestra was too small for his instrument, and, of course, he could not take it out and in through the stalls during the show. I pointed out to him that we traveled a double bass with the props, and he would find it waiting for him when he came on the stage that evening; the rest of the orchestra were amused then, and it was his turn to look glum.

July 16, 1917

Mr Eugene Golightly ailed in, grieved last Saturday at the Porphyry. "I was asked to dine at old Auger's house last night. I knew Mrs Auger was a Manchester, and I remembered that Auger, if he is a boe, lives well, and has a good cellar. So I went. The dinner was all right, that is, the food sort of it, but, do you know, the old brute didn't offer me anything to drink, except some sort of water with a hemic or geological name. We had met here and had a couple of cocktails on our way to his house. What do you suppose he said to me as soon as we sat down at table? "Golightly, my boy, I have made up my mind to knock off wine and strong waters at table as long as the war lasts, and I am not going to tempt any of my friends. I think it will be better for me, looking at it selfishly, and I know it will be better for you, Mr Ioracum was saying only the other day that you ought not to touch alcohol. I am sorry to say I haven't a bottle of ale or beer in the house." What do you think of that?" And without waiting for an answer, mocking or sympathetic, Mr. Golightly ordered an Irish and water.

All were silent until Mr. Hickmott Johnson, who happened to be in town for a day or two, started up in his chair, awakened by the bell just pressed. (Was it not said of Thorstein that when he was in Concord he seldom stayed beyond the sound of Mrs. Emerson's dinner bell?)

"Your unfortunate experience, Eugene, reminds me of a story about Basil Montagu, an editor of *Bacon*. Over a hundred years ago he wrote a book against the use of wine and all intoxicating liquors. A slave to consistency, he would not allow wine in his table. The poet Coleridge at that time was living with him. Knowing Montagu's principles, he nevertheless invited an army of one Capt. Pasley to dine with him. Now, De Quincy, who tells the story, asks I quote from memory what 'Captain or, should, of knight-in-arm's' is there in any land to whom wine in the analysis of Janner Coleridge provided wine at his own cost to his guest. We are not told whether he ever paid for it, but that is immaterial. Should Coleridge have done this in Montagu's house? Should not Montagu's man of the world have allowed any guest to drink wine at his table, even if he himself abstained? Suppose that I am on the water wagon, as I am in summer. You come to my house. Knowing you as I do, I should certainly offer you something to drink besides wind and mill water. There were harsh words between Montagu and Coleridge; there was a rupture, and the two were never reconciled. What are you going to do about Agass? Forget it. You admitted that you dined with him merely because you expected good food and drink. You were stung. Play the man, good master Goughly. We'll all agree that Agass is a bore, and that he should have been the complete host. If you don't mind touching the bell again, I'll have a pewter of ale. The weather is favorable."

Thank You.
As the World Wars:

In the morning's Herald you ask the date of the Zeppelin disaster at Richten-dingen. This occurred on Aug. 7, 1916, at the end of the Count's great flight to meet the tests of the German war department—a twenty-four hour flight. The flight was nearly accomplished when a storm struck the ship, and it was destroyed. The disaster was immense sympathy for the Count, Germany and brought on the financial support which he secured to carry out his later air risks. (See Kettering's "Zeppelin Airship," John Wiley & Sons, New York.)

At the World Wags.

There is a certain way of doing things in the world. I have caught it now. I will salt and water and baked, but not because I liked it. I eat cornbread and milk for supper every day and week out. I like it and I do well on it. I have no stomach or bowel trouble, sleep well nights, have a sweet mouth in the morning, eatish coffee and doughnuts, cereal, bacon and eggs, herring, or anything that is passed out to me.

Recipe: Two cups of cornmeal, one cup of flour, from two and a half to three teaspoons of soda, a pinch of salt, one egg, half a cup of molasses. Mix with sour milk or buttermilk to a not too stiff dough. Bake in a biscuit oven, baked in a 9 by 13 pan the cake will be from one and a quarter to one and a half inches thick. Light and fluffy, it will take up a lot of milk. Cut in sections, split in halves, and well anointed with 50 cent butter, it mingles well with baked beans, cooked with not less than 12 ounces of fat pork to a quart of beans.

AGED 76.
Warren, Me.

THOREAU AND THE CAPE

Some praising Thoreau for his style, point to "Walden," "The Week," "Excursions" and parts of the journals and letters. They do not mention "Cape Cod," which by many is dismissed as a dry book, "as sandy as the Cape." Dwellers on Cape Cod, natives or those who have known the Cape as summer visitors for many years do not subscribe to this judgment. They remember the peculiar characteristics, the dunes, the marshes, the sandy highways, the faintly traced roads in the woods, ponds that in other countries would be dignified as lakes, the scrub pines and beach plum bushes, the peculiar fragrance of the air, the bracing winds on the eastern coast, the balmy breezes that coming over water of the southwest caress those living along Nantucket sound. The style of Thoreau, describing the peninsular on which he walked and drove, was the style of the Cape itself as he then knew it.

Would he write with even mild enthusiasm about the Cape of today? It has changed mightily within the last twenty years. Typical Cape Cod houses have been renovated and supplied with "modern improvements." There are large estates, with veritable mansions, gardens gorgeous and odorously blooming on the imported clay foundations, with arbors and pergolas and lawns and sundials. There are clubs with their links and tennis courts. There are no finer state roads in the country. Poor, indeed, is the native that does not own some sort of a motor car, and the automobiles of visitors are as a daily procession, from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown. Few of the old seafaring men that made the Cape famous on all oceans are to be found on porch or at the village store. What would the Hermit of Walden now find to interest him?

There are still the dunes of Barnstable; there is still the view across Wakeby pond, the wide expanse surveyed from Shoot Flying Hill; the trees in the streets of the Yarmouths; the morose, sinister amphitheatre at Truro; the first sight of Chatham bay, coming from Brewster; the moors for men and women of Thomas Hardy. Above all there is the old air, the old native perfume. Visitors have not vitiated the first; gasoline has not triumphed over the smell of the pine near the salt water. Yet to the ignorant Cape Cod is only a sand heap.

Thoreau remains the Cape's glorifying lover, as Crevecoeur's description of Nantucket published over one hundred and thirty years ago is now contemporaneous in the eyes of one whose eyes are not fixed on evidences and symbols of modernity.

The Herald received last week the following extraordinary letter. As Mr. Herkimer Johnson fortunately happened to visit the office during his short sojourn in town, we showed him the letter for his comment. We could not tell from his facial expression whether he were pleased or disturbed. What he

thought was not at all apparent to the letter.

The Sage at School.

At the World Wags.

I do not know that a mere woman has ever invaded your manly column, but I for one, read it every day, and especially do I scan it for some further allusion to the elusive Mr. Johnson, Mr. Herkimer Johnson. What a wonderful man he is! And how gentle and retiring amidst all his honors! But have you never noticed, men of great talent are always so.

My heart fell long ago when it was rumored that he was in need (that is, that possibly he needed financial aid to enable him to devote his entire time to his colossal work), but I breathed more freely, on a later date, when you announced that in his home where you had just been there showed no sign whatever of such a direful thing, and I said once more, as I did at the previous rumor, "Well, being only a schoolmarm I, of course, have no income that I can share with him, but I can help to arouse those who do not yet realize his omniscience. I can tell them that, not only now, but always, has he been a remarkable person."

Why, I was born in his town, and I went to school at his school when he was a youth. To be sure, I was not in his class (not in any sense in his class), for he was remarkable even then, and we, lower-form pupils, all looked with great awe and admiration upon his pale, aristocratic face, as he moved, solitary and serene, about our "Centre" building. (And yet it was whispered that at escapades he was a veritable boy after all.) But he was even then as one set apart. In one or more branches he early overtook the best instructors in the entire valley; so there was nothing for him to do, while he was yet young, but to go away from his native town, to gain still greater instruction from the ablest masters. We all said, "He will be a great man some day," and how well our prophecies will be fulfilled as soon as his forthcoming volume gets into print! Admiringly his, A SCHOOLMARM.

Feldledge, Penakust Point, Me.

Another Johnson?

At the World Wags:

There are many Johnsons in the world, and I am inclined to think that this schoolmistress has mistaken me for another, although I should be pleased to believe that I were her fair-haired, bright-eyed boy.

In the first place I did not go to school in the village where I was born. My birthplace was accidental. I lived there only a few months.

In the second place my native village was not in a valley, nor was there any "centre building" in the town where I attended school. Nor did I at school distinguish myself in any way for scholarship; on the contrary, I was dull and rebellious. My marks were low, especially in the matter of conduct. Teachers and pupils never prophesied anything good for my future. In the grammar school I was always in trouble. In the high school I took a prejudice, perhaps an unreasonable one, against the teacher, because he took off his leg-boots in the morning when he came in and put on worsted slippers. Nor was I suspected of having an aristocratic face. We were all plain people in the town. If the neighbors made any remarks about me, they were complaints about my behavior. In their eyes there was "too much Johnson." Let me add that, in these schools, no one ever spoke of a lower or an upper form.

I wish I could take this glowing tribute from Maine as deserved, but a regard for truth, not my modesty, not the shyness that has handicapped me for many years, prevents.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

The Simplest Costume.

We read that the poncho was not worn by American soldiers now in France. Prof. Teufelsdröckh described the garment in his masterly treatise, "Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken" (1831). "The simplest costume which I anywhere find alluded to in history, is that used as regimental, by Bolivar's cavalry, in the late Columbian wars. A square blanket, 12 feet in diagonal, is provided (some were won't to cut off the corners and make it circular). In the centre a slit is effected 18 inches long; through this the mother-naked trooper introduces his head and neck, and so rides shielded from all weather, and in battle from many strokes (for he rolls it about his left arm); and not only dressed, but harnessed and draped." From a dictionary we learn that this nobly simple garment worn by Bolivar's men and by gauchos is also "a cape for bicycling, etc., on the same plan." To what base uses!

We remember the first poncho worn in our little village. It was early in the civil war. This poncho was sported by a horseman who prided himself also on a Mexican saddle. We hasten to add that unlike the trooper he was not "mother-naked" under the poncho, a masculine Monna Vanna. No; he wore the customary clothes of an American citizen of that period. The poncho was for cold or rainy weather. The other villagers were not favorably impressed by the apparition, and little boys made rude remarks as he trotted by.

POCKETLESS MAN

The National Association of Clothing Designers, the mysterious body

that decrees whether trousers shall flap about the legs or be as candle moulds, meeting at Chicago in solemn conclave, has determined that spring suits in 1918 must be without belts, cuffs or pockets. "Suits will be patterned with sharp, form-defining lines." Thus there will be economy in wool. The president of the convention thinks that the elimination of excess cloth will save approximately 16,000,000 yards in a year.

It has been decreed by another mysterious body that women's skirts should remain short. The intention is patriotic; but the shorter the skirt, the more expensive the boots and hose.

The saving in cloth for men will not necessitate luxurious display in stockings, shirt, cravat or hat. But what is man to do without pockets? Will he carry his wad of bills and loose change in his stockings? Where will he find a place for knife, fountain pen, speetaele case, pencil, railway ticket, pipe and tobacco, cigarettes, flask, revolver, book, the hundred trifling things which to this one and that one are thought indispensable?

Man should have been marsupial. The kangaroo has thus an advantage over him. The boy as soon as he begins to think clamors for a pocket. And what does his pocket not contain? De Quincey, speaking of Coleridge's literary robberies, illustrated them by the searching of a 3-year-old boy's pockets. "Philosophy is puzzled, conjecture and hypothesis are confounded in the attempt to explain the law of selection which can have presided in the child's labors; stones, remarkable only for weight, old rusty hinges, nails, crooked skewers stolen when the cook had turned her back, rags, broken glass, teacups having the bottom knocked out, and loads of similar jewels." Now it has been said that the child is father of the man.

Prof. Teufelsdröckh philosophized over aprons, hats, coats, trousers, but only once in his writings, as edited by Carlyle, is there an allusion to the pocket. "Are we Opossums; have we natural Pouches like the Kangaroo? Or how, without, Clothes could we possess the master-organ, soul's seat, and true pincal gland of the Body Social, I mean, a Purse?" It is of slight comfort to be told that the Roman toga was pocketless; that noble savages have not put their hands in pockets; that young men will be all the straighter and in the drawing room more courteous in trousers that are without receptacles. Yet such is the slavish respect to fashion that men, in 1918 may be seen at ease with handbags and even reticules.

**OLD FAVORITES
BACK IN TOWN**

Meistersingers Please Large Audience at Keith's Theatre.

U. S. SAILOR MAKES BIG HIT

The Meistersingers, Boston's own organization of male singers, are the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large and highly pleased audience.

This year the singers add a touch of "atmosphere" in presenting their act under the title, "At the Railroad Station," and there are the country flag station and the halliments of the country postoffice. The excellence of this singing organization is now a matter of record. There were the same inspiring ensembles and the tenor had his fling with the sentimental song; nor did the sepulchral tones of the basso meet with less appreciation on the part of the audience. Mr. Cohen, who conducted with fine musical taste, shared in the success of the performance.

Reilly of U. S. S. Michigan.

But the real big feature of this week's bill was William J. ("Rag Time") Reilly of the U. S. S. Michigan. In his original pianologue, Mr. Reilly is first of all the comedian and none the less the actor.

Appearing in the uniform of the U. S. navy, he started the audience with his stage presence and engaging personality. But this was not all. In a program of wide and varying scope, Mr. Reilly excelled, whether he elected to sing the uproariously funny song or sway the audience with a pull on the heart-strings. And more than all this, after viewing many of the platitudinous acts of this kind week in and week out, it is a pleasure to note that Mr. Reilly, blazes his own trail with an act absolutely original. The act closed with one of the greatest ovations ever received on this stage.

Other acts on the bill were Jack McAllen and May Carson, in a skating novelty; Bert Fitzgibbon, comedian; the Misses Campbell, in songs; Hazzard Short and company in a farce; McMahon, Diamond and Chaplow, in a singing and dancing act; Cooper and Smith, in a burnt cork sketch; and the Four Sensational Boises, in feats in mid-air.

July 18-19-17

The slow team Of steers, reluctant pressing on the yoke. With down-sunk forehead and depending tongue, With winding shoulders and slow-pacing foot.

"Wo, Huck!"

As the World Wags:

Although not a member of the Brotherhood of Oxen Drivers, I may be permitted to attempt to throw some light upon the question propounded in the article sent by your correspondent about driving oxen.

I remember in western Massachusetts years ago the commands given by the men driving oxen. One man in particular always delighted my youthful senses. He was tall, bearded, dressed in brown clothes, with his trousers stuffed into his bootlegs, and drove with a home-made whip, the handle a plant stick about 6 feet long, with a short, rounded leather lash. This whip was more a badge of authority than an instrument of correction. His voice was deep and had a peculiar carrying quality which made it audible at a long distance. When starting his cattle, the procedure was as follows: His whip fell almost caressingly across the shoulders of his oxen with a peculiar, nervous, flicking motion. Then came the command, in a deep, almost coaxing tone: "Wo, huck!" (not "Whoa") followed immediately by "huck, huck." At the first command the oxen strained into the yoke and tightened the trace chain, and at the "huck, huck" they moved forward. Other commands were as follows: To the left, "Huck, wo, haw!" to the right, "Gee," sometimes quickly "Gee, thar, gee!" to stop, "Whoa!" all accompanied with flicking strokes of the whip. There was a distinct difference in the pronunciation of "Wo" in "Wo, huck," the command to start, and of "Whoa," meaning to stop, a distinction I have tried to indicate by the difference in spelling. May not the failure to note that distinction account for the confusion in the mind of the writer of the article in question? In the region I refer to I never heard the word "hush" used; it was always "huck." XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

In the Country.

As the World Wags:

Reading "A King and No King," a "sex-problem" play ascribed by some to Beaumont, by others to Fletcher, I came across the following passage, which I recommend to the restless souls that prate of the joyous summer life in the country.

- 1 Citizen's wife. Lord, how fine the fields be. What sweet living 'tis in the country!
- 2 Cit. Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.
- 1 Cit. My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?
- 2 Cit. Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.
- 1 Cit. And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?
- 2 Cit. Very good people, God help 'em.

Boston. MARMADUKE URBAN.

Lost Individually.

As the World Wags:

I note with interest your contribution on locomotive names; it is not too much to say that it stands today as the last word on this subject.

Although I have given the matter little attention of late years, it was at one time my life study. I confess I have hung about roundhouse doors. My period of greatest activity, as with you, was "when there were real engines." Real smokestacks, to be sure, were going out, but we saw them now and again, and this variation between locomotives had the advantage of furnishing an item to be noted in the record book.

I am sorry you lost your book. I showed mine the other day to an engineer. His eyes lighted; it reminded him of the time when he "fired" (he "drives" now). Pointing to a name, he said: "She was a Lowell." He meant that the machine was the product of a certain shop, but his words suggested local aristocracy. His eye caught another name. "I fired her back in the eighties," he said, and he spoke as of a

first love.

Surely the names brought these recollections to him as a list of numbers would not have done. When this engineer closes a book at the end of a chapter, say at page 333, he does not think of a cast-off machine and say, "Poor girl, she was scrapped ten years ago." No, the names gave the engines their individuality. This suggests an absorbingly interesting, present-day study—the individuality of the automobile number plate, but it is a big subject and I shall leave it untouched.

The opening scene of your article—Gen. Pershing shaking hands with the engineer—stamps the general as a great man. I have read repeatedly of great men reaching up to extend this courtesy, but I have never seen it recorded of us lesser flights.

ROUNDHOUSE CHARLIE.

Lexington.

July 19. 1917

The first German to enter Paris on March 1, 1871, was a young officer who did not look 18 years old. F. Adolphus and Laurence Oliphant saw him leading a few horsemen, as the two were near the Arch of Triumph. "He charged past us, his sword uplifted, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed straight before him, and one of us cried out, 'By Jove, if that fellow's mother could see him she'd have something to be proud of for the rest of her time!'" Adolphus went to him and asked his name, saying he wished to publish it in London the next day. "Oh, that's it, is it?" he remarked, with a tinge of the contempt for newspapers which all German officers display. "Well, I'm von Bernhardt, 14th Hussars."

Was this youngster a relation of the Bernhardt whose book was a revelation of Prussian military character? Adolphus heard the last time he was in Germany—the book from which we quote was published in 1895—that the hussar was dead.

The German officers then held newspapers in contempt. In 1914 they were anxious for good words in American journals. Witness their treatment of certain American correspondents who for at least two years, on account of the civility that approached fawning, wrote enthusiastically in behalf of Germany and tried to belittle the outrages committed in Belgium and France.

The Germans, conquerors of Paris in 1871 were of another breed than the Germans of today. Adolphus in his chapter "The English Food Gifts After the Siege" speaks of a condition of the capitulation which stipulated that no food should be drawn from any of the portions of France then occupied by the Germans—for the reason that the conquerors needed for themselves all that those portions could produce. By the strict letter of the law, supplies for Paris could only be sought in distant departments. "But the Germans, very generously, did not enforce this clause, and allowed food to be bought for Paris wherever it could be found, even at Versailles, where they really required it for their own people." Adolphus also bore testimony to the studious civility and respect shown the Parisians by the Germans when they were in Paris. "It was clear that stringent orders had been given them to put on their best behavior. As one example of their conduct, I was told next day by a priest who lived in the Rue du Colyseum—that is to say, within the occupied district—that nearly all the soldiers saluted him in the streets."

All this was in 1871. What a development there was in "Kultur" from 1871 to 1914! Yet in 1871 there was German looting in the provinces.

The Scottish Flag.

As the World Wags:

Has Scotland a national flag?

Melrose.

L. H. CUZZINS.

Some years ago the Lord Lyon King of Arms—Sir James Balfour—and his colleagues decided that the national flag of Scotland is the St. Andrew, while the lion rampant is the banner of the King. For some time during the early part of the reign of Edward VII. the use of the banner with the lion rampant by unauthorized persons was prohibited.

Capt. J. C. Black of the St. Andrew Society, Glasgow, wrote a letter a few months ago to a London newspaper in which he stated that on many of the earliest Royal Scottish seals and coins still in existence the saltire is shown as the national emblem, though on a very early seal the figure of a black monk in a stooping position is given as the Scottish Arms. "The saltire is prescribed in ancient Acts of the Scottish Parliament as a national badge to be worn by Scottish soldiers and displayed on Scottish ships. It is displayed today in the bonnet badges of most Scottish regiments in token of their nationality, and it is a prominent feature in our Imperial Union Flag."

Then and Now.

The London Daily Chronicle recalls the attempt to enlist British soldiers in America for the Crimean war, an attempt that nearly brought on a conflict between England and this country. "It was really not our fault. Unemployed Britons were to repair to Canada and there take the killing, but a German

ambassador then, for the first time, authorized the British ambassador in London to receive the British soldiers. But the craziest part of what might have been an international tragedy remains to be told. While feeling was at its greatest height, an American attaché in London, conforming to the ambassadorial usages of his country, sought to attend a royal levee in his customary frock coat and black tie. The costume offended the nobility of a court flunkey and the man was turned back. The combination of incendiary sentiment and crass absurdity brought us as near to conflict with America as anything that happened during her great civil war."

John F. T. Crampton was the English envoy and minister at Washington in 1852. He was charge d'affaires the year before. In 1852 our minister to England was Joseph R. Ingelsoll, who was succeeded the next year by James Buchanan. Who was the attaché referred to?

HISTORY IN THE FILMS

It will be remembered that Miss Rita Jolivet, a play-actress, was saved when the Lusitania was torpedoed. To her Charles Frohman said, as they stood together: "Why fear death? It is the great adventure."

It is reported that Miss Jolivet, who for many months was unable to talk about the atrocious crime, has now come to the conclusion that "the events immediately concerned with the sinking of the great ship are of such vast moment that they should be recorded in permanent form." She is therefore at work on a film picture of the incidents associated with the tragedy, for "the limitations of the spoken drama are too narrow to make it possible to stage such a story as this." There will be a story in this film drama, a story, no doubt, with what is described as "heart interest," and possibly the desired and expected happy ending.

What is to be said of this proposition? Is the horror of the torpedoing so old and forgotten that it must be revived as a show to excite patriotism or rekindle hatred? Must the grief of mourners be enlarged that the curious may gape? And what is to be said of a woman, who, having lived through the dreadful scene, is now ready to stage it for the cinematograph?

Some still object to the introduction of Lincoln as a character in a stage-play, even though the characterization is noble, human, and without relation to his taking-off. The answer might be that Lincoln as an inspirer and an example long ago passed into history, and it is not without a heroically legendary atmosphere. The brutal tragedy of the Lusitania is of yesterday. It is one of the causes that led the United States to war as a humane democracy against autocratic militarism. That this tragedy should be re-enacted for the sake of pecuniary profit shows a callousness of heart, to say the least, that is revolting.

Looking at a friend's library the other day—the library of at least four generations, with fine old sets of Voltaire, Rousseau, Marmontel; with volumes of old plays, sermons, Latin folios, long forgotten novels—we saw early editions of British essays, the Guardian, the Adventurer, the Looker-On, the Idler and other papers, among them, of course, the Spectator and the Tatler—the last by far the most readable today.

We have received a letter which shows that the line is continued. Note the leisurely manner of writing, the inconsequential circumstantiality.

Mr. James Gimlet.

As the World Wags:

This afternoon, when at length miscellaneous small boys had finished discharging firecrackers, and miscellaneous singers—our neighborhood, like Elizabethan England, is "a nest of singing birds" had completed their daily practice, I settled down with a pipe in my Morris chair to thread my way leisurely through the labyrinthine sentences of Saintsbury's "The Peace of the Augustans." Suddenly the deep calm of our shady, elm-bordered alley-street was pierced by the insistent ring of my apartment bell, and in a moment I was ushering my old friend James Gimlet into my dim library. James could never have been more welcome; he is just the man to fit into the mood of a long, lazy holiday when talk is plentiful and the weather is conducive to the sort of disconnected rambling in which he is at his best. He is young—hardly more than 34—tall, awkward, pale-eyed, long-faced, and he drapes himself over a chair in a way that could be attained by nothing else except a geometry fig-

ure. He is a descendant of the famous Sir Charles Gimlet and his son of the same name, both of them noted for their wide acquaintance with men of letters at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries. You will search in vain for their names in Quaritch's or Sotherton's catalogues; for all their collections were given to the British Museum when James's grandfather removed to America and there they abide in eternal security. The elder Sir Charles was an intimate friend of Bishop Percy and Thomas Warton—helped both of them, in fact, with valuable though unnoted contributions to their magna opera; of Samuel Johnson and his Boswell spent many an evening in the room at the top of the Bolt court house, of the great printers, Bowyer, Baskerville, Bulmer and Horace Walpole, and of such obscure collectors as the tallow-chandler John Ratcliffe, whose magnificent library of Caxtons was accumulated by the pound from old-paper dealers. The younger Sir Charles carried on his father's tastes and was well acquainted with Thomas Frognall Dibdin, Sir Egerton Brydges, author of the little-known "Restituta; or Titles, Extracts and Characters of Old Books in English Literature Revived" (4 vol., 8vo., 1815), George Stevens, the Rev. Richard Farmer, and the Duke of Grafton. With such ancestry it is no wonder that my friend James is both learned and humane.

At present, he tells me, he is making some researches in the unique collection of Bibles in African languages at the Widener Library, and is to spend at least the early part of the summer in our midst. He came here directly from New York, after a few days' visit with Prof. M. who has been down from Cornell to make investigations at Columbia and the Metropolitan Museum regarding the use of toe-rings among Egyptian princesses of the 5th dynasty. M., nevertheless, is a human being, as witness the following: Jim and he strolled out one evening to a well-known restaurant and cabaret on Columbus avenue, and were discussing the intimate gossip of university circles, over their beer, when a pile of books on the window-seat beside him attracted Jim's notice. He found the first to be a Collier's "Encyclopedia of Polite Usage and Elegant Letter Writing," the second, a telephone directory, and the third (procul, o procul, este profani), a copy of Baxter's "The Saints' Everlasting Rest!" "Humph!" remarked M., "that beats the Bibles in the Columbia dormitories!" They went to the Winter Garden to see the girls in their "coming-out gowns," and to Hitchy-Koo and to Coney—all of which James considers a necessary element in his Horatian attitude to life. He has promised to drop in now and then for an evening's chat, and I have already arranged for a trip to see Flo (or Florian, as his parents christened him) Gartney at Scituate, where we hope to get some more Uncle Mike stories. James's movements are so uncertain, however, that I hardly dare plan now for a visit to Mr. Herkimer Johnson or Capt. Brassbound, congenial though I know James Gimlet would be to them.

ACADEME.

War Note.

An observant man, just back after a long spell at the front, is indignant with our military critics. "They represent Fritz as so enormously clever in his methods, infallible in his ruses," he grumbles. The simple fact is, says our man, who covers much ground at the front and sees and hears a multitude of things, the simple fact is that we are far ahead of Fritz in initiative, ingenuity and daring. "Of course our papers cannot and dare not talk about our schemes, but it does anger us to see the German represented as so astute, and ourselves as the victims of his wiles. Absolute nonsense!" And he knows.—London Daily Chronicle.

PRIZE BABIES

For seven days of this month in all the important cities and towns of the British Isles baby shows will be held. There are several conditions for entrance; there will be rigid examinations, mental, weighing, measuring, dental, eye, ear, throat, all bodily tests. "The perfect baby should have fifty good points." Only thirty are required for the ideal woman, according to the ancients, and it is said that Helen of Troy possessed them all, whereas Cleopatra and other noble dames were lacking in one or the other. These thirty points were named concisely in Latin verse and translated into several languages. The list of the fifty points of ideal babyhood has not yet been cabled or sent by wireless telegraphy to this country. Perhaps the censor has interfered.

to the mother, and the mother's position is a hard one, and the mother's of its attempts at speech. The babies between the ages of six and twelve months are eligible. Will the mother indulge herself in baby talk of the "goo-goo, mezzler's liddle darlin'" order, or will she discuss topics of the day: household economy, the beer question, home rule and the conduct of the campaign in Mesopotamia? Is there a marked difference in the facial expression of little babies? To crusty old bachelors all babies look alike, pulpy and moist. Mere prettiness, it is stated, is of no account.

Exhibitions of this kind have been regarded by the suspicious as advertisements for this or that infant's food. No compelling reason for the British show has yet been given. That is, no reason has reached this country. Is it due to the war? Is the show an incentive and encouragement to the British matron? Is it a necessary step in stupiculture, in eugenics?

Fortunately a prize baby is unconscious of the honor bestowed on it; otherwise it would be ineducable, a prize or a bounder from six to twelve months old. In time the baby outgrows the enforced handicaps. It may even pardon the vanity of the parents that exhibited it to the gaping crowd. Fortunately, too, the baby of only thirty-five or even fifteen points will not be aware of its lamentable deficiencies. As is often the case with the dullard in school he may in after years surprise or benefit the world.

July 21. 1917

Portraits of Mr. Herkimer Johnson are not easily obtained. Like many sensible men, he regards the photographer as his sworn foe. We once saw at his home in Clamport a daguerrotype taken about 1860 representing him with a chinchilla cap and a sour expression held on the lap of a man presumably his father, who sported a speckled waistcoat and a curious arrangement of collar and cravat. We have also seen a tintype (rare) of Mr. Johnson taken with his room-mate at Exeter. Mr. Johnson in this tintype has a singularly vacuous expression. He is regardless of the fact that his white waistcoat is sadly wrinkled and his cravat is askew. We have never seen a photograph of Mr. Johnson since he first excited attention as an indefatigable and daring sociologist.

Mr. Johnson in Oil.

As the World Wags.

Splendid for Mr. Johnson! Sir, it takes courage to refuse to be endowed, even temporarily—do you remember the days when the New York & New Haven was endowing literary men? Mr. Johnson scorns an endowment that would be permanent. More courage and strength to him, say I, and may the shadow of the great encyclopedia never be less.

But, if he won't let himself be endowed, will he brook the activities of ardent admirers who would have his portrait done in oil? The suggestion is my good wife's. She mentioned it to me, and, while I was hesitating, adopted it unanimously. She would have his admirers subscribe. As to the artist, she always liked that Bostonian who painted Samoloon V. Seads, showing him with one hand held out behind, palm up, and the other raised to heaven, the while he was saying, "And I repeat, fellow-citizens, that a 10 per cent tax on munition profits of over 200 per cent will shatter the palladium of our constitution." It is the missus that is the writer of the family, but while she is preparing a stirring appeal for contributions I have beaten her to it with an appeal in rhyme.

SHEARJASHUB PRATT.

Boston, July 20.

I.

Oh, must he vanish from our gaze,
He, so beloved, so erudite,
And leave, to gladden future days,
No likeness of that eye so bright,
That brow serene, that lion's head,
From which the thoughts, in gentle flow,
Came day by day, from A through Zed,
To make the elephant follow?
Ah, somewhere else the Somerset
And B. P. L., or have the "a"
The broad "a" that the West can't get,
Turn flat like out South Boston way,
Than have posterity exclaim:
"He labored long, and great his toll,
We meekly reverence his name,
His friends, though, in a land of shame
(Ah! how it makes the blood to boil)
They never had him come in!"

Shall we bow before him?—Alas! Reminiscence, but not a thing to be proud of! Here some artists of some class, Who've got some power, a little price is right, And have their part in the work of the world, Not wait a month, but now, instantly, Depl't him bending over his work, (Contiguous to his old depl't) Let Tarbell, Paxton, Hale, et al. Get busy and each do his part. Forsooth, if they but try, nor stall, We'll have some art that is some Art.

S. P.

Individual Locomotives.

As The World Wags:

Your revelation, a few days ago, that in your boyhood days you were interested in the names of locomotives stirred a chord in my heart which had not been twanged in many years. I, too, saw with sorrow numbers replace names.

A number of my early years were spent in a house, the site of which is now occupied by the southerly abutment of the Shawmut avenue railroad bridge. The New Haven road's southernmost track runs where Orange street ran in the 60s and 70s. The Boston & Worcester road then ran there. Its locomotives all had names. I well remember that the "Leopard" did the switching. The freight trains were drawn by engines named for animals; as, for instance, the "Camel," which used to arrive in Boston somewhere about 1 o'clock in the morning and generally stopped and blew off steam and awoke us. One morning the final "Y" was seen to have disappeared from the cab, and I remember how puzzled we youngsters were about it. The afternoon freight leaving town about 3 o'clock, was drawn by the "Elephant," and there were the "Lion," "Bison," "Tiger" and others.

The passenger locomotives had other names. The Norwich boat train was drawn by the "Worcester," the Saxonville trains by the "Fury," and on the "Air Line" (old Boston, Hartford & Erie) was the "Marshall S. Rice." I made friends with some of the engineers and one day reached the summit of my ambition when the engineer of the "Elephant" allowed me to ride with him a few miles. The engineer of the "Middleboro," on the Old Colony, also granted me the same privilege, from Myricks to Middleboro.

About 1862 my father took a trip to what was then Fort Anthony, now St. Paul, Minn., and at my request jotted down the names of all locomotives which he saw. A long list he brought back. The only one that I recollect was the "Splitfire." I believe he saw that on the Grand Trunk in the region of Toronto.

In those days the Boston & Providence and the Boston & Worcester crossed at a point which as I remember it was where St. James avenue now is, and where the first Peace Jubilee was held. It used to be a constant enjoyment to see the trains cross. It was said that the engineers often took fearful chances in getting over first. There were no towers in those times.

E. H. T.

Let us add that recently in England, locomotive engines have been named after warships that have come prominently into notice, as *Arethusa*, *Undaunted*, *Invincible*,—Ed.

The Herald has received the first three volumes of "The Art of Music: a Comprehensive Library of Information for Music Lovers and Musicians," published by the National Society of Music, New York. The editor-in-chief of the series, 14 volumes in all, is Daniel Mason. The associate editors are Edward B. Hill and Leland Hall. The managing editor is Cesar Saerchinger.

Mr. Mason is the author of the valuable general introduction, which is intended to show in bold relief the larger and essential divisions of the work, of use more especially to the amateur or lover of music than to the professional musician whose reading will naturally be determined by interest in his specialty.

The first four volumes are historical and primarily instructive. In his introduction Mr. Mason speaks of the various schools or epochs of music, the primitive ecclesiastical music of the 16th century, that followed the gropings in Greek and early Christian times; the polyphonic development culminating in the fugues of Bach; the suite leading into the symphony; the characteristics of romanticism. "When a romanticist like Tschalkowsky writes almost equally beautiful love music he gives a fillip to our imagination by naming it an overture to 'Romeo and Juliet,' but when Berlioz conceives his *Symphonie Fantastique* he must have his lover killed on the guillotine—he must even hear the knife fall." But in his overture Tschalkowsky wrote to a program framed with much detail for him by Balakireff, as Mr. Mason undoubtedly knows. His introduction is written in a catholic spirit; it abounds in sane remarks, vitalized by a fine musical spirit and apt verbal expression. Thus the reader of the historical pages will find in all periods, "the great man distinguished from the little by nobility, depth, and variety of thought, and by purity of style. In all ages he will discover posts of mediocrities for one genius. He will realize that there were as many routinists in the poly-

phonic school, as mediocrities in the classic, as many sentimentalists in the romantic, as there are unimpaired scene painters among the program-mists. He will remark what may be called the double paradox of art, first, that cheap decorative, empty display of merely technical skill, 'splurge' of all sorts, while often making music popular in its own day, has always killed it early for posterity. * * * Second, that simplicity, directness, sincerity are always at first ignored or misunderstood."

"The modern conception of the piano as a rival of the orchestra in richness, variety and power of sound has adulterated piano style in many respects. It has led directly to 'un-grateful' writing for the piano by composers, to pounding and other exaggerations by players. There are few musicians nowadays who show the fine self-control that made Schumann and Chopin models of how the piano should be treated. The rare intuition of Debussy in this respect is one of the true justifications of a vogue not perhaps altogether free from faddism."

So too there is a tendency in writing for string quartet to imitate the orchestra. "One hears many modern quartets in which all four instruments keep restlessly sawing away, often on two strings at once, as if they were taking part in a hurdle race or a debating society, rather than in a work of art. Special effects like harmonics and the use of the mute, appropriate enough in solos and at long intervals, are grossly abused. In striving to be something beyond its frame this most exquisite combination of four musical personalities loses all its intimacy, all its charm. Even orchestral music itself does not escape these perversions," as in concert performances of music written to accompany pantomimes and ballets.

The first three volumes narrate the history of music. For the first—the Pre-Classical period—Sir Hubert Parry furnishes a ponderous and solemn introduction, beginning: "Musical art is the idealized art of the inner man as distinguished from the arts of painting and sculpture and their like, which are the idealized expression of what is outside him." This introduction reminds one of Pip's answer to Mr. Walden-graver. That tragedian asked how the gentleman liked his reading of Hamlet. Prompted by Herbert Pocket, Pip answered: "Massive and concrete." It is not surprising to find the combination of minuet and valse in triple time and country dance in 4-4 in "Don Giovanni" praised by Sir Hubert for its ingenuity, and Beethoven's latest works described as "some of the most wonderful human documents ever achieved by man." There are a few relieving passages. "The flighty, empty-headed trickster with his sparkling piccolo and his gas-jet noises on violins, and the bombastic vulgarian posing as a man of great feeling with his roars of blatant brass; the oversensitized hedonist with his delicate subtleties, mainly in transparent pearl-grays." Thus does Sir Hubert find the character of a composer in his average color scheme.

Chopin, the unique genius, necessarily found new forms. "Surrounded by an atmosphere of romanticism, and entirely free, as far as we can see, from the influence of the sonata spirit, his strange and subtle mind sought types of form which were quite independent of tradition. Very often the form seems to grow out of the musical ideas."

"Men no longer expect music to be the expression of noble and exalted thoughts only, but accept it as the expression of all kinds of moods, emotions, feelings and aspirations, whether they be little and intimate, satyric and strange, wildly extravagant, genially humorous, pugnacious, pacific, pastoral, even uproariously domestic. It is a new kind of differentiation in which there is inevitably a new kind of waste. But the ideal public, which is infinitely longer than it is broad, will ultimately apply the judgment based on the experience of generations, and will sift out the product of the genuinely artistic beings from the follies of the heedless ones. The purists are in despair, but those whose optimism is invulnerable can look forward in the unshaken belief that art will go on expanding healthily in spite of the confusion of tongues, through the inextinguishable passion of true composers to find the most perfect and complete expression of their own personalities."

Mr. Henry F. Gilbert is the author of the first article in Vol. I: Primitive Music, music in nature, theories concerning the origin of music, the music of savage tribes and how it is influenced by modern culture. This chapter, showing research and original thought, is written in an entertaining vein and in many respects is the most originally conceived chapter in the volume. Perhaps Mr. Percy Grainger's use of the Guatemalan marimba came too late for Mr. Gilbert to quote it in a footnote. Men may still differ as to the origin of song. They may dispute whether the drum or the pipe came first. Mr. Gilbert, surveying primitive music and having his own views, is not dogmatic.

The chapter on extolled music is by Mr. Frederick H. Martens. On page 49 he might ask for more information about the Hindu raga with reference to Sourindro Mohun Tagore, one of whose treatises is mentioned in the Bibliography at the end of the third volume. Mr. Martens, treating of Cambodian instruments

(p. 53) and dances (p. 57) mentions the mentioned Bourgaet—Ducoudray's orchestral use of Cambodian melodies. Let this learned Frenchman be ignored

wholly in the three volumes, even in Mr. W. D. Darby's chapter on plain song.

In the chapter by Mr. Darby on the music of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Egyptians, one might well wish for quotations from Rowbotham's "History of Music" (not the dry and condensed edition), but the one in three volumes. No one has equalled Mr. Rowbotham in picturesque and vivid descriptions of the musical art as cultivated by these ancient folk.

This chapter and the following chapters in this volume are necessarily more or less compilations. The compilers have drawn largely from books that were authoritative years ago, and in some instances are still authoritative; but one misses names that should have commanded respect. Thus for the discussion of Hebrew music, the reader is referred in the Bibliography to the old stand-bys, Pfeiffer, Saalschuetz, Stainer and the rest, but there is no reference to Ernest David's "Musique Chez les Juifs" (Paris, 1873). Nor later is there any reference to the admirable "Histoire de la Notation Musicale" written by David and Lussy.

Mr. Saerchinger treats a difficult subject, Greek music. In the ideal flawless history of music there might stand the frank confession that little is known about Greek music today except what was written concerning it by mathematicians and philosophers. Mr. Saerchinger has handled his subject discreetly. Whether Greek tragedy bore much resemblance to opera is still a theme for academic discussion. On page 116 a foot note might have alluded to Erik Satie's "Gymnopédies," orchestrated by Debussy.

Music in the Roman Empire and the age of plain song form the contents of chapter V written by Mr. Darby. It is to be regretted that there is not here or elsewhere a disquisition on folk music and plain song coming primarily from chants or melodic lines used in magical rites and ceremonies. For magic preceded religion and the music of charms and incantations survived their disappearance. This subject has been handled minutely and at great length by M. Jules Combarieu, whose other volumes are evidently known to various contributors to this series. On page 132 Nero is laughed at as a virtuoso, but there is no description of the thorough training he underwent, as told by Suetonius. Possibly this description is quoted in Vol. V, which we have not seen. There is reference, of course, to Notker Balbulus but none to Schubiger's remarkable study of the ecclesiastical music at St. Gall.

The succeeding chapters are: The Beginnings of Polyphony (Leland Hall); Secular Music in the Middle Ages (Mr. Saerchinger and Mme. von Ende); The Rise of the Netherland Schools (Franz Bellinger); the Italian Renaissance (Mr. Saerchinger); the Golden Age of Polyphony (Mr. Bellinger); the Beginnings of Opera and Oratorio (Mr. Saerchinger); New Forms, Vocal and Instrumental (Mr. Hall); the 17th Century (Mr. Hall); Handel and the Oratorio (Mr. Saerchinger); J. S. Bach (Mr. Hall).

Lack of space forbids today a further inquiry into the nature of these essays and those in the second and third volumes of this important, handsomely printed, and finely illustrated work. This article will be continued in the Herald of next Sunday.

Bohemians of the Theatre and the Press in Boston

To the Editor of the Herald:

Many Bohemians I have known, beginning with the far-off days when I lived and sported beneath the horse-chestnut trees in the yard of the Stackpole House. Then that hostelry was in its prime, at the corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, where a part of the Federal Building now shows its imposing walls. It was a pleasant old inn, wide-roomed and broad-staired, after the Colonial fashion, and had once been the spacious mansion of a wealthy New England family. Its front staircase was a thing of beauty, lighted midway by a broad shelved window that was one of the triumphs of Colonial architecture. The house had taken on some modern improvements when I first began to realize fully that I was a part of a puzzling creation, and a large range had invaded the wide fire-place in one of its ample kitchens, for there were two, and gas had put out candle-light and the astral lamps in some of the apartments. But all this has little to do with Bohemia, where the late John Boyle O'Reilly of pleasant memory said he had rather live than in any other land, though he found the slapping of the water in Boston harbor far pleasanter than the far wash of Australasian seas.

Come from the past ye Bohemians of my early boyhood, adolescence and mature manhood! Who is the first in the procession? Why, gentle Tom Williamson, who used to sing:

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew
Tally a hi, you know.

When there were many living who had fought in our second war with Great Britain, which was then not as far distant in the abyss of the past as is now the Civil War. He was a friend of my father, who was always with the underdog in the fight, even when he was enjoying a reasonable degree of patronage,

prosperity, and popularity himself. I have only one recollection of Tom as a performer. This was when I was taken to hear him sing in sailor costume at the old Tremont Theatre. I think, though memory recalls to me only his exit from the scene with a wave of his patriotic headgear. But my remembrances of him off the stage is more distinct. To him I was indebted for more than one free ride in the light express wagon which he drove for a while after I imagine his professional attractiveness had passed. I liked him as only a little lad can like a manly patronizer. To me he was as great as he had ever been, when he celebrated vocally the heroic deeds of our young navy. Long before I climbed the steep of Fort Hill to my first grammar school he had gone behind the curtain that hides the true Bohemia from mortal sight.

William Winter as a boy lived on Belmont street, on one of the slopes of this elevation long since levelled by the demands of pushing trade. I can scarce call him a Bohemian, for his affiliations with the circle that gathered in the recess beneath the sidewalk of Broadway in Pfaff's New York saloon were slight at the best, though of course, he knew more or less intimately the bright and blithe spirits who rallied around Henry Clapp, the so-called king of Bohemia, when he started that short-lived but brilliant weekly, *The Saturday Press*. I myself only knew them flittingly in one brief visit to the cave of genius.

As a lad I knew E. G. P. Wilkins slightly, when he was quite a young man in Boston while he was still earning his bread in the unlitary atmosphere of George Simmons's Oak Hall clothing house on North street. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a later acquaintance of mine after he came to make his permanent residence in Boston under the patronage of his fellow townsman of old Portsmouth, James T. Fields. He, however, had a too comfortable home when he lived in New York to be a true Bohemian after the Clapp fashion, which let tomorrow take care entirely of itself.

Frederic S. Hill, who wrote a sonnet on my father's death, I recall as to me a pleasant man who appeared to be Bohemian in his general make-up; genial and kind he was to me, but of his work as an actor I have only a vague memory. I know that he played Julio Dormily in "The Six Degrees of Crime," which he translated from the French, at the old original National Theatre.

The late W. T. W. Ball, more familiarly known as "Billy" Ball, I remember as a young follower of the art preservative of all arts. He was my senior by many years, although he was wont to infer that I was about his age. I once reminded him, however, that I was a boy in pinafores at a time when he was old enough to stimulate himself with something stronger than tea at my father's tavern. Then the late Mayor Hugh O'Brien and Benjamin P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington") were employed on the Post, with Col. Green to the fore as the genial editor, who always accepted political defeat in a humorous way that made him popular with even opponents of his party at the polls. "Billy" Ball always claimed to be an Englishman, but he was a pupil at the old Winthrop school on East street, Boston, and when I first heard of him he lived with an uncle on Essex street, so I inferred he was an orphan without brothers or sisters. Before he became an accepted dramatic critic he was a hanger-on of theatres, the old Tremont, the Federal street, and the Howard Athenaeum when it was managed by E. L. Davenport and Josie Orton was a member of the stock company, while the late Benjamin E. Woolf, her husband, was in the orchestral department. "Billy" was one of the guests who used to gather at the Davenport home on Centre street, Roxbury, on Sundays, but I never knew what particular place he filled, if any, at the old Howard. He was a born Bohemian, even if it was greatly to his credit that he was an Englishman, and he rarely worked until necessity compelled him to do so. He was very censorious in his conversation, but was not ungenerous when he had money, which was only semi-occasionally, as the saying goes. When he didn't have any—well, the other fellow had to pay. As a dramatic critic he was fair enough, except in the case of the mighty actors from whom he was not above accepting favors of one kind or another, as, perhaps, the late generous Sir Henry Irving might attest if he had not passed away. As a playwright, Mr. Ball was never prolific nor successful. The extravaganza in heroic verse he wrote for Nat Goodwin, which was brought out at the Park Theatre in this city, was a frost, though the author was called before the curtain on the first night, and made a speech, in which he introduced an allusion to the Goodwin Sands that was somewhat far-fetched from Charles Dickens. There was a foolish legend about at one time that Mr. Ball was a natural son of Henry Wilson, and this arose probably from the fact that he at one time revised some of the productions of that distinguished statesman, who was known as the Natick Cobbler long after he had renounced the patronymic Colbath for a more euphonious surname. During the civil war "Billy" served in the army in the commissary department. I believe, with the rank of captain, and for some time after that

contest had ended, he was seen about Boston in a semi-military costume. With John L. Swift he published for a while a weekly called the After Dinner. It was originally issued on Saturday afternoon, but was later put forth on Sunday morning, when its title became an amusing misnomer. William T. W. was not an admirer of Edwin Booth, and he indicated, in terms that I cannot repeat here, that the son of the great Junius Brutus Booth was only a mere shadow of his distinguished father. The critic found Irving and Salvini more to his liking, but William Charles Macready was the dramatic god of his idolatry. He must have seen the last named actor on his first visit to Boston, but that does not come within the range of my theatrical memories. Mr. Ball's severity made for him many enemies among the players, and this led to an unwarrantable exhibition on the part of the comedian, George F. Ketchum, who appeared on the stage one night at Schwyn's Theatre in a make-up that counterfeited the unique personality of the critic in dress and bearing. The incident was made more notable from the fact that the victim of this practical joke left his seat in the parquet with a decided exhibition of anger in the midst of the display, and thereby added to the mirth of the occasion. However, the whole affair made the judicious grieve. Poor Ball! He finally took arms against a sea of troubles and jumped the life to come, perhaps to meet Shakespeare, whose writings he could quote by the yard from memory.

Joseph Bradford was a later addition to the old guard of dramatic critics of Boston, and from being an indifferent actor became a brilliant writer for the press in many ways. He was unusually gifted as a composer of verse de société and in poetry of a more serious vein he might have attained eminence if he had developed his undoubted natural powers. He was a brilliant conversationalist. One need only suggest a subject and he would enlarge upon it in almost marvellous manner. He had the southern fluency of language, for he was born in Tennessee and was appointed from there under his real surname Hunter to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He left there suddenly for some breach of discipline I think, for he was never amenable to restraint of any kind, and was afterward for a time in the volunteer navy. From there as the result of convivial association with some players, he drifted on to the stage, where he did not belong, for he had no repose of manner, and was as restless as a young colt before the footlights. The late Harry Murdock used to say that Bradford pranced before an audience. He was tall, good-looking and well made, and the only part he played acceptably to my thinking was the Indian in "The Octoroon." He wrote several plays that were popular and then "Our Bachelors" for Robson and Crane, and "Law in New York," for Stuart Robson, in which that comedian played the corpulent policeman, John Beat, at the Howard Athenaeum. Nat Goodwin made his first appearance as a professional actor in this place, though he had previously given his remarkable imitations of celebrated players in public. As Lawrence Barrett remarked, "Joe" Bradford belied his possibilities. Like Wilkins Micawber, he had many difficulties in sculling through the waves of his pecuniary difficulties. He could not save, but took what came in his way, like the sparrows. After his death here was talk about collecting his poems for publication in a volume, but it was never accomplished because of a disagreement concerning a prefatory biography. One of the movers in the project thought it was too eulogistic. Another believed it was not too highly colored, and therefore the volatile "Joe" Bradford is not among the immortals between book covers. "The Dead Boy's Sprig of Green" is a ballad by Bradford that is often given at patriotic gatherings.

Sir Randall Roberts came to Boston first as a player, and I remember I had something uncomplimentary to say about his performance of Don Caesar de Bazan at the old Globe Theatre, though we became good friends afterward. Versatility may have been his ruin, for he was actor, painter, journalist, novelist, advance agent, everything by turns and nothing long. He had a studio on Bedford street which he apparently used for a kitchen, dining room, and parlor as well. I lunched with him one day, and he was a hospitable host, serving the meal himself with Lady Roberts, a patient and aristocratic looking little lady, who was evidently unused to domestic labor, looking on with a kindly smile at the proceedings of her erratic but good-hearted husband. There was not a shade of fault-finding in her bearing, though she might have adorned less Bohemian surroundings. They had one son, an agreeable young gentleman, who, I believe, held for a time a position in the City Hall. Sir Randall had been in the English army, and when I told him one day that a man in a commercial house in this city claimed that his father had been his fellow-officer, the reply was: "Yes, he was a corporal and I was a captain." Sir William Don, whom I remember seeing in "Used Up" at the Howard Athenaeum when I was a young man, was Sir Randall's cousin. He came here from Australia with a

had been as great in Australia. In size he would have overtopped most other representatives of Sir Charles Coldstream. One of my latest recollections of Sir Randall is connected with a soiree at his studio. One of the guests, a son of a distinguished attorney and an intimate friend of Richard Mansfield in his green and salad days, gave an imitation of a well known clergyman, which created some amusement, but before the entertainment was over he was taken suddenly ill and this put a damper on the whole affair, which was a gathering of good fellows, not at all hilarious. Evidently Sir Randall was not born to good luck, for he lacked the singleness of purpose which leads to success.

Dauncy Maskell was of another kind. He did not make even a pretence of working when I knew him, but like Harold Skimpole appeared to be a mere child in money matters. He could write, after a spicy humorous fashion, but he had no more application than an infant. He was willing to be taken care of by those who had more industry or money than himself. Adela Dauncy Maskell, a public reader, was his wife, and when he was despondent, which was seldom, he was wont to say, "It isn't all sunshine marrying a brilliant woman." Probably this was after some well-earned reproaches from his conjugal breadwinner. He was a respectable looking, middle-aged man when I made his acquaintance, wearing gold-bowed spectacles that added to the dignity of his appearance, and I was surprised to hear him refer to himself as Mr. Jaunty Rascal, shortly after our initial interview. He never pretended to be what he was not. When I asked him why he did not find some employment, he replied, "Oh, I have no capacity for work." When he came first within the sphere of my observation he was living with his daughter, Mrs. James Taylor, known to the stage as Laura Joyce, in Cambridge, near the colleges, in a house built by her husband from his own plans, for he was an architect by profession. He never seemed to follow that calling with any great earnestness of purpose because he had inherited money through his mother's Fall River family; how much or little I never knew. Ex-Mayor Fox of Cambridge, his step-father, was connected with the Foxes and Howards of theatrical renown. I accepted an invitation to dine with the Taylors at their home, which was somewhat pretentiously called "The Elms," and I noticed that Mrs. Maskell had charge of the domestic arrangements, and that her relations with her son-in-law were not wholly harmonious. The host seemed to me to be a well meaning fellow and he showed me over the house with much pride and pointed out his devices for ventilation which he claimed were his own invention. He evidently considered his father-in-law a fifth wheel in the family coach though he had courted his favor assiduously while he was in the pursuit of the hand of the daughter by invitations to Taff's at Point Shirley and elsewhere. "Jimmy" Taylor, as he was familiarly called, appeared to be jealous of his good looking wife, especially after she returned to the stage to act in the initial production of "Evangeline." She was a pleasant, unassuming performer and her singing of "Where art thou, my beloved?" is always recalled with delight by the patrons of the old Globe Theatre. She seemed to me to be an amiable young woman with whom any reasonable man might get along, but the couple disagreed and the young wife suddenly went from her home leaving her mother and infant boy behind to follow at a more leisurely pace. All this Dauncy Maskell predicted to me on a street corner one night, and I can see him now standing under a gaslight at our parting with his finger resting dramatically upon his lips. He was certainly an original character, with no great faith in human nature, and he believed every one was playing a part. "What's his caper?" was his constant interrogation in regard to his fellow-man. Still he was willing to do a good turn when occasion offered, and I remember that he brought George Honey into my office when he first landed here from London to take his place as leading low comedian in the company which Arthur Cheney had selected for the Globe Theatre when it had been rebuilt after its first destruction by fire. Honey was feeling very despondent over the mislaying of his baggage which he feared was lost, and Dauncy kindly suggested that I should take the foreign player up to the Athenian Club, then in existence, and cheer him up a bit. I accepted the hint and after the "rosy" had been passed Honey brightened and said to the subscriber, "Well, this looks like dear old Lunnon and no doubt my traps will turn up all right," and they did. His costumes in which to play Percy Mid-dlewick in "Our Boys" and Old Eccles in "Caste" had not suffered a sea-change into something new and strange. Dauncy Maskell's sister Fanny was the original Mrs. Midway in "Still Waters Run Deep," but he was never a player himself. He was, however, familiar with the stage in another way for he told me that his father at one time ran a line of coaches between London and Oxford. He was as amusing and shameless as Falstaff, but I never knew him to lie like the fat knight of undying dramatic memory.

A young man who called himself Lord Ogilvie may well be classed among the Bohemians I have met. His stay in

his observation of the world in an involuntary guest of the Clarke in his restraining hotel on Cambridge street for some slight breach of legal formalities. He was shining in borrowed titular plumes, and was said to be really the son of the steward of the lordling's estate of which he was the counterfeited presentment. Be that as it may, he proved to be only lord of himself, with its attending heritage of woe. He certainly had an air of refinement and cultivation, and he wielded a graceful pen, as his contributions to the Sunday Globe and the Sunday Courier indicated. He came like a shadow, so departed, and I did not hear of him again until I was told that, under another name which it would be discourteous to recall, he had developed into a prominent dramatist held in high esteem by many leaders in the theatrical world. No doubt he repented deeply his youthful masquerading.

My acquaintance with the writer who called himself Count Zuboff was even slighter. He flourished for a while in what is called society as a brewer of Russian tea. He sliced a lemon with deftness. I have been informed, but a censorious fair one, who sat next to him at the theatre one night, whispered to me, "He has not the hands of a gentleman." Evidently his descent was not long, and his career was short; for overwhelmed by monetary mishaps, he committed suicide. And, like many another pretender who has strutted his brief hour in the salon, was seen no more.

A pleasanter memory of Bohemia comes to me with gentle, genial Samuel Miles, long known by little adventures into journalism and by dilatory exercises with the palette and brush. Perseverance would have made him a good artist instead of an acceptable one, but—well, "butts" go with the greater part of the race to which we all belong, so let us not reflect kettle-like too much on the color of our neighbor. Sam was born in Concord, the home of the New England philosophers, and was as much disinclined to continuous labor as Bronson Alcott himself. He was always going to do, and he carried a long-promised portrait of me into the spirit land when he laid down all earthly fallings at the Old Men's Home in Boston. In his youth he was apparently learning business methods with the Sandwich Glass Company, but his soul was far away, sailing the Vesuvian bay. He had

no Yankee cuteness and could not understand how money grew, thought it a dead thing, and so forth. He was never directly connected with theatrical affairs that I know of, but "Meg" Ayling, who was the first soubrette that I ever saw, danced at his wedding, and he often trotted Josie Mansfield on his knee when her mother kept a boarding house in Boston and her father was a compositor on one of the papers. That was a long time ago. Yes, it was when my mother was a young bride and knew Mrs. Ayling as Margaret Hurley in the ballet at the old Tremont Theatre before the present playhouse of the same name was dreamed of, and before the little Tremont Theatre, back of the Boston Music Hall, for a time known as James English's Theatre, came into existence. There are other Bohemians and semi-Bohemians that I might recall, but perhaps it is well that the dust above their earthly parts should rest undisturbed. If they were all as charitable and truthful in speech as "Sam" Miles, life would indeed be worth the living.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

Notes About

the Stage, Music and Musicians

Mr. Galsworthy's new comedy, "The Foundations," in three scenes, was produced at the Royalty, London, June 26. The Times describes it as a post-war play, "though that is perhaps too stiff a name for this gentle little rippling stream of talk, half irony, half tenderness, about things here in London when the war is over." The reviewer continues:

"There are no new things, sad to say, but just the same old things, the old poverty, the old class-warfare, the old well-meaning, stupid muddle. You had thought the comradeship of the trenches was going to perpetuate itself in peace. Not so. There will still be people in Mark Lane, like good, honest, puzzle-headed Lord William, with more money than they know what to do with, presiding over anti-sweating leagues and breaking down in their speeches. There will still be pompous butlers like Mr. Poulter to point out the connection between Liberalism and cocoa, and feather-pated, chattering plumbers like Lemmy, who wants to see blood flow, never mind whose blood so long as it flows. And there will still be old Mrs. Lemmys working their fingers to the bone on trousers at 2½d. the pair, finding their own thread. There will still be the Press, seeking 'Interviews' in the very wine-cellars and labelling the simplest human emotions with horrid conventional clichés, and, apparently, literature itself will still be represented by the two great classes of the bald and the hairy.

"But some of the effects of the war still linger. In Lord William's wine-cellar you learn how there has been a tremendous run on claret, and there is positively no more Pontet Canet—which seems to the butler the end of all things—though hock has had a splendid chance of maturing. The footmen have not forgotten their platoon-drill, and James has heroically immersed a bomb

in a tub of water. The war has not been easily mended in the drawing-room. 'Oh! What was it?' little Anne, in an agony of curiosity, and is only answered by smiles as the curtain comes down. Nor has the forgotten the war topics. Do you believe in a future life? There was great interest taken in this question at the time of the war, explains the reporter to Lord William, and it might be revived at any moment.

"Outside Lord William's windows the revolutionist is heard singing the 'Marseillaise,' but it proves harmless enough, being appeased by a speech from the rattle-pated plumber and the gift of a pair of poor old Mrs. Lemmy's trousers as a trophy. And both the plumber and Lord William ('bomber and bombed,' interpolates the Press), are agreed as to the remedy, though vague as to details; it is to be found in a new religion, the religion of kindness.

"Unfortunately, stage conversations of this kind can never get justice from criticism, because analysts takes all the life out of them. One can only be grateful to Mr. Galsworthy for such a feast of whim and fun and good sense and good feeling and there leave it. Nor, of the players, need the grown-ups be separately considered; they do their work simply and sincerely as it should be done. But we must name the two children, Miss Babs Farren (Park Lane) and Miss Dinka Starace (Bethnal Green), who wander in and out of the play, hiding under tables, making friends and putting puzzling questions, to the general delight."

The Stage says: "At times Mr. Galsworthy spins his satire rather fine and hits out all round, rather after the manner of another introducer of the sanguinary expletive." The reference is to Mr. Shaw's introduction of "bloody" in one of his plays. When one of Mr. Galsworthy's characters asks: "Do you think there is a future life?" the answer is: "It is an opinion among the middle classes."

The Daily Telegraph of June 28: "Tragedy has certainly not been the characteristic product of our stage in war time. Are all our countless masters of the tragic meditating something world-shaking for the days when the war is over? Mr. Galsworthy, when he told us the other night what we have to expect as the fruits of peace, left the stage outside his prophetic vision. And yet stage fashions are one of the few things which are apt to change rapidly in our not too mobile country. Perhaps M. Galsworthy, who is afraid that we shall have learned nothing and forgot only too much when the war is over, believes that the stage of the future will be just like the stage of the past. To which the critical inquirer will naturally reply, "Which past?"

"At the moment finds favor. Will that state of things endure? In the period just before the war there were signs of the growth of a taste for plays of realistic method and a milieu in the life of the poor. Shall we see much more of that? Earlier still there was a vogue for what were rather absurdly called problem plays, plays which more or less seriously and earnestly set out the difficulties and the hard cases of accepted moral laws and social conventions. Will the playgoers of the future welcome them? For many years before the war the literary quality of plays had been steadily rising. Will that progress be maintained? Behind these questions lies one which in a fashion includes them all, and that is the problem how the playgoer of the future will regard the theatre; whether he will seek there mere diversion and irresponsible entertainment or whether he will ask his dramatists to deal seriously with life. It is hard to see any clue to the answer. The great wars of the past have sometimes been followed by the stagnation of art, sometimes by a great outburst of artistic activity. But there does seem some reason to believe that the years immediately after an exhausting war are generally followed by the quiescence of artists, and that when a renaissance comes it is only after an interval of rest. Yet it would be rash to put much confidence in precedent on any question of art."

A one act play, "The Mirror," by Horace A. Vachell, was produced in London June 26. "The climax is poor and the whole scarcely worth while. On the last night of the honeymoon young Lord Rochford and his bride Joan sleep in a haunted room in a country house. Rochford sees strange things in the mirror on the mantelpiece. He will not tell Joan what he has seen, and she insists on watching with him. It is a wonderful mirror, for simultaneously it shows to Joan an episode in her life of a man, who, unbidden, kissed her passionately—and to Rochford one in his of his dying mother, who confessed to him that not he but his brother George was the rightful heir. Rochford becomes suspicious and jealous, and causes Joan to confess what she saw, and in turn she requires his confession, which he makes, and the brother is called up, and the truth told to him. The wonder-working mirror breaks down—or rather up—at the strain of these revelations."

"The Girl Who Didn't Care," by Royce Carleton (played at the Elephant and Castle, London, June 25), is a red-hot melodrama. The flighty, reckless heroine is abducted with the aid of drugged chocolate and a chloroform pad, but she returns "Casta e pura" to the arms of her tailor love. (Com-

Brent on, an actor, who is said to have been a bank clerk and to be heir to a large sum of money. Whilst he was the former he was all but disgraced and ruined by Brenda Cartwright and, because she knew him to be the latter, Brenda tried hard to separate him from Lilian, thus playing into the hands of Stark Barrasford, apparently almost a professional abductor, and described as having "a black heart and a cruel soul." In the end this rascal meets with his deserts, for he is stabbed to his black heart by the knife, long kept sharpened, of his valet, Samucl, long ignorant of the fact that his sister Violet had been wronged by Stark, though this complainant servant had killed another man whom he thought to be the betrayer."

Sydney Rosenfeld's "Under Pressure" will be produced by Klaw & Erlanger in the fall. Silvio Hein will write the music for "Furs and Frills" instead of Rudolph Friml, who had been announced as the composer. Harrison Brockbank has been re-engaged as leading baritone in the "Miss Springtime" company. William Norris has been engaged for a part in "Twas Once in May," to be produced by the Shuberts. Rose Coghlan opened with her new little play, "The Deserter," by Willard Mack and Thomas F. Fallon on July 16 at Keith's Royal Theatre.

"Lombardi, Ltd.," by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, was played for the first time at Los Angeles, July 1. The play is described as having a "touch of comedy, considerable pathos and much drama."

Olga Petrova has been released from her contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Abandoning motion pictures, she will have her own company and appear in plays specially adapted for her.

It is said that Herbert Tree's last "original creation" was the part of John Coburn in the Triangle feature, "The Old Folks at Home," released Oct. 15, 1916. In this dramatization of a story by Rupert Hughes, he played the part of a state senator, who fought down the dishonor brought on his family by his son.

Mrs. Adele S. Burleson has made a drama of one act out of O. Henry's story, "The Gift of the Magi."

Norman L. Swartout is completing a comedy to be produced in the fall.

"Everywoman" will go on tour for the eighth season next fall. The production will be wholly new.

The entertainment tax, announced as coming into force in London on July 1, has been postponed until Oct. 1.

Sir John Hare will make his reappearance in "A Pair of Spectacles," "Navy Week" in London, beginning tomorrow. Gerald du Maurier will be associated with him. Another feature of the week will be an elaborate revival of "Trelawney of the Wells."

Punket Greene has been loudly praised for his singing of Vaughan-Williams' "glorious" song, "Silent Noon." "It was an absolute and complete triumph for the combination of sheer beauty of language, music and reproduction of both—one of the 'little' affairs which sweeten life and to which the memory clings forever."

A drama rarely or never mentioned in the theatrical sections of the daily or weekly newspapers gives as much delight and satisfaction to the colonial troops now in London as any of the most widely advertised revues, musical comedies or serious pieces. The overseas soldiers crowd round to see it whenever the opportunity is presented, and the fact that no charge is made for being present at a production adds to the novelty of the show. It is unknown to those who come from Canada, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Australia and South Africa. The drama in question is "Punch and Judy," as given by the peripatetic showmen of the London side-streets.—London Daily Chronicle.

Miss Florene Farr (Mrs. Emery), who acted in London of the early nineties in plays by Ibsen, Shaw and Todhunter, and led the chorus in Murray's versions of Euripidean dramas, is dead.

A violin sonata by H. Waldo Warner, the viola player of the London String Quartet, was performed in London June 23. "Though not unattractive to listen to, the new work will not enhance his reputation, for it is lacking both in style and in purport. Were it literature one might describe it as 'light reading,' and only a prig wants to be constantly immersed in the best books only. Similarly music lovers do not shun a pleasant discourse on nothing in particular, and Mr. Warner knows how to converse. This time, however, he seems to have been gravelled for a train of thought."

Late in June over 100 theatres in London and suburbs showed the latest official film: "The German Retreat and Battle of Arras," in four parts. "More clearly perhaps, even than its predecessors does this film bring out the preponderating part played in modern warfare by artillery and the terrific effect of the latest explosives." Another lesson that it equally impresses is the vital importance of the transport services being carried to the highest attainable pitch of perfection."

Mozukin, the Russian actor, seen in the "picturization" of Pushkin's "Queen of Spades" at Washington, D. C., has joined the Moscow division of the Russian aviation corps. It has been stated that he intended to visit America this fall.

Walter Hackett is adapting a French naval drama, "La Veuille d'Armes," for performance in London next fall with Arthur Bourchier in a leading part.

"Airs and Graces," a new revue, was

produced at the Palace, London, June 21. "It is a medley of all sorts," including a highly topical little National Service skit in a cornfield, an old Assyrian ballet, "a masterpiece of khaki humor and pathos," cheek by jowl with a Palais Royal bedroom scene. The majority of the lyrics have music by Lionel Monckton, and the ballet music is by Finck.

Edwin Evans lectured in London on the Neo-Latin Renaissance. "From the 15th century onward," he said, "France had been in a special sense the battleground of ideas. Whilst English opinion divided readily on a question of expedients, French opinion would divide on abstractions. In music France had been, since 1870, the principal scene of a contest between the constructive and the selective conception of the art of composition, the former inclining towards architecture and the latter towards painting. The constructive conception linked up with the classics, but the Latin sense of logic made Cesar Franck and his followers carry out the 'musical testament' of Beethoven more consistently than had been done by his German successors. In its loyalty to the 'cyclical' form the Franckist school had become almost 'plus royaliste que le roi.' At the extreme opposite to the Franckist methods stood Debussy, who personifies the 'selective' conception of composition both in his melodic idiom and in his harmonic coloring, which was of vital importance for the future development of music, because of his frequent attempts to color a melodic line with chords treated as harmony pure and simple, and not as harmonic counterpoint. These attempts were still at the primitive stage, and their significance was sometimes obscured by simultaneous use of older processes, but they were so intimately connected with the next steps in music that experiment in this direction was inevitable, and it was to the good that such experiment should be 'selective' and not 'constructive.'"

The writer of this column receives a number of letters daily from non-professional song writers, asking how they can get their songs published. It has been our custom to refer them to good natured old Meyer Cohen, general manager of the Harry von Tilker Music Company, for advice and comfort, but we have swamped him and he's yelling for help. Therefore, we would have a word with these aspiring songists here. We know of but one sure way to get your song published, dear reader, and that is to first contrive to have it sung regularly in public by a professional entertainer, or two or three of them. If, for instance, Raymond Hitchcock, John Charles Thomas or any other stage singer agrees to use your song and does so, any publisher in the business will accept it eagerly. The same holds good regarding vaudeville players who are regularly employed; 80 per cent. of the success of a song depends on its being sung properly. If it cannot be put before the public in this way it isn't worth bothering with. Each publishing house has its own lyric writers and composers and these firms do not care to deal with outsiders unless they offer songs already being used. So, write your song, get it sung and then call on the publishers.

And, incidentally, keep away from patriotic ditties. Exactly 987,452 of them have been written in the past four months.—New York Evening World. "The Land of the Free," a new comedy by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford, was produced at Asbury Park, July 16. Florence Nash was prominent in the cast. Peggy Wood will play in "Twas in May." A new four-act comedy, "The Off Chance," by R. C. Carton, is promised in London for the fall. The play is described as a panorama of a phase of London life just before the outbreak of the war, to which it bears no reference. A dramatization by Elinor Glyn of her novel, "Three Weeks," was produced at the Adelphi, London, in July, 1908, when she took the principal part. The lord chamberlain had decreed that the play could be given only privately. Tickets were eagerly sought after, but nothing terrible happened. "The pillars of society still held good. And now a second version of the book, the work of Mr. Roy Horniman, has been completed, and, without any apparent difficulty, has obtained the imprimatur of the licenser."

Apropos "Tipperary," a well known musician discovered lately that there is some fun to be got out of playing its refrain and the theme of "John Brown's Body" together. Ingenious exercises of the sort invariably provoke the competitive spirit, and it has happened again in this instance. In last Sunday's Observer, Priv. Aylmer Buest, numbered recently among Sir Thomas Beecham's conductors, furnished what he suggested as an improvement upon the combination mentioned. It consists of a blend of "Tipperary" and one of the most popular themes in "The Bohemian Girl," the former being used as the bass counter melody, and the two tunes coinciding to the end. Here is an opportunity for improving upon Balfe the next time "The Bohemian Girl" is performed.—London Daily Telegraph.

Emile Sauret has revised Kreutzer's violin sonata in D and Vieuxtemps's in F sharp minor for Augener's edition. Frank Bridge's piano piece, "Sea Idyll," published by the same firm, is "as charming and as effective a study in atmosphere as that very clever composer has ever given us."

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. W. B. Wright

Recalls Titles of

The humor of popular

song - titles

Once Favorite Songs often cited in the As the World Wags column of the morning Herald is always diverting and lasting.

"The elegant Miss McCann" used to be sung in New York and Boston theatres, as Mr. John W. Ryan, your remnant contributor will doubtless remember, long before the song, "What's the Use of Moonlight When There's No One 'Round to Love?" came on. "Susan's Sunday Out" had a good run, too. "Ev'ry Day'll Be Sunday, By and By" expressed the longings of the rather indolent darkey; but Lew Dockstader's "Mingle Your Eyebrows with Mine, Darling" was too infernally—I fail to grasp the adequate adjective here—to be widely even hummed. "Sarah's Young Man" and "The Charming Young Widow I Met on the Train" evidently came from London music halls, as did "Champagne Charlie," "Up in a Balloon, Boys," "The Fellow that Looks Like Me" and "Down in the Coal Mine."

"Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out?" was sung in circuses here in the eighties and had a wide popularity. "Tim Finnegan's Wake," dated back to 1864 and its rollicking fun, as also that of "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Well," made an almost universal appeal. "Maggie Murphy's Home," with a fetching melody is from New York. Song is mentioned in Martin Luther's thoroughly Teutonic mot as one of the elements of wisdom and of long and happy life. Study of a people's songs reveals, as has often been noted, much of what goes in the lighter vein within a national mind. Bobby Burns, like the bard of Avon, and Lord Byron, revelled in this knowledge; but his titles were generally serious, though at times jovial. One song of Burns, the name of which escapes me, tells of a house party and the tipsy tailor who fell out of bed; and no doubt Harry Lauder recalls many comical titles by other Scots. "Has Anyone Here Seen Kelly?" with a lilting air, would bring smiles to the face of a graven image; it is thoroughly American, too.

Latterly New York composers of a bolder type have launched many equivocal songs, so equivocal that the law has laid stern hands on some of the output. The same type of composer has flooded the cheaper "song shops" with wretched music and drivelling words. But as in other fields, the noxious weeds are generally killed off by their own effluvia. "Ta-ra-raboom-de-ay" was saved only by its tune; it lived pretty long, however. Vesta Tilly's coster songs were funny enough in London fogs, but shrivelled up in our dry air. Cissy Fitzgerald's laughing ditties went better when sung by Cissy than they did otherwise. Lydia Thompson's troupe sang "You Naughty, Naughty Men." A few lines of the chorus ran:

When you want a kiss or favor,
You put on your best behavior—
Oh, you naughty, naughty men.

Many of these songs, giddy, frivolous and nonsensical as they were, still were far preferable to much of the stuff one finds today among the sheet music on top of pianos in Brookline, Newton and even Salem.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston.
Did "Down in the Coal Mine" come from London. We remember Tony Pastor singing it and we all joined in the chorus. Was it "the" or "a" coal mine? We are no longer letter perfect in the old songs and are from music and books of reference.—Ed.

Scrolo in "Wilhelm Meister" was wont to say: "It is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words."

The poem for today is in the following letter:

Mulligatawney's Poem.

As the World Wags:
I can understand how and why a ship is personified, and the sea, and the white moon. But why the Red Cross—to which a writer in the Saturday Evening Post refers throughout her article as "she" (stirring into a paragraph of 165 other words no less than 15 feminine personal pronouns so referring)? God bless the Red Cross nurses and all nurses, but why should the work of the Red Cross Society be "her" work? Shall we pay a tribute to the United States army and call attention to "his" safe arrival in France? As justly.

Yet this error of personification is inconsiderable in comparison with some perpetrated by various verse-liberians. For instance, this bit of perfect rot by Toots Mulligatawney, which appeared in a recent number of a famous magazine:

THE YELLOW BRICK

(Upon finding one all-soul-alone in a wall otherwise composed entirely of red bricks.)
A red expanse of tawdry red—
Red as the half blood on my rifle's butt,
And dull as the blue and blue of the
make-up,
That smashed the swine's teeth to his
nose and brain—
A red expanse a wall of bloody pharisees,
Smug, smirking bricks.

111

And squat as the old arch Fire-Chief himself
Smug, smug, and smirking, each like each;
And soulless as the shell-scarred town
"Fall on, and crush me," to the wall I
cried.
"Let smug hell end what flaming hell
began"
When lo, a yellow gleam; does life still
live?
(Corn in the crammed crop,
Beans in the barn,
Spuds in the hill,
Hope in the hoo-man heart!)
Mute symbol, faithful to a squeaked ideal,
Like a banana from Port Limon, long
ripened in a Wapish cellar,
The yellow brick wins forth.
Does the day's duty, holds his minute
share;

He is the bird that chirps the golden dawn!
Ye gods, what next?
But I meant to ask you to publish two of the noblest sonnets in our language, or in any language with the possible (but extremely unlikely) exception of Old Little Russian and one or two African dialects, with which I have but slight acquaintance. I refer to the late Frothingham Clancy's tribute to John P. Fitzgerald (formerly mayor of the city the poet loved so well). But my righteous indignation has led me on. I shall reserve the sonnets for a later communication.

T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Hanover, N. H.

A Note on "Rankle."

As the World Wags:
Your attitude toward my use of "rankling" expressed in the answer to my "Note on Tea" in the Herald did not surprise me, but the statement itself was most astonishing. What caused me to use the word in a transitive sense, I might say, was my proclivity to realism, which tendency, as George Moore reasonably believes, will fertilize the English language more than any other literary inclination. In the effort to produce intense expression. It was not in the spirit of Romanticism, reviving old words and idioms, but rather, although with a different end in view, in the manner of Jules Laforgue, who, as Arthur Symonds says, made "use of colloquialism, slang, neologism, technical terms, for their allusions, their factitious, their reflected meanings," while in my case it was the expansion of word meaning by a justified antiphrasis. I am still young enough not to have sunk into the rut of conservative prejudice, so prim, so meticulous; I am not afraid to make departures.

However, if you still believe it to have been an unconscious error, by the ironical turn of your sentence I am able to find protection in the words of at least one great writer, and probably in those of many others were they aware of their shortcomings. Edward Dayne says that he does not mind errors in diction so long as they are not commonplace, vulgar, showing, by his devotion to the spiritual and beautiful, that he is above base cavilling; he does not speak in self defence. I share his feeling, but in this instance, for obvious reasons, I will not follow your example in so magnanimously allowing the grammatical error, which you have voluntarily assumed, to pass. The citations possible of the use of "rankle" as a transitive verb are numberless, and moreover include such renowned employers as Milton, but more specifically, I shall quote an instance of the use of the present participle in a transitive sense as many as 282 years ago by the pious, yet thieving, poet, Francis Quarles, in his Emblems, the second book, number XI, wherein the author says:

"And leads me through a thorny gate
Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell."

From then (1635) until now there are numerous instances of that word's use in the same sense. But,

"Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling spear
The pure warm hearts that bid me
welcome here?"

(The words of Oliver Wendell Holmes in the poem "A Rhymed Lesson" (Tranla) delivered by him in this very city in 1846.) B. C.

In "B. C.'s" first letter he used the verb "rankled" as transitive. Something "rankled him." We said in a note that this use of the verb is rare. It is rare, and this fact is noted in the leading dictionaries. The Concise Oxford Dictionary does not even admit the verb as transitive. The questions in "B. C.'s" second letter show the participle as an adjective. Some might object to "B. C.'s" use of the word "meticulous."—Ed.

WAR AND WORDS

War brings words into the language. Sometimes the words exist in another language and are transferred; sometimes they had fallen into disuse, are revived and given a twisted meaning; sometimes they are coined. In our civil war "skedaddle," "bummer," "contraband" (a Negro) came into general use. There was an attempt to derive "skedaddle" from the Greek. This word and "bummer" were undoubtedly known before the war, but they were not then in every-day speech. The Boer war added to the dictionary of English conversations: witness, the words "trek," and

mafficking," as the peninsula was gave England vamoosh," our vamoose."

The present war has already en- riched or debased the English lan- guage. "Strafing," "strafed," and "Zeppelined" may well be included among the horrors of war. Will "poilu" stick? The present use of "unit" is not clear to all. There is "barrage." One of the latest ar- rivals in England is "jusquabout- ist," from the French motto "jusqu' a bout" ("to the end"). A "jusqua- boutist" is one that is for fighting the war to a finish. Who knows if this term will not in time be added to the vocabulary of the prize ring?

One of the new or revived words unfortunately applies to facts and conditions in the United States as in England, Germany, Sweden, Spain, possibly Holland. It was understood too well in Russia under the late Tsar. This word is "prof- iteering." The "profiter" or "pro- fiteer" was a busy, greedy, unpa- triotic man long before Frederick the Great and Prussian militarism. In old England he was called a "forestaller" or a "regrater," one who devised schemes for creating an unnatural scarcity that profits might accrue. Sir Thomas More was acquainted with him, though there was no place for his activity in Utopia. "Suffer not these rich men to buy up all, to engross and forestall and with their monopoly to keep the market alone to please them."

The word "profiteering," though denounced as base and unlawful, may be finally allowed, for the man "profiteering" is one of many, and all are long-lived with numerous descendants. They were busy in the civil war; they were unblushing in the Spanish war; they are at work today. The Americans as a nation are famous for submissive patience.

July 24-1917
Let me now survey
Our madman o'er her evening tea,
Surrounded with the noisy clank
Of pipes, cigarettes and birdcages.
Now comes her voice as she
While each to be the loudest voice.
They counter-deb, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute.
All mad to speak and none to listen,
They set the very lapdog barking.
Each chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin.
For less the rattle roar and rill,
When drunk with sour election ail.

A Note on Tea.

As the World Wags:

Being a constant reader of the Herald for the past 20 years I have noted on fitful occasions, a discussion arises as to the merits or demerits of this "most refined of stimulants" and have often been tempted to add my quota to the "half-brained chatter of irrespon- sible frivolity" that has found its way into print, but have invariably shrugged my shoulders with the unexpressed re- membrance, that in juxtaposition to your correspondents, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

My blood, however, has at last been drawn, Mr. Editor, by your slipshod and defamatory remarks in this morning's (13th) Herald as a foot note to "B. C.'s" contribution. I take grave exception to your assertion that "men and women have been ruined body and soul by tea drinking." As to the instance you give, I honestly believe that tea alone could not accomplish this, there must have been other extenuating circumstances which never came to light.

How do we know it might not have been rum? I am as hard a tea drinker as a great many, but fortunately know what tea is. I have tasted as many as 100 cups of tea in a morning, and kept this up, but not to so great an extent for some years. I have for years always drank tea for my breakfast and supper, taking never less than three cups and often more, just as I feel disposed, and have never nor do I yet feel any ill effects in the least degree. You further state "tea with rum in it is a refreshing drink if there is plenty of rum and the tea is not too strong"; this, of course, is according to one's taste, and I must leave it to you, Mr. Editor, to be the judge. My own opinion is that it is

an ill to drinker in any such manner.

We know that it is customary on special occasions, as a gentle "pick me up," especially among the ladies, to add, say a teaspoonful of brandy or whiskey to a cup of tea, and no doubt with bene- ficial results.

Personally, I never heard of rum or any other intoxicant being taken in the manner you suggest as a beverage. To make use of tea in this method is a violation, and no argument as to its ill effects.

In harking back to the middle ages you might as well compare present-day methods of warfare with those of the same period, and to make analogies of present-day conditions with what was in vogue, say only 50 years ago, would fill a book, and yet in by far the larger num- ber of instances would not for one mo- ment be accepted as axiomatic. So with all due respect to Dr. Johnson, I believe his opinion regarding the tea of today, were it possible to extend him an invita- tion to partake of such, would be diam- etrically opposed to the views he ut- tered when living. However, let that pass.

To sum up my views on this matter, the facts are these:

First—The tea of 150 or 200 years back is not the same as the tea of today.

Second—We here in America don't know what tea is.

Third—We, speaking for the majority, don't know how to make it.

Now I know whereof I am speaking, and these are facts regarding which I could give full details and explanations if necessary, and so long as we, speak- ing once more for the rank and file of the American public, do not take the trouble to educate ourselves as to the merits of good tea, how is it possible in our ignorant and uninformed condi- tion to pass an opinion on something we know absolutely nothing about?

Boston.

A. R. E.

Gently, gently, fair Sir. We have never heard of "ladies" taking brandy or whiskey in tea. Rum in tea is fam- ilar. We agree with "A. R. E." that to put tea with rum is an insult to the "King of Beverages," that is, rum. We repeat, many have been injured soul and body by immoderate drinking of strong tea. This, too, is known to all. "A. R. E." is right in saying that the great majority of Americans do not know how to make a god cup of tea. His statement "We here in America don't know what tea is," admits discussion. Dr. Johnson was by his own confession a shameless tea-drinker, a man of count- less cups. No doubt it was in a fit of remorse that he made the bitter remarks against his practice. It is in Shadwell's play, "The Stock Jobbers," that the tea table is "ready for the women, and men that live like women. Your fine bred men of England as they call 'em are all turned women," a statement we deplore. We should like to join "A. R. E." at five o'clock P. M. and discuss the matter with a samovar, a caddy and a plate of hot buttered toast on the table. How do you take your tea? As the proper maiden lady said to Tom Corwin, "What condiments will you have in your tea?" To which Mr. Corwin answered, "Pepper and salt if you please; no mustard." We hope "A. R. E." prefers the squeeze of a lemon to sugar and cream.—Ed.

LOUIS MANN IS KEITH FEATURE

Delightful Comedy Has Climax That Is Brilliantly Developed.

THE DANCING ACT APPEALS

Louis Mann, who has distinguished himself on the legitimate stage by the excellence of his many character studies, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good-sized and highly appreciative audience.

Mr. Mann's offering, "The Good for Nothing," is the joint work of Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman. The piece, obviously written with the thought of Mr. Mann in mind, is an admirable outlet for the style of this com- edian. Thus the actor is introduced as a type of the poor Russian Jew, the while giving himself free rein in de- lightful comedy and none the less at- tractive for the subtlety of character delineation. Later, in a brilliantly de- veloped climax, the mask is melodramat- ically cast aside and there is the shrewd business man with a definite purpose. Thus the piece in turn has its appeal in splendid comedy with the ever re- curring and most appointed monologues

of the character. The piece is a dramatic success. The cast included Cath- erine Cahoon, Harry Hill and John Mackay.

One of the chief delights of this week's bill was the dancing and costume act of Ted Lorraine and Frances Lorraine. The act is especially appealing in its light touch, in the buoyancy and ex- hibition of both principals. Miss Lorraine, besides being good to look upon, is uncommonly fleet and graceful in the dance. The songs, particularly "If I Ever Get Married to You," were sung with an unusually keen apprecia- tion of the meaning of the text, and there was a nice accompaniment of "business" that had its place with the song.

Other acts on the bill were Linnes Classic Dancers, featuring the alert and graceful Mlle. Lina Bert Swor black- face comedian, Benny and Woods, in an instrumental act, the Muller Ball Com- pany, comedy acrobats Georgia Earle and company, in a rural comedy sketch; Frank Mullane, in song and humorous tales, and the Eddy Duo, in one of the best wire acts seen at this theatre.

July 25, 1917

A correspondent in Biddeford, Me., writes to the Herald: "One of our sum- mer visitors asked me recently to ver- ify her recollection that the Rev. Edward Everett Hale many years ago wrote for a Boston magazine a series of letters from Biddeford, Devon county, England. I am fairly familiar with Dr. Hale's writings so far as they appeared in book form, but I do not know of such letters. The matter is of local interest because of the fact that Biddeford, Me., was named for Biddeford, Eng. If you can throw any light on this question, I shall be grateful to you."

Can any one of our readers name the magazine with the date of publication?

Montagu and Coleridge.

As the World Wags:

One suspects Mr. Herkimer Johnson of knowing more about the etiquette of taking wine than of the life of Cole- ridge, for although Coleridge and Basil Montagu did fall out over Coleridge's certainly questionable taste in introduc- ing wine at the table of his host, a tea- totaler, and Coleridge later in a letter to Thomas Poole refers to him amiably as "that arch-fool Montagu" yet when Mr. Johnson says "there was a rupture and the two were never reconciled" he is going beyond the truth. Not only were they reconciled, but Montagu was in- strumental in securing for Coleridge an associateship of the Royal Society of Literature (with a yearly stipend of £100), Coleridge allowing his name to be proposed, as he says, in order not to hurt Montagu. De Quincey, always a romancer, is scarcely a reliable source of information about Coleridge, for the same reason, perhaps, that Coleridge's own statements have to be closely scruti- nized. I should never think of ques- tioning Mr. Herkimer Johnson on the same grounds! STANLEY ALDEN Cambridge.

We were under the impression that Mr. Johnson was not only conversant with Coleridge's prose and poetry—that he had even waded through "The Friend" and "Aids to Reflection"—but that he had also summered and wintered with Coleridge and been through him with a dark lantern. We sent Mr. Alden's note to the Sage of Clamport. His reply shows that he still rests on De Quincey's authority. "Speaking of the Montagu-Coleridge incident, De Quincey says: 'I report the case simply as it was then generally borne upon the breath, not of scandal, but of jest and merriment. The result, however, was no jest: for bitter words ensued—words that festered in the remembrance—and a rupture between the parties followed, which no reconciliation has ever healed.' Prof. David Masson who edited the col- lected writings of De Quincey, and was quick in footnotes to correct any of De Quincey's mis-statements, made no correction or explanation in this in- stance. Is it not possible that Montagu, from a sense of justice and a feeling of compassion, did Coleridge the good turn without any open reconcilia- tion? De Quincey's articles on Cole- ridge, Wordsworth and Southey vexed members of their families, but on ac- count of indiscreet and amusing revela- tions rather than inaccuracy."

An Old-Time Critic.

As the World Wags:

Reading some stories about Ball, the dramatic critic, in the Herald, I wonder if your readers would be inter- ested in a verse which was sung to the tune of "Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe" in a burlesque—as they were called in those days (about 1873)—by a man made-up to look like Ball.

For I was the Traveler Ball, Sir,
I always sit in the front stall, Sir,
And the more I sit say
Of the terrible Traveler Ball, Sir,
H. L. GRIGGS,
Winter Harbor, Me.

outbreaks of the Louis I. Allen, the econ- omically minded. In the con- vention of the King's cook, Cook, on the gridiron a chop which was burned by the fat that falls on the fire. A second chop placed on the first and a less hroiled. Place a third chop on the second, and, when one side is suf- ficiently broiled, turn it. Then eat the top chop, which will have no taste of smoke or flame.

July 26, 1917
He who by the plough would thrive
Must no two-forty cattle drive,
But worry the ground to and fro
With horned critters that scarcely seem to go.
—Josh Billings.

Wo, Hysh!

As the World Wags.

That's the Maine way. Nobody in Maine in the old teaming days, ever heard "Wo, Huck!" If it was ever used it would have made Maine-bred cattle laugh. Whoever wrote "Brotherhood of Oxen Drivers" should be informed there was "no such thing." They were Ox Teamsters. That is the proper lan- guage. No ox team language can be fully reproduced without the use of the names Wo hysh, back buck, nur broad, or star and line. Any one who tries to reproduce genuine ox team language in type will have to go some.

It would have been difficult to get an old Maine driver to use a "gourd." They used a goad, pronounced "gourd," with a brad in the end. They may still be found in farm implement stores in Port- land and Boston. Old teamsters used to work them out of riven white oak and their constant use in hand, and across the back of the high ox would make them flexible as whalebone. Much of the driving was by motions of the goad. I believe the ox was guided more by goad motions than by the language. The trainer of a trick horse once told me that the horse obeyed a motion made by him, the verbal order with it being for the benefit of the audience.

A few years ago there was quite a serious discussion in certain New York papers as to whether oxen were ever shod, certain writers saying that, while horses were shod, it was nonsense to speak of shoeing the cleft hoof of an ox. They had never heard of the old-time ox-slings, by which an ox was lifted off his feet for shoeing, many of which still exist, or of the older pioneer art of casting an ox on to a bed of boughs for the same purpose, neither had they read Elijah Kellogg's story of the black- smith's apprentice who shod a ram.

AUGUSTA, MAINE

"Broiled Live"

There were protests against cruelty to the lobster a hundred years ago. "It is hoped that the dreadful cruelty of broil- ing shellfish alive, or what is as fre- quently done, of putting them over a fire in a saucepan of cold water, will be reflected on as it deserves. Shellfish possess an amphibious property, and are therefore, capable of existing out of the water a considerable time without the powers of life being impaired. . . . When dressed many hours after they are dead, it is found that the fish is not lessened, or the flavor in the slightest degree impaired, if it were, that could hardly be a sufficient reason to torture a poor animal to gratify the pampered ap- petite of an epicure."

But what is to be said of the manner in which M. Angelo de Sorr prepared nightingales for the table as related by Villermessant, the editor of Figaro. "The nightingale should not be killed, in the strict acceptance of the word, it should be intoxicated by pouring into it two or three drops of good rum. The bird totters and falls, dead drunk. This is a gentle form of execution, does not weigh on the conscience of the executioner, and has the great advantage of perfuming the bird's intestines. Rub the bird with bacon, give him five or six turns of the spit over a lively, sparkling fire; he as- sumes a golden hue and is cooked. Tak- out the aromatics and other innards and put them on the roast bird in a cloud of pepper. The digestion of nightingales makes one amiable. The publisher of a newspaper having eaten this dish never refuses a novel."

This treatment would have pleased Alphonse Karr's gardener, who com- plained of the nightingales that infested his garden and kept him awake by "bawling" the night long. He should have talked the matter over with Henry Fawcett, postmaster-general and politi- cal economist, who, in spite of his blind- ness, skated, hunted and was generally athletic. A nightingale near his bed- room window disturbed him so that he threw cakes of soap at it.

Proper Names.

"E. L. T." often notes in his column names of persons peculiarly fitting their occupations. What is to be said of these in a Y. M. C. A. hut in the south of Ireland? Miss Galley is the cook, Miss Gardner looks after the vegetables, Miss Angling has charge of the fish, and Miss Joint cares for the meat.

A Shocking Example

"One Who Splits an Infinite Every Time and Glories in the Job" writes: "What do you super-purists make of this, which I take from a report of a company meeting held recently. The directors decided to more than double the salary of the company secretary."

STATISTICAL PROPHECY

Mr. Jack Laif tells the readers of the American Magazine what sort of a world there will be thirty-five years from now. He does not pretend to be the seventh son of a seventh son, a crystal gazer, or the possessor of a magic mirror. He simply prophesies as a hard-headed citizen, not as a seer of visions. Many things now thought wonderful or impossible will be matters of fact in 1952. Thus there will be stations, probably with newspaper stands and restaurants, in the air for transatlantic airplanes. There will be telephonic wireless communication between Boston and London; women will not be constantly changing costumes, and so on, and so on. He says that in 1952 New York will have at least 10,000,000 inhabitants and a special Legislature; Chicago, 7,000,000 and its own Legislature.

A hundred years ago The Athenaeum; or, Spirit of the English Magazine, was published in Boston by Munroe & Francis, No. 4 Cornhill. The number for Oct. 15, 1821 (Vol. X) contained "A Specimen of a Prospective Newspaper: The North American Luminary, 1st July, 4796." The article included this paragraph: "According to the census just taken by the order of government, the population of New York amounts to 4,892,568 souls, that of Philadelphia to 4,981,947, and the population of Washington, our capital, exceeds six millions and a half." This is a curious paragraph as showing the respective importance of these cities in the eyes of those then living. The writer would have been incredulous if he had been told that the population of New York city in 1910 would be over 4,700,000, while Philadelphia would have only about 1,550,000, and Washington not 400,000. Why was there this expectation of Washington's great population in 1821?

In the same article there is a description of Gen. Congreve's new mechanical cannon tried at the Siege of Georgia. "It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing 500 weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in a space of twenty feet square." The writer thought he was indulging in a wild flight of fancy; that he was as extravagant as he was in his description of Prof. Wanderhagen's winged-balloon for taking passengers to the moon in less than seven months. That a cannon would carry "eleven miles" was so incredible to him that he put the two words in italics. What would he have said to the great guns now booming and roaring in the present war?

In the list of American dishes in the Colonial Days, published in the Herald last Sunday, we missed hasty pudding, nor did a recipe for codfish "cakes" instead of codfish balls console us. We do not intend to quote from Joel Barlow's poetic praise of hasty pudding. An extract from the advice of the American Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, is in spite of the fact that he gained knighthood by espousing the cause of England, of greater interest in these times when thrift should rule.

"The hasty pudding," wrote Count Rumford, "being spread out equally on a plate while hot, an excavation is made in the middle of it with a spoon, into which excavation a piece of butter as large as a nutmeg is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, etc.; the butter being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar and forms a sauce, which being confined in the excavation, occupies the middle of the plate. Dip each spoonful in the same before it is carried to the mouth, care being had in taking it up to begin on the outside, and near the brim of the plate, and to approach the centre by gradual advances, in order not to demolish too soon the excavation, which forms the reservoir of the sauce."

In our happy village days hasty pudding worthy the name was eaten in three ways. Some preferred it spooned into a bowl of milk. Some made the excavation recommended by Count Rumford and dug it deep; then filled it with molasses, real New Orleans molasses, obtained now with difficulty, or not at

all, to the humbucker that is left over in fried crisp slices, again with molasses, if possible; if not, with syrup.

With Goad.

As the World Wags:

Any discussion that deals with different customs or various usages of words always arouses my interest, consequently the recent correspondence in regard to the terms used in driving oxen took my attention at once. Driving oxen is a job that requires skill; there is no position in which a man can show up his lack of knowledge of his business quicker or more surely than when he undertakes to drive oxen without previous experience. Any teamster will agree with me in that proposition. In some sections, Vermont for one, they drive with a whip, out in York county, Me., when I was a boy, they drove oxen with a "goad," a long, slender stick, worked carefully from a good piece of tough white oak, with a metal "brad" at the end, used when there was need to "touch up" the oxen or steers to make them come up to their duty in pulling. The society with the long name would not, I fear, endorse this at the present time, but if used with discretion it was not regarded as cruel, although in the hands of a hard man it could easily be made so. In York county the disputed team was "Whoa hish" or "Hysh," never a "Hush" or "Huck," as your correspondents tell about, with the i or y long, like i in line. Of course, the "Whoa" was often "Wo" when pronounced carelessly. How an ox could distinguish between "Whoa" and "Wo" pronounced by his driver is beyond me, especially when one meant to start and the other to stop. When the driver wished the team to slow up instead of stopping entirely he uttered "Sh" that is sounded in the last two letters of "hush," although I do not think it came from that word. To start or urge on the oxen the goad was used and the syllable "her," coupled with the name of the ox, as "Her-Star," "Her-Buck," "Her-Line," etc., as was the name of that particular ox, "Bright," "Broad," "Buck," "Star" and "Line" were some of the most common names of oxen. "Gee" was used to urge to the right, but "Haw" was never used in that section. Like other similar jobs, the less demonstration the driver made with either the goad or his voice in controlling his team, the greater the skill shown. F. L. MUDGETT.

Lancaster.

The Herald has received an interesting letter about the "Master Carter," which will be published in a day or two; also a letter proposing a revolt against tyrannical tailors, and shedding light on certain sociological practices of Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his younger years.—Ed.

AN UNUSED WEAPON.

The death of Manton Marble reminds the older generation of the fact that he was one of the men bitterly satirized by Richard Grant White in "The New Gospel of Peace," a series of pamphlets finally collected in book form, which dealt unsparingly with political, military and social events in the civil war.

Our wars have been productive of satirical writing. Not to go back to the revolution, there was, at the time of the Mexican war, the withering indignation of James Russell Lowell. The civil war inspired others than White. "Petroleum V. Nasby," whose letters amused Lincoln, was still more mordant in his treatment of Andrew Johnson and his discussion of reconstruction. The Spanish war found a memorable satirist in "Mr. Dooley."

The present war has not, as yet, invoked in this country the aid of satire's weapon wielded by writer of prose or verse. Yet what an opportunity there is for satirical denunciation of delay and shilly-shallying, of pro-Germanism masked as "pacifism." Some might say that with the exception of Life there is no comic periodical that shoots barbed arrows in a righteous cause. Puck still exists by name, but the political power of that weekly died with the elder Keppler, the artist, and H. C. Bunner, the editor. The cartoonists of the daily press are our satirists today. Their invention and skill are admirable. It is easier to look at a picture than to read a pamphlet or a poem, and the comment of Tweed on Nast's cartoons against him might be made today by the unworthy in office. The fact remains that the satirist with his pen is idle or non-existent. Perhaps the potentiality of satire is crushed by the horror of the war in

spite of the rich material at Washington and Berlin. Perhaps satire is a discouraged or lost art.

Some time ago we inquired into the difference between ale and beer as understood by the English. It is a pleasure to learn from the Daily Chronicle that the distinction is not always clear. "Beer" appears to be now divided into two main classes—ales and porters, with no particular reference to alcoholic strength. In some districts ale is the stronger drink, in others the rule is reversed. Among the poor of London the name appears to depend upon the color, weak porter being regarded as beer, and all amber-colored malt liquors as ale.

Four centuries ago ale was reckoned the natural drink of an Englishman; beer the natural drink of a Dutchman. Ale was made of malt and water. Beer was made from malt, water and hops.

The new "four-penny," promised by the British government to be light and palatable, will be beer, not ale, "for ale has nearly four times the alcoholic strength of beer."

When George Arnold sung the praise of beer he referred to what was known in New York of the late Fifties and early Sixties as lager beer. We remember the first German beer drawn from the keg in London. It was at Tivoli. It was thought by the native Londoner to be poor stuff. This was in 1878.

The Marsupials.

As the World Wags:

The prospect of pocketless suits for men is nothing less than appalling. The suggestion that the Romans had no pockets in their togas does not seem to me to be well taken, for they could have had little to carry in them. There were no fountain pens, watches, spectacles, cigars, probably no pocket flasks. The masses had no money to carry about; the well-to-do were accompanied by slaves who bore their purse, wax tablet and stylus.

Why should we allow a convention of bow-legged tailors to decide what we must wear six months hence, however unbecoming it may be? Mere inertia has prevented us from a serious protest through a long line of abnormally long coats, short monkey jackets, trousers peg-top and skin tight, waistcoats with and without lapels; but in decreeing a pocketless season, they have gone too far.

The opportunity is ripe for some great leader to head an independent association of men who shall in the future refuse to allow tailors to dictate to them. A few score courageous males, influential in their communities, who should insist upon having pockets, would easily attract thousands of weaker brothers and force the ready-made dealers, always aping the tailored models of tomorrow, to carry in stock suits with pockets. Such an association might be known as the Marsupials, or by any other descriptive term. A modest button might be worn, which should not crowd the fraternal emblem, the Red Cross and exemption buttons, and other customary insignia.

It has seemed to me that no one is better fitted to establish a local chapter than Mr. Herkimer Johnson. He has always been independent in the matter of dress, wearing garments of excellent material, but indifferent to the prevailing fads. I can recall no one who would suffer more acutely from a lack of pockets, and surely his broad sympathies will be enlisted for his fellow-men.

As a young man I greatly admired him, although I never dared ask for an introduction. Our paths frequently crossed. He had a nice discrimination in free lunches. It used to be a matter for self-congratulation that we seemed to like the same things. I cannot recall having ever seen him partake of a free lunch on the premises, but he used to select tidbits from here and there and place them in his pockets, exercising refined taste. In those days the repues franchises were both wholesome and appetizing and of great diversity. There was a time when I had fears that Mr. Johnson was drinking heavily, because I hardly ever entered a "sample room" without finding him there, too; but I underrated his sound philosophy of life. He was most abstemious, and even frugal.

Nothing is more painful to me than the thought of this admirable man bearing a reticule, stuffed with fragments of food, the books he carries about, or did when I used to see him, his unreliable watch, the notebook and pencil. He used to eschew a fountain pen; in those days they invariably leaked. A wrist watch I cannot conceive as being worn by him. Myself, if worse comes to worst shall either sew slout canvas pockets in strategic portions of my clothes or carry the numerous articles that have become indispensable to me in a flat bag worn underneath my shirt, as a scapula is borne. I cannot afford the risk of leaving a wristbag or reticule on a counter or in a car seat, as I should certainly do,

not to mention my mode of carrying it. Is Mr. Carrick quite sure that the ancient Romans had no eyeglasses. One of the Roman emperors used to show a sort of lorgnette made out of a precious stone. We have forgotten which one it was, and books are not at hand. Perhaps Nero was the man, who in spite of his tumultuous life, unlike William II., never desired to augment or extend the boundaries of his empire and had thoughts of withdrawing his troops from Britain. If we are not mistaken, there is an allusion to this lorgnette, opera glass, or whatever it was, in Renan's "Antichrist."—Ed.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Plymouth, N. H.

Is Mr. Carrick quite sure that the ancient Romans had no eyeglasses. One of the Roman emperors used to show a sort of lorgnette made out of a precious stone. We have forgotten which one it was, and books are not at hand. Perhaps Nero was the man, who in spite of his tumultuous life, unlike William II., never desired to augment or extend the boundaries of his empire and had thoughts of withdrawing his troops from Britain. If we are not mistaken, there is an allusion to this lorgnette, opera glass, or whatever it was, in Renan's "Antichrist."—Ed.

A STILL CLOSER TIE.

Emerson in an essay published in the Dial over seventy years ago recalled with delight the morning when, arriving in Paris, he looked at the program of lectures given at the University, the College Royal, and at the Museum of Natural History, lectures given by the first savants of the world without fee or reward. "The professors are changed, but the liberal doors still stand open at this hour. This royal liberality, which seems to atone for so many possible abuses of powers, could not exist without important consequences to the student on his return home."

The liberally praised by Emerson is now republican instead of royal, but it is still more generous. Now that the United States has gone to the aid of France—the two nations closely joined in the struggle between democracy and insolent autocracy—is it not possible that this liberality in education will be more keenly appreciated in this country, especially as the majority of the German professors, forgetting the glorious example of their predecessors, the men that fought against Napoleonic despotism and were illustrious in 1848, corrupted by a ribbon or by a handful of silver, signed the manifesto that was the death warrant of liberty and still entertain the most obnoxious doctrines of absolutism?

For many years American students have sought supplementary instruction in the universities of Germany. A few have been so imbued with pernicious teachings concerning the individual and the state that in the course of the present war they have spoken and written in a manner ill becoming Americans. Too many of our students have ignored the lucidity, the catholicity and the liberalizing influence of the French colleges.

This is true in all branches of knowledge; it is perhaps particularly true of music. For a long time it has been a tradition that music was invented in Germany; that only in the cities of that country and in Vienna is the art of music, composition, technique and interpretation taught with understanding. Bach was thoroughly a German; therefore only Germans are his disciples and exponents. Would you know the secret of Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Brahms? It is known only to Germans and Austrians.

Yet the light has been breaking. It is clear to some that the instruction at the two chief Parisian music schools is superior technically and aesthetically to that of any conservatory in which German is the native language; that the leading interpreters of the German composers are seldom Germans. May this not be so in the other arts and in the courses of all schools devoted to knowledge? Are not the humanities—to use the word both in its older and in its modern sense—more at home in Paris than in Berlin, Leipzig, Heidelberg, Bonn, Munich, Vienna?

consistently out of the way. Sir Herbert was an ardent advocate of matinees as the best means of competing with theatres and music halls. He once declared that Macbeth was the heaviest part he played. "Othello is a kind of catapultic strain, but Macbeth is a level, long-drawn-out suffering." Taxed by London Ronald for heating four in a measure when Trilby was singing in six-eight time, "he begged his audience to believe that in beating four to a bar—whatever that might mean—that was due more to his artistic conception of the character than to any base ignorance." Running a theatre was very much like running the Derby all the year round—"there was whip and spur and infinite hope."

"Thank heaven for injustice," he said, "for were there no injustice in the world we should lose the luxury of scorn, which helps one in the fight, strengthens the muscles of ambition and sharpens the edges of friendship. It is disappointing to be misunderstood. On the other hand, one must comfort oneself with the reflection that to be understood is to be found out."

He used to tell a story about his schoolmaster, who told him one day he would end his life on the gallows. Some years afterwards the schoolmaster saw him play Fagin in "Oliver Twist." He went round to visit him as he was being walked off the stage with a rope about his neck, and said: "There, I told you so."

In this country he happened to call at a film production studio. "A fair-haired little boy of 5 years old approached. He is, I afterwards discovered, one of the most popular film actors. The infant phenomenon wore a long garment on which was sewn in large letters the word, 'Welcome,' and coming towards me with extended hand, at once put me at my ease by saying: 'Pleased to meet you, Sir Tree.' By way of making conversation I ventured: 'And how has the world been using you these last few years?' With a world-weary shrug of the shoulders, it replied: 'Well, I guess this world's good enough for me!' It is a land of many babies, but few children."

It is said that a bore visiting Sir Herbert in his dressing room kept his hat on his head. "Sir Herbert did not, of course, mind for himself, but his professional pride was touched. Without any direct remonstrance he asked the dresser for his hat—the 'topper' of ceremony—and (he was made up for Antony at the time) solemnly put it on. "Thank you! Now," said he, "we can talk on level terms." Is not a somewhat similar story told of Emerson at his home in Concord? How a visitor kept his hat on his head in the house, whereupon Emerson put on his own hat and told the visitor that they could perhaps talk more freely out of doors.

The Daily Chronicle recalls the fact that when Sir Herbert played in "An Enemy of the People" in 1906 he fell into disfavor because he was suspected of interpolating gibes at the growing Liberal majority. But Ibsen had put his words into his mouth: "The most dangerous foe to truth and freedom in our midst is the compact majority. Yes, it's the confounded compact Liberal majority." When Gladstone and Tree were once brought together, Gladstone asked the actor's opinion as to the politics of his profession. "I should think, sir, the actors are mostly Conservative." "Dear me," said Gladstone, "I wonder if there are any exceptions to the rule?" "Oh, I should say that the scene shifters are Radicals to a man."

Mr. S. R. Littlewood in the Daily Chronicle remarked: "Those character parts which Sir Herbert himself quite sincerely belittled because he found them easy to do—Svengali, Fagin, Falstaff, Demetrius in 'The Red Lamp' and so on—are sure to live (there is no use in denying it) longer in our annals than his Hamlet, his Othello, his Macbeth, or his Shylock." We saw Sir Herbert's Falstaff here and wonder at Mr. Littlewood's mentioning it in praise. Mr. Littlewood extolling Sir Herbert as an actor-manager says that he never had the time to train for a great tragic actor. "He had not the time to study any character profoundly—from the actor's point of view. He lived in a ceaseless whirl of conflicting activities."

Possibly he was the last 'universalist' actor manager that we shall see.

A correspondent of the Times wrote that he was not a quick study. "To learn a part was always a serious effort to him, and there were many parts he acted in which he never did succeed in being letter-perfect. To uncertainty of the words may safely be attributed much of that slowness of speech which he practised on the stage, and which in Shakespeare especially he carried to excess. He set an example in it which was sometimes followed by almost the whole company, with the result that the action of the play, already overweighed by scenic and spectacular 'decor,' dragged all the more heavily. An observer asked: 'Pauses between the words, or words between the pauses?' The outbreak of the war hit Tree very hard. . . . He began to play Falstaff, which had been considered one of his best parts, and could make only little of it."

Mr. Louis N. Parker wrote a tribute to Tree for the Daily Telegraph. He gave this example of his wit: "He happened to be rehearsing an unusually self-confident young actor. 'Fall back a little,' he said to him. Shortly afterwards Tree added: 'Step back a little farther.' 'If I do,' the actor replied, 'I shall be completely off the stage.' 'Yes,'

and faced with a sweet simplicity that almost robbed the remark of its sting, 'that's right.'"

Notes About Plays "The Outcry," New and Old

a comedy in three acts by Henry James, was produced by the Stage Society at the Savoy, London, on July 1 and 3. This was not the first play by James to be produced in London. "Guy Domville" did not go at the St. James's in January, 1895. "The High Bid," praised for its phrases and artful construction, produced at Edinburgh in March, 1908, was played in London in February, 1909, with Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in the leading parts. Then came the gruesome "The Saloon," described as "a combination of ghost story and family portraits legend brought out by Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Little Theatre Jan. 17, 1911.

The Stage said of "The Outcry": "It may be that the Stage Society chose 'The Outcry' for possessing a certain topical interest as bearing upon the identity of a famous picture, as in the recent 'Romney' case. Indeed, the piece turns almost entirely upon Art Criticism and its expounders, and possibly it might have proved more mildly exhilarating than it did had it been played at a brisker rate and with shorter waits between the acts, full of clever talk and almost devoid of action."

The Pall Mall Gazette: "It would be unfair to call it a 'succes d'ennui.' Much of it was quite delightful. One cannot pretend, however, that the Stage Society did anything more than a graceful duty to a worthily distinguished 'American Englishman' in producing Mr. Henry James's play. . . . A set of characters analyzing each other's motives with subtle evasion of the obvious and carefully concealing that anything matters but a nice derangement of phrases are delicious in the pages of a leisurely novel. On the stage we want to know as briefly as may be what they are after and why, and when the battle is going to begin. But Mr. Henry James—well, that is just what he most agreeably does not want us to know! There is, to be sure, just a rivulet of story meandering through the play about a picture which an English Earl was tempted to sell to an aggressively rich American. Finally he did not sell it, but exhibited it in Bond Street to flout the American—who had annoyed him by offering too much. The Earl then presented it to 'the thingumbob,' I mean the nation. Add a love affair between the Earl's daughter and an English art critic, who organizes an 'outcry' in the popular press against American acquisitions, just to make the American wild. All very choice; the art talk highly informed, trimmed with Italian references; the newspaper stuff not quite sound, but the Earl's daughter's temperament very delicately done. She was beautifully played, too, by Miss Ellen O'Malley, with Mr. Albert Rayner an Elegant Earl; Mr. E. J. Caldwell a good racy American; Mr. William Armstrong earnest as the young art critic."

The Times says: "It would be a good theatre play if the theatre were what it might be and human nature were different and the general public, bless it, could come within five miles of sharing, or at any rate comprehending, Henry James's pure and perfect love of artistic 'constatation' for its own sake. As it is, the true savor and smack of it are reserved for the Jacobite, a happy few, a band of brothers, though perhaps the brothers are outnumbered by the sisters. . . . His people are decent in everything, save perhaps their wanton use of the interpolated adverb. But true Jacobites love even that, and, as Swift said, every man should write his own English. Henry James assuredly did, as the players seemed to find to their cost. Nor was their trouble merely linguistic. Henry James's people have an air of breeding, an exquisiteness of taste, moral and social taste, which are not to be successfully simulated by ordinary inhabitants of this workaday world. . . . Miss O'Malley and Miss Pole both succeeded in offering not merely delightful specimens of womanhood, but very plausible specimens of the particular womanhood catalogued in Debreit. They deserved to be addressed, as they certainly would have been by Henry James, as 'dear ladies.' We can hear him saying it now and see the little bend of the head and the half-gallant, half-paternal smile."

The Times says that "The Outcry" was written by James for Charles Frohman's Repertory Theatre. The production was deferred. After the theatre was no more James turned it into a novel which was never more than a play thinly disguised. "And now the Stage Society has presented the original work, or as much of it as could be compressed into the two hours' traffic of the stage."

"Mrs. Fomeroy's Reputation," a new play by Horace A. Vachell and Thomas Cobb, was produced at the Queen's, London, July 4. Miss Violet Vanbrugh took the part of Georgina; Miss Lettice Fairfax, that of Lettice.

The Pall Mall Gazette: "Its joint authors have managed to turn out a really bright and entertaining play without worrying Providence for a single thing that could very emphatically be described as a fresh idea either in dramatic or character. It is just the old game at every point. We have the old 'Lady Windermere's Fan' and 'Degenere's' theme of the denoué but good

hearted elder woman taking over the blame that should have fallen upon the flighty runaway wife. All the characters are frankly from the stock pot. Still the varnish is of good quality; there are some lively scenes and excellent acting, and the reception was of the heartiest. The form that the old story takes is that Lettice, a 'wee' wife,' should run away to a bungalow up the river to spend the day with attractive and unmarried Vincent. Unfortunately she falls into the stream, but Georgina, her sporty and widowed sister-in-law, arrives just in time to anticipate Lettice's husband, and to pretend that the culprit was herself. The river scene, with its reminiscence of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's very similar episode, is a pleasant little piece of farce, and the rest has plenty of agreeable touches and bright lines. It would be best, perhaps, not to go deeper than that."

The Times: "Here is one more variant of our old friend the merry widow, who conceals a true heart and all the virtues under the smartest gowns, perpetual cigarette smoking and a general friskiness which is misinterpreted by curmudgeons as frivolity or worse. When her sister-in-law, who is really frivolous, tumbles into the Thames in compromising company, it is almost superfluous to say that the merry widow comes to the rescue and allows herself to be compromised in the foolish lady's stead. And it is entirely superfluous to add that she is rewarded in the end by the love of the right man, while the opposition—represented by a jealous prig of a brother-in-law and weak-minded dowager—are driven in rout from the field. You will have read variants of this story, or seen them acted, ever since novels were written or plays produced; and this particular specimen, unpretentious enough, is quite as good as any of the rest."

The Daily Telegraph: "In plot and construction the piece itself is just a little old-fashioned; the dialogue is plentifully sprinkled with wit, and the story, if possessing no pretension to novelty, carries one along pleasantly enough. Chiefly lacking is that quality of suspense essential to the complete success of any play."

Louis M. Parker's adaptation of Tircein's one-act play of the French revolution, "The Sacrament of Judas," was revived by Arthur Boucher at the Coliseum, London, July 2. The Stage asks: "Where are audiences to see a French revolutionary play in which the revolutionaries are not gruff and ill-mannered?"

Stanley Houghton's play "Hindle Wakes" began this month its sixth year of continuous touring in Great Britain.

Nina Boucault made her debut on the music hall stage June 25 at the Victoria Palace, London, in Seymour Obermer's "When the Clock Strikes Nine." She took the part of an elderly woman who becomes girlish over soldier songs played on the gramophone.

"In 'Daddy's Girl,' a play in three acts by E. St. Clair Forbes (The Royal Woolwich, July 2) the young woman of the title has succumbed in the first scene to the wiles of the son of a Sir Marcus Bentham, 'the Lord of the Manor the owner of the local munitions works.' This is accounted for by the fact that his mother is a German and his sympathies are with the Germans. He poisons his own child and kills the father of the girl whom he betrayed. He is at last killed in an air fight with gallant Capt. Freeman. It turns out that the girl was really married to young Bentham and that Freeman is the son of Sir Marcus by an earlier marriage. Hot stuff!

There is a film play in London based on Sullivan's song, "The Last Chord," an "impressive screen play, shown in luxurious surroundings," accompanied by an orchestra.

Some of Louis Rameaker's war cartoons have been turned into tableaux for charitable purposes in London.

Miss Doris Keane, still playing in "Romance"—the piece has had an unbroken run in London for a year and more—talked with a reporter before going to a theatrical garden party for charity. She showed with pride a volume of poems addressed to her as Cavallini, "written for the most part by men on active service." She had just received a cablegram from Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who thanked her for a chicken broth recipe. "I adore Mme. Bernhardt," Miss Keane also likes the Boticelli green of the doors of her dressing room.

Pinciro's new play is not yet completed. He says of it: "It is the simplest thing in the world, with no aim but to entertain, and on a subject that has nothing to do with the war. Its action, in fact, takes place in pre-war time."

"The Yellow Ticket," put into rehearsal in London soon after the outbreak of the war, was not performed, as its production was then considered inopportune. The objection no longer stands and it will be produced with Gladys Cooper as the heroine.

Mr. Lionel Monckton writes: "Turning over old programs in search of my earliest record of Sir Herbert, I have happened upon what may quite possibly be a unique document, the leaflet announcing the 'Grand Morning Performance'—there were no matinees in those days—at which the late actor-manager made his first professional appearance. This took place at the old Globe Theatre on Feb. 27, 1878, and, as playgoers have already been told, the newcomer, who was 'billed' as 'Mr. H. Tree Bec-

coming,' acted the part in Boucault's drama, "Grimaldi." Mr. Littlewood, Mr. Teesdale, Mr. J. W. Bradbury and Miss Eleanor Burton names once familiar enough—were also in the cast. The leaflet before me states that the proceeds of the performance were to be devoted 'to the relief of the Turkish sick and wounded,' while the appearance in scenes from "The School for Scandal" of Miss Herbert, after several years' retirement from the stage, was also announced. Mr. Fred Terry tells me that Miss Herbert is still alive, and that she resides in Brighton. Seeing that in 1878 she had already been on the retired list for some years, it would be interesting to know the age which this veteran actress has now attained."—Daily Telegraph (London), July 5.

Ray Fainter will have the leading part in Bayard Veiller's comedy "The Chatterbox."

The musical comedy announced as "The Monte Carlo Girl" will be entitled "The Riviera Girl." Sam B. Hardy will head the cast.

Marjorie Rameau will be the star in "The Eyes of Youth," by Charles Guerin and Max Marché.

Katharine Galloway, a young soprano from Louisville, Ky., will be the prima donna in "Have a Heart," which Henry W. Savage will produce here next month. We quote from the N. Y. Evening World: "An announcement says she can really sing. Nevertheless she may succeed."

Alfred Kappeler has been engaged for the leading role in "Fair and Warner" next season.

Sarah Bernhardt will resume her tour Sept. 1. She will have a new play by Henri Cain, dealing with the war.

Harry Lauder will return here next fall in "Three Cheers," a revue that was successful in London.

"The Ambassador," a new play in four acts, by A. E. Thomas was produced on July 8 at Seattle, Wash. Ernest Wilkes took the leading part.

"Here Comes the Bride," a play by Max Marché and Roy Atwell will be produced in New York next month with Otto Kruger, Jr., in a comic part.

"Everywoman" will begin its eighth season at Halifax, N. S. Paula Shay will have the leading part; Robert Matland, that of Nobody. After a tour in Canada, there will be a revival at the Boston Opera House and in New York.

We are informed that in "The Love That Lives," a new film play featuring Pauline Frederick, "dramatic action has received careful consideration throughout" and nothing has been spared "in driving home" the enveloping gloom of the scrubwoman's tragic career."

"Safety First," a new farce comedy in three acts by Arline Van Ness Hines, was produced by the B. F. Keith Players at Union Hill, N. J., July 3.

"The Target," a melodrama in three acts by Samuel Shipman, was produced at Atlantic City, July 9. The correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror wrote: "Now we have the husband trying to win back the wife, after she has been married to another. The first act is one of the best pieces of dramatic construction that has been seen on the Apollo stage in many seasons. Barring a palpable anti-climax, the last act is in fitting accord with the opening act. However, it is in the second act that Mr. Shipman comes a cropper. The nucleus of a big hit is in the script."

Edward Emery will be leading man with Annie Russell in "The Thirteenth Chair."

"That Day," by Lou K. Anspacher, was produced at Los Angeles, Cal., July 23.

Walker Whiteside will be a star for a term of years under the management of the Messrs. Shuhert. He will play first in "The Pawn," by Joseph Noel and Azelle Aldrich, in New York the latter part of August.

Lionel Braham, seen and heard here in "Caliban," will play his old part, the sea captain, in "The Wanderer."

George M. Cohan's film "Seven Keys to Baldpate," will be released Aug. 26. Otto Hauerbach's musical version of "The Aviator" will be entitled "Going Up."

Craven's new comedy, "This Way Out," will be produced at Long Branch Aug. 20.

Some film records of happenings in Petrograd and Moscow during the recent revolt arrived in England. The films, which take about 30 minutes to screen, depict events, both grave and gay, which marked the course of the revolution from February until May. They were first exhibited in London July 9.

Notes About Operas, Concerts and Musicians.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Mme. d'Alvarez, who gave a recital in London on July 4: "Like all great artists she varies both vocally and temperamentally, but this time she had the fullest command of her glorious voice and was in a mood to do justice to a wide range of lyric emotion. . . . Debussy's 'De Fleurs,' another gem, was marked as a first performance. It was sung some years ago by a lady whom a certain journal described as the 'arch priestess of the Debussy cult' and who characteristically informed an interviewer that it took three

to learn the "Prose Liriques," of which it is one. We have progressed since those days, and Debussy is no longer a stumbling block, though he is not always sung with such consummate ease as by Mme. d'Alvarez or played with such delicate finish as by her accompanist, Manlio di Veroli. We are sorry to see the Pall Mall Gazette putting two dots over the "u" in "Gluck" and an acute accent over the "e" in "Debussy."

Sir Thomas Beecham gave, it is said, an unusually interesting performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" at Drury Lane, July 11. "Beaumarchais's immortal comedy and the ever youthful opera which Mozart based upon it date from the eve of the French revolution, but they were a trifle too topical to be presented in the style of their own period and mediæval Spain seemed a convenient disguise, much as a mythical East disguised the up-to-date satire of 'The Golden Cockerel.' In his production Sir Thomas Beecham, aided by one Hugo, a delightful decorative artist, has reverted to the seventeenth century, and all, and Mr. Nigel Playfair has added the gesture of the classic comedy, which attaches more importance to grace and symmetry than to vraisemblance. Realism in the modern sense is far too gross for so delicate a picture, but realism itself is a convention which the eighteenth century interpreted in its own way. The result is, first and foremost, a fascinating sparkling entertainment, that trips along with never a flagging moment, and secondly, a series of charming stage pictures, all this being thrown in, as it were, before we come to the opera itself—that is to say, the opera as usually presented. Here a change has been made. In place of recitatives which are almost bound to sound dull, the method having passed away, we are giving a great deal of Beaumarchais's dialogue, witty, ironical, often scabrous, but never for a moment stupid. Here and there a touch has been added. One is at the expense of Cabinet Ministers—did we not say the comedy dates from the eve of a revolution? Another introduces a colloquialism, but what of that? The main object is achieved. The play lives. We are interested in the people and we have a snaking admiration for that naughty count who is so completely fooled."

One London critic at least puts Philip Catle, who gave a recital on July 11, among the four or five violinists to whom "we look to reassert the fine quality of British playing, as compared with that of our frequent visitors from abroad." "If his reputation is not of that calibre, it is largely because he has not always been heard at his best. His quality has been unequal."

So excellent were the results of the oral teaching of music as displayed by some of the youthful pupils at the Royal Normal College for the Blind during their exhibition at the Morley Hall, George Street, Manchester square, on Saturday afternoon (June 30) that one could not help wondering whether the system might not be most profitably applied to children who were not so afflicted as these. How many, for example, out of a class of some 20 ordinary boys and girls could instantly name a chord struck on the piano as being the second inversion of a chord of the ninth? How many could sing a diminished seventh without hesitation? How many could improvise an accompaniment to a melody that they had only heard twice? How many could sit down at the pianoforte and play and sing a setting of their own words which had been read to them a few minutes before? These, and many other feats no less surprising were performed by the children whom Miss Emily Lucas and Mr. Horace Watling have been training so well, and it was impossible not to feel that it must be much more entertaining to be taught music by their stimulating methods than in the cut-and-dried way much too generally in vogue. It is impossible here to give even an outline of a scheme which it took Miss Lucas and Mr. Watling two hours to explain. Its basis, however, lies in the inculcation of a sense of rhythm by a system of handclapping somewhat in the Dalcroze style; of pitch, which is so well cultivated that when Mr. Watling asked his class what key he was playing in they answered with one voice, "G minor"; and of invention, so that every child becomes its own composer. It is a grand thing to create even if one's effort does call forth from one's teacher the comment of "Moody and Sankey," as happened once on Saturday, and the faculty is developed by means that often seem to partake more of the nature of a game than of a lesson. To what they may lead, however, was shown by the very clever improvisations by the older and more advanced students. On Saturday, performance, qua performance, formed no part of the scheme, but many of the pupils may, nevertheless, be congratulated on the excellence of their playing.

Edwin Evans in his fourth lecture on the Foundations of Twentieth Century Music (London, June 29) discussed latter day Academics. In the course of the lecture he remarked: "It is doubtful whether any other country could boast such absolute masters of orthodox polyphony as Glazounoff in practice and Faneff in theory." Progressive academism seemed at the moment to prosper more fully in France, not merely among the Franckists but among the

teachers with d'Alvarez and Glazounoff, however much they might differ in other respects, confine to this type. The common characteristic was loyalty to principle, combined with the utmost liberality in detail." In his fifth lecture (July 6) he said, "that broadly speaking the new music, as indicated by its present primitive beginnings, promised to differ from the old chiefly as painting differed from line drawing. It should, however, be noted that the former never superseded the latter. Logically, we must be prepared to find in the new music three distinct tendencies complementary to each other and sometimes in association. Continuing the analogy with the graphic arts, one might compare the two extremes to drawing and painting, and the middle course to the kind of painting that is really drawing in colors. In all three there was one common feature—the reassertion of polyphony."

Robert Parker was praised in London for his "striking" Mephistopheles in Gounod's opera, "a performance on a high plane and conceived in some details upon unaccustomed lines."

Those who went to the Steinway Hall last night hoping to hear an echo of the great personality of Mme. Teresa Carreno went away disappointed, for Mme. Tercsita Carreno-Blois has inherited few of her pianistic qualities. She has a certain range of tone gradation which, with foreknowledge of the relationship, might awaken memories, but there is none of that masterly rhythmic decision which gave to every interpretation by the great pianist a wonderful vitality. When approaching a climax . . . Mme. Carreno the younger relies on two resources: where most pianists instinctively quicken the pulsation she deliberately slackens it, and drives the impression home with an unusually ponderous, unimaginative left hand. Her program includes some slight pieces of her own composition, and an oriental phantasy by Simeon, whom his name indicates to be an Armenian composer.—Pall Mall Gazette, July 4. The Daily Telegraph thought that if she had appeared under another name without a hint of her identity, a greater number of virtues would have been assigned to her playing. "Undeniably the young artist is gifted, and we are strongly inclined to think far more gifted than her palpable nervousness, which gave the impression sometimes of a certain self-consciousness, allowed it to appear."

After the Daily Telegraph (June 30) rated Miss Dorothy Robson on the head for her voice and sense of style it found fault with her pronunciation of English vowels. "The final syllable e, z. of 'Welcome' is no relation to 'comb,' and the 'a' in 'gladly' is the first and not the fifth letter of the alphabet."

A man is generally made to look his best on the stage, but it is not so with Sir Edward Elgar at a matinee. You feel that with his morning coat and brown boots, he is going to crown himself with a silk hat! He is a handsome man with a good color, but the limelight makes him pallid of hue and patriarchal of appearance. In the conductor's chair he is a prince, and he ought by act of Parliament to be compelled to give a performance of his setting of the Kipling sea songs daily for the duration of the war. They are magnificent.—London Daily Chronicle. The music critics were not so enthusiastic about the songs.

No doubt Sir Thomas Beecham has been overwhelmed with opera scores since his offer was made public of a prize of £250 for "one new English opera which can be performed on the stage of Drury Lane without bringing discredit on the cause of English music." This seems a hard saying. But it is infinitely better to be absolutely candid, literally as well as figuratively to face the music, than to go on for ever as in the old days, and make-believe? The composer, at any rate, who can produce the opera that shall make its appeal known perfectly well where to place it, and that is more than his ancestors could have said.—London Daily Telegraph.

In the obituary notices of Mantou Marble there was the expected allusion to the proclamation forged by Joseph Howard, Jr., in the name of President Lincoln and published in the World and the Journal of Commerce. The brilliance of Mr. Marble as an editor was duly acknowledged, as were his sound knowledge and polemical skill as a writer. But nowhere have we seen a reference to the biting attacks on him in the "New Gospel of Peace," the once famous satire written by Richard Grant White, who in a preface to the collected pamphlets took great pains to show why he could not have been the author. Mr. Marble was described in this satire as "a so-called editor who had gained the World and lost his own soul." The World during the civil war was held in detestation by Union men. As that newspaper frankly admitted in one of its admirable editorial articles a few days ago, the World was copperhead. Hence White's attack and the explanatory notes that were intended to be damaging.

Mr. Marble, as editor prided himself

on the fact that it was the only paper in the East which was more fastidious in the matter of style. Yet the editorial page was never more concise, lucid, cogent than it is today in its upholding the principles of true American democracy. Its English is the English of Swift, Cobbett, Hazlitt in its frankness and directness.

The Master Carter.

As the World Wags:

The Doctor, who boasts for a sire a Master Carter in his day, and from whom he learned to drive oxen as soon as he was big enough to swing a good stick, says there was no "huck" or "ush" in ox-teaming parlance as it was then spoken in the state of Maine. The word nearest to them was "hishe," pronounced with a long "i" and used chiefly with "wo" to bring the team to a stop. If a driver wanted his oxen to stop, he said, "Wo hishe!" accompanied by a gentle tap of the goad-stick on the nose. The stick was used as an adjunct to the spoken command and as it played on different parts of his body told the ox in what direction he was to move. The goad, a short, sharp brad in the end of the stick, was used to good purpose when the urgency of the occasion demanded it.

The title of Master Carter was given to men who took charge of the moving of buildings or other heavy teaming when many yokes of oxen with their drivers were employed. When work of this kind had to be done the farmers came with their teams and gave their services to help a neighbor, knowing the favor would be returned if it were required. The doctor recalls seeing 80 pairs of oxen, 40 pair to each string, draw a large house to a new site. The Master Carter stood at a window in the second story where he could see the way ahead and the working of the mighty team. He had a voice like a trumpet. When all was ready, the first order came: "Put your oxen to the bow!" Then each driver, by gently tapping on the bodies of the oxen, urged them quietly well against the bow. The second order came, a trumpet blast "All move!" Then the air was rent with the shoutings of the drivers and the gesticulations of goad sticks; the oxen strained against the bows, the chains tautened and creaked, and the building began to move. From his outlook the Master Carter would call, "Hard on the off string!" or "Hard on the nigh string!" as the direction required, guiding the team safely around big bowlders, across bridgeless brooks and similar obstacles to its destination.

The Doctor remembers that the hardest thing for a boy to bear in driving an ox team was the slowness of the gait, so well described in the quotation at the head of your column today (July 18), and it often made farm work seem endless grinding toil to a lively youngster.

At inopportune times, however, an ox would show a burst of speed that was as exasperating as it was unexpected. It was no slight vexation, when, holding the heavy yoke over the ox, with the bow all ready for his neck, to have him bolt, tail in the air, at a regular runaway pace, "over the hills and far away." The slow plod of laboring oxen is associated in my own mind with some moments of agonized terror lived in my childhood. I was 6 years old and coasting down a forbidden, icy hill, which rushed pell mell into the main street of the town. Just as I started I saw an ox team heavily loaded with cord wood toiling along the street below. I did not know how to stop my sled, which was speeding faster every instant, nor had I the skill to throw myself from it. I clutched wildly at dead grasses, sticking up through the ice, which broke at my desperate grasp, while on, on I sped toward those slow-trampling hoofs that would never pass by. They moved, however, beyond my impact and I struck the ox sled fair amidships. Its timbers held, but my brand new "Rosy" was wrecked to kindlingwood. The driver, hearing the smash, rushed around from the other side of the team and swore at me hoarsely. That was more than I could bear. I burst into a wail of tears.

This incident, so vivid in my memory occurred in the second year of our civil war! Truly, Time is no plodder.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

Rosindale.

A TABLE PROHIBITION

The order prohibiting the use of table linen in hotels and restaurants of Berlin has disquieted the land lords, who say that they will be unable to serve meals to distinguished guests—diplomats, generals, aristocrats, merchant princes, visiting spies and propagandists of the higher order. At one restaurant it is said that

allowed, but that the guests would have no linen to dress in.

But is a table cloth necessary, necessary to the aesthetic sense of one at meat? The cloth may be of mahogany or malachite, of humbler material, if it is well polished, it gives assurance of cleanliness and substantial fare. In too many hotels and restaurants, as in some private houses, the cloth may be suspiciously moist. In those of the second class, in the fury of serving and in the reckless haste of those served, the cloth breaks out in blotches and blains. The late comer sees gravy stains, the rings of glasses, crumbs and more unsavory fragments of a predecessor's repast. Charles Dickens once said that he judged of an inn by the condition of the cruets. The tablecloth is at least as sure a standard.

What hardship is there in dining off a solid table? In old times in England, in the days of the three-bottle men, the most welcome moment of the dinner was the clearing of the cloth. It led to real talk, to anecdotes, discussion, and even song. In Hudson river towns there was no more delightful and satisfying meal than "high tea"—salads, cold game, brown bread toast, sliced beef and ham, lobster to be dressed then and there, oysters in their season, sweets for those that cared for them. The silver shone the more resplendent on the dark table, which also gave solidity to the house, the assurance of respectability and pecuniary responsibility.

Better a common deal table than oilcloth or the washable paper cloth substituted for linen by some Berliners. Nothing is said about napkins. Are they, too, prohibited? At pompous feasts under the Roman emperors each guest brought his own napkin, or sometimes wiped his hands on the head of a curly-haired slave boy. It is strange that there is this excitement in Berlin and possibly in other German towns. Sojourners in Germany, thirty years ago, found difficulty in obtaining a fresh bed sheet oftener than once a month. A change every fortnight was regarded as Sardanapallan luxury. Physicians argued that a weekly change was injurious to health. Perhaps in the growth of Kultur, clean linen of bed and board has become of more importance, and German officers have given up the use of pocket comb and brush at table d'hôte.

July 31, 1917

The Hon. Henrietta Lyttelton, a widow, recently went the way of all flesh. Her last will and testament showed the survival of a curious custom. She directed that she should be buried at Burford, Salop; "and I direct that when my coffin enters the churchyard there, the church bells shall ring in a joyful peal according to an old Salop custom." In the event of these directions being carried out, she then gave £20 to the rector and churchwardens for the poor. What was the origin of the joyful bell-ringing? Did it come from the Thracians, who wept when a child came into the world and rejoiced over death?

"By-Bye, Marcel."

It is seldom that a man brings action against an actress for breach of promise. Remembering the words of Hazlitt—"To marry an actress for the admiration she excites on the stage is to imitate the man who bought Punch"—he rejoices, when his imagination is cooled, at his escape. But the Vicomte Marcel Emile Claude Vigier is a great and inglorious exception. He claimed damages from Miss Pansy Smith, who, he said, while playing at Drury Lane, promised to be his wife. The case was tried in London early in this month. The Times gave a delightful account of the proceeding. It appears that Miss Pansy found out before it was too late that she loved a certain Henry better than she did Marcel, so she up and wrote Marcel to that effect, and like a perfect lady hoped that he would not be pained. "By-bye Marcel, think as kindly as you can of me," Marcel thought and thought and at last brought action. He gave the particulars of special damages

50 luncheons at 12s. each,
75 dinners at 25s. each,
20 theatre tickets at 21s. each
Taxi abs. £10

Those items, said counsel, included the plaintiff's own share, and he probably had the legal appearance.

the plaintiff's counsel, even to the time of 12 Englishmen and an English judge on a paltry case. The counsel had never expected such an action from a member of the chivalrous French people. His Lordship also gave Marcel a side-winder by saying that the bringing of the action was outrageous and the suggestion that the plaintiff had suffered any damage was too absurd for words. Finally the verdict of the jury for one farthing was entered, although the foreman thought the sum should be less.

Lawyers' Fees.

This action reminds us of the mention in London newspapers of "the enormous fees" earned in the case of Associated Enterprises, Ltd., v. Brunner, Mond. & Co. The briefs of the two leading lawyers are marked 3000 guineas and there are two other "silks" and four juniors receiving fees in proportions. "The total marked on the briefs of counsel engaged in this case—a clear issue between two parties—is no less than £15,000." These fees would not seem to leading lawyers of this country "enormous." On the contrary, they might expect their brethren in London to wonder at their moderation, as Clive said when reproached for enriching himself in India.

Variety.

There is often loose talk about "the wealth of the Rothschilds." The will of Leopold de Rothschild, who died on May 29, was recently in the probate court. The estate was valued at only £1,500,000, "so far as can at present be ascertained." It is true that he had provided for his wife in his lifetime, but the sum stated would seem a beggarly amount to some of our captains of industry, promotion and "profiteering." The tablet placed on Chawton Cottage, near Alton, Hampshire, on July 18, the centenary of the death of Jane Austen, reads: "Jane Austen lived here from 1800 to 1817; and hence all her works were sent into the world. Her admirers in this country and in America have united to erect this tablet." Yet there are some who find her novels slow. They prefer Chambering and Oppenheim in literature. Even Mark Twain had a silly fling at Jane.

NORA BAYES AT B. F. KEITH'S

Popular Actress Pleases Audience Greatly with New Song Program.

SEVERAL OTHER GOOD ACTS

Nora Bayes, in a new song program, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a fair sized audience that was highly pleased. This act introduces Miss Bayes in a manner far from conventional, and there is a nice lot of byplay that takes its place logically in the development. The program is unnecessarily long and an abridgment might be made without loss of value. But it is not yet too much to say that this is the best thing Miss Bayes has brought us, and is a splendid outlet for her versatility.

As on previous visits, the actress leans decidedly to songs in Negro dialect, which she sings with fine imagination and with a keen regard for detail. Her best number last evening was her song trip from the Battery to the Bronx, introducing many of the types of the great melting pot of the metropolis. Each type, introduced in song, was represented to a nicety, and many of the characteristics portrayed were keenly appreciated by the audience.

Miss Bayes was assisted at the piano by Harry Aski. Many, no doubt, were curious to know her unnamed assistant in song. Irving Fisher, a youthful and agreeable singer, who in no small measure contributed to the success of the act.

Craig Campbell, who has won success on the musical comedy stage, was heard in a group of songs. Mr. Campbell clings tenaciously to Canio's Lament, but he gave pleasure in all his songs, though here and there he gave way to over-emphasis, as in the concluding measures of "Good-by, Forever."

Other numbers on the bill were Kullervo brothers in gymnastic feats, Jimmy Duffy and Jack Ingless in a burlesque musical act, Marshall Montgomery, ventriloquist; Tom Kennedy and Ethel Burt in a comedy sketch, Ed Morton, singing comedian, and Asaki, Japanese juggler and skater.

Pink pyjamas for the soldiers.

The powers that be must have remembered the conversation of President McKinley and Mr. Willie Dooselberry at the breaking out of the Spanish war as related by Mr. Dooley.

"Ye shud be careful iv ye'er equipment," he says. "I have almost ivy-thing r-ready," says Willie. "Me man attinded to thim details," he says. "But I fear I can't go to the fr-front immetely," he says. "Mc pink silk pyjamas hasn't arrived," he says. "Well," says Mack, "wait fr' thim," he says. "I'm anxious fr' to ind this hor'ble war," he says, "which has cost me manny a sleepy night," he says; "but 'twud be a crime fr' to sind a sojer unprepared to battle," he says. "Wait fr' th' pyjamas," he says. "Thin on to war," he says; "an' let ye'er watchword be 'Raymlmber ye'er manners,'" he says.

Lobsters, Clams and Fawcett.

"G. W. B." writes to the Herald apropos of a century-old protest against cruelty to the lobster in preparing it for the table: "Which is the more humane, to split a lobster open and then broil him, or to boll him in hot water until he is dead?" This is a hard question. Is the lobster instantly killed in either case? Good old "Doc" Wiley five years ago said that oysters on the half-shell suffer untold agony when they are eaten. "They suffer the most excruciating pains when you jab them with a fork and follow with a sprinkling of salt, pepper and tabasco sauce. . . . It's a good thing they can't yell and jump, for, if this were so, our dining rooms would be full of tragic moanings and shrieks." Dr. Wiley said he should not give up the agreeable practice of eating raw oysters. "I am going to eat my oysters in such a way as to save them from pain. One jab with a fork, put the sauce on quickly, and then gobble it." But the true lover of raw oysters does not need the whet of a sauce. He eats them in their naked beauty, or with the squeeze of a lemon.

Mr. Herklmer Johnson, the distinguished student of sociology, once assured us that he had given up eating clams; for once happening to pass through the kitchen as his niece was putting clams into a kettle of hot water, the squeaks of the victim filled him with indescribable horror; but Mr. Johnson is a singularly sensitive soul.

"G. W. B." also asks: "How could Henry Fawcett throw cakes of soap to a nightingale, if he could not see him?" We told the story, as it has been related. He threw the cakes at the nightingale, not to it, for he probably did not expect the bird to catch them. Nor did we say that Mr. Fawcett hit the nightingale that disturbed him by singing. It was in the night. If he had not been blind he still could not have seen him. He threw in the supposed direction, as anyone disturbed at night by a yowling alley cat throws something—it used to be a bootjack—at the supposed resting place. Mr. Fawcett, though blind, skated and hunted. Undoubtedly he could throw.

The defects of nature are often wonderfully recompensed. The blind man that lived in Sir Kenelm Digby's house and taught his sons, played cards, bowls, shovel board, as well as most men. When he taught his pupils to declaim, he knew by their voice whether they stood or sat down, and all the different gestures and situations of their bodies. Artemus Ward met out West a man that was a remarkable performer on the bass drum, although he did not have a tooth in his head.

After all the chief question is this: Did Mr. Henry Fawcett hit the nightingale?

Ox Teaming.

As the World Wags:

In southern New Hampshire in the middle of the last century the word "hush" was used more commonly than "haw" for turning a team to port; the latter, however, was the older term. I never heard the word "huck" or "hish" used.

"Wha hush" was much used as the command to start; the "a" having the same sound as in "what," much like short "u." "Whoap" with a long "o" was often used as a starting word, especially when a heavy load was being handled by more than one pair of oxen or horses.

The movements of the teamster and his accent had much to do with the efforts of the team, but the supreme test of training was for the teamster to stand on the rear end of a long wagon and back it into a narrow space by word of command only. I have done this many times with a yoke of oxen and have seen it done with a six-horse team with the driving reins tied up on the horses' harness.

As to whip vs. goad, the former was used universally in the southern part of New Hampshire, while the goad was used further north where heavy lumbering was done. J. P. SNOW.

West Somerville.
Did the stone-boat to which oxen were attached have any other name? Some of the smaller dictionaries know not the

"Old Fashioned."

It was rather surprising to find women writing of Princess Mary as "old-fashioned" in her dress, and as "needing advice," if you please. She was more than modern this week when she had an airplane escort for her train to Southend. But what her critics mean comes simply to this: this beautiful girl wears costumes which reach the ankle and the neck; she scorns the knee-protectors which answer for skirts and the waist-belts yoked to shoulder-straps which are called blouses. She is not old-fashioned; she is high priestess of a cult largely forgotten—dress which combines grace and beauty with modest dignity.—London Daily Chronicle.

"HOME" AND "HOUSE."

An English journalist, quoting the phrase "formerly a governess in the Gould Home," comments on "the curious American use of the most sacred of English words." He says that we have never caught the subtle connotation of the English word: We use it where an Englishman would say "household," and also for the structure itself. An American house-hunting is "looking for a home," but an Englishman does not feel that a house is a home until it is occupied. "The 'Gould Home' to us suggests a public institution of a charitable kind." The writer does not seem to know that in America we also have "homes" for the helpless and the poor.

And so through many years the English have maintained that the French had no homelife because they had no word for home; that chez lui and "chez moi" were meaningless. The English view of French life was corroborated by novels known to Parisians themselves as "export literature" in which husbands are usually to be found at their clubs or in the cafe and the wives restless, disappointed, prepared for adventure. Yet anyone that is really familiar with French life knows that the home is as sacred to the French as to the English.

No doubt the Americans use the word "home" loosely. Perhaps because so many are doomed to live in apartment houses, a separate, individual house assumes the sanctity of a home; hence the transference of the term to brick and mortar. Some one said that there is no home, where the dwellers do not go up stairs to sleep. There is truth in this saying, although there are pleasant homes in houses of only one story. That anyone hunting for a house is "looking for a home" is not surprising: The seeker is looking for a house in which he and his may be at home.

The same journalist thinks the English "lodger" is preferable to the American "roomer," and here no one will dispute him. Fortunately he does not taunt us with that hideous word "mealer." Our word "boarder" is preferable to the English shabby-genteel term "paying guest." In our country the words "parlor boarder" and "hall bedroom" at once establish the difference in price. In England the lodger or boarder is referred to as "the first floor," etc. The stranger in Mr. Jerome's play is "the third floor back."

To some, home is where the hat is. The constant shifting from apartment house to apartment house does not give the sanctity of home to "the folding-Bedouins of the streets." Wandering servant of today has little pride in attachment; the elusive janitor cannot justly be called a household retainer.

See next 2. 1917

Mr. Stanley Alden of Cambridge, not regarding De Quincey's statement concerning the Coleridge-Montagu quarrel as authoritative, refers those interested in the matter of a subsequent reconciliation to H. D. Traill's "Coleridge" (English Men of Letters Series); Sir Leslie Stephen's article on Coleridge in the "Dictionary of National Biography"; and passages in Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary (June 16, 1825; June 15, 1826).

Dr. E. E. Hale and Bideford, Eng.

As the World Wags:

Your inquiry in this morning's Herald concerning a series of letters by Edward Everett Hale about Bideford, Eng., prompts me to say that once there was a New England Magazine. I think that

117
It was in 1889, edited by E. H. T. and liberally contributed to by him. Its name was not a merely arbitrary title, but truly signified the purpose of the magazine, which was to deal with topics especially relating to New England. The English town, from which a New England town derives its name, would be a proper subject for treatment in such a magazine. It is an easy and plausible guess that the articles sought for may be found in that magazine. I have articles abstracted from the magazine and bearing the dates 1889 and 1897, which dates sufficiently fix the period of existence of the magazine.

EUGENE B. HAGAR.

Boston, July 25.

Old-Time Locomotives.

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in "E. H. T.'s" communication in a recent issue of the Herald relative to "individual locomotives," it bringing to me memories of my early railroading on the Boston & Worcester railroad, beginning in June, 1861, and continuing until Jan. 1, 1915.

There were several of the locomotives at that period named for animals while others were named for various planets, such as Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and others. I have a picture of the Jupiter taken on the street crossing at Framingham; another, the Victor, which shows in addition the front of "Sini" Twitchell's old hotel at Framingham.

The Norwich boat train mentioned by "E. H. T." was drawn by the locomotive "Worcester." Its engineer was "Bob" Bibber. I was its fireman for a year preceding March, 1865, when I was promoted to engineer and ran the "Rocket" on the Newton train the three last night trips between Newton Lower Falls and Boston, with Stephen Cate, familiarly called "Old Man Cate," as conductor. One day a team was struck by the engine with fatal results to the occupant, and also the horse. In his testimony at the inquest Mr. Cate became slightly confused and attempted to tell what the horse thought, when the judge interrupted him and said, "Mr. Cate, we don't care to know what the horse thought, we want to know what you know about this case."

"E. H. T." mentions the "Tiger," "Elephant" and others. Early in 1866 when a new time-table became effective I was given as my run the first night through freight between Boston and Worcester, leaving Boston at 4:30 P. M. and arriving back again at 3 A. M. The "Tiger" was the regular engine then, with "Bill" Gaskin, now living at Pembroke, as fireman. After about three months the "Elephant" was substituted. On our return trip from Worcester we picked up the milk cans at Westboro and Cordaville and left them at the milk shed on Orange street mentioned by "E. H. T."

I cannot state when the ball signals were established at the crossing of the B. & W. and B. & P. roads, but during a few months of my early employment as a fireman in 1861, trains on either road came nearly to a stop, but proceeded without stopping, if no train or engine on the other road was using the crossing. In the early sixties the "Leopard" did all the switching in Boston (the Grand Junction branch to East Boston not being in operation). Now there are more than 20 switching engines in Boston, Beacon Park, East Boston and the Terminal station.

I would be glad to show "E. H. T." my scrap-book and a few locomotive pictures. J. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Did Mr. Chamberlain and "E. H. T." ever read a story—"Commonwealth," by Weston Holme—published some years ago in the New England Magazine? It is a story of a boy living in a house built by his father, a Boston physician, which backed on the terminus of the Boston & Providence railroad. The locomotives Providence, New York, Pancks, a little switching engine; Leopard, Sweet Belled Sharon, Foxboro and Whistler, a "noble masculine engine," on the night freight are mentioned. But the "Commonwealth" was the boy's delight, and the story is of young Brandon's intimacy with this engine, its fireman, Martin Henry, and Cotton, the engineer. The story is told simply and delightfully. Weston Holme was the pseudonym of a distinguished and beloved physician now living in Boston.—Ed.

'OH, BOY!' OPENS THEATRE SEASON

Musical Comedy at the Wilbur
Has Charm and Grace
of Predecessors.

MRS. HIBBARD WELCOMED

WILBUR THEATRE — "Oh, Boy," musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse; music by Jerome Kern. First

A grand jury brought in a verdict for Mr. Olshantzky. There was also the

In New England families of bygone generations when it was the custom to stifle emotion, when a wife addressed her husband in conversation as "Mr. Clark," there was the stiffest formality in correspondence. A son, though he had reached man's estate, addressed his father as "Respected Sir," and subscribed himself "Your obedient son." A matron signed herself "Your dutiful wife." "Your obedient servant" was in common use in official and also in commercial correspondence. Yet in the English Admiralty there was a singular custom of signing all letters from the Lords Commissioners to naval officers, even when the letters were in reproof, "Your affectionate friends." As the story goes, this practice was discontinued

"However 'les pompeuses Bagatelles de la Cuisine Masquee' may tickle the fancy of 'demi-connoisseurs,' who, losing the substance to pursue the shadow, prefer wonderful and whimsical metamorphoses, and things extravagant and expensive to those which are intrinsically excellent. In whose mouth mutton hardly hope for a welcome unless

The theatrical season here and New York has opened earlier than usual. The early opening is merely to "try out" new plays, with or without muscle. Certain musical comedies that have been successful in New York are now on the road. Unfortunately for the provincial audiences, and Boston is now renowned by some managers as provincial, the original companies have contributed largely to the metropolitan success seldom appearing in the towns visited.

The piece for the month of New York and here are generally of a light character with singing and dancing, with a story that does not perplex the spectators. The productions, as a rule, are "pretentious," to use the language of press agents who by this term mean "sumptuous," not realizing the fact that "pretentious" rightly employed is far from being a complimentary or alluring adjective. The manager of a well equipped circus might as well announce his show as "a grand monohippic entertainment."

Those who take the drama seriously, too seriously perhaps, deplore the vogue of these comedies and farces with music. But managers know what the great public wishes to see and hear. If there were a corresponding demand for plays of importance by leading dramatists the managers would at once provide them. Here in Boston within the last dozen years excellent plays well acted have too often drawn small audiences. Managers are, first of all, business men. However much they personally may admire plays of the better class, they would be foolish to devote them selves to the uplifting of the drama as the cant phrase goes, and the bettering of popular taste, especially when the great majority of theatregoers prefer to be idly amused.

There is, however, a small body of men and women in Boston who enjoy the better class of plays. This is shown by the history of Mr. Jewett's players. The repertory of this theatre with a stock company has been interesting in the main and an appeal to intelligence. The purpose of the manager and the character of the performances have been more and more appreciated. It is welcome news that this theatre will pursue the same course this season. There is promise of even greater interest in the venture. Whether it would be wise, however, to pay special attention to plays by Shakespeare, as some have suggested, is doubtful. Not that his comedies should be wholly neglected.

Nor need the serious-minded shake their heads sadly over the musical comedies. Some of them furnish legitimate enjoyment. In serious and stern times, the gayety is a relief. Furthermore, there is the announcement of plays in leading theatres that will compel attention and excite discussion later in the season.

August 5-1917

We said last Sunday in our review of Vol. II. in *The Art of Music* series that the article on Verdi, by Mr. W. Dermot Darby, is inadequate.

Mr. Darby begins by saying that as the world has come to measure a man's greatness by the extent of his influence on succeeding generations, a rigid application of this test would seem to exclude from the immortal ranks the commanding figure of Verdi. "Yet, while it is still perhaps too early to ascertain Verdi's ultimate place in musical history, there are few today who would deny to him the title of great." Verdi, if Mr. Darby is to be believed, was no innovator, no explorer of fresh fields; he was "temperamentally the most bourgeois of great artists." He founded no school, he left no disciples, no imitators. One would think from Mr. Darby's article that Verdi was without influence on contemporaries or followers.

Verdi influenced both contemporaries and followers. The duet between the High Priest and Delilah in the second act of Saint-Saens's opera contains allegro pages that might have come straight from an opera of Verdi's middle period. There is Verdi in operas by Bizet, Gounod and lesser Frenchmen. Verdi's influence is shown in operas by Ponchielli, Puccini, Franchetti, Giordano, not to mention other Italians. The German operatic school did not wholly escape this influence. Mr. Darby, to support his statement that Verdi was temperamentally "bourgeois"—a most unfortunate statement—says that he was conservative, prudent, practical and self-contained. If ever there was a fiery, passionate soul in his music, it was Verdi. Even Mr. Darby admits that he was an "unsophisticated personality" endowed with robust sincerity, with full-blooded force and virility. From the very beginning he was more than a delightful melodist.

"La Traviata" than melody witness the former opera the dramatic sufficiency of the jester before he enters his cottage, the scene between him and Sparafucile, the use of the unseen chorus in the last act: here was a new note in Italian opera. Mr. Darby, by the way, describes Ilugo's "Le roi s'amuse" as an "unsavory melodrama." He finds signs in "Rigoletto" which indicate "the influence of Meyerbeer." Where?

Is the libretto of "Il Trovatore" so "rambling and inchoate" as Mr. Darby and others would have us understand? It was based on a Spanish drama that had great success and not only in a land where criticism of the theatre was keen. The libretto is clear enough, but some one in the fifties was perplexed by the two babies and the tradition was and is that the story is unintelligible. "Verdi could not possibly have woven a dramatic score of consistent texture round such a literary nightmare." The answer is: He did. And did ever writer stumble upon a more foolish comparison than that of Mr. Darby asking the reader to compare the Anvil chorus with the Forging of the Sword episode in "Siegfried"? Mr. Darby is wholly correct in finding not a jot, not a tittle of Wagner in "Aida."

On page 498 we find this statement: "Hans von Bülow, with Teutonic emphasis, has characterized the Requiem as a 'monstrosity.'" Bülow did not at first appreciate this noble work. But Mr. Darby having quoted this opinion should have referred at least to Bülow's subsequent recantation, his apologetic letter to Verdi, and the latter's dignified reply. Just what does Mr. Darby mean by saying that the Requiem is "a complete contradiction of itself"? "The odor of the coulisses rather than that of the sanctuary hangs heavily about it." Tut, tut! Even Ferdinand Hiller, whom no one would accuse of extravagant liberality, pointed out in considering this Requiem that because the southern expression of religious emotion differed from the northern it was not therefore necessarily theatrical. "This is Verdi's only important essay in sacred music, though mention may be made of his colorful and dramatic 'Stabat Mater.'" Yes and its companion pieces and the "Pater Noster" might well be mentioned.

"A five-act opera entitled 'Montezuma,' which Verdi wrote in 1873, may be passed over with the remark that it was produced in that year at La Scala, Milan." Where in the world did Mr. Darby find any authority for this extraordinary statement? No biographer of Verdi mentions this opera. Furthermore no opera entitled "Montezuma" was given at La Scala from 1778 to 1892. See Pompeo Cambiasi's history of that opera house.

The third volume contains some admirable articles. Those by Messrs. Newman, Hill and Forsyth are especially worthy of attention. Mr. Hill contributes also an introduction to the volume, treating of modern music. He traces the influence of Berlioz, Chopin, Liszt and Wagner. He finds that the influence of Brahms has been intensive rather than expansive, for Brahms is not "specifically modernistic"; yet Reger, Weingartner, Glazounoff, Rachmaninoff, Parry and some others have too evidently studied the music of Brahms. It is well said here of Dvorak that his marked abilities were "diffused by falling a victim to commissions from English choral societies, and in endeavoring to emulate Brahms." * * * Hindered by a truly Schubertian lack of self-criticism, his path toward oblivion has been hastened by this fatal defect, although his national flavor and piquant orchestral color deserve a juster fate." Mr. Hill, appreciating the poetic and national savor of Grieg's best music, admits that certain mannerisms and a too persistent cultivation of small forms have caused his works to lose ground rapidly. We cannot understand Mr. Hill's admiration for Granville Bantock's music, nor do we feel that the influence of "Boris Godounoff" formed the "subtle dramatic idiom" of "Pelleas and Melisande." Catholic in judgment and receptive, Mr. Hill asserts that Schoenberg has succeeded in expressing moods previously unknown to musical literature, and music may encompass unheard-of developments in the free contrapuntal direction. Will our traditional material endure? "Poly-harmony, dissonant counterpoint, and the agitation for a new scale are suspicious indications. Disregarding the future, however, let us realize that the diversity and complexity of modern music is enthralling, and that most of us can readily endure it as it now is for a little longer."

Messrs. Saerchinger and "C. C." discuss the by and after-currents of the romantic movement. There are a few words about the precise meaning of "modern" as applied to music. "Beethoven is at times more modern than Mendelssohn. Bach is often modern. 'How modern that is!' we exclaim, time and time again, while listening to an organ toccata or fugue arranged by Busoni! But why lug in Busoni or any other disarranger? Bach does very well without them."

"For, while the standards of the concert room are much higher today than they were in Schumann's day, musical taste in the home, which should be guided by those standards, has, if anything, deteriorated." Is the latter part of this statement true? In this chapter German musicians of the second, third and even lower ranks, are named, Franz Lachner's orchestral suites, we are informed, are "veritable treasures of con-

temporaries and followers. The duet between the High Priest and Delilah in the second act of Saint-Saens's opera contains allegro pages that might have come straight from an opera of Verdi's middle period. There is Verdi in operas by Bizet, Gounod and lesser Frenchmen. Verdi's influence is shown in operas by Ponchielli, Puccini, Franchetti, Giordano, not to mention other Italians. The German operatic school did not wholly escape this influence. Mr. Darby, to support his statement that Verdi was temperamentally "bourgeois"—a most unfortunate statement—says that he was conservative, prudent, practical and self-contained. If ever there was a fiery, passionate soul in his music, it was Verdi. Even Mr. Darby admits that he was an "unsophisticated personality" endowed with robust sincerity, with full-blooded force and virility. From the very beginning he was more than a delightful melodist."

Three is a carefully considered estimate of Massenet, although the doubt whether "Herodiade" will "ever regain its place in the theatre," seems curious when it is still in the repertoire of French opera houses, and before the war in those of Belgium. Speaking of "La Jongleur de Notre Dame," the writer says: "The skeptical boxholder of the theatre rejoices in the fact that there is no woman's role." A foot note should have mentioned Massenet's consent to the demand of the adventurous Miss Mary Garden for the leading part.

Mr. Nabodny writes in an authoritative manner about the Russian romanticists, beginning with the pathfinders, discussing Glinka and Dargomizsky and the neo-romanticists, Rubinstein and Tschai-kowsky. These pages are both critical and interesting. Paying due tribute to Rubinstein's songs, unaccountably neglected in these days, feeling a breath of oriental romanticism in some of his works, Mr. Nabodny sums up the matter: "The fact is he suffered from the overwhelming influence of the German classics, which he did not assimilate thoroughly, and from being one of the greatest of piano virtuosos of his age, which absorbed most of his attention and time. It is not unnatural that a great executive artist should acquire the forms of those composers whose works he performs most." Excellent, too, are the pages about Tschai-kowsky, "a romantic poet of classic pattern, yet wholly a Russian, altogether introspective, sentimentally subjective and ecclesiastically fanatic." Mr. Nabodny wonders why Tschai-kowsky and Mme. von Meck never met. We had thought that this was explained in the beginning of their correspondence. "According to men who knew him intimately he poisoned himself." Again the old story that has often been circumstantially contradicted.

Equally interesting and valuable is Mr. Nabodny's chapter on the Russian nationalists, "Borodin," not "Borodine," is that composer's name in English. Mr. Moderwell discusses the music of contemporary Russia, which has already been well treated by Mrs. Newmarch, Mr. Montague-Nathan and others. We prefer "Scriabin" to "Scriabine."

Moderwell's opening pages in "The Music of Modern Scandinavia" are pleasingly philosophical and ethnological. There is an analysis of the Norse, Swedish and Finnish character as shown in their national music. We do not think it likely that Mr. Moderwell has heard all of the music he describes. In his criticism he must necessarily lean on others. For example, how many operas by Enna have been heard by any American critic? Asger Hamerik, who once was busy in Baltimore, is known in this country by some of his music; music by Carl Nielsen has been performed in this country; the Danish Ludwig Schytte's piano concerto and smaller pieces have been played here. Mr. Moderwell writes: "Of the younger generation in Denmark we are hardly justified in hoping for works of great distinction, unless a possible exception may be made in the case of Boerreson." What pieces by Boerreson led Mr. Moderwell to except him? When we come to Grieg and Sibelius, there is of course opportunity for individual and original opinion.

The chapter "Musical Development in Bohemia and Hungary" is written by Messrs. Mason and Kilenyi. Even in the first page we run against a quotation from the inevitable and hide-bound W. H. Hadow. In spite of this, there is valuable matter in the chapter. "The Bohemian common people seem really to love music." Mr. Mason might have quoted the saying: "The Bohemian does not know whether to bring up his son to be a thief or a fiddler." Mr. Mason finds that the importance of the Negro element in a symphony, a quartet and a quintet of Dvorak has perhaps been exaggerated.

Mr. Ernest Newman wrote the chapters "The Post-Classical and Poetic Schools of Modern Germany" and "German Opera after Wagner and Modern German Song." These chapters, rich in analysis of musical character, tempt quotation on almost every page. Mr. Newman begins by considering the post-Beethovenian tendencies and the problem of modern symphonic form.

"With all his greatness, Brahms was not great enough to be to the symphony of his own day what Beethoven was to the symphony of his. Brahms raises an excellent crop from the delta fertilized by the waters of the great river as it debouched into the unknown sea; but that was all. He himself added nothing to the soil that could make it fertile enough to support yet another generation. * * * None of Beethoven's successors has been able, as he was, to fill every bar of a symphonic composition with equal meaning, or to convey, as he did in the third symphony, the fifth and the ninth, the sense of a drama that is implicit in the music itself, and so coherent, so perspicuous, that words cannot add to it in the way of definiteness."

Strauss, Bruckner, Mahler and Reger are critically considered, without padding, incisively. Thus of Strauss's "Aus Italien" it is said: "Here and there it has the rude, knockabout sort of energy that was noticeable in some of the earlier works, and that in the later works was to degenerate into a mere noisy slamming about of commonplace; but it also shows much poetic feeling."

and, in particular, an ardent, romantic appreciation of nature.

"Strauss has come much nearer than any other composer to solving the problem of combined poetic and musical form in instrumental music." His fertility of form is only "the outward and visible sign of an extraordinary fertility of conception. No other composer, before or since, has poured such a wealth of thinking into program music, created so many poetic-musical types or depicted their milieu with such graphic power."

"Strauss is at once a man of genius and an irresponsible street urchin. With all his gifts, something that goes to the making of the artist of the very greatest kind is lacking in him. He has a giant span of conception that is rare in music; but he seems to take a pleasure in constructing gigantic edifices only to spoil them for the admiring spectator by scrawling a fatuity or an obscurity across the front of them. He can be, at times, unaccountably perverse, malicious, childish towards his own creations. . . . Always he is a spirit of war with itself; sometimes he seems cursed, like an obverse of Goethe's Mephistopheles, to will the good and work the ill. But he has enriched program music with a large fund of new ideas and given it a new direction and a new technique. . . . With all his faults he is a colossus of sorts (sic); he bestrides modern German music as Wagner did that of half a century ago. In wealth and variety of emotion and in power of graphic utterance his work as a whole is beyond comparison with that of any other contemporary composer."

Excellent, too, is Mr. Newman's characterization of Strauss's operas. "Guntram" is a convalescent's work, written in the mood of exalted idealism that convalescence so often brings with it in men of complex nature." The subject of "Salome" does not disconcert Mr. Newman. "A Salome in life would be a dangerous and objectionable person, but then so would an Iago; and as no one calls Shakespeare a monster of iniquity because he has drawn Iago with zest, one can see no particular justice in calling Strauss's mind a morbid one because it has been interested in the psychology of a pervert like Salome. One is driven to the conclusion that the root of the whole outcry is to be found in the prejudice many people have against too close an analysis of the psychology of sex, especially in its more perverted manifestations. One can respect that prejudice without sharing it, but one is bound to say it unfits the victim of it for appreciation of 'Salome' as a work of art." As for "Elektra," one is left in the end with "a feeling of blank amazement that the mind that could produce such great music as that of the opening invocation of Agamemnon by Elektra, that of the entry of Orestes, and that of the recognition of brother and sister, could be so lacking in self-criticism as to place side by side with these such banalities as are to be met with elsewhere in the opera."

"There are very few pages of 'Ariadne and Naxos' that are above the level of the ordinary German kapellmeister, while that of the mimodrama, 'The Legend of Joseph,' is the most pretentiously commonplace that Strauss has ever produced. If his career were to end now, the best epitaph we could find for him would be Bülow's remark apropos of Mendelssohn: 'He began as a genius and ended as a talent.'"

It would be well if these chapters by Mr. Newman could be published separately. Nowhere else do we find so just and discriminative an estimate of Bruckner's symphonies. "Undoubtedly he has the great hand, and at times he can shake the world with it as Beethoven did with his. His place is between Beethoven and Schubert: With each of his hands he holds a hand of theirs." Mr. Newman believes that the reputation of Mahler will increase as time goes on. "Alone among modern German composers he is comparable to Strauss for general vitality, ardor of conception, ambition of purpose and pregnancy of theme." Reger remained unaffected by the changes everywhere going on in European music, though in his Romantic Suite "he coquets a little with French impressionism. His output is enormous, and almost suggests spawning rather than composition in the ordinary sense of the word."

It was to be expected that Mr. Newman would write most intelligently about modern German song, especially the songs of Hugo Wolf.

Mr. Newman concludes by saying that for the moment at any rate German music at the present day has come to the end of its resources. "All the great traditions have exhausted themselves. Strauss has apparently said all he has to say of value. . . . Reger is content to sit in the centre of his own web, spinning for ever the same music out of the depths of his Teutonic consciousness. . . . If Schoenberg succeeds in gaining a permanent place in music with his 'third manner,' it is certain that all our musical aesthetics hitherto must be reconstructed. . . . German music can afford to shed—may, indeed, be compelled in its own interest to shed—many of the mental characteristics and the technical processes that have made it what it is. There is an end to all things; and there come

the story of an art when it is the part of wisdom to recognize that, as Nietzsche says, only where there are graves are there resurrections. The time is ripe for the next great man."

Mr. Hill writes sympathetically and as a musician about the followers of Cesar Franck and Debussy and the ultra-modernists. The study of Debussy is an elaborate one, but the matter itself and the manner of presentation amply warrant the number of pages. When Mr. Hill, speaking of Debussy's influence, says that Mr. Loeffler has come to this source we cannot agree with him. Mr. Loeffler was at first influenced somewhat by Chabrier, Lalo and Gabriel Faure. But his own individuality was even then strongly marked and he had formed his style before he knew the formulas and general scheme of Debussy. Mr. Hill is peculiarly happy in his study of Vincent d'Indy. Perhaps he is overgenerous toward Brunreau. Mentioning Charpentier's "Louise" and the introduction of Parisian street cries, he remembers Janniquin's "Cris de Paris," but says nothing about the remarkable symphonic ode of Georges Kastner. We do not think that the human interest in "Louise" is so universal as Mr. Hill maintains, the opera is peculiarly Montmartre; nor can we agree with Mr. Hill when he says that this opera is "more accurate and illusive in its picture of Bohemianism" than Puccini's "Bohème," and possesses "far more human depth and emotional sincerity throughout." "Accurate and illusive"—these words are here curiously joined. Perhaps a criticism of "Louise" not without truth is that of a fastidious Boston composer who said that "Louise" smelt to him of onion soup.

Mr. Kramer's chapter "The Operatic Sequel to Verdi," is written in a rather slap-dash manner. He speaks contemptuously of the Italian librettist of the latter part of the 18th century as a "poetaster"; yet Metastasio was reckoned by competent judges in those years as a true poet. See how Mr. Kramer disposes of Verdi: "He saw the error of his ways, and his masterpieces, 'Aida,' 'Otello' and 'Falstaff,' more than atone for his early operas, which have little merit other than their facile melodic flow." We wish that Mr. Kramer would read William Foster Apthorp's remarks about the finale of "Ernani," which were published years ago in the Atlantic Monthly, and then hear this music sung in the true Italian dramatic manner. Then there are "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata" and "Un Ballo in Maschera." Is there no dramatic force in them; no knowledge of the stage; no dramatic melody? Mascagni and Leoncavallo in their first operas "covered themselves with mire in their attempts to picture the primitive feelings of Sicilian peasantry." Without commenting on this statement which contains a geographical error, for Leoncavallo's opera is not Sicilian, let us remark that the title of this opera is "Pagliacci," not "I Pagliacci," as Mr. Kramer has it. Boito is dismissed in a few superficial lines; nor do we think that Mr. Kramer has done full justice to Puccini, although we echo him in saying that "La Bohème" is his best work, not "artistically" perhaps, as Mr. Kramer asserts, but because it is the most spontaneous and sincere of all his familiar operas, the one in which he did not write with one eye on the stage and the other on the public. Discussing Zandonai's "Conchita," performed in this country under Mr. Campanini's direction, Mr. Kramer observes: "Mr. Campanini labored to put spirit into the performance, but it seemed that the score was a little too subtle for his rather obvious powers of comprehension." An undeserved fling! We well remember Mr. Campanini's masterly reading of "Pelleas and Melisande." Is Debussy's score "obvious"? Is it less "subtle" than that of "Conchita"?

The chapter on the renaissance of instrumental music in Italy is written by Mr. Kramer, who, we suppose, has heard Masciulli's symphonies, not to mention the chief works of Alfano, Marinuzzi, de Sabbata, as well as the piano music of da Venezia. The indefatigable Mr. Moderswell contributes a few pages about modern Spanish composers.

Mr. Cecil Forsyth writes an entertaining chapter, "The English Musical Renaissance," which, unusually outspoken, contains so many amusing remarks that we shall discuss it at length next Sunday.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The Dotted Note in Our National Anthem

Are you interested in standardizing the words and music of "The Star Spangled Banner"? The overwhelming probability is that that song is to become, if it is not fully established already, our National Anthem. In either case, it is obviously expedient that there should be agreement as to both the words and the music, which at present does not exist.

The very first word, "Oh", according to some versions is to be sung on one note, the tonic, being the same note that "say" is sung upon. But, in my Peace Jubilee book, "Oh" is sung to a descending phrase of two notes, the dominant and the mediant. In some versions,

while giving the tonic, the bass syllables of "rock" and "stand" each of the words "red" and "and" are "red." But other versions let "red" each ascend a step, and give the same note to "glare" as to "red". The same two different forms of phrase apply to "bursting in air". There are other differences between different editions that I own.

The only difference that I now remember in the words is in the phrase "between their loved homes", where some editions say "home".

I have been informed that someone proposes to issue an edition for children, from which the dotted notes shall be eliminated, on the theory that the piece will be easier to learn. I am well aware that in these days no child is ever supposed to do anything whatever that he does not at the moment want to do, and that he is supposed to have even that done for him. But I submit that this proposition to make "The Star Spangled Banner" easier to save children the trouble of making an effort is unusually vicious and senseless. In the first place, the so-called effort is so trifling as really not to merit the word "effort" at all. It would be lamentable to push the whole community down to the mental level of the few who cannot learn a dotted note. And the form which these children learn in their childhood is the form which will abide with them to their dying days. If one generation of children learn the emasculated form, that will be the only form that will be known to the next generation of adults, and much of the "kick" of the present tune will be permanently lost.

Again, every child that is ever going to step over the threshold of the temple of music really must learn the dotted note. And, pray tell us, when can he ever learn it any easier than when he is learning "The Star Spangled Banner"? He can then learn the dotted note without ever knowing that he is learning it, and without ever suspecting that he is mastering a "hard" problem.

Boston. EUGENE B. HAGAR.

To the Editor of the Herald:

A Dramatic Revival

After the War? It may seem a long call from the political turmoil and world-wide strife of the present day to a consideration of the future of that institution so vital to such a world democracy as this war is seeking to create—the drama. But the dearth of actors of the school of Booth and Irving, and the way in which the film play and so-called musical comedies are rapidly taking the place of the higher type of drama makes such consideration necessary, if we are to preserve the ideal drama, which not only entertains but inspires. When we speak of the drama being vital to democracy we do not think of the stage merely as a medium of amusement, but as a vivid teacher of moral truths and as a source of inspiration to the most beautiful things in a man's life, such an inspiration as "Caliban" gives. Man seeks the stage and the actor for inspiration and instruction, just as he seeks literature. If this were not so Shakespeare could not have endured as long as he has. This value of the drama needs no argument. It is a condition, not an argument we have to face. The untimely end of Sir Herbert Tree's valued services to the stage, and the retirement of Mr. Sothern leave a wide gap in the dramatic profession.

While we are looking forward to a literary renaissance after the war let us not forget the importance of the drama. To the college student of literary taste and dramatic ability there is a fertile field for the exercise of his imagination and an opportunity for genuine service in the great awakening, which will not only include the world's political systems, but its literature, music and drama.

DAVID T. EATON
Bailey Island, Me.

Notes About Plays, New and Old, and Players

A little play, "La Libre Belgique," by Charles Montbars, was played in London, July 6, at a matinee for charity. The play is described as extremely interesting. The author, playing the leading part, draws a vivid picture of Belgium and Belgian hatred under German occupation. While the play contains fervent patriotic speeches, there is a plot, including the sacrifice by a Belgian woman of her honor to a German official that she might secure her lover's safety.

"The Profiteer," a sketch by Walter W. Ellis, was produced at the South London, July 9. This protest against "profiteering" is "well intentioned and opportune; it is scarcely vigorous enough and inclined to be outside of the times, while a rather overdrawn story concerning a profiteer's errand daughter detracts somewhat from its otherwise excellent purpose." The profiteer's daughter dies as a victim of prohibitive food prices. "What effect this circumstance has upon the menacing speculations of the profiteer is left to the imagination."

Charles Hawtrej and Gladys Maude played in "Her Wedding Night," a comedy in one scene, by Florence Bates at the London Coliseum, July 9. A

man has a third of a century of maturing all out of proportion to his years. "With a bride playing a fiddle to a new motor car, it is clear that tears threaten the harmony of the wedding-night."

"Back Home in Tennessee," by Mrs. F. G. Kimberley, produced at Manchester last November, was produced in London July 9 at the Elephant and the Castle. The Stage: "That facile and popular authoress, Mrs. F. G. Kimberley, has been turning her attention to so-called heroines, who, if not exactly of the 'great unmarried' class, are at any rate sufficiently 'froc' from the shackles of the accepted conventions to run away with and have babies by, men who are not their husbands. . . . Why invest with a halo of pseudo-sanctity and whitewash with false sentiment a girl who has gone wrong with her eyes wide open? Yet, popular audiences who have had so much topsy-turvy teaching imparted to them of late, seem to take kindly to such appeals to the impressionable."

"For Those in Peril on the Sea," a drama by Clifford Rean (Plymouth, Eng., July 9), is a homely tale of Cornish fisherfolk. Richard Tregaron is a gambler, a forger, and untrue to dear little Mavis Wentworth, who eloped with him and went to Brazil. There is a rescue of a floating woman off West Foy. She is Mavis. Her rescuer, Paul, since his nerves are shaken so that he cannot fish, becomes a lighthouse keeper. Richard turns up and there is a quarrel, in which Paul pushes him into the sea. At the trial there is evidence to save Paul, and he marries Mavis, who turns out to be an heiress.

"The Coming of Grainger Malkyn," a comedy drama in three acts by James J. Hewson, was produced at New Brighton, Eng., July 9. There is a red-headed woman in it, notorious in France as the keeper of a gambling house. She turns out to be the sister of Miriam, Sir Clive Heriot's deceased wife. The close resemblance makes the plot and the situations.

In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new piece, "The Pacifists," which Messrs. Percy Hutchinson and Herbert Jay are to give us at the St. James on Sept. 4, there are only eight characters. First comes Mr. Peebody, a fussy, mild-mannered little man, for whom existence is made particularly difficult by his overbearing neighbors. Next we have the leading butcher at Market Pewbury, Ferguson by name, who seemingly has acquired a good deal of the Teutonic spirit and the Hunnish outlook upon life. "My idea of a gentleman," he roundly asserts, "is a man who behaves like a gentleman, and my idea of behaving like a gentleman is as I behave." Here again is a pretty bit of Junkerdom. "When I say a thing is mine, it is mine, and I damned soon make it mine." Other characters are Weech, the mayor; Belcher, Peebody's uncle; Mockitt, a policeman; a red-haired shopman, Suzanne Peebody and Penelope, a servant. The action is laid in Mr. Peebody's parlor in Sheep street, Market Newbury.—The Daily Telegraph, July 12.

"Carminetta," after the production at Liverpool on August Bank holiday, will be played in London at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. "Mr. Monckton Hoffe, it seems, has introduced a vein of romance into the book, believing that to be more to the taste of English playgoers than the somewhat cynical dialogue of the French authors. Gibraltar is the scene of action, and Mr. Charles B. Cochran is making every endeavor faithfully to represent the period of the story—somewhere about 1885. The first act shows an inn, with a terrace overlooking the bay and rock; the second the Governor-general's house, which, oddly enough, coincides with a scene in the American drama, 'Inside the Lines,' at the Apollo. Of the cast we have already given particulars. Save for one or two additional numbers by Herman Finck and Herman Darewski, practically all the original music by Lassally will be retained."

The widow and executors of E. S. Willard have erected a memorial to him in his native town, Brighton. The memorial is an obelisk of polished red granite and is in the Extra-mural cemetery.

The memorial service for Sir Herbert Tree took place on July 12 at the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London. The Stage published this note: "This church, which is the masterpiece of James Gibbs, who also designed the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, was built (1721-26) on the site of the old church, which had been erected at the wish of Henry VIII, who was annoyed at the funeral processions which constantly passed his palace in Whitehall on their way to Westminster. Of late years the church has been more associated with theatrical weddings than with the obsequies of the dead. In other days, however, players and dramatists of note were buried within its precincts. John Lacy, comedian and dramatist, the original Bayes in 'The Rehearsal,' whose acting was praised by Pepys and Evelyn, was buried here—in the farther churchyard—in 1681. A high honor was conferred upon Nell Gwynne, for she was buried in the church itself, in 1687. George Farquhar, the author of many successful comedies, including 'The Beaux' Strategem,' was interred here, 1707, and Charles Bannister, the actor and vocalist, was buried, in 1804, in a vault under the communion table."

One of those little touches that make two nations kin was imparted by Miss Genevieve Ward, the oldest actress now

living in the United Kingdom, when she sang at a concert. She just like her a great-grandmother, she was an American, and led the understanding by her simple statement no proud she was of the part her country was playing in the war. New York was her birthplace in the 'thirties. Sixty years ago Miss Ward sang at Exeter Hall in "The Messiah," for she was a singer trained by Rossini before she went on the stage. Old opera-goers will remember her as Mme. Guerrabella, a name she took after marrying Count Guerbel.—London Daily Chronicle.

"East Lynne" played twice nightly at the Marlborough Theatre last month "brought many sympathetic tears to a most appreciative audience."

Alexander Blisson's "Le Peril Jaune" has been turned into English by Renold Wolf and Channing Pollock. Louis A. Hirsch will write the music for it. The title will be "The Grass Widow."

Madison Corey and Harrison Grey Fliske will produce Henri Lavedan's play "Servir" in the fall.

Maclyn Arbuckle has been engaged to play Tarleton in Mr. Faversham's production of Shaw's "Misalliance."

The estate of Henry B. Harris, Jr., will produce these new plays: "The Jack-Knife Man" by Le W. Dodd; "The Claim" by Charles Kenyon; "Playing the Game" by Sada Cowan.

Klaw and Erlanger have the rights to a comedy in three acts, "The Brain Promoter," by Edward Laska.

Mme. Geraldine Farrar has signed a contract with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and will begin work for it in the spring. She is now playing in a new Lasky-Famous Players picture of Indian life, which will probably be released this fall.

Gen. Sam Houston, played by William Farnum, will be the hero of a William Fox film, "The Conqueror."

The French play "Marionettes" is making into a film play for Clara Kimball Young.

"The Innocent Sinner" by Oliver D. Bailey, played on the road with Julia Dean as leading woman, has been rewritten for Broadway with the title "Branded."

Henry Miller may bring out at the new Henry Miller Theatre "Anthony in Wonderland" by Monckton Hoffe. It has been performed in California. In London it succeeded with Charles Hawtrej as the star.

Laura Williams will play Conscience in "Everywoman" this season. She is the daughter of a newspaper man in Memphis.

"Love and Learn," a play by Mark Swan, with Fred Niblo in it, will be produced at Asbury Park, Aug. 20.

Ernest Truex and Richard Bennett will have the leading parts in "The Very Idea," to be produced this month at the Astor Theatre, New York.

Bertha Kalich has the English rights to six Gordin plays. The English adaptation is by George Foster Platt.

Violet Henning has been engaged for Sydney Rosenfeld's new play "Under Pressure."

We have received in the mail a delicious little one-act play. It's so good that we hasten to columnize it so that you, Lord and Lady Reader, may have a couple of chuckles. Here it is:

Scene—A restaurant in West Forty-fifth street.

Time—one night.

Cast—Ann Sutherland and Stella Hammerstein.

At rise—Both are seated at a table devouring rich viands.

Ann.

Oh, Stella Mrs. Swain has a most wonderful singing voice.

Stella.

Why doesn't she go into the movies?

Curtain.

—N. Y. Evening World.

Vachell's "Humpty Dumpty," a comedy which had little success in London, will be produced in this country by Charles Frohman, Inc.

Arthur Lewis, that excellent actor with delightful diction, has been engaged for "The Inner Man."

Notes About The Daily Telegraph of July 7, reviewing the London season of the Royal Carl Rosa Company, noted that during the 10 weeks 74 performances of 13 different operas were given. "Tales of Hoffmann" and "Madame Butterfly" each had 10 performances, then came "Carmen" with nine, "Faust" with seven; "Tannhauser," "Cavalleria Rusticana," with "Pagliacci," "Marriage of Figaro" and "Il Trovatore." "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Mignon" were revived late in the season. "The Magic Flute" was given once, as was "The Attack on the Mill." "It is a pity that the latter was not vouchsafed a further trial, as Londoners are almost proverbially slow in warming to a new or unknown opera, and this must have been practically unknown at the time of its revival, owing to the neglect into which it had been permitted to fall."

There were other operas, some old-fashioned as "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Lily of Killarney." The Telegraph gave this interesting account of the Carl Rosa Company: "But it must not be inferred by the ignorant that the Royal Carl Rosa Company is a thing of today's growth. Half a century ago one Carl Rosa came to England from Hamburg and

an ad space as solo violin in Crystal Palace concert. He then went to the United States of America on a concert tour, and there he met Madame Parepa, whom in 1867 he married. Mme. Parepa was well known on the opera stage, and to her success is really due the genesis of the present Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, for Carl Rosa, who about 1870 changed his final 'e' into an 'a,' formed a company. The ill-health, however, of his wife, and consequent prolonged residence abroad, militated against the success of the opera company. In 1874 Mme. Parepa-Rosa died but Carl Rosa set to work with even greater vigor than before and in 1875 he opened the Princess's Theatre for a season with a company which included Rose Hersee, Sir Charles Santley, and others well known to fame. In this season he produced for the first time in England or in English Cagnoni's long-forgotten 'Porter of Havre' and Cherubini's 'The Water Carrier.' In 1876 he produced 'Giraldi,' by Adams, 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'Joconde,' Sir F. H. Cowen's 'Pauline' and in the following years Brull's once inordinately popular 'Golden Cross'; 'Rienzi,' 'Piccolino,' by Guiraud, 'Carmen,' 'Mignon,' 'Lohengrin' and 'Aida.' Meanwhile his company included Minnie Hauk, Julia Gaylord Dolara, Anton Schott (unforgettable in 'Rienzi'), Joseph Maas, and a veritable host of singers, many of whom were already famous, many others of whom afterward achieved fame. Who that saw it has forgotten Minnie Hauk's Carmen or Schott's horsemanship in 'Rienzi,' or Joseph Maas, or Santley's Van der Decken—now known as the Flying Dutchman?

"Or, still more, who that saw them can forget that wonderful series of productions of native opera in the early eighties, when, one after the other, Carl Rosa brought out Goring Thomas's 'Esmeralda' and Sir Alexander Mackenzie's 'Colomba,' what time Mme. Marie Roze appeared as Carmen, or Sir Charles Stanford's 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' or Goring Thomas's 'Nadeshda,' and Massenet's 'Manon,' Mackenzie's 'Troubadour' or Mr. F. Corder's 'Nordis'? The singers, too—Charles Santley, Ben Davies, Leslie Crotty Ludwig, Charles Manners, Barton McGuckin, Aynsley Cook; and the ladies—Mmes. Zelle de Lussan, Ella Russell, Georgina Burns, Kirkby Lunn, Fanny Moody, Lucille Hill, and so on. It is truly a fine and a formidable list of singers as of productions. The company became 'her majesty's servants' through their excellent performances before royalty, and it is a justifiably proud boast that it has been in unbroken existence since its inception nearly half a century ago. It has afforded many a thousand opportunities for the stage education of young singers, and it has produced many a native opera. A proud record indeed in that of the Royal Carl Rosa opera company."

So the American military leaders have been visiting Napoleon's splendid tomb. Did they, one wonders, hear the story of his heart, which the tomb encloses. On the night that he died his body was prepared for embalming, and the heart was placed in water in a silver ewer. An Irish soldier who loved Napoleon, sat up with his old muzzle-loader to guard the body, for Longwood swarmed with rats. In the midst of his vigil he heard a splash in the ewer. He fired, just in time to save the heart from the vile rodents which were dragging it away. Americans knew that sentry's grandson, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and loved his music.—London Daily Chronicle.

At a festival in aid of the Belgrave War Hospital Depot held in Belgrave square, women wore the costumes of itinerant sellers in the London streets of long ago. The costumes were copied from pictures by Wheatley and Rowlandson. The old cries, including "Cherries, ripe cherries," "Strawberries, scarlet strawberries," "Old chairs to mend," "Fresh-gathered peas," "Turnips and carrots, ho!" were heard, and there were many others. These musical cries had for many years been silent.

It will be a real satisfaction, by the way, to all those who have enjoyed in days past the superb art of the De Reszke brothers—and still more to those who have been privileged to enjoy their friendship—to learn that there is no truth in the very sad stories circulated since the war as to their having been ruined by events in Poland. As recently as June 24 Jean de Reszke, writing from Paris to his old friend, Mr. Herman Klein (who has an interesting appreciation of the late basso in the current Musical Times), informed him that certain American journalists had "created a very painful legend concerning the circumstances surrounding my dearly loved brother's last moments." The letter, which we have been privileged to read, goes on to explain that Edouard received the most devoted care from his wife and children, and added the writer, "his property, like mine, has in no way suffered from the war, our estates being situated outside the fighting zone." It is very reassuring to have painful rumors thus authoritatively refuted.—Daily Telegraph, July 7.

Mary Law, a violinist who studied for a time in Chicago and played in concert, going from a tour of Australia and South Africa to London, may be heard next season in this country and in Canada.

Joseph Del Puente, a son of the celebrated baritone, has been engaged by Mr. Savage for "Have a Heart."

On July 10, Isidore de Lara chose for the program of one of his war emergency concerts music by MacDowell,

Carpenter and Locifer. There was a full orchestra led by Mr. de Lara. Peculiar interest attaches now to any composition that bears the name of Metner, which is beginning to become familiar on our concert programs. Still, as a song writer he is as yet but little known here. Somebody appears to have designated Metner the "Russian Brahms"—why it would not be easy to say—and light on the point is hardly thrown by study of an example such as his "Song of the Elves," which is included in Messrs. Chester's recent catalogue. It appears in an English and French version of Goethe's words—the former by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch (who has supplied the English text of all the Russian songs under notice) and the French by M. G. Jean-Aubry. A curious effect at the outset of the songs is created by the dubious tonality, and a perhaps more conscious effect obtained later by the use of an arresting little phrase which the interpreter is directed to sing "with half-closed lips."—Daily Telegraph.

J. & W. Chester, London, also publish Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Cradle Song" with its suggestion of folk-song idiom; "Night" with its "racial note," while in "The Rose Enslaved the Nightingale" the orientalism which Rimsky-Korsakoff so often turned to effective account is very happily employed. The wistful opening phrases are unaccompanied, and the languorous charm that characterizes the song is emphasized, as it were, by the subtle use of a scale apparently evolved from one of eastern origin."

Sir Henry J. Wood will conduct the Broad Lane concerts of the Halle orchestra in Manchester, Eng., and Sir Thomas Beecham the concerts of the Halle Society.

Ben Davies having completed six performances with the Carl Rosa company wrote to a friend, "Having once again scented the footlights I might be induced to return to the stage should opportunity ever offer."

The fallacy that German pianos are always bound to be superior to English made instruments was discussed yesterday at the seventh British Music convention at the Midland Hotel. Mr. R. W. Pentland (Edinburgh) declared that the manufacturers must be protected against unfair competition, but at the same time it was no use protecting an article unless it was the best that could be produced. British pianos in the past had not had fair treatment from their own country. Dr. Reginald S. Clay said that he hoped to produce an instrument for recording the tone of pianos, so as to be able to tell a good toned instrument from one of inferior tone. If this was achieved they would be able to make really substantial progress.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 29.

At a performance of "Tosca" in English at Drury Lane (June 25) Percy Pitt, the conductor, was "more than usually successful in restraining the orchestra to the point where the libretto becomes audible—a difficult feat with Puccini's occasional barn-storming orchestration."

A Scotch pianist, Miss Lillias Mackinnon, who has made a special study of Scriabin's music, gave a recital in London June 27, in which "the proportions between early and late Scriabin corresponded roughly to those at his own recitals given in the same hall in the season before the war." "The effect," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "was to give an impression of the real Scriabin, who was no revolutionary, but a tone poet of remarkable delicacy, whose ingenious devices led him eventually far from the beaten track. Miss Mackinnon's playing is intelligently imaginative—that is to say, it presents the pieces in their poetic aspect, but with none of the vagueness or the blurred outlines which are sometimes deemed vital to the poetic atmosphere. Her interpretations are thus singularly lucid, and that is an advantage in displaying the delusion that Scriabin's music is in any sense puzzling."

August 6-1917

We spoke a few days ago about cruelty in cookery, and promised to give a recipe for "persuading a goose to roast itself," a recipe found in the chapter "Culinary Curiosities" in Dr. Kitchener's "Cook's Oracle."

Roast Live Goose.

"Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature (but a goose is best of all for this purpose), pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared; then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free; within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better; put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see her begin to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooked in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in; she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple sauce will cleanse and empty her. And when she

waisteth, and consumes herself, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge, and when you see her giddy, with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she is dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold."

Dr. Kitchener apparently found this recipe in Wecker's Secrets of Nature (In folio, London, 1660).

"Buck" and "Broad."

As the World Wags:

I have read with interest the letters on ox-driving that have appeared in your column, but the one from Vermont did not accord in all respects with my own recollection of early days. A native of Maine, I felt greatly obliged to your correspondent "Augusta" for his protest against the somewhat nerveless phrase "oxen-drivers." Ox-teamsters, his own term, sounds right. I think the only fault I had to find with "Augusta's" letter was directed against the phrase printed as "Ner-Broad." This may have been a printer's error, but in my case I am glad to see in this morning's Herald that Mr. Mudgett, another man from Maine, has given "Her-Broad," or "Her-Star," though I should have written "Huh-Broad."

The names Buck and Broad or Star and Line, which your Maine men give, were the ones I knew best. The last two names were likely to refer to markings of white hair, a spot or a streak in the otherwise red or brindle coat of the animal; but Buck and Broad were more generally applicable, and they were admirably chosen for their purpose. Buck was the "nigh" (don't say near), and Broad the off ox; and there was a good reason for this assignment of names. When the teamster wanted to turn to the left he stood by the flank of the nigh ox, touched the "critter" lightly with his goad (yes, goad is the pronunciation), on the left foreleg or shoulder and said, "Back, Buck, huh-Broad up." This made the nigh ox shuffle around, without advancing, toward the driver, while the off ox, moving forward and to the left, described an arc about his mate, thus making the turn described. If the cattle were too slow and there was an emergency, the touch of the goad on the nigh ox became a stroke, the "Back, Buck," became explosive, the goad shot across the back of the nigh ox till its brad pierced the skin of the off one, and a stentorian "Huh, Braw-w-w-d up!" brought results. It is plain that the names Buck and Broad are not interchangeable here. E. H. H.

Cambridge, July 27.
Now let us all sit down to read Walt Whitman's sonorous "The Ox Teamer."—Ed.

For "Anti-Vaccinationists."

Reading a savage denunciation of vaccination for smallpox, we were reminded of the diatribes uttered by Dr. Moseley and Mr. Stuart when the practice began. Among the numerous shocking cases mentioned by them the most horrible was that of the child at Peckham: "Who, after being inoculated with the cow-pox, had its former natural disposition absolutely changed to the brutal; so that it run upon all fours like a beast, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull. For my part I can scarcely think it possible, having had no time to ascertain the truth." This story inspired some one to write the following poem:

O Moseley! thy books nightly fantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasures;
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.
There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jem, Joe and Mary;
On their foreheads—oh, horrible! crumpled horns bud;
Here Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,
Reclin'd in a corner, are chewing the cud.

EDUCATIVE FILMS

A film company purposes to show "photoplays founded on incidents and personalities familiar to school children." The first will be a "picturization" of Gen. Sam Houston's career, from his early days among the Cherokee Indians to the sight of him at the head of troops pitted against invading Mexicans. That there may be "heart interest," his love affair with beautiful Eliza Allen is introduced. Aug. 5-1917

Now, how many school children, how many college undergraduates, can give a short and correct account of Houston's life? Houston street in New York was once familiar to "young gentlemen pursuing a collegiate education" because Harry Hill's place of entertainment was there; but to many the naming of Houston, Tex., is as obscure as the naming of St. Johnsbury, Vt. Every now and then the complaint is voiced that reading, spelling and geography are not thoroughly or wisely taught in the schools. At-

tacks on methods of instruction in English literature are not infrequent. Is there sufficient attention paid to American history? This branch was woefully neglected in schools and colleges forty years ago.

Not long ago it was asked by a thoughtful writer: "How many Americans can name correctly and quickly the Presidents of the United States in order?" The mere ability to recite the names does not argue knowledge of the chief events that characterized each administration. A man may not be able to name the capital of South Dakota or bound the state of Oklahoma and yet he may be conversant with our history. But take the average college graduate who may be primed on the advantages and disadvantages of the referendum; what answers will he make if questioned about Shay's rebellion, the Hartford convention, the Dred Scott case, the Willmot Proviso, Squatter Sovereignty? Can he tell the principles of the candidates that ran against Lincoln? Can he give even a vague account of Anthony Burns in Boston? Was the fall of the Alamo before or during the Mexican war? Walt Whitman's stirring lines may be to him as Sanscrit.

Is it not possible that a series of film plays, judiciously planned, would awaken a desire for better acquaintance with leading figures in American history, or with events that are now as remote as those of ancient Greece or Rome? The film play, "Les Miserables," has led many to read Hugo's extraordinary romance, and films of scenes in the far West and in Hawaii have broadened knowledge of geography and customs. Sam Houston was as picturesque a character as any hero of conventional melodrama; surely as interesting as any daring scapegrace pictured by, say, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks.

August 7-1917

Clancy's Sonnets.

As the World Wags:

The mayoralty campaign in Boston has evidently begun. Hot shot, not to say shrapnel and high explosives, has already been hurled from both sides in several sectors, presumably for range-finding. The annual drafting expedition to the realm of Shakespeare, where his creation rises,

"one remove,
Though dread, this finite from that infinite," is hourly expected, and the ponderous mortar-batteries of classical quotation are being moved up in support of a withering machine-gun fire of near-obscenity.

At any moment one or another of the centuries may crumple the assaulting cohorts with some such telling line as

"We were two berries moulded on one stem," or (to swap metaphors) take the wind out of his adversary's sails by quoting the famous passage beginning—

"I am the noblest Roman of them all."
The Herald's list of hypothetical Cincinnati was very interesting to me because I had heard of several of them before. . . . But I hope that the attack on the barricades will be headed by the junior ex-mayor. He has had a good deal of experience in street-fighting and knows the weak points in a hastily constructed breastwork of paving-blocks and street-cleaning apparatus as do few other living men.

It is well known that the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston was one of Dr. Fitzgerald's most consecrated supporters. At this crisis in the history of our darling city I am sure your readers will positively devour the poems which I include in this communication. These are not only a superb example of the poet's absolute mastery of his art—particularly of vowel-assonance—but they have an especial interest as Clancy's only laudatory writings. Nearly all of his personal verse is decidedly of a pugnacious or even defamatory nature. The sonnets to Fitzgerald are, therefore, peculiarly touching to the noble mind.

TO FITZGERALD.

I.
No theme of romance elevates my lyre,
Nor ancient worth provokes eternal praise,
Nor hot woe and the grief the Lesbian says
Kindles the flames with immortal fire;
For I would heap one high funeral pyre
With every idle theme of former days,
And keep for thee the greenest of my bays;
To bind thy brows inspired to aspire.

Fitzgerald! Most applauded, honey-Fitz!
The murmurs of no vagrant Muse demand
To sing thee right in fourteen lines, my wit!
Thou, 'gainst the G. O. P.'s devoted band,
Our Hector, when he gave Patroclus fits—
And all the Argives covered on the strand.

II.

When, in the silence of Night's solemn hour,
I ponder o'er old volumes quaint and dim,
I ponder of brave heroes gay or grim,
Who swayed the dauntless combat, and the dour

And followed him and fought and vanquished him.
Or for the very best lady's whim,
Sacked the strong town or stormed the tallest tower.

Then, then, Fitzgerald do I think on thee,
And with those deathless names thy name align:
Foremost in state-craft, first in minstrelsy;
For when the Ancients came to drink and dine

Thou didst arise, with jovial melody,
And the high rafters rang with "Adeline."

"And the high rafters rang with 'Adeline.'"
Do you get that "ra," "ra" and the consequent "Ad"? There is the craftsman; only the master makes a line like that. I once heard Prof. Cokeman of Harvard read the second sonnet at a summer school lecture. He called the final line perfect. As he spoke the vowels in his broad Harvard dialect, it seemed we heard the echoing rah-rah with which the enthusiastic Ancients, for it was not early at the feast, greeted the ex-mayor's vocal contribution.

Aye, Clancy is coming into his own. And may Dr. Fitzgerald come into his own, and may Mr. Curley come into his own, and may we all come into our own, and, in the words of Tiny Tim, God bless us all, accordingly as we have severally deserved, with which moral I end my thecibo.
T. K., DEEDLEDUM.
Hanover, N. H.

Dominion of Canada.

When the new confederation was formed the question was: By what style should it be known? At first it was, "United Provinces," and so remained in the first six drafts of the bill. Then a new title was substituted, "Kingdom of Canada." But Lord Derby, premier at the time, looking to the great and growing republic across the Canadian frontier said, "Why needlessly wound American sensitiveness?" And so, Dominion it became, and remains, none the less majestic a heritage for not challenging the amour propre of the men now fighting by our side.—London Daily Chronicle.

CALIBAN STAR AT B. F. KEITH'S

Lionel Braham and Company

Appear in Scene from
"Othello."

BERNARD GRANVILLE ON BILL

Lionel Braham, fresh from his interesting creation of the character of Caliban in the recent masque at the Stadium, is the chief feature at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good sized and highly pleased audience.

Mr. Braham chose the chamber scene from "Othello." His performance of the Moor was so engrossing as to prompt a desire to see the actor in the character in its entirety for it will be remembered that the chamber scene is an outlet for the fury of the character, and there is the single moment as he awakens to the perndy of Iago that shows the tenderness of the man and his all consuming love.

The actor is especially favored physically for the part. He did not make the mistake of rushing the scene, and he led up to the climax intelligently. He is one of the few actors of capital roles who can essay the whisper and yet make his lines intelligible all over the house. Then there was the frightful contrast of his dynamic denunciation of Desdemona as he named Michael Cassio. He roared as the monarch of the forest in his frenzy as he laid hands on his wife; he shook and sobbed in the poignancy of despair as he listened to the truth from Emilia, and all this convincingly, with the audience spellbound.

Miss Irby Marshall was interesting as Desdemona. There was always the evidence of the trusting spouse capable of intense love and devotion, and yet there were the ominous clouds of impending evil evident in her every action. Miss Gladys Vanderzee's interpretation of Emilia was altogether too tame.

Other acts were Bernard Granville, in one of the best monologues heard at his theatre in a long time; Hardy Brothers, in a hat manipulation act; Amelia Stone and Armand Kallsz, in a musical comedy; Moore and Gerald, in an act combining comedy and acrobatics; Those Five Girls, in an instrumental and vocal act. Four Readings, sensational jugglers of human beings; Stewart Jackson and Dorothy Wahl, in a comedy sketch, and Janet and Warren Leland, in "Paint-o-graphy."

Sir Thomas Browne, discussing the burial, regretted that Scribonius Laxus, the physician that accompanied the Emperor Claudius on his expedition to Britain, did not write an account of British customs, for he might have discovered "that frugal bit of the Old Britons, which in the bligness of a Bean could satisfy their thirst and hunger." What was this "bit"? If it were still to be found, England might laugh at German submarines, striving to starve their foe into a peace.

But what opportunity had Scribonius Laxus of studying closely British customs? The Emperor Claudius, according to report, was only 16 days in Britain. English visitors in the United States, however, have written their impressions of this country after merely crossing it or sojourning in New York for a fortnight. We have heard of an Englishman, who, landing at East Boston, went to the nearest inn and never left it until the next sailing for Liverpool. In a published letter he said that Boston had disappointed him and he was bitter about the greatly praised American hotels.

Cape Cod Patriotism.

We have received the following "pome" from the Cape:

THE OLD FLAG.
I love the dear old flag that loved one died to save,
Every star within your folds looks down on silent graves.
All the threads in the bunting, every wrinkle gathered there,
Seem to speak of fallen heroes with their brothers of gray hair.
What a glorious land to live in under thy protecting might!
God smite us if we do the wrong, love us if we do the right.
Yes, I love the flag of Freedom, every thread within your folds
Tells me you're my protector better far than shining gold.
All your colors lend enchantment to many friends who chance to roam,
And wherever you are flying we can make ourselves at home.
In this greatest land of freedom may you never cease to be
Our protection on the land and our guidance on the sea.
You alone do I cherish, colors of our own free land;
Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes!
Hurrah for Uncle Sam!

OWEN B. LEWIS.

Osterville.

Stone Boat—Stone Drag.

The Herald has received several letters with reference to its question about "stone boat."

"Vermont" writes: "In answer to the question as to whether the stone boat to which oxen were attached had any other name, I will say that in central Vermont, 25 years ago, it was generally known as a 'stone drag,' and I have every reason to believe that this name is still in use there."

Mr. A. D. Gile of Boston: "As a lad, the writer always heard the term 'stone drag,' never 'boat.' Later in life at Martha's Vineyard and on Cape Cod, I heard the term 'stone boat' used. 'Haw' and 'Gee' were ox-steering words."

Mr. Charles O. Barney of Canaan, N. H., writes: "When I lived on the farm, about the time of the civil war, the term 'stone boat' was seldom heard in this part of New Hampshire. The implement was always called a drag or stone drag. As to the word 'hush' I never heard it used. My grandfather was a famous ox teamster, and before the days of railroads drove an ox team between this town and Boston to carry freight. He always said 'hish' or 'haw' to swing his team toward him. I have driven an ox team a few times myself, and have plowed a good many acres without a driver." Mr. Barney is the senior editor and publisher of the Canadian Reporter.

"The Doctor's Wife" of Roslindale: "The Doctor says the word you are looking for to take the place of 'stone boat,' is 'stone drag,' a contrivance made of three or four heavy planks of elm sawed to turn up at one end, propped up, and strongly bolted together with two cross pieces of hard wood. Elm was chosen for its tough and 'slippery' qualities, and the planks were well smoothed on the bottom. Made in this way, the drag was of the stoutest and most durable character, as the old saying 'tough as a stone drag' would indicate."

In our little village of the Sixties in western Massachusetts, the "stone boat" was well known to us. Was this or the "stone drag" ever called an "ox-sledge" in New England?

HUMORISTS IN POLITICS.

Mr. Ellis Parker Butler, writing a book entitled "Rigs Is Pigs," was at once enrolled in the list of American humorists. The list is long, for the great American public has a hair-trigger laugh, and is not exacting in its definition of humor; but Mr. Butler since he made himself known has held his seat securely.

He lives in Flushing, and is now being considered by the Queens Fusion leaders as their candidate for borough president. It seems that he has been interested in the town affairs for some years. "He could not be seen yesterday," says the New York Times, "so his views on the subject are unknown."

Are Mr. Butler's views "humor-

istic?" In other words, does the fact that a man is a joke, amuse him in speech or in print, injure his prospects of political preferment? Mr. John K. Bangs, who has followed the calling of a professional humorist for many years, recently answered the question, "Yes." He once ran for the office of mayor in Yonkers and was defeated. This led him to remark that he was glad of it when he found out the character of persons with whom a mayor must associate. Thus did he pluck the flower "copy" from the bitter weed "disaster."

Men prominent in American politics have been known by their wit: "Tom" Corwin, Senator Nye, "Sunset" Cox, Thomas B. Reed. It has been said of Reed that his wit, which was often sarcasm of the biting kind, not the lambent irony that characterized Sir Thomas More even on the scaffold, slew his chance for the President's office. Nye and Cox were something more than amusing fellows. The public laughs; it calls political jesters by their Christian name or a nickname; but when it comes to an election of grave responsibility it prefers some serious person, although he may be no better.

The inhabitants of Yonkers were probably afraid of a humorist in the mayor's room, and yet Mr. Bangs works seriously and daily over his appointed task of jokes, as any workman summoned and released by the factory whistle. The professional humorist is often a melancholy man, a dispiriting companion. The public sees him with his cap and bells and is surprised to see him silent at a funeral. "Tom" Corwin knew this and felt it. Calling the attention of his son one day to a public monument, he said: "My son, statues are erected to solemn asses."

August 10, 1917
"C. F. A." of Cambridge writes about Herman Melville: "I admire 'Moby Dick,' 'Israel Potter,' 'Kyppe' and 'Omoo,' but can you give me any idea of Melville's meaning in 'Mardi' and in 'Pierre.' The latter strange production may, I believe, be well called the worst novel (if it is a novel) ever published by an author of established reputation. Melville was certainly a strange genius and for many years before his death lived in such obscurity that few of his former admirers believed him still alive. I believe he published nothing during this long period, and the reason for his thus hiding himself has never been explained to my knowledge. Can you shed any light upon it?"

We read "Moby Dick" every summer and "Israel Potter" every winter. "Redburn" is amusing, for in it the young American sailor in London sees a member of the aristocracy sporting a coronet stamped on the heel of a boot. Then there are the delightful "Piazza Tales." We have not the slightest idea of what "Mardi" is all about. Some one in Putnam's Magazine, that monument to the fine taste of George William Curtis, the editor, described the book as the dream of a sailor drunk on hashish and sleeping in a hammock. In the second volume there are rhapsodical pages, also satirical ones after the manner of Rabelais's account of the journey to the bottle. Yet in "Mardi" is a fine chapter urging that the names of our states should be given to battle-ships so that the united guns would voice in battle the courage and resolution of the states themselves. "Pierre" is a wild romance and one that might justly be called unwholesome, with pages of hifalutin, with other pages that are almost unintelligible. Still more extravagant is "The Confidence Man." Melville spent the latter years of his life in New York, as an officer in the Custom House. He published these volumes of verse: "Battle Pieces" (1866); "Clarel" (1876). "Timoleon and Other Poems" (1891, the year of his death). He also wrote for private circulation "John Marr and other stories" (1888). His brother Allan was for some years busy in trying to persuade the state of Minnesota not to repudiate its bonds. He was a broker of high standing and an interesting man.—Ed.

"Elbows of the Mincio."

As the World Wags:

In the Herald of July 30 you made mention of William Henry Hurlbut as at one period the editor of the New York World. That editor of the World, however, never spelled his surname Hurlbut. He at first spelled it Hurlbut, but afterwards changed the spelling of it to Hurlbert, and it was given in the latter form on the title pages of his later works. He was a brother to Stephen Augustus Hurlbut, a major-general in the civil war and afterwards from 1873 to 1877 a member of the national House of Representatives. For a few years he was on the New York Times staff of writers, and while he

needed no editorial assistance, he wrote for the paper. He was always celebrated. He was always a favorite with the printers should a riot follow upon putting his articles into print. They did it in that intance, with the result that the Times published as a leading editorial article a farrago of incoherencies and absurdities which is entitled to rank among the curiosities of newspaper literature. At the time of the publication of that article—in 1859—Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the Times, was on the battlefields of Europe as the representative of the Times in the war then raging in that quarter of the globe. During Raymond's absence, Hurlbut had charge of the foreign department of the Times. It was as the head of that department of the Times that he wrote the "spirited" article which gave him so much fame. The article was printed in the morning edition of the Times, and, when Hurlbut awoke that morning, he found himself famous. The title of the article as it appeared in the Times was, "The Defensive Square of Austrian Italy," but from expressions which he used in the article it was nicknamed, and has since been better known as the article on "Elbows of the Mincio." Of the Bacchic incoherencies and absurdities with which the article was interspersed, the following are specimens: "If we follow the windings of the Mincio, we shall find countless elbows formed in the elbows of the regular army"; "We shall find innumerable elbows formed by the sympathy of youth"; and "Notwithstanding the toil spent by Austria on the spot, we should have learned that we are protected by a foreign fleet suddenly coming up on our question of citizenship." In the evening edition of the Times of the same day, an attempt was made to eliminate and correct the incoherencies and absurdities of the article, and it is interesting to compare the intoxicated with the sober version of it.

SPECTATOR.

Brookline.

We had the pleasure of knowing this uncommonly brilliant and fascinating man when he was editor of the World in 1876. He was for a time at the Harvard divinity school, which he left suddenly for the reason that Judah P. Benjamin left Yale and George Gissing fell into disgrace: a confused idea of the difference between "meum" and "tuum." Hurlbert and Benjamin outlived the youthful scrape, yet it is said that the former suggested the character of the villain in Theodore Winthrop's "Cedreeme." Hurlbert had rooms in the old University Place building in New York, and it was said that there were mysterious doors and secret passageways. In his later years he attracted attention by the virulent articles signed "Arthur Richmond," published in the North American Review. Was there an evening edition of the New York Times in 1859?—Ed.

August 11, 1917

There is a proposition to erect an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc in the Old Palace Yard, London. As Englishmen burned Joan at Rouen nothing could now be fairer.

Jo Howard.

As the World Wags:

I notice that in what you say of the late Manton Marble you incidentally mention that vile wretch, Jo Howard, the concoctor of the bogus proclamation from President Lincoln appointing a day of national fasting, humiliation and prayer and calling for 400,000 more troops. Isn't it too bad that the perpetrator of that infamous crime against the government wasn't strung up from the nearest lamp-post? Such a punishment, however, would have been far less than the execrable scoundrel deserved. At the time of his issuing that spurious proclamation the nation was bleeding from a hundred ghastly wounds inflicted upon it by traitorous assassins. It was at such a time, when the nation was almost in the throes of death, that Howard attempted to give it another desperate stab by issuing that bogus proclamation. He so timed the issuing of the proclamation that it might do the utmost possible harm. The day on which it was issued was the day on which the mail steamer was to sail from New York for Europe and it was only by alertness, combined with good fortune, that Secretary of State Seward was enabled to transmit by the steamer the intelligence that the proclamation was a forgery. The steamer had already got under way with the bogus proclamation, when she was overhauled by a revenue-cutter dispatched by the collector of the port, and, when she again got under way, she bore an antidote to the poison of the proclamation—a telegraphic message from Secretary Seward branding the proclamation as a forgery. Some think that if the purpose of the proclamation as a forgery had not gone to Europe on the steamer the proclamation would have

test of casting Great Britain and France to recognize the independence of the southern confederacy, and if it had had that result, probably the consequence would have been that the confederacy would have won its independence and the Union been dissolved. Is there any other nation on the face of God's earth where a vile miscreant who had perpetrated so foul and infamous a crime, against his country as that of Howard in issuing that bogus proclamation would not have been made to pay the forfeit of his life?

Years afterward Howard delivered a lecture in Boston giving reminiscences of his career. I attended that lecture and did some "watchful waiting" to hear what he might have to say in regard to his forging and issuing that bogus proclamation, but of that infamous episode in his life he made no mention whatever. INDAGATOR.

Brookline.

"Mr. Jones and Lady."

As the World Wags:

"Mr. Jones and Lady," remarks the Herald, "is still seen on the guest books of certain hotels. . . . It is to be hoped that Mrs. Jones is a lady; but why emphasize the fact?"

Am I wrong in thinking that "Mr. Jones and Lady" does not emphasize the fact that Mrs. Jones is a lady, but merely states the fact that she is Mrs. Jones? In short, is not the phrase a survival of the days when "lady" meant wife? In this sense the word was not only common, but was in good use on both sides of the Atlantic down to early in the 19th century. Thus during the revolutionary war an American newspaper would have announced the arrival of Mrs. Washington as follows: "Yesterday came to town (or to camp) the lady of His Excellency General Washington." On Aug. 30, 1790, Washington left New York for Mt. Vernon, and a Philadelphia newspaper of Sept. 2 said: "This day about 2 o'clock arrived in town from New York the President of the United States, his lady and their suite." A. M.

Jackson, N. H.

This is a generous and ingenious explanation. Does "A. M." believe that a man wrote in a splurging Spencerian hand "John Jones and Lady," filling at least three or four lines of the page, because he remembered that "lady" once meant "wife"? No, the man thought that "lady" was the more genteel term. We see him now with a moss-agate ring on a finger and a case of bone toothpicks in a waistcoat pocket.—Ed.

The Infinitive Not Split.

As the World Wags:

On July 26 you copied from the London Daily Chronicle the following sentence which "One Who Splits an Infinitive Every Time and Glories in the Job" sent to that journal as an example of the split infinitive: "The directors decided to more than double the carry-forward." There is, however, no split infinitive in that sentence. To be sure, "to" is a part of an infinitive, but the other part of it is not the word "double," but the word "do" understood. The unbridled form of the sentence when it is so amplified that nothing is required to be understood for the parsing of "to" is, "The company decided to do more than double the carry-forward." SYNTAX.

Brookline.

"Foyer."

As the World Wags:

I missed just one thing in the editorial article "House and Home" published in the Herald, and that is, while France has no word exactly corresponding to "home," she has one equally good, "foyer," as you know, of course.

Boston.

E. S.

As "E. S." knows, "foyer" is a place where a fire is made, our hearth. By extension, it means a house, dwelling, even family; and then the hall or corridor of a theatre where actors or spectators meet. For many years Parisians and visitors were peculiarly "at home" in the "foyer" of the ballet at the Paris Opera. "Foyer" also means the "active centre" of anything.—Ed.

It is with pleasure and pride that we publish this morning two sonnets by the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston. Our readers and we are again indebted to Prof. Deedledum, whose admiration for the poet is surpassed only by his exquisite taste in selection from the many manuscripts now in his possession. It is to be hoped that Prof. Deedledum will soon give to the world his critical and annotated edition of the lamented Clancy's poems. The pamphlet edition of a few entitled "The Rum Hounds of the Cove" was quickly exhausted, and copies are eagerly sought for by collectors. Those poems show only the grimly realistic side of Frothingham Clancy's muse. The pastoral, idyllic, elegiac and dithyrambic verses put our poet proudly between the gifted Kelley and Sheets.

A VILLAGE GENIUS 1717

Fine words have been carefully arranged in praise of Jane Austen, who died a hundred years ago, but nothing finer and truer than the saying of Sir Walter Scott, that she had "a talent for describing the involvements and feelings of ordinary life." Some have called her an immoral novelist, because she, apparently, had no high ideals and took a quaintly cynical view of men and women. Her characters value money to an excessive degree; her maidens look forward to a fortunate marriage, i. e., a husband of good social standing and a handsome income. It is not easy to imagine any one of her young women throwing her bonnet over the windmill. And yet Miss Austen's novels might have been written today, for she, who was not stirred from the recording of neighbors' gossip by news of Napoleon or even Waterloo, would probably not have looked away from her village in 1917.

Reading her novels again and again, one is struck by her artistic detachment, aloofness. Ordinary men and women alone excited her interest. They might have lived anywhere in England as far as description of scenery, occupations, industries is concerned. Anthony Trollope was even more of a photographer, and less of an analyst, but the people of the clerical series could have dwelt only in a cathedral town. Charles Reade went to the stage, the prison, the madhouse; he knew all about trades and trade unions; and in his greatest novel the reader traveled with him through the Europe of Erasmus. Thomas Hardy writes about woodlanders and the reader becomes personally acquainted with trees, their life and death. Mr. Phillips, in his latest novel, describes oyster beds, the raking of them, rites and ceremonies connected with them, in a manner to delight Mr. John R. Phillips, if he is still living. In fact, the novelist might have borrowed the title of the huge book by the man with fewer letters in his name, "Oysters and All About Them," for his romance. A novel by an American that has excited attention recently, "El Supremo," is a multifarious description of Paraguay under Dr. Francia. Now Balzac was something more than encyclopaedic.

Jane Austen was, apparently, interested only in ordinary people. Perhaps for this reason—and for her subtlety in analysis and her peculiar humor—she is today intensely modern. Ordinary people are always with us, and the majority of us are ordinary, even in extraordinary times.

August 12, 1917

The chapter "The English Musical Renaissance" in the third volume of "The Art of Music" is written by Mr. Cecil Forsyth in his breeziest manner.

A good many years ago Anton Rubinstein, discussing music in general, gave it as his opinion that England was an unmusical country. He wrote this long before the modern movement in England. Since the war, the English have plucked up courage. Compositions by native musicians are heard everywhere. Native fiddlers, pianists and singers are applauded to the skies.

Mr. Forsyth thinks the word "renaissance" applied to English musical conditions from about 1870 onwards is not wholly accurate. There had been no previous death, for in church and choral music there had always been a flicker of life, which in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, had blazed up brightly.

But in the time of Charles II. there was "an after-dinner torpidity which could find pleasure only in the latest trickeries imported from France." Then began the artistic invasion. The foreigner saw his opportunity. "Over the sea he came in shoals, impelled partly by its very natural belief in his own nation as the source of all 'kultur' and principally by his interest in the pound sterling. And, once landed, there he remained. His motto was that of the old Hanoverian countess: 'Ve kom for all your goods.'" The great and good Handel came to be a curse and an incubus. When the corpse showed a sign of reviving, "some foreign professor was always at hand to stifle its faint cries, or, if that was not enough, to do a little

quiet blood-letting 'just to make sure.' In the third quarter of the 19th century England maintained men like Karl Halle (later Charles Halle, and later still Sir Charles Halle), who were content to accept position, affluence and titles, giving in exchange bitter and persistent opposition to the creative art of their adopted country."

Between 1870 and 1915 England asserted her nationality in music. And here Mr. Forsyth, an Englishman sojourning in this country, makes rash statements. "Read through the synopses of novelties in any season's concert programs here. How many are American? Almost none. A hundred million people owning half a continent with vast waterways, prairies and mountain ranges—yet musically nearly inarticulate!" O dry the starting tear! When American composers write orchestral pieces that are worth hearing, these pieces are played in public. Songs by American composers are heard in every concert hall. Did it ever occur to Mr. Forsyth that the music of many Englishmen,

Englishmen of pith, sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith, is not always worthy of performance. Some of Mr. Forsyth's swans are no better than geese.

He finds that the changed musical conditions were brought out by the recognition that "the man who mattered was the man of the soil"—hence the folk song movement; and by the growth of healthy liberal opinions and the partial reconsideration of the English caste-system. "Prior to 1870 the English composer was generally a scallywag, now he is a gentleman."

England "had been operated on so often by her German specialists that, as she came out of her sleep, she only very gradually began to ask herself whether, without another operation, she might not be able to find health by dismissing her doctors and changing her mode of life." There are still conservatives whose main ideals are Joachim and Brahms. "To the most distinguished thinker of that school the correct way of writing a song is still the German way. The rest-of-the-world way is simply wrong. Race, feeling, national sentiment, all go for nothing. In effect he says: 'You may draw your water from a spring in Kent, in Maryland, or in Siberia, but it won't travel except in diluted Rhine-wine bottles.'"

And here Mr. Forsyth might well have praised two dead men, musical critics, Vernon Blackburn and John F. Runciman, who by their writings did much to shake off the incubus of foreign influence and of the native, hide-bound Academicians.

Of the older group Sterndale Bennett is "a striking instance of an able but weak personality overwhelmed by circumstances. . . . For many years England had the spectacle of her chief musician dribbling out smooth Anglo-German platitudes, while Germany herself was producing 'Lohengrin,' 'Tristan' and 'The Ring.'"

Sullivan's work is practically summed up in the words "Savoy Opera." "And these words stand everywhere for melodic charm and fancy, delicate humor, and exquisitely finished workmanship."

Mr. Forsyth treats Mackenzie and Parry respectfully, yet what dull music has been signed by them! "One feels that if Milton's father had had his son's genius, he would have been a 17th century Parry. Of humor he has none." True, O king!

Goring Thomas, a man of great natural talent, burned incense at the altars of French ideals and "came back to a country where grand opera was only an unusual importation symbolical of financial respectability." The fates were against him. "Imagine Saint-Saens caught young and studying Handelian counterpoint at the Royal Academy of Music; or Stravinsky doing 'fifth grade harmony' at the Royal College of Music with his eye on the organ loft at York Minster or the conductor's seat at the Gaiety as possible goals of his ambition. Either instance will give the curious reader some idea of Thomas's difficulties, social and psychological."

Cowen, a West Indian Jew, has been overblamed and overpraised. "The English musician does not care two raps about the style of composition commonly called 'ye olde English,' but he thinks it scarcely proper that Cowen should be able to write in that style so well. Again, in his heart of hearts (sic), the professional man probably thinks that King David's ultimate object in writing Psalm 130 was the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey, and here, too, Cowen's pen causes some uneasiness." He is "a composer somewhat isolated from his fellows, naturally inclined to the lighter side of life, and perhaps more anxious for the laurel than for the dust."

Stanford's scores are models of elegant reticence, and their form is beyond reproach."

Elgar's advantage lies in the fact that "he began his serious and prolonged husbandry after the others had done the ploughing. . . . All Elgar's work is characterized by great sincerity and purity of intention. . . . his sense of orchestral decoration is astonishing; one must in fairness add that he has often been charged with a certain indecision and melodic indistinctness. These are, perhaps, national traits; and the gravamen of this charge may be lightened as Teutonic standards of judgment become less and less generally enforced."

These musicians educated England to a wider, deeper and purer appreciation of music, Mr. Forsyth thinks, and there was a tacit understanding that an Englishman under certain conditions might compose. Mr. Forsyth comments on present conditions: "There is a

larger number of first class orchestral players in London than in any other city in the world." Why, if this statement is accepted? "To a large extent this is the result of the insatiable London appetite for musical comedy performed with a beauty and lavishness unknown in America." Tut, tut! We well remember the enthusiasm of the London journals over the first invasion of American chorus girls. Is there in London today any scene painter and designer with the extravagantly gorgeous taste of Mr. Joseph Urban?

And then Mr. Forsyth talks about folk song for a page or two.

Frederic Delius is "now accepted by the world as a tone poet of great power and originality." Not everywhere; not wholly in England. He is half-German, and he has lived little in England.

There is a hurrah for Granville Bantock, whose facility is the only thing that recommends him in his works that have been performed in Boston. Scldom have we heard any music so dull and so pretentious as his "Omar Khayyam."

Here is a sly remark about Ethel Smyth. "The terrific earnestness of her music could never have come from the brain of a mere man."

Walford Davies is "a profound student of Bach, Browning and the Bible." There are a few words about Charles Wood (with "one great song to his credit, 'Ethiopia saluting the colors'"), Arthur Hinton, and Arthur Somervell.

William Wallace was the first Englishman to write a symphonic poem. His remarkable study, "The Threshold of Music," receives due recognition. Donald Francis Tovey is said to be able to play the sketch books of Beethoven by heart. Fortunately he does not insist on doing this in public. D. B. Monro with his volume "The Modes of Ancient Greek Music" has shown that "it is not an essential of this study that the reader should always have the sensation of swimming in glue." Has Mr. Forsyth ever read Dormstock's "Logarithms of the Diapason"?

There is mention of the small band of theatrical composers. "Musical comedy and the money that comes from writing it are the very sour grapes of the average English symphonist. One and all they applaud what they call 'genuine comic opera' (meaning Offenbach or any one else that is old and dead), but decry its much brighter, cleaner, and more musical descendant. The ludicrous snobbery of English life draws a wide black line between the two classes of composers; and the stupidest Mus. Doc. that ever drowned a choir would probably rather have his daughter run off with the butler than marry a musical comedy composer. Nine times out of ten the theatrical man's revenge is that it is he and not Mus. Doc. that has the butler. For, even under present conditions, the theatre alone in England offers a composer conductor the chance of an honorable livelihood." Does Mr. Forsyth really believe that any one of the composers of modern musical comedies is the equal of Offenbach, or that the ingenious librettists are to be put on a footing with Melhac and Halevy, or even Cremieux?

There is less love for the oratorio at present. There are two reasons: "First, on the part of the audience, the dislike of prolonged boredom; and second, on the part of the composer, an indignant hatred of the organized corruption associated with choral music." Speaking of English festivals Mr. Forsyth lugs in an allusion to the Norfolk Festival in Connecticut.

"As far as the publication of serious music goes the English composer's position is hopelessly bad. . . . A certain London firm, in order to encourage its poorer and younger clientele to take example thereby, continually cites the readiness of one of its older wealthy composers to take \$25 for a choral work. . . . Some young Englishmen of great original powers are forced by circumstance to spend their days in teaching little girls the fiddle."

In the larger works of Ralph Vaughan Williams there is something "vast, shadowy, and almost primeval." His landscape "is always bathed in a pearly, translucent haze. The subjects loom up and disappear with a suddenness natural in England, but unnatural elsewhere. It is as if a Turner canvas had been translated into sound." "Selling orders" were given to him and Coleridge-Taylor, as students, "to keep the ship's head on Beethoven and Brahms; but in the case of Taylor the powerful lodestone of Dvorak's genius spelt the compass-readings and drew his ship nearer and nearer to the coast of Bohemia."

In "output, energy and material command," Joseph Holbrooke is "probably unsurpassed by any living composer." That is a pretty stiff statement! "A strong, blistering style and a constant determination to call his 16-inch guns into action have procured for him many (musical) enemies."

Felix Grainger—pianist, composer, a larger friend of Grieg, etc.—comes from Australia, and, if that country had not produced him, the concert agents of the world would have had to invent him. His playing is wonderful. He never writes a dull note, and he ranges from the Faroe Islands to the Antipodes. He crosses no sea but as a conqueror. Folk-song is his battle-ship and quaint diatonic harmony his submarine. * * * He has been applauded by thousands and sketched by Sartre. Whew!

Arthur Scott was born, apparently, in the Yellow Book. His slim Beardsley-esque nature seems to be always moving through an elegant exotic shadow-world, beckoned by his own craving yet fastidious mind. At Paganini's he sits mysteriously in a black stock and cameo. A strange personality, distinguished and uncanny! Certain eripid theories of rhythm and development have at times bent the flight of his muse.

Although Frank Bridge is "quite unknown outside England, one has no hesitation in saying that his superior as a plastic orchestral writer would be hard to find."

"One can scarcely imagine Stanford's Irish songs without Mr. Blunket Greene to sing them." When Mr. Greene sang them in Boston he sang manfully and constantly below the true pitch.

An entertaining writer, this Mr. Cecil Forsyth.

The remaining volumes of "The Art of Music" are as follows: Vol. IV, Music in America. Introduction by Arthur Farwell; V, The Voice and Vocal Music. Introduction by David Bispham; VI, Choral and Church Music. Introduction by Edward Elgar; VII, Pianoforte and Chamber Music. Introduction by Claude Debussy; VIII, The Orchestra and Orchestra Music. Introduction by Richard Strauss; IX, The Opera. Introduction by Alfred Hertz; X, The Dance. Introduction by Anna Pavlova; XI, Dictionary of Musicians and General Index; XII, Dictionary of Music and General Index; XIII, Musical Examples; XIV, Modern Musical Examples.

Notes About

Roy Horlman's adaptation of Elinor Glyn's novel "Three Weeks" was produced at the Strand, London, July 12.

The Pall Mall Gazette described the play as a "remarkably—shall one say surprisingly?—interesting play" in spite of some flaws and weaknesses, many of which can be improved during the run.

"The truth is, of course, that there is a good deal more in the story itself than the mere sensuousness that made its name a catchword. There is a good 'Prisoner of Zenda' adventure plot, and there is a really great and classic theme of a queen who wishes an heir, for her people's sake, and, having a drunken husband, seeks elsewhere for the father of the hoped-for savior of his country. So far as the 'Prisoner of Zenda' side of this is concerned, Mr. Horlman has done very wisely in making the notorious love-scene between Queen Sonia and her chosen Englishman only a second act affair, and using the pathos of the parting and the self-sacrifice of Sonia's return to Croagla as his 'strong suit.' He does not, however, emphasize the Royal eugenics nearly as boldly as he might. It is this which might explain and purify and inspire. It is a direct human challenge. Without it the idea of a mere amorous caprice becomes weak almost to meaninglessness, and what might be good, strong sentiment becomes sloppy sentimentality. However, all this does not seem to matter to a popular audience. The 'tiger-skin scene' will probably serve to make the play attractive to the general taste, as it did the novel. As Sonia, Miss Marga la Rubia, though her hold upon the audience was not always firm, gave an exceedingly clever performance, now after the Lily Brayton manner; now after that of Miss Doris Keane. Practice and perhaps a little more training in some directions may do great things with her."

"Malati and Madhava" was produced in Lord Leverhulme's garden in London on July 14. The presentation is described as ideal. "With brilliant sunshine filtering through majestic trees around the 'stage,' it required no great stretch of imagination to fit the native music, the snake-like dancer, and the motley crowd of dark-skinned girls and pretty children into the picture of mediaeval Indian life portrayed by the poet. 'Malati and Madhava' has been described as the 'Romeo and Juliet of India.' It is true the title gives the names of two lovers, a priestess plays an important role, and there is one character who might be taken for a kind of Mercutio; but here the resemblance ends. Doubtless the classic masterpiece has lost considerably in translation. One seeks in vain for a suggestion of Shakespeare's magical fancy, or even for the wealth of poetic description which formed so great a charm in 'The Hero and the Nymph' and other plays produced by the Union of East and West. Thrilling episodes are not lacking, in accordance with the Indian taste; but from the western standpoint a tiger hunt and a rescue of the heroine from a mad fakir are hardly sufficient to compensate for a feeble plot."

London, July 12, is praised as "thoroughly bright, full of color and variety, with something of a story to it and all sorts of charming songs and people." It is based on a "globe trot" by the late C. M. S. McClellan. The revision is by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. The music is by Herman Finck. A young man bets a firm of costumers 1,000,000 francs that he would not marry a shop-window sock-darner. The costumers and she chase him round the world. The hit of the piece is a song for Violet Loraine, with the refrain, "Some girl has got to darn his socks."

The success of "Inside the Lines" has introduced to playgoers a new and youthful English producer—i. e., Mr. Claud Vernon. Thirteen has ever been a lucky number for Mr. Vernon. He produced "Inside the Lines," which has 13 speaking parts, in 13 days. He was born on a Friday, the 13th, and his best year was 1913, when among other lucky events he won two sweepstakes. On Monday night, when the Bijou orchestra at the Apollo was a violinist short, Mr. Vernon stepped into the gap, proving that, apart from stagecraft, he is an adept musician. Tonight is the 76th performance.—Pall Mall Gazette, July 21.

What will the playgoers who are relentless in their demands for something new say about the announcement that "Camille" is coming to the Empire soon. The town outside the metropolis, known as "the dog" when a first timer is presented, turns out between premieres and sits through revivals of "The Old Homestead," "East Lynne" and others of the same pallid hue, as a matter of sentiment sacred to the memory of the forebears, and even New York, when the candle begins to sputter in the closing hours of the season, will turn out and watch a revival. On the same principle, we take it, that father goes to the circus to satisfy the children, and also, maybe, to help lingering talent get out of the city to somewhere where ocean breezes blow. Present time playgoers don't remember "Camille" as a play, of course, except the bed-chamber scene that revealed Sarah Bernhardt under the coverlets. To ask an up-to-the-minute-theatregoer if he or she ever saw "Camille" as played by Clara Morris, Modjeska or Duse is like asking a sensitive woman her age. There have been 'Camilles' since the time of those just named. It is no sign of senility to admit that one has seen Margaret Anglin or Virginia Harned in "Camille," but that was just a reincarnation for the moment, and it was not revived at the start of the season. What, then, is the meaning of the coming of "Camille" to the Empire? One is that it is to be a modern version. Think of a modern "Camille." Does the manager mean a reformed "Camille"? Can you fancy "Camille" being reformed? Would you pay to see it? The other reason given is that Ethel Barrymore is to take the part. Gifted as she is, Miss Barrymore should make sure that the lid of the coffin that hides the face of Dumas is made fast before she undertakes a modern version of "La Dame aux Camélias." We remember when Mrs. Langtry was asked to play "Camille" she threatened to break her contract if the manager remained insistent.—Dramatic Mirror, Aug. 4.

"Poor Butterflies," a new comedy by Salisbury Field, will be produced at Long Branch, Aug. 20.

"Peter Ibbetson" will reopen in New York Aug. 27 with John and Lionel Barrymore and Constance Collier.

"The Country Cousin," a new comedy by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street, will be produced in New York on Sept. 1. Alexandra Carlisle will take the part of a girl in a small town of Ohio.

"Leave it to Jane," a musical comedy by Bolton and Wodehouse, music by Jerome Kern, was produced at Atlantic City July 30.

Three companies of "Fair and Warmer" will tour this season.

Jane Cowl will open her season at Brooklyn, Sept. 19 in "Lilac Time," written by her and Jane Murfin. Their play, "Daybreak," will be produced in New York tomorrow night.

Bayard Veiller's play, "The Chatterbox," was produced at Stamford, Ct., July 28.

It is said that Frank Tinney will succeed Al Joison as the star of the next Winter Garden show. Walter Anthony wrote as follows in the San Francisco Chronicle about Joison, described by William Winter as "the most obscene force on the American stage": "For seven years he has been heading Winter Garden shows. Before that he is pleased to remark that he played every 10-cent house in San Francisco. That was before the fire. He was born (here your statistical persons take notice) in Washington, D. C., in the prehistoric year of 1886, the precise sector of which was cut by the sun when it described the arc of May 26. After the fire he went and joined Dockstader's minstrels, with which organization it will be remembered by veterans like myself that he returned to town and played at the American Theatre in an engagement which was quite disastrous. The company and the show were good. I can say that truthfully, because I saw and heard 'em. The only thing that the management forgot was that the type of entertainment which he offered was hopelessly archaic. It was as though an ancient admirer of hoop-skirts were to

attempted to fight. He was a real New York. The time was the time of the late So Joison with his 'globe trot' and encountered the 'globe trot' and were willing to give him a hand at a benefit. Naturally with Joison's sensibilities, he 'fell down' at the benefit, and, after volunteering his services, was rejected as a possibility. He recovered himself, however, and the Shuberts gave him another chance, and this time in their Winter Garden shows, and he has been with them ever since, with constantly growing salary, unto the time when he can, as he now does, tell them that he wants a vacation in California, and that, therefore, he will not be with them next season. In this brief period of seven years Joison has become institutional in the United States. He has made a place for himself as unique as that which has been won by Harry Lauder. The only difference between the two, so far as their appeal to popularity is concerned, is that Lauder's comedy is entirely free from suggestiveness, while Joison's is entirely dependent upon it. He is the most suggestive comedian on the American stage, and perhaps that is why he has been so popular, not only with the Shuberts, but with the American public as well. If you analyze his jokes, you will not tell them to your daughter, and if you understand most of his songs you will not sing them in a nice parlor; but Joison delivers his jokes and sings the songs with such an air of irresponsibility that he (gets away with it), and the American public applauds. After talking with the man himself, I am less inclined to blame the comedian and more inclined to blame the public. Joison is giving 'em what they want, and is doing it with an art worthy of better things. The reward in coin would tempt even me—if I could only remember the songs and the stories. Joison, in short, is like the bartender who never takes a drink. He deals the stuff and knows how to prepare it, but he doesn't permit himself to be intoxicated by it. Instead, Mr. Joison lives with his folks across the bay—his mother, who adores him and who owes almost as much to him as he does to her—if that be possible.

George Broadhurst will revive "What Happened to Jones" in a "modernized" form, and produce a new play "Over the Phone."

Geraldine Farrar's film play, "The Woman God Forgot," is by Jeanie Macpherson. It introduces "the historic character of Montezuma."

"Broken Threads," a drama in three acts, with prologue by William E. Wilkes, was played for the first time at Seattle, Wash. July 15. The story is of a cabaret singer, murder, drugging, prison, gold mines. After all this turmoil there is a happy ending.

"The Broken Road," by Charles S. Hayes, was played for the first time at Quincy, Ill., July 30.

Fiske O'Hara will be seen this season in a new romantic comedy "The Man from Wicklow," by Anna Nichols.

"Bottled Bugs" by Lt. Walter S. Poague was produced at Washington, D. C., on July 30. At an Adriatic sanitarium, managed by a physician experimenting with germ cultures that he may develop a cure for insanity—the guests discover that their food has become inoculated with the insanly germ cultures.

Paula Frederick will take the leading part in the film play "The Hungry Heart," based on David G. Phillips's well known novel. The statement is made that Miss Frederick read the book when it was first published.

Messrs. Smith and Golden will produce this season "You'd Never Believe It," by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon; "The Tow Path," by Chester V. De Vonda; "The Scourge," by George Broadhurst and Octavius R. Cohen. They have accepted Austin Strong's "Three Wise Men"; "Toby's Bow," by John T. Foote; "Early to Bed," by Frank Craven.

Norma Phillips, a motion picture actress, has been engaged for the review, "Odds and Ends of 1917," which will be produced at Stamford, Ct., Sept. 15.

William Faversham has at last secured the American rights of Shaw's "Devil's Disciple."

I was told the other day of an amusing book of "Confessions" which had been drawn up by a well known literary man. It was thoroughly indiscreet in character, for the questions asked were in the following style: "Which living celebrity do you dislike the most?" "Who, in your opinion, is the worst living author?" and so forth. A certain popular comedian told me that an actor's page had been written in for his especial benefit. The questions were: "Who do you think is the best actor, the worst actor, the most overrated actor and the most underrated actor?" Readers may like to fill in the answers according to their own tastes. Apropos of bad actors, a certain London manager has composed an imaginary cast which contains the names of all the worst artists of his acquaintance—a dangerous document to leave lying about. I have often thought that it would be interesting to draw up one or two ideal casts for real plays—one, let us say, for "Hamlet," one for "The School for Scandal" and one for a well known modern play—The Stage.

Notes About Concerts, Music and Musicians

Edwin Evans

in his lecture given in London July 13 speculated the course that music

is taking in the future. He said that the importance of the wood-wind in orchestras is a sign of this. Obviously, dynamics will play an important part, and for that reason mechanical instruments, which at present provide short cuts for the amateur, will ultimately play an important part in musical evolution. Composers will, for instance, write direct for an improved piano-player, thus freeing themselves at one stroke from all the mechanical restrictions appertaining to the use of 10 fingers. Under the new conditions the increased subtlety at the disposal of the composer will make for greater economy of means than is the rule at present. Already now the abundance of notes characteristic of Mahler and Strauss in the decadence of the last phase is giving way to a style in which every note serves a purpose. It is improbable that nationalism will run its full course in England, because the uniformity against which it is a revolt has been weakened, if not broken, by what has happened elsewhere. It has, however, a useful purpose to serve in inducing composers of vocal music to pay better attention than hitherto to the idiosyncrasies of the English language and the melodic idiom best suited to it."

Apropos of a concert given by the Marchesi School of Singing in London, the Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "Singing pupils have unfortunately a habit of collecting lessons like postage stamps, and it is rare that the expert is asked to train a voice that has not been experimented upon elsewhere. Among the pupils heard on Saturday there was at least one whose voice gave the impression that Mme. Marchesi's arduous task had taken the form of 'first aid' after injuries received. But there were others which displayed her work untrammelled." Mme. Marchesi and Constantin Strosco, tenor, formerly of the Boston Opera Company, took part in this concert.

Albert Sammons and William Murdoch, who are now in training before going to the front, took part in a chamber concert in London July 13. The program included a new violoncello sonata by Frank Bridge. "Announced as new, it sounds as if it had been thought out before the recent leap forward in its composer's style, and perhaps revised after the manner of writing seems more advanced than the matter presented, which is noble and significant, but not as concise as it might be, and not entirely free from the conventional devices from which Mr. Bridge has latterly 'emancipated himself. The treatment is ingenious, and of great interest." A new violin sonata by Debussy was performed. "He inclines to the Debussy we all know in preference to the new Debussy revealed in the recent trio. It is full of charm, somewhat capricious, and more than a little 'voulou.'"

A quartet by Antonio Scontrino was played in London on July 14. "Scontrino, the head of the Florentine Conservatoire, like Scambati, Bossi and some others, represents a tendency that follows precedent instead of creating it. In his own city of Florence the Libera Estetica might have yielded more interesting material, and the young Roman group includes some original talents, for which it is by no means necessary to go to the much advertised Futurists. Young Italy is taking her rightful place in the Neo-Latin renaissance which has given us modern French and Spanish music, but, alas, composers like Scontrino do not give a good lead. Although cast in classic mould, and obviously much indebted to Germany, Scontrino's quartet in A minor has a semi-operatic declamatory style, recalling not, as has been suggested, Puccini, but, perhaps, Meyerbeer. As so frequently happened with operatic writers of the type to which the latter belonged, the best effect is made in the ballet music, in this case a capably written Minuet. The Romance which follows is a very frank 'scena.' The two allegros, which are almost pretentiously classical, are the least convincing portions." Scontrino, who began as a double-bass virtuoso, was born in 1850. Is he justly classed as belonging to "Young Italy?"

Olga Rudge, an American girl, who has been trained as a violinist in Paris, gave a recital there last month.

Manlio di Veroli, known in London as an accomplished accompanist, gave a concert of his own compositions on July 16. Mmes. Stralio, d'Alvarez, Mr. Strosco and Mr. Melsa took part. "Reviewing the program as a whole, we are inclined for once to agree with the declared verdict of the public, which favored the prettier songs, for Mr. di Veroli has a great gift of charm which does not always serve him equally well when his aim is to achieve more than that."

It was remarked after a performance of a violoncello sonata by W. T. Hurlstone (London, July 19) that it was the fate of this composer to come and go. In the days when public performances of British music were still rare, "His work shows how unjust was this neglect."

Some one inquired recently, what has become of Bonci, the tenor. He is recently at Milan for a war-charity, and will probably sing in "La Favorita" at Bologna and Turin this fall.

In the new scale of wages proposed by the Musical Union, it is not to be wondered at that moving picture-musicians receive the highest pay. Any one who has ever heard the symphony

poems composed for the three-act play by a motion picture pianist would be willing that his high creative talents should be rewarded with pearls and rubies. See him, as he sits, nonchalantly, calmly contemplating villainy as the heroine is being tied to the rails, and accompanying this dastardly deed with shiver music from Beethoven, or galloping madly into a Grieg suite as help approaches, or embroidering with coloratura the simple strains of "Love Me and the World Is Mine" when the two "leads" clasp at the fade-away. He is the incarnation of conscious power, for which he seldom gets credit. The clown whose antics delight thousands of children receives a fabulous salary. Yet much of the laughter he earns is due to the \$10-a-week improviser's musical somersaults. Only in Petrograd is the importance of this profession recognized, where the managers pay excellent wages, but insist on having only conservatory students. Everywhere else the art of improvisation, from its proud position in Beethoven's day, has descended to the depths. Who will have the courage to reimpose this fascinating art once more?—N. Y. Evening Post.

The Killjoy

Tax on

London Theatres at the moment, and for various reasons, are doing none too well, and the extra burden which is being imposed even now is greater than they can bear, and must lead to many enterprises closing down. Apart from the direct distress which the closing of places of entertainment inflicts upon those employed, there is another aspect of the question which deserves the most careful consideration. Mr. Bonar Law declares that he himself is no "killjoy," and we know that he is not. But the "killjoy" does exist, even in government circles, and the mischief he is doing is considerable. The idea that "those in tribulation ought to tribute" is no new thing, but it is a false and wicked idea. Never was the country in more need of opportunities of recreation than at the moment when nerves are keyed to the highest pitch, and the workers are physically worn weary by the war. The theatres have done not a little to keep the spirit of the country high, by easing our minds of the strain to which they have been subjected, so that any concession made to them will help in a sense to win the war.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. J. M. Gatti, president of the Society of West End Theatre Managers, in a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette (July 4) said that Mr. Bonar Law's concessions would be of little use. "The tax bill remains trebled on some of the cheaper seats; or those patronized by a class who have to count their sixpences. The effect of the existing tax has already in a number of cases been most serious; decreased attendances, which mean a dead loss, have been the rule ever since its imposition, and many places of entertainment in the provinces have been obliged to close their doors in consequence. The effect of the increase, if persisted in, will probably be disastrous, not to theatres alone, but to music halls and cinemas.

"It is an axiom that every tax tends to reduce the consumption of use of the article taxed. In most industries the consequent reduction of production and sales is to some extent counterbalanced by decreased expenditure in manufacture. If a man sells fewer boots he buys less leather and makes fewer boots. With us, however, the case is different. The expenses of production are not reduced and running expenses are absolutely fixed. It costs as much to give an entertainment to a beggarly array of empty benches as to a house in which there is 'standing room only'—to an empty house as to a full one.

"Mr. Bonar Law's proposal will particularly affect the theatre proper with comparatively limited seating capacity, because the cheaper parts of the house will feel the extra pinch. In a commodious building a standard of luxury can be offered at popular prices impossible in an ordinary theatre. Up to the present the stalls and boxes seem to have borne the tax without a murmur; but this is largely, if not entirely, due, in my opinion, to the fact that the khaki element practically monopolizes the more expensive seats. In other words, the man home from the front on leave means to have a good time, and has it, regardless of cost. But is it quite fair that a war tax should be paid by a fighting man?

"That higher prices of admission cannot be charged is, I think, conclusively shown by the fact that, whereas the cost of every commodity, including those used in the production of an entertainment or play, has risen greatly, the booking-office charges have in no case been increased, but, on the contrary, have in several instances been substantially reduced. One effect, however, of the increased tax will be to make civilians patronize heaper seats, but while they will pay the impost in discomfort, the manager will pay it in cash. They will see the same show for less money, and the booking-office—and the exchequer—will suffer.

"The chancellor's policy is akin to that of killing the goose with the golden eggs. If persisted in, it will tax the entertainment industry out of existence. The returns to the exchequer, now comparatively small, will be a diminishing, not an increasing quantity, and become eventually alto-

gether. It is now a means of livelihood to thousands will be gravely crippled, if not destroyed. Theatres, like all other commercial enterprises, exist on their profits. Thanks to the existing tax these are dwindling to vanishing point. Can the public visualize London with all its theatres closed on an evening? Mr. Bonar Law disclaims any intention of being a "kill-joy," but the fact remains that his policy will have this effect.

Nothing the fact that Mr. Bonar Law's announcement of his intention to increase the tax was greeted with cheers in the House of Commons, Mr. Gatti remarked: "This cordial reception is a proof that the only tax that is ever really popular is one somebody else pays, either directly or indirectly, and experience has shown that this tax falls eventually very largely on the entertainment provider."

Nicolaï's "Merry Wives of Windsor" was revived by the Carl Rosa company in London late in June. The opera was then described as ingeniously captivating. "The music is not free of clichés, but it bustles along in such a merry spirit that the listener is compelled to fall into step. . . . Provided one does not adopt a too superior attitude towards a type of opera that bears its date on every page and yet contrives to be youthful, there is a wealth of unused material in the repertoire."

An "unassuming" composition by J. B. McEwen was performed in London on July 7. "It is a nocturne for string quartet with the motto: 'The tired ocean crawls along the beach, sobbing a wordless sorrow to the moon.' The monotony of the 'sad sea waves' is represented by an insistent short figure which is embroidered with lyrical thought, the effect being rather less sorrowful than the quotation indicates, although the sentiment is appropriate to the atmosphere suggested. It is a picturesque page of music and none the less welcome for its modesty."

Dramatic Music:

Moussorgsky,

Charpentier, Bizet

People have always disputed and will presumably always dispute, about what opera is and should be. It could hardly be otherwise with a composite work. The generally accepted view calls opera the highest achievement of representative art, and traces it lovingly back in idea through Shakespeare's rhymed couplets and lyrics to the choruses of Aeschylus. The serious playgoer looks askance at its scenes and finales and ballets as mere excuses for thoroughly undramatic pleasures, and regards it as a poor relation of the play. The serious musician takes it to be the lowest form of music, useful chiefly as a means of educating the masses, who cannot be expected to grasp the musical argument as a whole, and therefore require to have it mapped out for them in chapters and paragraphs. The man of literature turns with disgust from the insipid libretto; the man of action snorts impatiently at the filmsiness of the motives which inspire the actors.

This divergence of view is continued in the attitude of musicians themselves. One good authority tells us that, if there is one thing that is more out of place on the stage than another, it is "dreamy, ecstatic, and purely, symphonic music"; another that the most perfect opera would be one which was "devoid of incident, which dealt entirely with emotion and was a supreme expression of lyrical feeling." So that it is not merely that the architectonic workman is out of place in this world of specialists, but the specialists themselves are divided into those who want to linger over the emotion and those who want to get on with the story. And the individual operas of course, follow suit, leaning on the whole either to the dramatic or the lyrical side of an idea which in its perfection combines both.

If we speak of music being dramatic, we have to be sure what we mean. We do not certainly mean that it can take the place of words or action. No one who hears "Salve dimora" and does not know what it is "about" can say positively that the music is not "expressing" the tender hopes of spring or the tender regrets of autumn, unanswered prayer or unrequited love; but the moment he is told what the situation is he agrees that, though plenty of other tunes could have expressed it, that tune does express it excellently. Music can therefore "take off its hat," so to say, to a situation which is dramatic on independent grounds, and this accounts for nineteenth-century so-called dramatic music.

But it can also be dramatic in its own rights. It can, as words do, create a situation, a musical one, and oppose it with another. The instinct to do this was at the bottom of the old rigid rules that an aria cantabile should be followed by an aria parlante, that the prima donna and primo uomo should be, respectively, a natural and an artificial soprano, and that each character should have at least one song in each act. The great composers Handel or Mozart made music first on the strength of these rules, and afterwards in spite of them. Gluck gave the chorus its proper sphere. Weber called in the supernatural world to redress the unmusical balance of the natural. Wagner individualized specific musical themes and set them to work to react upon each other.

Of operas we have lately heard, "Boris Godounov" comes nearest the ideal music. It may flout all the conven-

tions, but the imagination which re-creates or contrasts all the threads of melody, and is always ready with a new one as it is wanted, is ample compensation. In "The Attack on the Mill" the composer knows exactly his limits, and works to them accurately; he does not scorn Wagner's help, but he will not be led by him into absurdities. Charpentier, on the other hand, in "Louise" has swallowed Wagner whole: we have a dozen motifs, but without the power of combining or developing them; when he tries to combine (as in the scene of the lover's letter being read) the sound is unmusical, and when to develop (as at the beginning of the fourth act) we hardly recognize the original.

Bizet has generally been acclaimed as a Wagnerian, but that judgment hardly seems now to mean more than that his harmonies and Wagner's were both new. We should almost class him as a reactionary. Neither in "Carmen" nor in "The Fair Maid of Perth," which was heard last night, is there any trace of Wagner's characteristic formula, and he has certainly not absorbed his amazing power of driving a point home and squeezing the last atom of meaning out of a phrase. What he provides is tune, frankly lyrical, encumbered with as little drama as possible, asking for exact vocalization, because if it is not just right it is nothing. This it has from Miss M. Nevada and Mr. W. Millar, the heroine and hero, and in a less degree, because there was less opportunity, from Mr. P. Edwards (the father). The music is uneven; the first entr'acte is not worth the paper it is written on, the overture, played as an entr'acte, to suit the stage manager's difficulties, is quite worth the excellent playing it received.—London Times, June 9.

Condition of Opera in I have had a This Country Seen long conversa- from Abroad tion with an

American friend of mine whose duty it has been for some years to go about the world with his eyes at least as wide open as possible—rather more than less—and he is terribly caustic on the subject of opera in English in the U. S. A. Quoth he, by way of a friendly opening, "Your suggestion that an American Beecham do for opera sung in English in the United States what Sir Thomas has accomplished in this country assumes on the part of the American public a love of operatic music for its own sake." Just hereabouts I confess I began to get rather worried. For many a long year I firmly believed that the American public did possess a love of operatic music for its own sake. But not a bit of it. Listen! "There has never been any indication of such a passion in the United States. Opera in New York and elsewhere is a social function, and implies nothing more beyond a blind worship of certain popular singers than snobbery." Now, the man who told me this knows his own country as well as it can be known. He was and is absolutely sincere and entirely, almost detestably detached, in the matter. He is not bent upon belittling his country. He is simply stating a positive fact; and I am not sure that it is not better to face the honest "music" of at least as honest criticism, or downright statement, than to make a pretence, as undoubtedly a pretence is made in America as formerly it was made here, that English-speaking folk really do love opera when it is sung in a language which they can understand. (This refers, of course, now to America. We are rapidly changing all that!)

Do they? I think I made it fairly clear last week that there is much cry over opera in English across there, while the wool at this moment undoubtedly is over there. After my confabulation with my American friend, and he is a trusted friend of old standing, too, I am more than ever convinced, if only by force of contrast, that this is true, that our own public is at least in process of taking opera in the vernacular to its manly bosom. But really the point is, why should our public take, all on a sudden, our London public at any rate, to this thing, while the other public, which speaks our language, is still content to remain in the Cimmerian darkness of the un-understood language? Frankly, I do not know. It may be said it does not matter. Yet it does matter, if only because of my pleas last week for reciprocity. We certainly cannot spare our Beecham at this crisis in the world's musical history, for there is such a crisis lying underneath the war. America must work out her own operatic salvation by finding her own Beecham, and by ridding herself operatically of the aforesaid snobbery. That seems clear enough to us who have been through the mill, or at least are going pretty strongly through the mill.

"If the occupants of the diamond horseshoe followed Caruso and Farrar to Buenos Ayres, the best performances ever given in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York could not fill the house," says my friend, who adds that "opera in English is not a live issue in America, and never will be one, until music is divorced from society; it is entirely immaterial to the American operatic public whether operas are sung in English, Aztec or Sanscrit." I venture to join issue with him as to the first-named language. For precisely there is the rub! But why is this? I take it that it is true that the American opera lover does not want his opera in his own language mainly because he, or, perhaps one should say she, cannot hear the chief singer, be he Caruso, or

Farrar, in that opera or that language. And there comes in yet another rub for the 'divine Farrar' hails from Aberdeen, where they do speak a kind of English, don't they?

"This brings us to a point which may be sub-divided: (1) Will America accept opera in English if that opera is sung by artists of the calibre of Geradine Farrar, Clarence Whitehill, Robert Parker, Edyth Walker, and a veritable host besides? or (2) will it seek until it find its Beecham, begin at the bottom and work its prima donnas and Carusos upwards from the chorus, and make appeal, that is, to America, or to the 'diamond horseshoe'? If my American friend is right, and the 'diamond horseshoe' and the 'snobbery folk' are to continue to hold dominion, then (1) would be no, or very little, better than the absolute negation of opera in English which obtains nowadays. But suppose (2) to triumph. Suppose there should lie hidden somewhere between Albany and Alaska, between Niagara and New Orleans a second and an American Beecham. If—pace my American friend—he can emulate his English brother, America will score all down the line even as England has scored by her discovery, and the cosmopolitan chamber of operatic commerce, except the Metropolitan Opera, will become as extinct as the old order of Covent Garden. And it is unthinkable that there is even so much as a single Phoenix feather of the latter to 'flock together,' Dundreary-fashion! America starts a myriad miles ahead of us for reasons implied in the above list of singers of universal operatic fame—I wonder if (1) or (2) will 'have it' when the time comes."—Robln H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph.

What does Mr. Legge mean by saying that Mme. Farrar "hails from Aberdeen?" He was evidently thinking of Miss Mary Garden. Is not Melrose, Mass., the proud birthplace of Mme. Farrar, known to Mr. Legge? Is it not on his map? Perish the thought! But it was the Daily Telegraph that not long ago solemnly declared that Dr. Muck would not conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season, because he is a German, and there would be no Symphony concerts here until a "pro-Allies" conductor was secured. For this, Mr. Legge was not to blame. He had read the stupid and malicious statement in music periodicals of New York.—Ed.

August 13, 1917

Does any poor mortal talking with a woman in the morning toss off a sentence like this one put into the mouth of Peter Mistle by Mr. Eden Phillips: "Fame is something that embalms the work of the dead, and inoculates it against the moth and rust of time." But a sentence on the next page in "The Banks of Colne" consoled us. Peter deplored the fact that creative artists were killing and being killed in the war. Aveline answered: "I don't care how many Germans we kill, because their art is dead—poisoned at the roots—and this generation of them may as well be swept away as not."

A Lament.

As the World Wags:

May I, as one of the threatened, ask the sympathy of the number of your correspondents, who, I feel sure, are sharing my doubts as to what the future may hold? Here is my Lament:

Unmoved, I saw the price of spuds arise
From levels like their origin—the ground.
Unmoved, I saw the price of onions bound
To limits bounded only by the skies.
My bread has risen too—but not in size—
My Champions and Educators found
That they could gaily hoist the price per pound—
And still I paid, and still I stilled my cries.
But now, like lonesome dog, who lifts his head
And opens wide his face with doleful note—
Prophet of woe—for what we are to lose
I raise my lamentation—not for bread,
Not for toasted flake, nor husky oat—
But, Oh—the Black Day when they stop
my Boozie.

TANKERVILLE BACKUS.

Boston.

To T. R. Deedledum, Esq.

As the World Wags:

Did you ever hear about "The Dying Scotchman and his Son; or the Father's Last Words"? It's a beautiful story.

The old Scotchman lay dying in Aberdeen. "How long?" he asked feebly. "You will die in a two," said the doctor. "It may be two days or two weeks, or two months—I cannot tell, but it will be in a two." "Call Jamie," said the old man—"there is something I must tell him before I die."

Jamie, his son, himself well past 60, had gone to Australia 40 years before and had become rich and famous by raising sheep. Obedient to the summons, he came across the deserts and continents and seas, by roads of earth and iron and water, he came and came till on the last day of the second month he stood at his father's bedside. And

I was wondering, wondering what the old man's secret was he had been called so far to hear.

A pale smile of recognition flickered over the feeble face of the old man. "Closer," he whispered, "come closer." Obeyingly the son bent down till his ear nearly touched the poor, emaciated old man. The breathing was almost inaudible, there came one long, deep inhalation, and then the accumulated tension of a lifetime burst forth in a voice that shook the frail room like a thunderclap: "Always verify your quotations!"

His soul passed away in these simple, but immortal words, which are as living today as when he uttered them. And if you had heard them in time you might not have said in the Herald: "With which moral I end my theorbo," where H. B. says "close my theorbo." Say—what do you think a theorbo is, anyway? Theo-theo-theological—some kind of a theological thesis—eh, what? Well, it isn't. It is an early Christian musical instrument, something between a trumpet and a harp, with a case which has to be opened and closed like a piano. You don't say "I end my piano" when you have done your tune, do you? Or do you? Oh, well, have it your own way—It's too hot to argue!

Boston, PHILOXENUS.
The theorbo known to us is a two-necked musical instrument of the lute class much used in the 15th century.—Ed.

The Old Locomotives.

As the World Wags:

As an old Boston boy, I have been interested in the references made to the engines on the B. & A. and the Providence railroads in the sixties. The Know-Nothing station, where these two roads crossed each other in the Back Bay, used to be familiar ground to me, and I have often seen the Elephant, Tiger, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and others mentioned in this column. I recall that my first trip to New York on the B. & A. was made in a car having small bay windows, a somewhat different proposition from the present Pullman. Later on, when for a short time a commuter to South Framingham on the Pacific express, the train was drawn by an engine known, I think as a "long legger," which had a small supplementary smokestack back of the big one. The train was a heavy one, and on the down grade from Natick, going West, it often struck a gait rivaling that of the Twentieth Century Limited. I also recall "Old Man Cate," conductor of the Lower Falls Creeper, who, if my memory serves, had an interest in a lively stable. It was probably his knowledge of equine psychology which led him to state in court what the horses' thoughts were when hit by the old man's train.

BADGES OF OCCUPATION

While Dr. Dearborn, professor of psychology, was lecturing on the necessity of a man's wearing clothes of good material well fitted if he wishes to succeed in business, be appointed on committees and impress a hotel clerk, the news came from Maine that several pianists, among them Messrs. Gabrilowitch and Bauer, are now short-haired. Dr. Dearborn, as reported, said nothing about the psychology of hair; yet the subject is an interesting one.

For many years pianists and fiddlers have believed that long hair is an outward symbol of an artistic soul. They disregarded or were ignorant of the great test in the first epistle of Paul the apostle to the Corinthians: "Doth not even nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him?" The most prominent traveling virtuoso of Paul's time was the Emperor Nero, harpist and singer, yet the busts do not represent him as long haired; the chroniclers tell us that he had his hair cut in rings, one above another; it was only in Achaia, on his expedition to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, that he let his hair grow long behind.

The portraits of great musicians of early times, Orlando di Lasso, Palestrina, Monteverdi, show them as men with reasonable hair. Then came the age of wigs. The man that set a fashion in long hair, a fashion that is still observed by some, was the Abbe Liszt. How many wretched pianists have aped him in this respect!

The public was educated to a belief that long hair was the indispensable attribute of a musician. Admirable as was the art of Mr. Paderewski, the arrangement of his

agorous hair had no effect on his success. So Mr. Percy Grainger's locks, when he first visited Boston, were a wonder and a delight to the susceptible. Musicians, as painters, poets, anarchists and reformers, were expected to sport names. Yet the elder Samuel Bowles offended the sensitive when he described a convention to better the workings of the universe as composed of short-haired women and long-haired men. It was also thought for years that a lawyer should wear a silk hat even under the Dog star; that the family physician should be impressive with a beard in the bed chamber and at his office.

The successful poet today looks like any respectable business man. The gerin theory has shaved the doctor. The lawyer cocks any hat as he pleases. The anarchist does not wear a flaming red cravat; the flowing black foulard, it seems, is his badge. Why should not pianists and fiddlers have their hair cut after the manner of ordinary mortals? The manager, the press agent, the photographer might object, but the public no longer believes that the strength of a virtuoso is in his hair. It likes to see him clean and comfortable, relying on his fingers, his brain, his soul.

August 14-1917
A few days ago we said that the authorship of an article, "The Total depravity of Inanimate Things," published in the Atlantic Monthly, was attributed by some to Gail Hamilton. We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

In the volume of "Little Classics" series entitled "Laughter" the name is given: Mrs. E. A. Walker (Edward Ashley, as usually written). The article was published more than 50 years ago. She was an occasional contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, Our Young Folks and other magazines. A. D. F. Randolph was the publisher of several books for the young which she wrote. Among them was a life of Christ in words of one syllable, "From the Crib to the Cross," which was republished in England a few years ago. Mrs. Walker died last November in New Haven, Ct., where she had lived for many years.

West Medfield. W. K. A.

Another correspondent, naming Mrs. Walker as the author, says that she was then a young girl, Katherine Kent Child, living in Lowell. When she died in New Haven she was 33 years old.—Ed.

Emerson's Line.

As the World Wags:
It is a pity that "Philozenus" did not get on the rampage a fortnight earlier. He might have eaved the revered Herald from taking the gimp out of Emerson's familiar line: "So nigh is grandeur to our dust," by printing it at the head of the editorial page, "So nigh is grandeur to the dust," which is a very different kettle of fish.

SELAH.

Boston.

Maine Ox Language.

As the World Wags:

I hope your readers have not tired of the oxen. They are of the world's most important things. Our reading of them began with the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox." In modern appraisal of the value of man power in the world we are giving application to the old text "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

For a sample of Maine ox language, I refer readers to the chapter of Mast Pines and Mastings, in "Saco Valley Settlements," by G. T. Redion, Sr., 1896:

"It was a long way to the Coast and the Mast landing.—The Master Carter mounts the mast—All ready! Ready. Then more. Clink of Chains, jingle of yoke rings, swinging of goad-sticks.
Back Swan! Her Duke.
Gee Buck—Her Lilo
Get your trics ready, whos, a good pull men.
Let your cattle breathe
Ready. Move-e-e—
Her Duke—Her Darling
Her Broad—Her Turk."

I once heard an old ox teamster in a modern hotel tell the waiters to bring him "a dish of tea strong enough to float a clevis pin." Do you know what a clevis pin is? She didn't.

Did you ever have your favorite walnut tree cut to make ox bows of? I

turned to fit the "Elm Yoke." Did you ever ride to school on the sled behind the string of cattle breaking roads? Read "Snow Bound."

Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half buried oxen go
Shaking the snow from heads upraised
Their steaming nostrils white with frost.

And you may enjoy reading "How Lish Played Ox," by Holman Day.
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

As the World Wags:

In relation to the interesting question of oxen-driving lately discussed in your column. I find the following in an old book entitled "Forest Life and Forest Trees. Comprising Winter Camp Life Among the Loggers, and Wild Wood Adventures—on the Various Rivers of Maine and New Brunswick," by John S. Springer (New York. Harper & Bros, 1886):

Page 109. "The jingling chains, as they trail along on the hard-beaten way, discourse a constant chorus. With his goadstick under his arm or as a staff, he leisurely walks along, musing as he goes, emitting from his mouth the curling smoke of his unfalling pipe, like a walking chimney or a locomotive; anon whistling, humming or pouring forth with full toned voice some favorite air or merrymaking ditty. He varies the whole exercise by constant addresses to the oxen, individually and collectively: "Haw, Bright!" "Ge, Duke!" "Whoop! Whoop!" "What ye 'bout, you lazy —" "If I come there, I'll tan your old hides for you!" "Pchip, pschup, go along, there!"

D. B.

Bar Harbor, Me.

Outrageous.

No wonder the Peruvians are incensed by the sinking of "a Peruvian bark." The incident will surely inspire the professional humorist. Bret Harte's lines about the emu rush into the mind:
Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whets
Like the world-famous bark of Peru.

Lauders and Smiths.

As the World Wags:

When Queen Mary of Guise entered Edinburgh in 1538, preparations were made for the guilds of the city to be arrayed, and "it is devysit that Maister Henry Lawder be the person to welcum the Quenis grace." (Extracts from the Records of the Burgh of Endinburgh, II, 89 f.) Twenty years later, in 1558 (to celebrate the Queen of Scots' marriage with the Dauphin), the Edinburgh authorities paid to "Walter Bynning, painter, for his painting (sic) and all his lawbouris takin be him in the tryumphe mald at our Souerane Ladyis marlage the sowm of XXV merkis; to William Lauder the sowm of aucht lib., by (in addition to?) the fourtis schillingis quhilks he hes ellis ressaunt for his travell (work, not journey) and lawbour tane vpon him in setting furth of the play mald at our Souerane Ladyis marlage; * * * to all the wrychtis quhilks wrocht the play grayth in the play mald at the tryumphe of our Souerane Ladyis marlage for their tymmer and workmanship the sowm of five lib. four s. nyne d. * * * to Patrick Dorane for his travell takin on him for making of certane claythis agane the tryumphe of our Souerane Ladyis marlage the sowm of four lib. * * * to Adam Smyth, takkisman of Andro Mowbrayis yarde the sowm of vj s. viij d. for the dampage and skayth sustenid be him in tramping down of his gers of the said yarde be the convoy and remanet playeris the tyme of the tryumphe (sic)" (Ibid, III, 26.)

The Lauders in XVI century dramatics, and Adam Smith a XVI century economist! Who says there is nothing in ancestry?—or at least in a name.

Little Gleanings, R. L.

R. W.

A STAGE HAMILTON

Mr. George Arliss, the well-graced actor, having impersonated the wily Disraeli and Paganini, the demoniacal fiddler, now purposes to appear on the stage as Alexander Hamilton. Historical characters will be about him, Jefferson, Monroe, Gen. Schuyler, Talleyrand. Nothing is said about Aaron Burr, and it is probable that this play will have "a happy ending." There was a "love interest" in the life of Hamilton that led to his frank and famous public declaration of misconduct, but this has not been used by the dramatists, the actor and Mrs. Mary Hamilton.

It remains to be seen whether Hamilton will in himself be as picturesque a figure on the stage as the oriental Disraeli or the fiddler whose incredible skill led some to believe that he had made a contract with Satan. Mr. Arliss said that he would not

where the interest of the play would provoke ridicule. When the drama was produced there, with an excellent actor, it failed. Nor was "Paganini" successful in this country, although it was based on an episode in the fiddler's adventurous life.

Fortunately, Mr. Arliss does not attempt to impersonate a public man now living. Cleopatra feared lest as captive in Rome the "quick comedians" would stage her and Antony in their Alexandrian revels. Mr. Bryan, Col. Roosevelt and other Americans have recently been mimed on the stage, but only in variety shows. When W. S. Gilbert introduced contemporary English statesmen in one of his plays there was an outcry, and the actors were obliged to change their make-up, if not their lines.

One of the penalties of greatness is the risk of this stage portraiture. Julius Caesar has not escaped Shakespeare, Shaw and the old Italian librettists. Napoleon might have abandoned his plan of world conquest if he had stopped to consider that he would speak and even sing in "Madame Sans-Gene." Chopin has been turned into an operatic hero, as Attila, Pompey, Alexander the Great—the list is almost endless. Will Mr. Arliss present Hamilton as a financier, a contributor to the Federalist, or merely as a man of the world? It is easy to see why the actor did not prefer Jefferson or John Adams. Gen. George Washington would have been beyond even his skill. The Washington of "The Virginians" was one of Thackeray's failures.

DANCER HEADS KEITH'S BILL

Albertina Rasch of Metropolitan Opera Company Has Splendid Act.

NONETTE CHARMS AUDIENCE

Albertina Rasch, principal dancer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, assisted by Constantin Kobloff and a large ensemble, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large and highly pleased audience.

Mlle. Rasch danced to the music of Waldteufel, Mercier, Liszt, Drigo, Johnson and Suppe. She is alert and has indefatigable energy. In a program that would tax the physical resources of a human dynamo, she was apparently as fresh and eager at the conclusion of her act as she was in the first number. She was especially at ease in the pizzicato number, where the excellence of her toe dancing was brought into play. Mr. Constantin Kobloff gave pleasure in his plouetting, in his eagerness for the dance, yet he lacked the enchanting rhythmic grace, the light touch of the principal dancer. Mlle. Rasch is to be congratulated upon the excellence of the surrounding ensemble. Seldom is it given vaudeville audiences the pleasure of witnessing the combination of spirited youth, precision and grace in the dance as characterized all of the ensembles. Mr. A. Ellis conducted. There was an ovation for the entire company at the conclusion of the act.

One of the best features of this week's bill is Nonette, "the violinist who sings." The audience was denied the pleasure of hearing the artist in song last evening as she was suffering from laryngitis. Last evening there was wonder at her technical proficiency, at the virility, the body of her tone; nor was she less interesting in the coloring of this or that tone and her program is nicely arranged to suit all tastes, thus many in the audience last evening heard their favorite popular melodies from an entirely new angle.

Other acts were Aki Kuma troupe of Japanese wonder workers; Aveling and Lloyd, who return with their agreeable sallies; Joe Parsons and Dave Irwin, in songs; Jane Connelly and players, in a comedy sketch; Lowell Drew and Vesta Wallace, in a flirtatious sketch; Ethel Hopkins, vocalist, and the Flying Russells, in an aerial act.

August 15, 1917

STRIKING PLOT AT THE SHUBERT

"His Little Widows," with Carter de Haven, Is Delightful Comedy.

JOYOUS, AGREEABLE MUSIC

SHUBERT THEATRE. "His Little Widows," a comedy with music in three acts by Rida Johnson Young and William Cary Duncan. Music by William Schroeder. First performance in Boston.

Jack Grayson.....Robert Emmett Keane
"Biff" Hale.....Harry Tighe
"Pete" Lloyd.....Carter de Haven
Abijah Smith.....Phil Ryley
Hazeliah.....Sol Solomon
Joshua.....Walter Coupo
David.....James Nichols
Samson.....Carl Gordon
Blanche Hale.....Flora Parker
Harry Jolson.....Charles Prince
Lucinda Lloyd.....Julia Ralph
Annabelle Lloyd.....Lenore Novasio
Muriella Lloyd.....Edith Day
Lily.....Grace Haley
Dahlia.....Bernie Haley
Tullip.....Lucille Haley
Rose.....Mabel Haley
Violet.....Josephine Rhoades
Pansy.....Frances Hines
Mignonette.....Fay Atkins
Hyaclnth.....Dorothy Wilson

"His Little Widows," the opening attraction of the new season at the Shubert Theatre, shines as a musical comedy with a plot. There is an entertaining story enhanced by joyous and agreeable music.

The financial difficulties of Messrs. Grayson, Hale and Lloyd, three young men whose motto is "One for all; all for one," provide the main theme. The sudden shrinkage of the Cousin Kate mine leaves them penniless. A supper bill of generous proportions stares them in the face. They are loth to impart the sad news to their guests, members of "The Sorceress" company.

"Pete" Lloyd is waited upon by a delegation from Salt Lake City. He is to inherit his uncle's millions if he will become a Mormon and the husband of his late relative's 11 widows. The young man looks unfavorably upon the idea, but his friends drag him to Salt Lake City and force him to endure the ceremony.

Escape and happiness with Blanche, leading lady of "The Sorceress" company, and the maiden of his choice, however, await him.

The play is well built. Its episodes are amusing. In the first act the young men are breezy in conversation, diverting in their desperate efforts to mend their fortunes. The Mormons, tall and short, are grotesquely comic. In the second act the successive wooing of Annabelle and Muriella, two refractory widows, who will have none of Pete, the prospective bridegroom, and the Haley sisters, unmistakable vaudevillians, were chief among many pleasing features.

Although the original cast was announced, Frank Lalor, Frances Cameron and Hattie Burke were strangely absent. They were replaced by Mr. Ryley, who was industriously funny as Abijah Smith the Mormon elder; Flora Parker, the original Annabelle, as Blanche, and Edith Day as Muriella. Miss Day was the most effective of the three. Sweet voiced and gospel eyed, her song, "I Need Someone's Love," was sung excellently and with much taste.

Mr. de Haven, pleasantly remembered for his amiable activities in "Hanky Panky," was capable as "Pete" Lloyd. It is a pity that he has so few opportunities for dancing. Mr. Tighe, with his automatic laugh, was genial and exuberant as "Biff" Hale. Mr. Keane was a good natured Jack Grayson.

While the music has no particular distinction or originality it is tuneful and lively. "That Creepy Weepy Feeling" is the tune that will probably live longest in the memory.

The settings were handsome and in good taste. The costumes of the chorus were attractive, striking in the first act by reason of vivid colors, daringly combined. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

August 19, 1917

We have received a pamphlet of 15 pages, "The opera in New Orleans: an Historical Sketch from the earliest Days through the Season of 1914-15." The author is Harry Brunswick Loeb, the music critic of the New Orleans Item. The pamphlet was read before the Louisiana Historical Society at New Orleans, April 19, 1916.

Operatic history in New Orleans began during the last years of the 18th century, when Washington was Presi-

dent, Estevan Miro was Governor of New Orleans, which then had a population of about 5000. Louis Tabary was the first manager of the "Spectacle de la Rue St. Pierre." He brought from Europe in 1791 a company of comedians. In 1799 a handful of actors and actresses, refugees from San Domingo on account of the uprising of plantation slaves against the whites, gave performances of comedy, drama, vaudeville, and opera comique. A new theatre was erected on the old site in 1803, and "Le Secret," a one-act opera, was on the bill of the opening night.

Mr. Loeb then gives an account of the theatres that followed. He tells of the collapse of the slide boxes in the Opera House (1854), which caused a panic that cost several persons their lives. He describes the loss of the steamer Evening Star (1866), by which the members of an imported opera company and its manager perished with many others.

He thinks that the French opera deprived to a degree New Orleans of "a variety of musical pabulum." The subscribers had little or no money left for concerts; no symphony orchestra was established, "without which no city can strictly call itself a music centre." Concert giving was a hazardous undertaking, for the opera season was long, and no concerts could be given with any prospect of success on Tuesdays, Thursdays or Saturdays. As many of the patrons of music were Jews, Friday evenings were not considered, and Sunday was regarded as holy by many of other faiths. Matinees were not in favor. "So here we were left with Monday and Wednesday evenings, provided that no bridge, or dinner dance, or reception, or ball, were booked for either of these nights. Remember that in New Orleans we have no considerable floating population from which to draw; it is always the same little band to which we must turn for our audiences. * * * I should love to see the opera flourish as in the days our fathers tell about, but the only way this can be realized is by curtailing the three months' season to a one-month season, at the utmost."

Although there was a lack of concerts, although there was no established symphony orchestra, Mr. Loeb is proud of the fact that opera gave New Orleans a name all over the world. He admits that of late years the companies, with few exceptions, were of "mediocre calibre, but were they ever so very poor as to afford no pleasure or give no culture?" The opera quickened appreciation. When asked his opinion of "Cendrillon" and "La Vivandiere," neither opera has been performed in Boston—"the Orleanian of average culture does not have to wonder whether these peculiarly sounding things are hair restorers or new brands of perfume. Indeed, it might be said with a degree of assurance that the opera lover of moderate means residing in New Orleans knows more operatic music than does the opera lover in similar circumstances residing in any other American city supporting opera." In days gone by an Orleanian could hear a grand opera in the fourth tier for 10 cents; in latter days for 25 cents. In the second tier an excellent seat could be purchased for 75 cents. On Sunday matinees for many years the best seat brought only 10. "No wonder that so many operas are familiar to us. No wonder that at social gatherings gifted amateurs, without the least degree of vanity, will sing solos, duos, trios, etc., from many of the difficult operas in a manner that some professional singers might emulate." And yet Mr. Loeb admits that the interest in local opera has waned.

Mr. Loeb gives the names of famous singers that have sung in New Orleans, and we are pleased to find among them Adelaide Phillips, whose Azucena we have never seen equalled. "No doubt as to Americans outside of New Orleans, even the names of many of the artists mentioned are quite unknown; but this is no argument against their worth. In France and Belgium—two countries which have not been neglectful of the fine arts, as every one will admit—these singers are far from being unknown quantities." He adds that these operas were produced at New Orleans for the first time in America: Reyser's "Sigurd" and "Salammbô"; Massenet's "Hérodiade," "Cendrillon," "Esclarmonde," "Don Zulehotte"; Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila"; Giordano's "Siberia." Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," nor are these all.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Loeb in this modest pamphlet should speak of New Orleans opera companies visiting northern cities, but he might have mentioned Miss Calve, who years before Emma Calve appeared here in "Carmen," delighted northerners by her singing and her gracefulness. This sketch is based on an article contributed by Mr. Loeb to the Musical Courier of New York in December, 1915.

Would that some Orleanian would write the history of the New Orleans opera, with dates of first performances, with casts—in a word, do for that house what has been done for La Scala and the Paris Opera. The dates of prominent singers appearing on the New Orleans stage for the first time might also be published. Mr. J. de Baroncelli, in his "Opera Francaise de la Nouvelle Orleans," has furnished some information, but his tables of performances and singers are by no means complete. The record of operatic performances in Ireland's history of the New York stage is valuable; that in Col. Brown's history of the same stage is not always

trustworthy. There is Armstrong's history of the opera in Philadelphia that is a fair attempt. There is no history, however fragmentary, of the opera in Boston. The pages in Col. Clapp's account of the Boston stage that speak of opera are comparatively few, and accuracy in dates was not Col. Clapp's consuming passion.

The Stage of July 26 published an elaborate table of the statistics of the theatrical season of 1916-17 in London. The West End stage maintained its general activity. "It has done so in circumstances that, with each further year of war, of course, increase in difficulty. During the past season—roughly 11 months, reckoning from the end of July, 1916, to Saturday last—the working conditions were very disadvantageous. Compulsory service thinned the acting ranks and also the ranks of the stage hands, the musicians, the scenic artists, etc., and the Restricted Occupations Order had—actors apart—a serious effect upon the limited remainder. Means of conveyance for the public were greatly curtailed, and the streets, with scarcely any lighting, were at their worst for traffic on the evening. And in addition to loss of revenue at the bars and elsewhere in consequence of the licensing and the shop-closing orders, receipts were reduced by the operation of the entertainments tax, which deterred numbers of playgoers from making their usual visits and caused very much larger numbers to occupy lower-priced seats than usual. Yet with these and other troubles thick upon them, West End theatres kept open doors, though often at monetary loss. In fact, indeed, there was little or nothing to choose between the past season and that of any pre-war season. Often the managers considered less their bank balances than the interests of their companies and staffs and their relations with the public, rendering in this way services to a great industry and to the national welfare that have certainly not received the recognition and support that they ought to have had from the government."

"The pieces de resistance of the 1916-17 season with concluded runs naturally do not produce so high an average as the foregoing. The pieces that are season-proof are generally pieces of strong attraction. The 20 pieces remaining in the bills on Saturday had so far an average of 185 performances per piece. But the concluded runs embraced pieces good, bad and indifferent, varying from 'Petticoats' with nine performances to 'The Misleading Lady,' which, with 239 performances, had the best record in this category. The pieces de resistance produced or revived at the regular theatres from July 29, 1916, to July 21, 1917, were 92 in number, or, adding the pieces carried over from the previous season, 108. Minor revivals for a week or two, plays performed in the course of repertory seasons, experimental matinee plays, pieces done by play-producing societies, revues at music halls—which approximate to theatre productions on long-run lines—and one-act pieces are not included in this total, while triple and similar bills are reckoned each as a whole. The total for 1916-17 is much better than that of 1915-16, which was 86, and compares favorably with that of 1914-15, which was 116, and is in advance of the pre-war 1913-14 season, which was 107, and far ahead of that of 1912-13, which only amounted to 70. The 49 productions with concluded runs give an average of 74 performances per piece, as against an average of 90 in the preceding season. The 20 pieces running on July 21 average 185 per piece, as compared with an average of 115 in 1915-16. The revived pieces—25 in number—averaged 63 per piece. In 1915-16, when there were 25 revivals, the average was 46. In the past season and in the season before the number of revivals declined. It was 53 in 1914-15. In new pieces the 1916-17 season has fairly held its own in point of quantity. Quality may be another matter."

Of the pieces still running "Romance" reached on July 21st its 734th performance, "A Little Bit of Fluff" its 816th. These plays were of course continued from the previous season. "The Professor's Love Story," revived, had 235 performances. "Chu-Chin-Chow" on July 21 had its 49th performance. "The Hawk" had only 32 performances; "Mr. Jubilee Drat" (seen here at the Castle Square), only 35. The only play of Shakespeare was "Hamlet" with 24 performances. "Ghosts" was performed 94 times. "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," still running, reached its 51st performance on July 21, having been put on the stage June 8. "Damaged Goods" still running, reached its 160th performance March 17-July 21. "The Belle of New York," revived, had only 15 performances. "Peter Pan," 49; "Charley's Aunt," 64; "Passing of the Third Floor Back," 88; "Broadway Jones," 114; "Peg o' My Heart," 155.

"Carados" of the Referee thinks that the theatrical profession should be represented in Parliament. He points out that while the Amusements Tax Bill passed through its preliminary stages scarcely a voice in the House of Commons was raised in protest. He adds: "In this case the theatrical profession had to rely upon the sympathetic remarks of Mr. Hemmerde, who happens to have written plays in leisure moments, and Sir Henry Dalziel. But there was no real fist. Both Mr. Hemmerde and Sir Henry Dalziel have a thousand other interests, and were probably thinking about something quite different half an hour afterwards. What is wanted is some one there who stands

129
to lose his job—some one whose whole welfare depends on his getting his point through, who can devote days and nights to persistent lobbying, and will not give in until he has actually bitten the grass. Never before, in short, has the need for an actors' M. P. emerged so clearly into the light of practical expediency. For the time, of course, the profession will have to be represented by deputy, but at least the deputy can be definitely chosen, warned in time, and supplied with every help that united organization can provide."

Dramatists and players were invited to give their opinion. Sir John Harc was wary: "Not having read the article in question, I must decline to express a definite opinion." Gerald du Maurier: "It seems rather a foolish question. Let us get on with the war." Dion Boucicault: "I decline to express any opinion on the matter." Sir Arthur Pinero: "If the theatrical profession were represented, there would be no end to the problem. The playgoers, the novelists and every other group would have a right to send their own member to Parliament. Personally, I think there should be a member of fine arts, representing all the different professional bodies. But this institution cannot be considered until after the war." Lady Wyndham (Mary Moore), Matheson Lang, Lena Ashwell, Oscar Asche, Allan Aynesworth and Madge Titheradge heartily favored the proposition. Miss Ashwell: "In my opinion, the theatrical profession is the most important and influential of all professions. No other has done so much in the present war."

Should the theatrical profession be represented in Congress? If so, Mr. George M. Cohan is the man. He has shown his patriotism on the stage countless times by waving the American flag, and patriotism is needed in Congress. The objection that he is a comedian is groundless. He is not so funny as certain congressmen when they are most serious.

The question of the first steamer to America was discussed some time ago in Notes and Queries by Mr. Barry. Mr. R. S. Pengelly contributed to this magazine for July—the war has compelled a monthly instead of a weekly issue—a letter which we now quote without comment:

"The most interesting fact in Mr. W. J. Barry's article on the Sirius's voyage on April 4, 1838, from Cork harbor to New York is the note that Mr. Davenport and his daughter, actor and actress, were among the passengers. Surely this was T. D. Davenport, the actor-manager who was caricatured by Dickens as Vincent Crummles, and his daughter Jean, who appears in 'Nicholas Nickleby' as the infant phenomenon. It will be remembered that in the novel Mr. Crummles, when he bade farewell to Nicholas, was about to sail for America from Liverpool, accompanied by Mrs. Crummles, the infant phenomenon and the rest of his family, but these are only the trifling details. Mr. T. D. Davenport does not appear in the 'D. N. B.' or in Boase, and in Davenport Adams's 'Dictionary of the Drama' he is so briefly referred to that there is no reference to his departure for America. That he did emigrate to America is, however, certain, and his daughter Jean achieved great fame on the stage there."

"She married Gen. Lander of the U. S. army, and served as a nurse in the hospitals during the American civil war, in which her husband was killed. She retired from the stage in the seventies and lived at Washington, where she was the centre of the literary coterie, dying in 1903. Her nephew, Mr. Charles Lander, in a letter which appeared in the Daily Telegraph of Dec. 3, 1904, stated that Mr. T. D. Davenport, whose real name was Donald, was an LL. D. of Dublin University, and married an actress of great beauty. Owing to reverses she returned to the stage, her husband becoming a manager. He secured several provincial theatres at Wisbech, Cambridge, Bury St. Edmunds, and Norwich in the old stock company days. For a brief period Charles Dickens was a member of his company, but Davenport failed to realize his genius as an actor and gave him the blunt advice: 'Young man, get back to your scribbling.' It was this disappointment which led Dickens to draw what Mr. Lander described as a gross caricature of Crummles and his family. Mr. Lander declared that Jean Davenport was noted for her beauty and grace, and that her hands were so remarkable that they often served as a model for celebrated sculptors. As he was adopted by Mrs. Gen. Lander on the death of his own parents he was intimately acquainted with the history of the Davenport family. It would be interesting to learn if Dickensians agree that the Sirius was, indeed, the vessel which carried to America Mr. Vincent Crummles and his daughter."

To the Editor of the Herald:
William T. W. Ball, who has lately been the subject of several reminiscence articles in the Herald from persons who were acquainted with him, did not confine his writing for the press to dramatic and histrionic matters. As an example of his newspaper writing upon other topics, mention may be made of a series of articles which, under the caption of "Street Saunterings," and over the pseudonym of "The Loiterer," he wrote for the Boston Traveler in the

Year 1894. The articles indicated by the title which he gave the articles, were for the most part suggested to him by strolls which he took through the streets of Boston. While all the articles were interesting, some of them were particularly so from a local historical or antiquarian point of view. Several of the articles interested me so much that I clipped them from the *Traveler* in whole or in part and preserved them by pasting them into my scrapbook. According to a memorandum which I made in my scrapbook at the time, there were 39 of the articles, the dates of the issues of the *Traveler* on which they appeared being as follows: June 13, 14, 15, 19, 20, 23, 26 and 29; July 6, 7, 10 and 13; August 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 25; Sept. 4, 8, 11, 15, 20 and 29; Oct. 2, 4, 5, 6, 10 and 13; Nov. 3, 20 and 23, and Dec. 7. I presume that many men who read those articles were in ignorance as to who "The Loiterer," the person who wrote them, was.

On pages 525-543 of the *New England Magazine* for June, 1894, is an article on "Kossuth in New England," by Hon. George S. Boutwell—who was Governor of Massachusetts at the time when Kossuth made that visit to New England—and among the illustrations of the article is, on page 532, a portrait of Mr. Ball, the portrait being labeled "W. T. W. Ball, who accompanied Kossuth through New England." In what capacity did Mr. Ball accompany Kossuth on that tour? There is no mention of him in the letterpress of Gov. Boutwell's article. I have looked through a file of the *Boston Journal* covering the period of that tour of Kossuth through New England, and though I find mention of various persons who served as speakers, committeemen, etc., in connection with his tour I find no mention of Mr. Ball. Kossuth was in New England from April 23 to May 18.

What was Mr. Ball's full name? I have seen it given as William Thomas Winsborough Ball, and I have also seen it given as William Thomas Winesborough Ball. C. W. L., Brookline.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The seventies and eighties of the last century should go down in history as the golden age of the "Mother Song" if we are to judge by the number of songs of that class which appeared in *Trifet's Budget of Music*, published in Boston in 1888.

"Dear Mother Waits for Me," "God Bless My Kind Old Mother," "Memories of My Mother," "Mother's Welcome at the Door," "Nobody Knows but Mother," "Picture of My Mother on the Wall" and "Tis Years Since I Parted, Dear Mother," comprise a few of the titles. All were sentimental and pathetic, and many were of that particular brand which is guaranteed to produce lachrymal effects.

And poor old bibacious father was hammered with gems bearing the following titles: "Stay at Home Tonight, Father," "Father Is Drinking Again," "He's a Good Old Has Been," "Old Man Ain't Himself No More," etc., etc.

Innumerable songs were written extolling the supereminent qualities of sister, but brother was decidedly "in wrong," as the following stanza, from "Don't Drink, My Boy, Tonight," will show:

I've often, often passed the cup
When the moon shone out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me:
"Don't drink, my boy, tonight."

Where are the song writers of yore who culogized our national heroes—Washington, Lincoln, Grant—but who always closed by glorifying our own Boston Boy, the immortal John L. From "America's Ahead of Them All" I extract the following:

Old England may boast of her fighters so grand—
Charley Mitchell, Smith, Greenfield and Mace,
The champion belt just to win was their aim,
And down the best man of our race.

Well, all of them came, but none of them stayed
Four rounds from our boy beat them all—
For Sullivan has shown and proved to the world
That America's ahead of them all.
Something should be done for some of
Our present-day fighters.

Melrose. W. L. L.
Artemus Ward in the early sixties complained that song-writers were overdoing the "mother bizness." He mentioned "What Though the Hand that Spanked Me in Childhood's Home Is Withered Now." Some of us well remember "Mother Is the Battle Over" and "Just Before the Battle, Mother." The sentimental songs were burlesqued by many. We quote a parody from "Orpheus C. Kerr's (Robert H. Newell's) "Versatilities," published in 1871.

WHEN YOUR CHEAP DIVORCE IS GRANTED.

(From a Child in the Eastern States to Her Mother, temporarily absent from Home on a supposed visit to relatives in the West.)

When your cheap divorce is granted,
Mother, and you leave the West,
Shall I stay with you or father?
Tell me, mother, which the best?
He'll be much surprised, I fear me,
When he knows what you have died,
And, unless you hover near me,
He'll appropriate your child.

Mother, if the more was needful;
If the income you and he
Shared no longer at last has bred an
Incompatibility;
If you'll be his wife no longer,
When returning from the West
Which not I to love the stronger?
Till me, mother, which the best?

What Maisie didn't know wasn't worth knowing, a many fiction readers remember. And one may surely say that what Mr. Charles Manners doesn't know about opera simply isn't worth knowing. All who are interested in such matters, and more particularly the operatic aspirant, may well turn their attention to an article contributed to last week's *Musical Standard* by Mr. Manners on "How to be Successful in Opera," confident of finding therein one or two hints worth picking up. How many of us would care to reckon up the days that have passed since the founder (subsequently of the Moody-Manners organization sang Private Willis's song in "Iolanthe"? Well, it was not long after those far-off days that Mr. Manners started opera producing on his own account, with the co-operation of his accomplished wife. But incidentally, in his capital article, he recalls some earlier experiences, and they well deserve quotation if only to show beginners that the top of the ladder is within reach, given determination, energy and hard work, of those who are content to start on the lowest rung.

Listen to this: "About 40 years ago I blackened my face, with Mr. Percy French (the celebrated entertainer) and went down to Punchestown races as a 'nigger.' I was a year at the Royal Academy, studied in Florence, then chorus, and then principal in comic opera, then grand opera in English (Carl Rosa), then the same in Italian (Covent Garden), with oratorio, orchestral, ballet, promenade and popular concerts thrown in. Then ran my own concert party, then one, two, three, and once four grand opera companies at the same time, for 20 years, and finally a 32-weeks' tour of the music halls." How's that for a record of hard work and varied experience?

Well, and what of Mr. Manners's advice to young singers with hopes of an operatic career? The answer, as gleaned from his instructive article, might be summed up in these words: Do not refuse any offer, however small, that might put you on the road to advancement. "Go," says Mr. Manners, "to some unbiased, competent manager of a professional entertainment company (a concert party or opera company); if you are not more than 21, and he offers you an engagement as a singer, that shows you have something in you. Then go for six months to one of the academies in London. . . . the six months gives you something to think about and time to look around. Then try to get experience; experience, experience, and again I say experience. No matter where, how, or what it is, do it, so long as it is experience."—*London Daily Telegraph*.

Notes About

Plays New and Old and Players produced at the

Duke of York's, London, July 25, 1917. The *Pall Mall Gazette* man was greatly pleased. "Lest we forget that there are people not so addicted to the 'high-brow' mood as some of us—fathers who think it a great thing to come home with the milk and who talk of 'young actresses' with a nudge and a wink, sons who are out of their senses because a slip of a girl appears to be off with another young fellow, and so on—it is well to have a good 'human-nature' farce in evidence now and again. 'What a Catch!' is not only an unmistakable but a most welcome success. Granted the time honored convention of the parental peccadillo, there is no shadow of offence in it. It is full of happy ingenuity, and just the right sort of thing for the holidays—starts with a laugh, goes with a scream, and ends with a bang. It is a fishing farce, about an elderly gentleman named Janaway, who went fishing and brought home, not the trout he had intended, but a young actress in boy's clothes called Kitty Clare. She was really the wife of his son, who had married secretly. The romps and misunderstandings that follow in Janaway's household may be imagined easily enough; but Mr. Darnley has managed some very neat surprises, and the whole thing is most cleverly and brightly devised." Ruby Miller took the part of the boy-girl; Lupino Lane, the part of Janaway. This farce was produced at Brighton, July 18.

Mrs. Leslie Carter played in "The Lady in Red" by Gertrude E. Jennings at the London Coliseum July 23. The little lady was unfavorably criticised. The *Lady in Red* tries to get hold of the formula of a new explosive of the British government. It appears that she might be a German spy, but "she merely wishes to give the information to a 'British' firm which had offered her £500—a rather lame proceeding, which is duly frustrated by the holder of the secret."

Horace Hunter's "Reprisals" (Putney Hippodrome, July 23) is another spy play. Mrs. Voshman goes to the Garsides' home, talks about a recent raid, and rebukes them for sending their little girl to a school outing. They suspect her of being a spy. She is seen in her top attic signaling approaching aeroplanes. Caught, she is given to the police. Her own child has been killed by a bomb, not the Garside girl. Then Mrs. Voshman curses Germany and threatens reprisals.

Another burglar-farce, a slight affair, but amusing, it is said, was produced at the Euston July 16—"Love-Making to Order," by Leslie Styles.

It was produced at H. B. B. It is described as well written, although an interesting story. Although the scenes are in a Devonshire village and in London, there is plenty of shooting; there is a New York detective; the good man is convicted of murder, but escapes with the aid of a sympathetic warder; the heroine, Ella, is told by the crook that if she will come to his flat and sacrifice her honor he will free the convicted one, for he himself was the murderer. She appears, but his heart melts, he restores jewels and gives her his confession in writing. When he is nabbed by the detective he shoots himself with a revolver kindly supplied by Ella, who has also forgiven him.

An Irish comedy in four acts, "Juryann," by Sara Jeanette Duncan, was produced at the Globe, London, on July 24. In aid of Irish regiments and their prisoners of war. The author, who in private life is Mrs. Everard Cotes, wrote a comedy, "Beauchamp and Beecham," played at the Lyric, London, March 31, 1916. Juryann lives in a cabin in County Cork. Priv. Gallagher, an Irish-American in the King's Own Fusiliers, had bet £5 with Priv. Dempsey that he would personate the latter with his wife Juryann. Dempsey's return is postponed. Gallagher poses as Juryann's husband, and deceives her brother and Fr. Brady, although the latter is doubtful because the pseudo-Dempsey does not remember the marriage fee he paid; but Gallagher does not deceive Juryann, her daughter, and Dempsey's cousin Lizzie, whom he had loved and quarrelled with in America. Juryann refuses to accept Gallagher as her husband in spite of his showing her Dempsey's identification disc, and threatens to enter a convent. When the real Dempsey returns, she teases him. Gallagher makes it up with Lizzie. The program stated that "an incident of the same sort as that on which the play is founded actually occurred in Manchester, and was brought to public notice in the courts there in the early part of last year." The part of Juryann was taken by Moya Manning, who succeeded Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart" in England.

Arthur Sinclair and his Abbey Theatre Company played at the Coliseum Theatre, London, the week of July 30, "Dr. O'Toole," a comedy by J. B. Fagan. "The theme is a racy one, giving much scope for the humor associated with Mr. Bob Sawyer and his colleague, Mr. Benjamin Allen, while it is pleasantly tinged with Irish color in the matters of drink, marriage customs and flexible handling of facts. Mr. Sinclair has a telling part as the dexterous doctor (related apparently to the one we met in 'Gen. John Regan')." The Stage said of a new comedy "The Bargain," by Harold Storey and Florence Morton, produced at New Brighton, Eng., on July 16, that it is "delightful by reason of the brightness, even the brilliance of the dialogue, which arises naturally out of the characterization." The heroine is a physician. She refuses the hand of a millionaire pill inaker. There is a raised check, and the question is who is the guilty one. The "bargain" is the pillmaker's agreement not to prosecute the supposed culprit provided his family will use their influence with Dr. Helen Pollard.

"My Hat," a farcical comedy by Fred Bentley, was produced at Canterbury, Eng., July 16. "The wealthy old uncle who is not averse from a little fun on the sly, the domineering mother-in-law, the sentimental aunt, the distracted husband and the designing actress, are all characters which we recall. The essential plot has very little to do with the titular 'hat,' which is the subject of only one of the minor of the many deceptions practised in the course of the play." Mr. H. E. Trevor, a descendant of David Garrick's brother George, presented last year to the Victoria and Albert Museum the painted bedstead, with its original Indian cotton hangings, which was made between 1779 and 1775 for David Garrick's villa at Hampton, Throug. Mr. Trevor's generosity, and with the co-operation of some admirers of Garrick, the museum has secured the remainder of the contemporary furniture made for the Hampton bedroom, consisting of three wardrobes, a corner cupboard, a basin stand, a dressing glass and five chairs. With the exception of the dressing glass all the furniture is decorated in green and yellow, some pieces having designs of Chinese figures and landscapes. The furniture is being exhibited in room 67 of the woodwork galleries of the museum.—*The Stage*.

A book formerly owned by David Garrick realized £111 at the Huth sale last week. This was a fine copy of William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," given to the actor by Hans Stanley. "The Palace of Pleasure" (1566-67), mainly composed of stories from Boccaccio, Bandello and Margaret of Navarre, was extremely popular, and was used by many dramatists for their plots. Several of Shakespeare's comedies are based upon stories to be found in these volumes. At the Garrick sale they brought £28 17s. 6d. The London Library has acquired from the recent Huth sales a considerable number of scarce and interesting old plays.—*The Stage*, July 13.

Broadway, Long Branch, has more midsummer first nights than Broadway, New York. From Aug. 1 to the last of September the theatre of the seashore town is the scene of a succession of tryouts of new plays, varying all the way from a Belasco production to the melodrama of a venturesome producer.

These performances are given in the house, and in the open air, at the seashore, and they are particular pride in passing judgment on the plays. There are three kinds of verdicts—first, "a hit," second, "it will never reach Broadway," third, "the first and last acts will have to be rewritten." Having delivered one or the other of these opinions in very audible voice between the acts, the volunteer critics bide their time until they return to town and then rush to the theatres to check up their early judgment.—*New York Evening World*.

Once more complaint is made that Shakespeare is so seldom staged. But is that proof that he is not known, understood, revered? We must consider the number of his works sold; the figures as to all kinds of editions are prodigious. Some people prefer Shakespeare's characters as they exist in their own fancies to their representation on the stage, even dislike illustrated editions as destroying their own mental pictures. Shakespeareans may find the mind itself a preferable setting for, say, the transcendent tragedy of "Lear" or the inimitable loveliness of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There really is the reader's point of view.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

If E. Irving will reopen the Savoy, London, towards the end of this month with a new play by Walter Hackett.

A new play by Dorothy Brandon, "Wild Heather," will be produced at Manchester, Eng., on Aug. 27. Lyn Harding will have the leading male part.

Charles Hawtrey will take part this fall in a new comedy by Haddon Chambers.

Beginning in October there will be a "twice-nightly" Shakesperian season at Birmingham, Eng. The plays will be "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "As You Like It." Norman Partridge will play leading parts.

"The Willow Tree," a Japanese romance by J. H. Benrime and Harrison Rhodes, will be played in London this fall.

Miss Ratmarova will produce an English version of Tolstol's "The Living Corpse" in London.

A new musical play, "Ariette," by Grossmith and Laurillard, will be produced at Manchester Aug. 27 and taken to London Sept. 3.

Proposed of the announcement that Mr. Favcrsham will revive Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" this winter, the *New York Evening World* remarks:

Twenty years ago Richard Mansfield made the first American production of "The Devil's Disciple" and scored a success with it. Before that, in 1894, he staged "Arms and the Man," the first play by George Bernard Shaw to be given in this country. But it is Arnold Daly who deserves credit for being the first actor really to grasp the unusual in Shaw and exploiting him as a dramatist of ideas with the supreme gift of brilliant dialogue. And Daly did this when he had only \$300. Of course, he may not have as much as that now. But it was with no greater sum that he put on a thoroughly artistic production of "Candida." It was Daly who made Shaw popular here. When Mansfield had a chance at "Candida" he evidently considered it from the conventional point of view of the actor. It is amusing to recall that he put himself on record as declaring the play to be "sweet and clean," though he thought it quite absurd that the poet Eugene should make love to a "lady of 35," and the wife of a Christian Socialist minister at that! Mansfield was funnier than he ever realized.

W. L. Courtney will write the life of Sir Herbert Tree. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, saying that Mr. Courtney would do justice to the task, added: "Perhaps the ideal biographer of Tree would have been his old friend 'Joe' Comyns Carr, who predeceased him by a few months. It was Mr. Carr who dramatized for Sir Herbert 'Called Back,' 'Dark Days,' 'Oliver Twist,' and 'Edwin Drood.'" Mr. Courtney contributed an article on Tree to the *Current* fortnightly.

A "Swinburne" ballet was danced at the Coliseum, London, the week beginning July 30. The ballet was arranged by Mme. Seraphine Astafeva. It has been said that she is a great niece of Tolstoy, and her "genealogical table clearly traces her descent from Tamerlane the Great." For eight months she was a nurse in the Russo-Japanese war, and then earned the medal with the St. George ribbon.

The theatrical columns of the *New York papers* have lately been full of the sudden success of a woman playwright, Miss Kummer. Her two first comedies, "Good Gracious, Arabella," and "A Fortunate Calamity," have made great hits during the past season. Hitherto Miss Kummer has only been known as the author of some popular songs. Apparently, when she tried her hand at playwriting, she found the task a comparatively easy one. Her comedy dialogue is said to be her strong point, and she has been fortunate in the fact that William Gillette is her uncle, and that this favorite star consented to return to the stage to play the leading part in "A Fortunate Calamity." It is passing strange that, whereas the writing of a successful play is generally considered the most difficult of literary feats, especially for one who has not been bred to the theatrical profession, yet from time to time there arises a fortunate individual who takes to drama

writing like the proverbial water. One of these instinctive dramatists was Mrs. Cowley. It was not until 1776, when she was 33, and the mother of three or four children, that "a sense of mental power for dramatic writing suddenly struck her while sitting with her husband at the theatre. 'So delighted with this,' she said to him, 'Why, I could write as well myself.' His laugh was answered in the course of the morning by her sketching the first act of "The Runaway," and though she had never written a literary line, the play was finished with the utmost rapidity. It was brought out with extraordinary success at Drury Lane, and thereafter incessant applications were made to the author for new plays. She followed up her success with a popular farce, "Who's the Dupe?" and several comedies. "The Bell's Strategem" became a successful stock comedy, and was performed before the royal family once every year. Mrs. Cowley's heroines had usually more prominent parts than her heroes, and her dialogue was considered her strong point. According to her family, she never read the play or poem of any other person, and was equally regardless of her own works. If parts of them were cited in her presence, she never recognized them, nor did she take any pleasure in seeing representations of her own plays.—The Stage.

Notes About

Music, Musicians and Concerts A new musical comedy, as yet unnamed, by Val Crawford, music by Silvio Hein, will be produced by Klaw & Erlanger next month.

The London Times, praising three pieces by Herbert Howells (July 13), says of the Serenade for strings: "It is the sort of music to be liked, and not feared, which is more than can be said of much that is written nowadays."

A new opera, "Gismonda," by Renzo Bianchi, has been produced at the Adriano in Rome. The part of the heroine was taken by Ida Cajatt. She is known in Italy as Quilatti. She sang here two seasons ago as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, a soprano with a virly voice and self-confident manners.

At a lecture of Mr. Evans in London he made the point that the 20th century is using dissonance and consonance for their own sake and not for their reaction upon each other; the dissonance in order to hold apart the lines of simultaneous melody which consonance has merged, and the consonance in order to "color" the line of melody which long familiarity has made insipid. The Times remarked: "In illustration of this view M. Moisevitch, in order to show the new consonance, played Albeniz's 'Triana,' from 'Iberia' and Scriabin's poem 'Etrangete,' and for the other purpose Stravinsky's Etude in F sharp major and Zsolt's Toccata. He played from notes, because pieces like these which are in the experimental stage have not yet earned a place in a repertory. If he did this oftener instead, perhaps, of lavishing so much of his skill on Chopin and others who have passed out of the region of question, he might, indeed, bore the pianola players, but he would earn the gratitude of musicians."

At a gala performance of opera at Drury Lane for the French Red Cross two boxes were sold each for £1000.

"Contemporary Russia Composers," by Mr. Montagu-Nathan, has been published in London by Cecil Palmer and Hayward (7s 6d net). The Pall Mall Gazette reviewed it: "The appearance of a comprehensive volume on contemporary Russian composers is especially welcome at the present moment, as novelties quickly find their way into our programs, and none of the books hitherto available have dealt adequately with the present generation."

"Only the other day, for instance, we were promised a work by Gnissin, whose name is entirely new to our music lovers, but whose career is dealt with in this volume. Nine of the most important composers, such as Stravinsky, Medtner, Rachmaninoff and others have chapters all to themselves, while the newcomers are treated collectively."

"In this book Mr. Montagu-Nathan develops a more personal critical attitude than in its predecessors, and, for those who found themselves repelled by a certain turgidness of style in them, it is the merest justice to point out that experience has transformed this into a more curative mode of expression."

"The opening chapter takes the form of a survey of Russian musical history, admirably condensed for those for whom this book is a first venture into a new field, but there cannot be many such in these days. For others it has more the aspect of an epilogue, for it summarizes certain critical tendencies which are much discussed at the present moment and opposed, among others, by Mr. Ernest Newman. Incidentally, a well earned tribute is paid to the memory of M. Belyoff, the munificent patron to whom Russian music owes so much."

In a very interesting article on Russian music and its significance, Mr. Vladimir Rosing says: "Even the Imperial government decided on the outbreak of war that it could not risk a single artist in the field, lest the great structure of Russian art should suffer; and when the revolution came the new government at once took over all the art work, subsidized till then by the court, made it the concern of the state (with a special minister), and published an appeal to the artists to continue their life-giving work, and to the nation to recognize its artists as veritable sources of inspiration." If

any more of our government will note its true inwardness!—London Daily Telegraph.

When Felice Lyne sang in London a month ago at a concert in which the program was chiefly of music by American composers, the committee gave her a silver trinket-box inscribed with date and name and the greeting, "Hail Columbia!"

Songs published by J. & W. Chester, London: Rachmaninoff, "The Harvest of Sorrow," "In the Silent Night," "The Lilies," "The Soldier's Wife"; Jaernfeldt, "Serenade," "Twilight," "An Autumn Song"; Sigurd Lie, "Shut Your Little Drowsy Eye" and three other songs, not including his familiar "Snow."

The Herald has already mentioned the first performance of Debussy's new violin Sonata in London (July 13). The Times said of it: "Debussy's is gathered into a series of short rushes with a clear point to be made in each, slight and witty; it is hit or miss all the time, and it could not have been by anyone else. No one has quite his deft stroke with the pencil or needs so few of them for his drawing; the three movements are perfect in their balance, like bits of Sevres. The second recalls Rameau's 'clucking hen,' and the third is strung on a chain of persistent figures, and the theme is as elusive as Debussy loves to make it."

The Herald has already spoken of Edwin Evans's prophecy that mechanical instruments, which now provide shortcuts for the amateur, will ultimately play a vital part in musical evolution. The Daily Telegraph commented on this statement: "Let us examine a little further into Mr. Evans's visionary outlook. Composers will, he made bold to declare, write direct for an improved piano-player, thus freeing themselves at one stroke from all the mechanical restrictions appertaining to the use of ten fingers. In these improved instruments, no doubt, the keyboard will disappear as being superfluous and cumbersome, and its disappearance may pave the way to more minute subdivisions of the octave. For, as he went on to point out, by means of rolls it is 'no more difficult to produce 53 notes to the octave than the present artificial 12.' An interesting peep into musical futurity, you observe. But, for the realization of Mr. Evans's predictions, we must wait, presumably, till 'after the war.'"

Mlle. Gaby Deslys is indefatigable. She organized a matinee on behalf of a Hostel for the Blind in London. A note in the program prepared for the audience a "sensational surprise." "Appearing in front of the curtain, Mlle. Deslys invited the spectators to stretch out their hands and then to close their eyes. On the instant the house was plunged in darkness. 'And now,' said Mlle. Deslys, 'you realize what are the feelings of those poor fellows for whose benefit the matinee is designed.' Her next step was to put up for sale the hat and dress she was wearing, the first being eventually knocked down for £10 and the second for £32."

The Herald has already spoken of Sir Thomas Beecham's production of Bizet's 'Fair Maid of Perth' in the English provinces. The first performance in London was at Drury Lane on June 8. The Daily Telegraph found the music light and dainty, "somewhere between that of Rossini and the Thomas of 'Mignon.'" The Pall Mall Gazette: "It is not without intention that we omit the 'Perth' from the title, for the French librettist's 'Fair Maid' hails from some more operative region than the Scottish city; nor is she well acquainted with Scott's novel, but she is none the less a winsome creature. The music is dainty, graceful, and above all, very charmingly scored." The part of Katharine was taken by Miss Mignon Nevada, "whose fresh voice and wonderful technique are as suited to the music as her charming personality is to the historic demands." Her singing of the polacca was "a great feat—not merely of dexterity, but of the finer discretion that conceals dexterity." In Paris when the opera was first performed, it was counted conventional and dull, unworthy of Bizet. The Pall Mall Gazette admitted that the music is not of the greatest, but it has "winsome feminine charm."

M. Cernikoff at his concert in London, July 5, played a piano piece by Emerson Whitthorne, "an American composer lately resident in London." The title is "Rain Song." "It is a picturesque little impression that well depicts its subject."

GLOBE THEATRE OPENS WITH STOCK COMPANY

"Under Cover" Is First Production with Robert Le Sueur and Mary Frey in Cast.

The Globe Theatre opened its 1917-18 season last night with a stock company playing "Under Cover." This is the first time in the history of this theatre that it has had a stock season.

Up to the time the theatre closed for the hot summer weeks the management was presenting vaudeville. The same management, the Globe Vaudeville Company, is still in charge, however, with Marcus Loew as president.

The title roles were played by Robert Le Sueur and Miss Mary Frey. Mr. Le Sueur played Steven Denby, the hero who had a pearl necklace around his neck when it was thought to be in his

tobacco pouch. Miss Frey played Lillian Cartwright who, protected her sister, her lover and her country, although at times their respective interests seemed to clash.

The management has announced that this week the entire net proceeds will be given to the Metropolitan Chapter of the Red Cross.

'HAVE A HEART' AT COLONIAL

This Native American Musical Comedy Warmly Welcomed —Fresh and Tuneful.

CLEVER CAST AND CHORUS

COLONIAL THEATRE — First production in Boston of "Have a Heart," a musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, music by Jerome Kern. Cast:

Head Floorwalker.....Joseph Del Puente
Henry.....Billy Kent
Ted Sheldon.....Donald Macdonald
Lizzie O'Brien.....Helena I. Gunther
Detective Baker.....Gideon Burton
Rutherford Schoonmaker.....Irving Beebe
Captain Charles Owen.....Roy Gordon
Peggy Schoonmaker.....Katherine Galloway
Mrs. Pyne.....Lacille Saunders
Matthew Pyne.....Sam J. Burton
Dolly Brazazon.....Flora Zabelle
Yussuf.....Joseph Del Puente
Maitre D'Hotel.....Ernie S. Adams
Daddaine.....Helen Kling
Francis.....Herbert Burns

No one with a heart not withered by drying age or burned out in blase youth can fail to respond with keen pleasure to the manifold appeals of this latest of up-to-date musical plays with the slang-born titles to visit Boston.

Apart from their own merits, there is a delight in seeing and hearing these new American productions, because they bear few, if any, traces of those imitations and adaptations of the dreary old Viennese stuff that once was palmed off on us season after season. Their freshness, brightness, novelty and the native tang that runs through most of them are all refreshing qualities, particularly now when the world is thoroughly weary of Teutonic insincerity and artificiality in music, art, literature and life.

It certainly is a novelty to tell on the stage the story of two newly-weds who are rushing to the divorce court only to find that they really are passionately in love with each other, and who then hike away on a reconciliation honeymoon only to have their revolved romance menaced by false charges against the young husband. That is what "Have a Heart" does.

It seems as if the tale were so far from the realm of possibility that its portrayal must fail to be convincing, but through the skill of the authors, the cleverness of the actors, the snappy melodiousness of the music one is not conscious for a moment of a sense of unreality amid the zip and dash of the tangling and unravelling of humorous situations.

Fortunately, too, both the chief actors and the chorus can sing and, as the composer has given them something worth while to sing, they all have a heart in it with most pleasing results for their hearers.

Boston favorites are in the cast. There is Flora Zabelle, who appears as a former sales girl in Schoonmaker's department store and is now a "movie queen" and the cause of the prospective divorce. She had a rousing welcome last night and fully justified it with her joyous vitality and melodious voice.

Donald Macdonald helps things along famously as a college youth who gets work in the store because he loves the little detective, Lizzie O'Brien, whom Helena Gunther plays with lively charm. She helps to get the store proprietor, Schoonmaker, into all kinds of trouble after his anti-divorce elopement, but Billy Kent, the wonderful elevator boy, comes nobly to his assistance.

Irving Beebe makes the inverted romance of Schoonmaker seem reasonable by his naturalness. He, too, has a fine voice and uses it well.

Katherine Galloway, a new acquisition of Mr. Savage's, is alluring and vivacious as the would-be divorcee and eloping bride, and her musical talent helps largely toward the vocal superiority of the cast.

The chorus is much more attractive than choruses are supposed to be. The members dance with grace and sing as if they liked to.

COMEDY AT THE PLYMOUTH

"Friend Martha," Costume Play

in Four Acts, Opens Season at Playhouse. SETTING IS PICTURESQUE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE. "Friend Martha," a comedy in four acts by Edward Peple. First performance in Boston.

Godfrey Mayhew.....Edmund Breese
Sarah Mayhew.....Lizzie Hudson Collier
Martha Mayhew.....Oza Waldrop
Aaron Quane.....Sydney Greenstreet
Arabella Neeka.....Florence Edney
Ruth Grellet.....Helen Lovell
Col. Shirley.....Charles A. Stevenson
Harry Shirley.....R. Leigh Denny
Judge Garnett.....Wallace Erskine
Job Fox.....John L. Shine
Jonathan.....Arthur Hyman

The Plymouth Theatre opened for the season last evening with "Friend Martha," a costume play in four acts by Edward Peple. The author has chosen a well-worn theme, the oppression of an engaging and rebellious daughter by a stern father, and her rescue from marriage with an elderly widower, Elder Quane, by a dashing and youthful suitor.

Little originality has been displayed in telling the story. In spite of the picturesque Quaker setting the characters themselves awaken no keen interest. The dialogue is now trite, now sentimental, now swollen with flowery phrases as in the scene between the drowsy lovers at the inn.

"Martha, I see that you are not happy here," says the impetuous lover in the first act, and the audience is not disappointed when the suggestion of an elopement follows immediately.

Other situations are readily anticipated, and more old-fashioned material is in evidence in the third act. This includes the traditional and garrulous innkeeper whose remarks are not always in good taste, the traditional thunder storm, the traditional scene between son and outraged father, whose companion is the traditional judge, cool-headed, and an ever-present help in time of trouble.

Nor is the play redeemed by the concluding scene in the meeting house, where Martha's mother, a good woman in whom lurks a 20th century spirit, defies her husband and proclaims her daughter's right to happiness.

The cast is generally efficient. Miss Waldrop is girlish and demure as Martha, more convincing in calmer moments, in the scenes of charming coquetry with Shirley than in her outbursts of temper, when she is sometimes given to needless shrieking. Mr. Breese displayed requisite austerity as Godfrey Mayhew, the tyrannical father. Mr. Denny was manly and ardent as young Shirley. Mr. Greenstreet, a seasoned actor, provided an effective character study of Elder Quane. Miss Lowell and Miss Edney, two acid spinsters, sighing in vain for the Elder, contributed amusing moments. Mr. Stevenson was an imposing Colonel Shirley.

MUSICAL PIECE AT PARK SQUARE

"Canary Cottage," Last Season's Hit, Draws Big Audience.

CAST ALMOST UNCHANGED

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—Oliver Morosco presents "Canary Cottage," musical comedy in two acts. Book by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris. Music and lyrics by Earl Carroll.

Michael O'Flanagan.....William Naughton
Sam Asbestos Beverly Moon.....James Dunn
Mrs. Hugg.....Grace Ellsworth
Pauline Hugg.....Lillian Boardman
Jerry Summerfield.....Charles Ruggles
Betty Fair.....Dorothy Webb
Billy Moss.....Herbert Cortell
Blanche Moss.....Trixie Friganza

This piece was one of the successes of last year's theatrical season, and it was with a keen eye to the box office that the management of the Park Square booked it for the opening of the 1917-18 season. Last evening there was a large and appreciative audience.

The cast remains in the main the same, and Trixie Friganza, Herbert Cortell and Charles Ruggles are in their familiar roles. There is the same ensemble of beautiful girls in beautiful costumes. Nor is the unusual book with its delightful comedy, the tunes lightome and inviting, that are something more than a fleeting memory, to be passed unnoticed.

The big audience followed with keen enjoyment the adventures of the bickering Billy Moss. There was again vo-

er at the interpretive troupe. Jerry Summerfield, Blanche Moss would have been welcomed on the scene earlier, yet all knew she was coming, and for that reason were patient but expectant.

Herbert Corbell was at his best last evening as Billy Moss. After "Canary Cottage" has been shelved his interpretation will be a pleasant recollection. There is always the convincing suggestion of spontaneity to his every action and word.

Mr. Ruggles, who has jumped with facility and credit from the melodramatic to the musical comedy style, was the resourceful and purposeful prevaricator in his mile-a-minute lovemaking. Miss Friganza was again the ponderous and explosive spouse of Moss and shouted her lines and tore about the stage with a fine idea of the character.

And there was again the diminutive Dorothy Webb as Betty, graceful of curve and alluring in poise and action. And one cannot but recall the chubby Pauline of Lillian Boardman.

MISS WELLMAN SCORES IN VAUDEVILLE DEBUT HERE

Supported by Excellent Company, She Captivates Audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre.

Miss Emily Ann Wellman, a new comer to vaudeville, captivated a large audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night in a powerful sketch which included novel stage settings. The offering, entitled "Young Mrs. Stanford," gave Miss Wellman and company an opportunity to demonstrate mastery of the silent drama and the spoken stage.

The plot was only this variation of the usual unfaithful husband discovered to be the lover of the wife's friend. There was the true and tried private secretary, the cunning valet, the unsuspecting husband and the "other woman." Miss Wellman, as the deceived wife, did not overdo her part. She was particularly powerful portraying grief and jealousy through the keys of a piano. And this in the presence of the "other woman."

The sketch is presented as if it were a dramatic motion picture. Cross lines on a screen announce the 11 climactic scenes which change with the speed of the motion picture settings.

The seven original Honey boys, including Manuel Romane, who will be remembered in the old time blackface offerings, presented a reconstructed miniature minstrels without the time worn circle and with new jokes and songs. Marie Fitzgibbon made one forget hot weather with a rip roaring monologue.

Fred and Adele Astaire, a youthful brother and sister, took their share of applause in a snappy song and dance act. Both possess good voices as well as dancing ability. Mankich and company, Japanese balancers, open the show, and Castellini and Zardo in melodic diversions, Clark and Verdi in Italian dialogue and Diamond and Brennan in a bit of "nifty nonsense" helped drive dull care away. Sig Franz and company presented a novelty bicycle act, "In the World of Wheels," which had a whirlwind finish and many amusing and daring incidents. The Hearst-Pathe News Pictorials showed seasoned fighters in France, Uncle Sam's new officers getting diplomas, a railroad wreck and raising squabs in California.

August 26 1917

The fourth volume of "The Art of Music," published by the National Society of Music, New York, is entitled "Music in America." Mr. Arthur Farwell contributes the Introduction, and he and Mr. W. Dermot Darby are the department editors.

Mr. Farwell is known as an enthusiastic worker for the "American composer," and a firm believer in the educational value of "community choruses." In his Introduction he naturally has something to say about the influence of "aboriginal folk music peculiar to America, particularly that of the Indian and the Negro" on American composers. He finds that the absence of a National Academy of Music leaves the country "without any official standard of musical education." The American composer is threatened by the tendency "to accept and conform to the standards of the centres of conventional and fashionable musical culture, especially in unsubstantial modern aspects, and to fail to study out the real nature and musical needs of the American people." One is tempted to ask, "What are the 'real needs' of the American people?" Is not one of them the opportunity of hearing the best music, whether it comes from Paris, Munich, Moscow or Keokuk, performed in the best manner by capable musicians without regards to their nationality? Mr. Farwell adds that the composers "most highly acclaimed by the critics can by no means be said to have come closest to touching the national heart." This statement admits of argument. We are also told that

"Music in America" is a book that is the pride of the author. "Concerts here are seldom heard in American songs worthy of their artistry." If a song by an American is worth singing, there are singers to sing it. How many songs by Americans appeal to American singers of the first rank? "The people of the nation have never shown a disposition to receive otherwise than cordially the work of their own composers." Again, a statement that might provoke discussion. "Orchestral conductors seldom give, on their own initiative, successful native orchestral works, an isolated performance of which has been ardently procured elsewhere." The programs of leading orchestras in this country for the last 10 years hardly substantiate this statement. "In some cities the organization of symphony orchestras for popular price concerts is threatening the existence of the regular orchestra." Are New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, St. Louis among these cities?

There are chapters in this book that may serve as material for the history of music in America, which is yet to be written. The chapters "Beginnings of Musical Culture in America" and "Early Concert Life" naturally owe much to the researches of Mr. Sonneck, and credit is cheerfully given to that patient investigator. He, too, is cited in the chapters that relate to early musical organizations and early opera. So, too, Mr. Elson has been helpful to the compilers of this volume. Ritter's "Music in America" is quoted, but without the necessary word of caution.

In a work of this extent, errors in statements of fact are unavoidable. Some in this volume show superficiality in treatment, or carelessness.

Take Boston, for example. On page 173 it is stated that Boston has heard the first performances in America of these operas: Zandonai's "Conchita"; Erlanger's "Noel"; Klenz's "Kuhreigen." These operas have never been performed in Boston. On page 208 certain conductors of the Handel and Haydn Society since 1895 are named as though they were the only ones. On the same page the Choral Art Society is declared to be the chief one of other societies. One would infer that it is still in existence.

On page 172 it is said that "Cendrillon" and "Don Quichotte" were performed by the Chicago-Philadelphia company for the first time in America. On page 164 it is said that these operas were performed for the first time in New Orleans.

This most carefully written and the most valuable portion of the volume is Mr. Saerchinger's study of the folk-element in American music. It matters not whether one agrees or disagrees with Mr. Saerchinger in thinking that the Negro songs "themselves prove that they are the spontaneous utterances of an entire people." There is due appreciation of Stephen C. Foster's simple genius, nor is Negro-minstrelsy ignored as unworthy of attention.

The chapters, "The Classic Period of American Composition," "Romanticists and Neo-Classicalists," "Nationalists, Eclectics and Ultra-Moderns" show a woful lack of proportion. In the case of some minor composers there is unrestrained eulogy.

Mr. Arthur Farwell is discussed in three pages. Charles Martin Loeffler in two. Mr. Loeffler is thus ranked with Mr. Frederick Ayres, whose conceptions have been broadened by "a constant contact with natural scenes of the greatest grandeur in the Rocky mountains of Colorado." Mr. Ayres's piano trio is "typical of the manner in which the composer rises, easily and blithely, out of the ancient sea of tradition into the blue of a new and happier musical day." One of his songs "reveals a poignancy of imagination and a perception and apprehension of beauty seldom attained by any composer."

Mr. Harvey W. Loomis before he was acquainted with the later French idiom, "spontaneously breathed forth the quality of spirit which we now recognize in a Debussy or a Ravel." He has written, by the way, "a stupendous quantity of excellent children's songs for schools."

Mr. T. Carl Whitmer has a "spiritual kinship" with Arthur Shepherd. Hans Pfitzner and Vincent d'Indy (page 429). His music is "psychologically subtle and spiritually rarified; in color it corresponds to the violet end of the spectrum. It shuns realistic and elemental qualities, and seeks an ethereal expression which gives it not infrequently a sense of over-earthliness."

Then there is Miss Gena Branscombe. "Inexhaustible buoyancy; a superlative emotional wealth, and wholly singular gift of musical intuition are the qualities which have shaped the composer's musical personality. . . . Her impatient melodies leap and dash with youthful life, while her accompaniments abound in harmonic hair breadth escapes."

The catalog of the nationalists, eclectics and ultra moderns includes many names, but there are no "minor composers" among them; all, from Mr. Alexander Hull to Mr. Alexander Russell, from Mr. Francis Hendricks to Mr. Carlos Troyer, remind us of the heroes at the siege of Ismail:

"Amongst them were several Englishmen of birth, sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith."

It is a pleasure to find in this volume (pp. 244, 245) the attack on the William B. Bradbury compilations. "Sugared American psalmody, flavored with German sentimentality, and colored with a

we know as the Sunday school song."

We miss in this volume the name of Henry Wilson, organist and composer of Hartford, Ct. His church music is occasionally sentimental, but his larger works show melodic invention, a talent for legitimate vocal effects, and, what is rarer, spiritual imagination.

We also miss a reference to the Hutchinson family with their anti-slavery and temperance songs. Are not their deeds recorded in the two thick volumes of John Wallace Hutchinson?

The bibliographical list at the end of "Music in America" is carefully compiled. Armstrong's "Record of Opera in Philadelphia" is listed, but not Baronelli's history of the opera in New Orleans. Ireland's "Record of the New York Stage" appears, but not Col. T. Allston Brown's continuation of it. There are other books in English and French that might have been included.

"This Voice and Vocal Music" is the title of the fifth volume in the "Art of Music" series. The department editors are Messrs. David C. Taylor and Hiram K. Moderwell.

Mr. David Bispham is the author of the Introduction. He begins by saying that as all the arts are "emanations from the superman" they are therapeutically of the highest significance to the human race. "They are curative, they do us good." Everyone should be educated in music, so that the performances of others may be appreciated. "The voice is so intimate a thing that no one can avoid it in himself or escape it in others, and so great is its power when properly used, whether in speech or song, that it is amazing that its qualities are not more fully realized by all educators and treated accordingly." Children should be taught to speak correctly; they should also be taught to sing. Persons, selected for the purity of their enunciation and beauty of their voices, should every day speak and sing to school children who would then unconsciously imitate them.

Vitruvius gave a long list of accomplishments indispensable to an architect. Lucian insisted that a pantomimic dancer should be well acquainted with history, biography, geography, mythology, in fact all knowable things. Mr. Bispham believes that the singer should be many-sided. Technic, memory, knowledge of languages, ability to speak and sing these languages intelligibly, the actor's art in gesture, deportment and expression, comprehension of the whole of vocal literature—these are not enough; the singers should in all ways be well educated men and women. Then will singing become a dignified profession "instead of a spurious and uncertain career, at which the vast majority of those who follow it can expect to earn but a pittance." The better the voice, the greater the singer's responsibility. The singer should "enlarge his knowledge of poetry, literature, the drama and the fine arts in general."

"Ignorance and daring have long gone hand in hand with an assurance which is at times amazing, but the rising generation should be obliged to learn not only how to sing, but what to sing—both equally important."

Mr. Taylor writes the chapters, "The Vocal Organs, Their Operation and Hygiene," "Vocal Cultivation and the Old Italian Method" and "Modern Scientific Methods of Voice Culture." He is known to many as the author of "The Psychology of Singing." In these three chapters, which should be of special interest to teachers and pupils, he first of all discusses the anatomy of the vocal organs. These pages are illustrated. He makes some sensible remarks about a singer's care of his voice based on the old adage that one man's meat is another man's poison. Thus tobacco as a rule irritates the mucous membrane, yet many famous singers have been excessive smokers without bad results. Here he might have quoted Charles Santley's opinions and cited the case of Mario. "So, also, with regard to eating and drinking, the widest differences of individual constitution are seen. . . . All these questions of daily habit must be decided by each singer for himself and experience is the only safe guide."

Badly produced voices constantly deteriorate. Incorrect ways of producing tones strain the delicate muscles of the larynx. "There is one infallible way of determining whether a voice is correctly used, or whether, on the contrary, its production is characterized by excessive muscular tension. This is found in the sound of the tones. Any degrees of throat stiffness is invariably reflected in the sound of the voice. A throaty quality of tone always results from an incorrect manner of production, and this quality can result in no other way. . . . The singer labors under this disadvantage, that he can never hear his own voice as clearly, and with the same discrimination, as can the people who listen to him. Yet by practice and careful attention this difficulty can in great measure be overcome. For the cure of throat stiffness and its attendant ills the physician can do but little. Even the diagnosis of the condition can hardly be said to lie within his province. . . . In the case of the great majority of singers suffering from the effects of throat stiffness the only competent diagnosis is made by the vocal teacher, whose ear is sufficiently trained and experienced to hear the exact nature of the trouble. Further it is the vocal teacher alone

on this." Mr. Taylor traces the history of vocal training which began, as we say, for this purpose of artistic singing about 1600. Yet there were painstaking teachers as far back as the reign of the tumultuous Nero. Suetonius tells us how Nero did not omit any of those expedients adopted by artists, for the preservation and improvement of their voices. "He would lie upon his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast, clear his stomach and bowels by vomits and clysters, and forbear the eating of fruits, or food prejudicial to the voice." No doubt even in Nero's time there were teachers of the "old Roman method," or possibly some imported Greek had his own only, infallible method. But to go back to Mr. Taylor.

"The fact is now clearly recognized that the voice has one correct mode of operating, as well as an almost limitless possibility of wrong or incorrect forms of activity." The scientific view of voice culture, almost universally held until recently, is that the voice must be led to adopt the correct manner of action by direct attention to its mechanical processes; the vocal cords must act in a certain way; the breath must be controlled at the proper point; the tones must have the correct origin and receive the influence of resonance in the correct manner. "The singer must impose a certain manner of operating on the voice and carefully supervise all the processes of tone production."

Mr. Taylor says that he was the first to state completely in his "Psychology of Singing" (1908) an entirely different conception of voice culture, the psychological theory, which has "made great headway." Nature is a sufficient guide. The voice is controlled by the ear, and it needs no other form of control than that furnished by the ear. The ear is the only trustworthy judge. "If the ear has the right conception of pure tone, the vocal organs gradually fall into the way of producing correct tones, that is, of operating in the correct manner. . . . No attention whatever need be paid to the mechanical operations of tone production. The vocal organs are informed by the mental ear what is expected of them, and perform their functions instinctively without any help from the intellect."

This doctrine, Mr. Taylor thinks, dispels the mystery surrounding the "old Italian method" of bel canto. He goes back to the art of singing as practised for the temple services in Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria and at Jerusalem; but he does not add that the Assyrians, delighting in shrill music, pinched their throats, as shown on tablets that have come down to us. He speaks of the florid music of the early Roman church, requiring vocal flexibility. He discusses this rise of coloratura singing, one of the chief glories of the art for over 200 years; and then treats of the famous old Italian teachers. It is his opinion that teachers of the old method did not believe that the vocal problem was capable of solution by mechanical means; that it was an amplification of the system of vocal education which had been in course of development for nearly 1000 years. "It embodied no new conception of vocal management, but continued to treat the control of the voice as purely instructive matter. Its chief contribution to the technical training of the voice was the adoption of 'vocalises' and exercises specially designed for the purpose." This is true: The books of Toes and Mancini do not include an exercise

or musical illustration. Very little knowledge can be gained from these books of how the great teachers taught. "Students were taught to sing correctly and artistically solely through the exercise of their voices in actual singing. The materials used for vocal training were scales, exercises and 'vocalises' without and with words. These were without exception melodious, and the musical and artistic aspects of singing received attention from the beginning of instruction to the end. Singing was considered always on the musical side and its mechanical features were never touched upon. The voice was led on by a gradual progression from the easy to the difficult."

"It is difficult for one imbued with the idea of direct vocal management to believe that the voice can possibly be trained without the student knowing in the first place how to produce his tones correctly. Yet it would have been equally hard for a master of the old school to understand what we moderns mean by the conscious control of the vocal organs. It never entered into the minds of the old masters that there could be any difficulty about this management of the voice. 'Listen and imitate' summed up for them all that need be known, indeed, all that could be known on the subject."

In the third chapter Mr. Taylor traces the path of scientific investigation as pursued by Manuel Garcia, Helmholtz, Mandl and others. He discusses the four elements included in the scientific system of vocal training: Breathing, laryngeal action, resonance and articulation. He arrives at this conclusion: "Modern voice culture cannot be believed to have reached its final development. . . . So far as the course of future events can be foretold, it seems probable that a combination of the two methods, now seemingly opposed, will eventually be brought about. The scientific investigation of the voice has brought to light so much of valuable truth that it would be ridiculous to throw its results lightly aside. At the same time the success of the old method proves that it contained a satisfactory

solution of all vocal problems. How the two methods will be fused into one it is not now possible to say. But the only marked tendency is in that direction. We are justified in the hope that its accomplishment will not be long postponed." Here ends Mr. Taylor's contribution to the volume.

The second part, "The Development of the Art Song," includes these chapters: "The Nature and Origin of Song," "Folk Songs," "The Early Development of Song," "The Classic Song and the Aria." These chapters are pleasant reading. Pergolesi was not the composer of "Trotto," although the song is attributed to him on page 161. The writer of the chapter "The Classic Song and the Aria," finds that the tune of "Sally in Our Alley" is "the essence of awkwardness," and he thinks little of Dr. Arne, Dibden, Arnold, Hook, Bishop. The historical portions of these and the remaining chapters are more to be commended than the critical. This is seen in the third part, "The Romantic School," and the fourth part, "Modern Song Literature."

There are elaborate studies of Schubert's and Schumann's songs, studies that suggest an annotated catalogue. There are analyses that are out of proportion. The writer speaks of the "snobbish" grace of the French berceur. "Snobbish" is the one adjective that cannot justly be applied to the berceur. He speaks of the "overwhelming gusto" of Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." Pray, what does the gentleman mean? "Gusto" originally meant a special flavor. Its common meaning is zest, enjoyment (with which something is done). In Schumann's "I Hear the Flutes and Violins" ("Dichterliebe" series) the waltz is "tinkly, monotonous, perhaps heard through the wintry air." Eighteen lines are devoted to "Ich grolle nicht." Listen to this, "And the marvelous bass part, moving deeper and deeper down the scale, calling forth from the modern grand piano its most terrible and wonderful tones, till the very soul seems to quiver in response—this furnishes a foundation of grandeur which might have served for a tragedy of Aeschylus." Aeschylus and a concert grand!

Speaking of French contemporaries of Schumann, the writer discovers that the "true human touch" is somehow lacking through all Victor Hugo's work. Fantine, Cosette, the children in "Ninety-three," the poem, "Pauvres Gens"; "The Art of Being a Grand Father"—are then all without the "true human touch"—and the Bishop in "Les Misérables" is, we infer, only a poor lay figure. It is not surprising to find the writer declaring in clear, bell-like voice that Georg Henschel "must be ranked among the finest song writers of his time."

Perhaps in a series of so many volumes there must be repetition. Brahms, the song writer, had already been shrewdly appraised, and after Mr. Newman's pages about the songs of Hugo Wolf, there was little need of those in this fifth volume. Full justice is done to the songs of Liszt. Gounod is flippantly dismissed. "Medje" is "frankly cheap and undeniably effective." There are not half a dozen of Gounod's songs "which a self-respecting singer can study." Rubinstein does not fare much better at the hands of this critic, who finds beauty and depth in the songs of second and third rate German composers. Tchaikovsky's "Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt" is "all strained, over-orchestrated, as it were, and then—banal." Those of Strauss's songs that are evidently pot-boilers appeal irresistibly to this critic. Lalo as a song writer is not mentioned. Henri Duparo has only six lines; Paul Vidal has 24 lines. The treatment of Debussy is superficial. Some of his best songs are not mentioned and "Ariettes oubliées" are mentioned as published in 1913, when they were composed and published at least nearly 30 years before that date. The chapter on the songs of the new Russian school is inadequate. Less space given to long-winded analyses of familiar songs by Schubert and Schumann would have allowed, perhaps, a freer treatment of the Russian composers.

The bibliographical list at the end of the volume is a curious one. We miss the famous textbooks of Johann Adam Hiller (1774, 1780); the monumental "Histoire de l'art du chant," by Lemaire and Lavoix; the two volumes by Charles Santley, which contain golden precepts for students; books by Vernon Lee, in which there are remarkable studies of the art of singing in the 18th century. The inclusion of certain treatises is also singular.

"If you give a dog a bad name it means the end of the dog. If you give him a good name and then change it to something quite different the dog may live, but he will never be the same. It is not so with a play which undergoes a shift of titles. If a play has been misnamed the title should be changed, although the mere changing of the title doesn't mean that the play will be more successful."

"A case in point is the Harvard prize play of Prof. Baker's class in drama-turgy. If it hadn't had the academic stamp it would not have been a prize winner. But going out as a Harvard prize it had to have a Harvard odor, so they called it 'Bellevue me, Xantippe,' which caused many non-residents of Boston to make a run on the classical dictionary. By the time the play had gone the rounds many who saw it were inclined to think that there was nothing in a name. At any rate, people did

not go to see it merely on account of its name.

"The play was taken to London. We are not advised as to the circumstances which 'here conspired against the academic title, but it was discarded and 'Willie Goes West' was substituted. What a leap! Think of a Harvard prize play carrying a tag that was as far away from Harvard as the dog star today is remote from the pole star (we write at 95 in the shade)."

"Next we hear of 'Willie Goes West' in Chicago. If we take the critic's word, the name had no drawing power there. Before the play was put on in Chicago the question of harking back to the Harvard name was discussed, as we are informed, but the motion was vetoed on the ground that if the old name were resumed Chicago would make the point that there was nothing in the play to warrant the title, whereas 'Willie Goes West' might appear, as it was more Chicagoesque. If the critics are right, Chicago was not fooled, and the producers are probably thinking by this time that there is nothing in a name—which is frequently, but not always true."—Dramatic Mirror, Aug. 18.

This reminds us of what Scribe once said about the titles of plays. "Nothing is more difficult than to find a good title for a play, a title that pleases the ear and also the eye when it is on the poster. I have two or three means of arriving at this result. As a last resort one can always take the name of the hero or the heroine; but this is dangerous on account of the jealousies among players; all of them wish to be titular. If you take 'Louise,' 'Peter' or 'Paul,' all the players will be against you; take 'The Huguenots,' or 'Crown Diamonds' and peace is assured. But the public must be satisfied with the title. I proceed in this manner: When I have found two or three to suit me, I ask the manager to have them printed on posters. My servant pins them up in my room, and when I come into it, my eyes are arrested on one of them. This one gives me my title. One does not realize the force of assembled letters. Perhaps the success of 'Lorgnon' was due to the two 'O's' in the word. This title seems to be looking at you."

Notes About

Plays Old and

New and Players

It was during the rehearsal for the revival of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," at the New Theatre, in May, 1912, that Sir Charles Wyndham, always anxious to give his public the best arranged for his son Howard, his stage manager Reginald Walter (now, by the way, in the diplomatic service), and Henderson to watch the rehearsal from different parts of the house, so that he could be assured that the pitch of his voice should be adequate. The first night came with its usual anxieties. It will be remembered that Sir Charles, as Sir Daniel Carteret, has a long speech to deliver in the first act addressed to Lady Eastley (how delightfully played by Miss Mary Moore). It was this speech that Sir Charles was most anxious should be perfect in tone and strength. The audience was listening in rapt attention at the magnificent delivery when suddenly a voice rapped out from the gallery, "Speak up, Charles!" This interruption was calculated to upset a much less nervous man than Sir Charles, but it brought out the great actor. With a courteous nod of his head in recognition of the advice, he raised his voice to exactly the right pitch, and finished his speech to a volley of applause that has seldom been equalled.—Pall Mall Gazette.

There seems no limit to the outrages on the King's English wrought by cinema theatre proprietors. "Featuring" was an abomination which moved to revolt all lovers of our language; "picturization" was worse, but there, it was thought, atrocities would stop. But no. From the top of a picture palace in South London flaunts in big letters the announcement that this week is presented "the picturization of Sullivan's celebrated song 'The Lost Chord.'"—London Daily Chronicle.

Twenty years can bring many changes in theatricals. Take, for instance, the case of "What Happened to Jones," George Broadhurst's farce, originally done Aug. 30, 1897, at the old Manhattan Theatre, and which is soon to be revived by its author at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre! When casting the farce Mr. Broadhurst thought he might engage some of the original line-up. Investigation showed that of the 13 who first appeared in the play five are dead and several others have retired from the stage. Those alive and still active in theatricals are Mrs. E. A. Eberle, John W. Cope and Kathryn Osterman. J. J. Rosenthal, the first manager of the troupe, is still alive. He is manager of the Bronx Opera House, and is rated as one of the prominent citizens of the Bronx.—New York Evening World.

In England Mr. Herbert Kelcey is chiefly remembered as a loyal and conscientious actor, and a man of infinite good parts. He was always a delightful companion and a general favorite in no matter what company he found himself.—Pall Mall Gazette.

M. Leon Bakst has sent over from Paris to the Fine Art Society his original drawings for a ballet, "La belle au bois dormant," at present unknown in this country, but which, as we are reminded in a prefatory note to the catalogue, was successfully produced

last year in the United States, Madame Pavlova assuming the title role. The grace, the naive charm of these gorgeously coloured designs make a refreshing contrast to the intense voluptuousness, the hyper-aestheticism of the oriental and classical ballets by which the Russian artist has chiefly made his name in England. He has played in the present instance with the Louis-Quatorze style not less delightfully than he did in the "Pavillon d'Armide" with Louis Quinze. And somehow the former with its measured splendour, its monumental dignity, goes better with the fairy tale than would the latter with its air of mundane elegance, and nearer approach to everyday things. There is, of course, nothing particularly novel in the idea. Did not the Roi Soleil himself in the days of his youth dance exquisitely in many a splendidly-costumed court ballet, classical, allegorical and pastoral? A number of years ago, when Shakespeare's "Songo d'une nuit d'été" was revived at the Odéon Theatre in Paris, the dramatis personae appeared in full-bottomed wigs and superb suits of the purest Louis-Quatorze. But M. Bakst infuses something deliciously strange and uncanny into the court personages of his; he transports his mannequins from Paris and Versailles to No Mans Land, allowing them, while preserving a measure of stateliness, to indulge in a liberty, not to say license, of expression and demeanor that French etiquette would never have permitted. Most orthodox and demure, though anything but sleepy, is the Beauty herself, in her formally looped and adorned costume, such as the court dancers wore. "The king" is somewhat insignificant; but "An Italian Prince," so splendid and so disdainful is he, might be the Grand Monarque himself, or perhaps "Monsieur," his brother. Appropriately stately is "The Queen and her Page," though neither in studied majesty, deportment nor in accentuated splendour of costume can she compare with the "Mistress of the Robes with Page." Most charming is the costume of "A Lady of the Court," all blue and silver, with one touch of freshest green. She wears the fontange head-dress, so called after the ill-fated Duchesse de Fontange, who was for one short year the preferred mistress of Louis-Quatorze, and then vanished, removed—it was suspected—by a more powerful rival.—London Daily Telegraph.

George Lashwood, "the Beau Brummel of the variety stage," will retire about Christmas.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, now in London, talks of her condensed version of "Zaza" for that city.

The Herald mentioned last Sunday the Swinburne ballet entitled "Before Dawn." After it was produced at the Ellen Terry Bouquet matinee at the Lyric, London, it was performed at the London Coliseum July 30. We quote from the Stage of Aug. 2:

"Arranged by the well-known Russian premiere danseuse, Seraphine Astafieva; finely illustrative and expressive music by Norman O'Neill, who conducts the orchestra; with a direct, if rather unsophisticated, story by Monckton Hoffe; and carrying with it a splendid blend of harmonious color effect in the scenery and costumes designed by George Sheringham—to say nothing of the elusive charm of its vocal choruses—the ballet forms an almost ideal item for a high class variety program. That there is rather more of the essential 'rosy rapture' of Swinburne in the verses beginning 'For a day and a night' that suggest the story, than in the story itself—verses splendidly recited by Frances Dillon—is perhaps in the accepted nature of things; nor is it necessary, upon the present occasion, to give in detail the story of the tragic love of a dancing woman for a king, which forms the background of the action. Mme. Astafieva, as the Dancing Woman, dances and mimes with her accustomed skill; and Alex Goudin, as the dancing woman's brother, deserves high praise for his grace and agility. The majority of the dancers are pupils of Mme. Astafieva; the excellent scenery has been painted by John Bull."

Pierce and Roslyn, "American Performers," made a great hit at the Coliseum that week in a miscellaneous vaudeville act, "A Whirlwind of Melody." This was their first visit to the West End of London.

Another burglar sketch, "Robbed," by George Rolit, was produced at the Euston, London, July 30. The surprise was that the burglar turned out to be an insurance agent who secured an actress's signature to an application form.

"Housekeepers," a "Protean comedy" by Charles Baldwin, was produced at the Balham Hippodrome, July 30. "Rose Hamilton has very wisely made no attempt to transform this Protean sketch into a quick change act. Instead, she has given the variety stage one of the merriest and, at the same time, one of the cleverest comedy sketches seen for many a long day. There is a capital story. Mr. Budd tells his wife he will engage a housekeeper to manage their home. As Mrs. Budd had been an actress, she determines to teach him a lesson and get some money out of him. Informing the butler of her purpose, she appears as various housekeepers, among them an Irishwoman, a Cockney, an Italian, and a French woman, applying for the position."

Judging from his question in the House of Commons on Tuesday Maj.

Hunt seems to have taken seriously a typical bit of scandal-mongering from the so-called "Secret History" paragraphs appearing in the Weekly Dispatch. This unenviably-notorious journal said some time ago that "the non-trench population in Khaki consists primarily of men from the theatrical and music-hall profession." We asked the Weekly Dispatch to justify this statement, but it made no attempt to do so, as of course it could not. Maj. Hunt asked the under-secretary of state for war whether his attention had been called to the numerous cases of men in the theatrical and music-hall professions who were said through undue influence either to have obtained exemption or jobs which kept them to London, and allowed them to pursue their ordinary vocation as usual. Mr. Macpherson in reply very properly asked for specific cases to be given him. Mr. Hogge mentioned that of Mr. George Grossmith, "an inspector of tanks, who still continues his occupation." As a matter of fact, Mr. Grossmith since he volunteered for service—there was no compulsion in his case as he is over military age—has ceased acting. On the general point Mr. Macpherson said that he did not see any reason why a man, if he had performed his military duties during the day, should not fulfil engagements at theatres and music-halls. The whole calumny is particularly cruel because no body of men have volunteered more freely or done more war work or made greater sacrifices than actors and other artists, who moreover have not obtained the measure of exemption from military service obtained by members of other callings. In this respect the Weekly Dispatch may be invited to look at some in the ranks of the Northcliffe Press.—The Stage, Aug. 2.

"A Pair of Spectacles" by Sydney Brundy will be revived at Wyndham's, London, Sept. 1, with Sir John Hare as Benjamin Goldfinch. This will be the sixth revival of the play in London since its production in 1890.

In its obituary notice last Friday of William Winter the Times says that the critic and poet "was the intimate friend of Edwin Booth, whose life he wrote, and whose Shakespearean prompt-books he edited; of Irving and of Daly, whom he similarly guided." The inference, which is doubtless due to statements in the American Press, is an error, so far as Henry Irving is concerned. Irving always edited his own prompt-books. His Shakespeare work was invariably done by himself, although he called to his assistance the aid of Frank Marshall and other Shakespearean scholars in regard to certain literary points. But the stage-work was entirely his own. Moreover, the majority of his Shakespearean productions—"Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Much Ado About Nothing"—had taken place before he went to the United States in 1883. It was after that year that he came into friendly relations with Mr. Winter.—The Stage, Aug. 2.

Florence Haydn, who has been on the stage for more than 50 years, has retired. Born in 1837 she began her theatrical career at Glasgow, when she was 19 years old.

There is no reason why Montreal should not become one of the best theatre cities on the continent. All that is needed is candor and sincerity on the part of the producers, the theatre management and the theatre-going public. The producers, on the one hand, must cease to send Montreal second and third-rate attractions labelled "Original New York Cast," "Original New York production," "Direct from the theatre, New York," etc. Montreal has called this ancient bluff, and it will work no more. * * * Now for the public. * * * If the public wants first-class theatrical attractions, it must support them when they come. This waiting until Wednesday or Thursday night before going to a first-class attraction must cease. Without adequate support, the first-class show becomes a first-class expense. Given liberal encouragement, such as it deserves, it becomes a source of gratification to the public and of profit to both producer and theatre. * * * If producer, theatre management and audience will make efforts along these lines, we shall gradually approach something like tolerable conditions, they will be a welcome change.—Montreal Daily Star.

This reminds us that the Montreal correspondent of The Stage says that the film has gained a hold on Canadian audiences that time alone can shape. "Consequently, all intellectualism is absent from our boards, save for an occasional—very occasional—visit of a really standard attraction, and the public palate having been softened, it is found advisable to give the people not solid food, but sweets. As 10 years ago saw the drama threatened by vaudeville, so today sees the film the chief harmful factor to the theatre. Here and there, perhaps, as with the spectacle, 'Intolerance,' a film may prove eminent, but it would not be exaggeration to say that three-fifths of the present output of American studios is utter rubbish. That the camera may be useful in the reporting of news there is no doubt, and when it affords us 'armchair trips' to foreign lands to which slender incomes might otherwise say no,

may wield an educative influence, but when we hear from the zealous protagonists of the film industry that the legitimate drama is doomed, surely laughter is inevitable. The correspondent speaks of Montreal as a city without a repertory theatre, without a principal theatre, "overrun by picture establishments, which are supplemented by cheap vaudeville places, and generally in a very bad condition." He suggests as a remedy an all-British circuit directed from London. "The chief obstacle in the way of an all-British tour for Canada lies in the Americanizing influence brought to bear upon Canadian audiences for years past—an influence so deep that it took Montreal until the Wednesday in the week to attend Sir Herbert Tree's performance of Volsey, with which he opened an engagement on the Monday. It was the same when Miss Horniman brought her well-equipped repertory company here. Mr. Cyril Maude meets with large houses because he infuses his acting with much broad comedy effect, which goes in the States, and, as a natural consequence, goes here. The danger is very real, and

it rests with English managers to decide whether Canada is to be a fertile ground for earning Broadway royalties, or a new and rich pasture for the exploitation of British productions, managed by British enterprise, acted by British casts. I employ the term British purposely, and my motive in so doing should be obvious. The first step to be taken is to send a man from London, who can study conditions at first hand, in co-operation with those Canadians who stand for a better theatre and a Canadian drama; and with the possession of this data, the subsequent moves can be made."

John D. Williams will produce in December a new play by Edward Sheldon. The part of a young girl will be acted by a moving picture favorite. Mr. Williams also has the completed manuscript of Somerset Maugham's latest comedy, "Love in a Cottage." During the season he will produce Bricux's "Red Rose."

A new play, "The Woman He Married," by Harriet Ford, was produced at Denver, Col., on Sunday, Aug. 12. Maude Fealy played the leading part and will bring the play East.

Mary Garden will begin work in September for her first motion picture, "Thais." She sent a message from Paris: "Have booked passage for last week in August and for second time since June intend to show my contempt for the submarine monsters. Am feeling tremendously fit and will immediately begin 'Thais.' Look forward to it as my most joyous adventure. Am bringing a message that will delight America."

Louis Calvert purposes to revive Shaw's "John Bull and His Island." He will take the part of Broadben. Helen Evly will take the chief female role.

Bertha Kalick will make her first appearance on the legitimate stage in a new Gordin play after an absence of three years, during which she has appeared in film plays.

"The Girl Gloria," a musical comedy based on Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," by William Balzoll, will be produced at Michigan City, Ill., on Sept. 1.

The Fairbanks sisters will be seen this fall in a farce comedy, "The Gold Dust Twins," by Lou Houseman.

A new comedy of life in a village of Nova Scotia, "Good Morning, Rosamond," by Constance Skinner, based on a novel of the same title, was produced at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 13.

Lew Benedet, the famous minstrel, is now chief ticket taker at the Empire Theatre, Albany, N. Y.

The revised edition of "What Next?" a musical comedy with Blanche Ring, Eva Fallon and others, was first performed at San Diego, Cal., July 29.

Lourette Taylor has refused a "fabulous offer" to appear in a film version of "Peg O' My Heart."

Jeanne Eagels will be the leading woman with George Arliss in "Hamilton."

Notes About

Music, Concerts and Musicians a church matter, the size of organs with reference to the volume of sound in ratio to size of chamber. "If the Church of St. A. has an organ of so many stops, the Church of St. B. is, on the first opportunity, sure to go in for an instrument of 10 stops more. When will organists and organ builders learn that each church and each concert room is filled by a certain quantity of sound, and that all in excess is more than wasted? Our English organs are, as a rule, too large, excepting in the pedal department, in which they are lamentably weak, and the same remark applies to our orchestras. Why should a church amply filled by an organ costing £1000 spend double that amount simply to beat upon paper the organ of a rival church? It is not sufficiently known, for instance, that the addition of stops of similar tone add very little to the effect; given one good open diapason, this addition of a second open adds little; and that of a third, an inappreciable quantity to the general effect. It is a curious point that any quantity of sound of the same quality does not hide or overshadow a comparatively small quantity of

sound of a different quality. In the Franco-Prussian war I was with an ambulance at Le Chene, a suburb of Paris, and I there heard in the distance a crowd of thousands and tens of thousands inside Paris shouting and cheering at some meeting. Suddenly and quite above this volume of sound, a bugle sounded, and each note could be distinctly heard."

A London political journalist who has gone to Dundee, for Monday's Parliamentary election writes: "The natives of this place seem to spend the greater part of their time in learning the piano and having their teeth drawn, for all over the centre of the town there are the advertisements of music teachers and dentists. Assuredly, the teeth of Dundee are not good. I am told it is the water, which, however, is not always taken neat. There is little excitement, prohibitionist Scrymgeour being well known."—London Daily Chronicle.

Agide Zaccchia will be the chief conductor of Rubinoff's Boston Grand Opera Company this season. His wife, Ester Ferrabini, will take leading roles with La Scala Opera Company on the Pacific coast.

Maggie Teyte is at the head of an opera company which will give performances in Mexico.

The Promenade Concerts in Queen's Hall, London, began yesterday. The Times gives a list of 19 works new in London, nine British, five Russian, two Spanish, while France, Finland and America are credited with one each. The British works include: Two Fairy pieces, "Queen Mab," "Puck," by Joseph Spaulight; orchestral rhapsody, "A Shropshire Lad," by Lieutenant George Butterworth, killed in action last August; prelude for orchestra, "The Forgotten Rite," by J. Ireland; three elfin dances, by H. Waldo Warner; two pieces by Percy C. Buck; Suite de Ballet, "Before Dawn," by Norman O'Neill; suite, "The Jolly Roger," by Howard Carr; a fantasy for violin and orchestra, by Montague F. Phillips; suite for flute and orchestra by Dora Bright. The Russian compositions comprise: Symphonio picture, "The Three Palm Trees," by Spendiariovi; Liadov's "Legend," "Kikimora"; symphonio fragment after Shelley, by M. Gnassini; overture, "The Village Festival," by Zolotariev; a new concerto for violin and orchestra, by Vassilenko, Spain is represented by five Spanish dances, by Granados, orchestrated by Sir Henry Wood; and a dance from the opera "Merlin," by Albeniz. The new French work is Louis Aubert's Suite Breve, Sellm Palmgren's "Finnish Lullaby," arranged for string orchestra, and Loefler's "Pagan Poem" (after Virgil), for orchestra, piano, English horn, and three trumpets obbligato, complete the scheme.

Frequently it has been suggested since the war that no greater mistake could well be made than to imagine that what our soldiers really enjoy in the way of music is mainly confined to rag-time, patriotic ditties, and the like. As a matter of fact, our Tommies, to a man almost, detest anything remotely resembling a jingo song; so, too, does the average man in the street. (Incidentally, one's inveterate distaste for such effusions would be considerably mollified if one came across many on a level as regards honest, sturdy feeling, combined with musicianly taste, with a song like Capt. Ralph Mockridge's "The Message of the Flag.") Most Tommies, it is true, love a sentimental song, and the very few really successful so-called "war songs" have undoubtedly succeeded on the strength of their undercurrent of simple, homely sentiment.—London Daily Chronicle.

HOLLIS ST. HAS ORIGINAL FARCE

"Here Comes the Bride" Treats

an Old Situation with Delightful Newness.

TRIUMPH FOR MISS EBURNE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Here Comes the Bride," an American farce comedy by Max Marcin and Roy Atwell. First performance in Boston.

Thomas Ashley.....Albert Reed
James Carlton.....Franklyn Ardell
Xora Sinclair.....Mildred Booth
Robert Sinclair.....William Holden
Ethel Sinclair.....Francine Larrimore
Mooney.....Thomas Meegan
Frederick Tile.....Otto Kruger
Thurlow Benson.....George Parsons
Robert Sevier.....Walter Fenner
Marie Tile.....Inez Buck
License Clerk.....Kenneth Keith
Judge Husilton.....Frank Walsh
The Bride.....Maude Eburne
Hawkins.....William Lennux
Senor D'Alvarez.....Mario Majeroni

"Here Comes the Bride" opened the season at the Hollis Street Theatre last evening. The authors, Max Marcin, whose play "The House of Glass" was given here last season, and Roy Atwell, pleasantly remembered as an amusing comedian, have treated a situation often encountered in farcical and with refreshing originality.

devoted to a comedy of the same title. The author, a devoted reader of the "Globe," often met in farces and comedies. American or foreign make. A new element, however, has been skilfully introduced.

Young Tile, convinced his marriage with Ethel is impossible, falls the easy prey to a band of Spanish swindlers. Their schemes involve the safety of a murderer and the settlement of an estate. Upon the promise of \$100,000 Tile consents to marry a veiled and unknown woman whom he is not to see again after the ceremony. He promises to ask no questions as to the lady or the reasons for the transaction. In a year divorce will free him.

No sooner is the ceremony over than Ethel dances in. She has left home and is ready for an elopement. After an awkward quarrel the two young people, each unknown to the other, seek shelter at the Carltons'. Jim Carlton spends the night at a Turkish bath. His sister is out of town. Morning brings discovery. The young people who have taken possession of the empty house, to the astonishment of a model butler, stand face to face.

Ethel's sister brings the morning papers with news of the elopement. Various members of the Sinclair family are hearty in congratulations. Then comes the real Mrs. Frederick Tile to claim her own.

Mrs. Tile is homely, hard of hearing, many times a widow. In the last act the swindlers confess their plot. Mrs. Tile's last husband is found to be alive. This leaves Ethel and Frederick to enjoy deferred happiness.

This play, written to amuse, fulfills its purpose admirably. There is a Gallic lightness of touch in the management of the dialogue. There is fleet and spontaneous action. There are many good lines. Some are audacious.

Mr. Kruger, an attractive Frederick, played with becoming boyishness yet gracefully and with authority. Miss Larrimore, as Ethel, was pleasing to look upon. In a somewhat lachrymose and pitiful role she was reminiscent of Miss Madge Kennedy. Miss Buck, seen here in the title role of "The Misleading Lady," was a striking adventuress with an impressive and torrential flow of newly acquired Spanish at her command. George Parsons once the hero of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," plays a small part effectively. The feature of the performance, however, was Miss Eburne's impersonation of the bride. A skilful comedienne, she does not hesitate to sacrifice appearance in the interest of a part. Her make-up, her voice, the cleverly imitated flat tones of a deaf woman, her droll mannerisms and comically eloquent facial play all made her performance irresistibly amusing.

A large audience laughed heartily and expressed its approval.

GLOBE PLAYERS GIVE 'THE TRUTH'

Impart Spontaneity and Speed to Clyde Fitch's Comedy.

MARY FREY HAS CHIEF ROLE

GLOBE THEATRE—The Globe Theatre stock company in "The Truth," a comedy in four acts by Clyde Fitch. The cast:

Jenks.....Maurice Jenkins
Eye Lindon.....Caroline Locke
Laura Fraser.....Helen Spring
Becky.....Mary Frey
Frederick Lindon.....Ferdinand Tidmarsh
Tom Warler.....Robert Le Sueur
Man from Store.....Daniel Grant
Roland.....Fred O. House
Mrs. Genevieve Crespiigny.....Lavinia Shannon

"Come let us anew our journey pursue." During the last fortnight letters have come to us concerning grave, dark and perplexing matters, but they must wait until threads of discussion in this column two weeks ago are taken up and knotted.

Walker or Hamilton?

Correspondents have assured us that "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things," published in the Atlantic Monthly 50 years or more ago, was written by Mrs. E. A. Walker. Let us hear from Emma F. Allen of West Roxbury: "I think upon inquiry it will be found that Gall Hamilton (a pseudonym for Abigail Dodge of Hamilton, Mass.) was the author of this article. She had several other humorous communications, preceding or following this one, portraying her own adventures and those of her brother Hallearnassus, which I always used to read with delight. Having been a devoted reader of

the "Globe," I have often met in farces and comedies. American or foreign make. A new element, however, has been skilfully introduced.

Young Tile, convinced his marriage with Ethel is impossible, falls the easy prey to a band of Spanish swindlers. Their schemes involve the safety of a murderer and the settlement of an estate. Upon the promise of \$100,000 Tile consents to marry a veiled and unknown woman whom he is not to see again after the ceremony. He promises to ask no questions as to the lady or the reasons for the transaction. In a year divorce will free him.

No sooner is the ceremony over than Ethel dances in. She has left home and is ready for an elopement. After an awkward quarrel the two young people, each unknown to the other, seek shelter at the Carltons'.

Jim Carlton spends the night at a Turkish bath. His sister is out of town. Morning brings discovery. The young people who have taken possession of the empty house, to the astonishment of a model butler, stand face to face.

Ethel's sister brings the morning papers with news of the elopement. Various members of the Sinclair family are hearty in congratulations. Then comes the real Mrs. Frederick Tile to claim her own.

Mrs. Tile is homely, hard of hearing, many times a widow. In the last act the swindlers confess their plot. Mrs. Tile's last husband is found to be alive. This leaves Ethel and Frederick to enjoy deferred happiness.

This play, written to amuse, fulfills its purpose admirably. There is a Gallic lightness of touch in the management of the dialogue. There is fleet and spontaneous action. There are many good lines. Some are audacious.

Mr. Kruger, an attractive Frederick, played with becoming boyishness yet gracefully and with authority. Miss Larrimore, as Ethel, was pleasing to look upon. In a somewhat lachrymose and pitiful role she was reminiscent of Miss Madge Kennedy. Miss Buck, seen here in the title role of "The Misleading Lady," was a striking adventuress with an impressive and torrential flow of newly acquired Spanish at her command.

George Parsons once the hero of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," plays a small part effectively. The feature of the performance, however, was Miss Eburne's impersonation of the bride. A skilful comedienne, she does not hesitate to sacrifice appearance in the interest of a part. Her make-up, her voice, the cleverly imitated flat tones of a deaf woman, her droll mannerisms and comically eloquent facial play all made her performance irresistibly amusing.

A large audience laughed heartily and expressed its approval.

Some of the correspondents on ox-driving (not oxen driving) inquired if there was any other name for stoneboat.

In my boyhood days in Maine I never heard the article mentioned called anything but just "drag," although since then I have heard several names applied to it. One speaks of its being made of elm as "tough" and "slippery." I think oak was the best material, as it was strong and slippery when worn, and would resist the weather and dampness better than elm. Elm would soon rot unless kept dry.

"Xenes" speaks of the "trace chain" which the oxen pulled by, but the "trace chain" is a different article. Oxen drew by an ox-chain if hitched to a loose load such as a log or stone, while with a sled they drew by the "tongue" as the pole of a sled was called, and with a wheel vehicle it was "tongue" or "draves." We never called it a pole, as is now usual with horse-drawn vehicles. A trace chain was a much lighter article than an ox-chain, and was used in place of a trace or tug of a one-horse work harness. Boys of 40 and 50 years ago will recall how the roads were "broken out" in winter by a long string of oxen and steers, sometimes numbering 20 or 30 yoke, hitched to a heavy sled with a log chained under the forward end, so as to scrap a smooth path 10 feet wide. The men of the "district" all went along and shovelled out and levelled the drifts of snow before the team and rode on the sled in order to weight it down so as to make a clean hard road. The boys were supposed to drive the team, not an easy job for the boy with short legs when the snow was from 2 to 6 feet deep; in order to keep up he would have to cling to the ox-bow with one hand. The compensation was when he was allowed to ride on the sled with the men, and engage in snow fights with the other boys.

As far back as 1616 we find: "If it be oxen, then there is but the plow clevis, the teames, the yokes, and becles." A little later: "Your chain that is put up on your plough-cock or clevis." The clef in the stalk of a wooden candle holder was called a clevis. The word "clevis" goes back in English literature, as quoted in the Oxford Dictionary, to 1592. It is defined as the U shaped piece of iron with a pin through the ends attaching the foot chain of the plough to the bodkin or draught-bar.—Ed.

Over a fortnight ago Prof. Deedledum of Hanover, N. H., extolling the sonnets by the late Frothingham Clancy addressed to Dr. Fitzgerald, concluded by saying that he thus ended his the-orbo. A valued correspondent correcting his misquotation, for the line at the end of Brynning's "Glove" is: "With which moral I drop my the-orbo," himself fell into error and wrote to us that he was thus holst with his own petard. The learned professor and his fallible corrector may find consolation in a remark of Sir Thomas Browne, for neither the fine critical taste of Prof. Deedledum nor the sparkling humor of our other correspondent is marred by a paltry misquotation. We quote from Sir Thomas's "Christian Morals": "He that endureth no faults in men's writings must only read his own, which, in for the most part, all appear white. Quotation mistakes, in diction, expediency and human lapses, makes not only holes but warms."

being judged by the capital market and not of disparagement." And Mr. Thomas mentions blunders made by Cleero ("Old Ciss," as Artemus Ward called him), Plautus, Appollinaris Sidonius (no relation to the "Queen of Table Waters," a bishop of Auvergne and Machiavelli.

Do Quincey found Hazlitt's habit of "trite" quotation a vice in composition for the reason that it was at war with sincerity, "the foundation of all good writing, to express one's own thoughts by another man's words." He might have added that Hazlitt's quotations were often misquotations. De Quincey himself was given to quotation and he was not always letter perfect in them. As for Hazlitt's "vice," we agree with Sergeant Talfourd, who described it as a felicitous fault, "trailing after it a line of golden associations."

Sir Thomas Browne spoke of "warts in learned authors." Mr. Michael Fitzgerald of East Brewster sends to the Herald a quotation from the East Brewster correspondence published in the Yarmouth Register of Aug. 13:

WARTS.

"We have to express our gratitude to our worthy neighbor, Mr. Oscar I. Rogers, for the disappearance of a stubborn wart. Mr. Rogers has no rival as a wart-charmer on Cape Cod. At one time during his treatment of the wart he thought he would have to resort to the drastic measure of burying a piece of pork in order to expedite the cure, but the excrecence succumbed to the mysterious movements of Mr. Rogers's thumb. Mr. James McConnell, one of our summer visitors, was also successfully treated by Mr. Rogers. We believe that not even a concrete wart could resist Oscar's magical power. He makes no charge for his services to suffering humanity, but he has no objection to a good cigar."

Help!

As the World Wags: Can you tell me the author and the rest of the verses, if there are any, of the following:

Oh lovely day! refuse to go,
Hang in the heavens forever so.
Oh lovely day, long to remember,
Oh lovely day in sweet September.
I am not sure that this is quoted correctly.
M. A. CRANE.
Bridgewater.

The Split Infinitive.

As the World Wags: "Syntax" is surely wrong in the Herald of Aug. 11. He quotes the sentence, "The directors decided to more than double the carry-forward," and asserts that there is no split infinitive here; that the verb "do" is understood. There is, however, no need of this at all. The verb is "double" and is expressed. All the dictionaries, so far as we can find, give "double" as a verb in good use. The validity of our contention will appear clearly, if for "double" we substitute the equivalent verb "duplicate." The sentence will then stand, "The directors decided to more than duplicate the carry-forward." It will be seen at a glance how bungling and needless would be the interpolation which "Syntax" suggests. The sentence cited furnishes a plain case of split infinitive, if there ever was one. VIATOR.

Cent. Tuftonboro, N. H.
It is still warm weather for splitting infinitives. Let us wait until October at least, when a few pints of brown October ale will be refreshing after work with the axe.—Ed.

Cheap and —

As the World Wags: I have been told by some old-time ladies that the weed so tormenting often found in gardens and much despised, called "pursley" generally, but I believe rightly to be "parselane," is very good eating, when boiled as spinach is, and chopped, with seasoning of butter, pepper and salt. First cut off the root! It seems even the poorest person living in the country might find plenty of this even by the roadside, and it would be a help.
L. S. S.

Nahant.
Then there is butterfly weed or pleurisy root. The Indians obtained sugar from its flowers. They boiled the young seed-pods and ate them with buffalo meat. No doubt the pods would go well with corned beef, or they might be eaten as a solo vegetable. This *Asclepias tuberosa* belongs to the milkweed family, one of the first families of my village.—Ed.

August 31, 1917
"Squire Silchester's Whim," a fantastical romance by Mortimer Collins, was published in 1873. A balloon descends on a paddock just beyond the Squire's lawn, to further Walter Nugent's rascally plan. The following dialogue is interesting today:
"I do believe that balloon is coming down here, Papa," said Silvia.
"Very impertinent," said the Squire.
"They are trespassing already. They ignore the important fact that the air above my manor is as much mine as the earth beneath."
"Ah, if balloons should become general," said Simonet, "that consideration would generate lawsuits. You would

have to fence your plot of air with string-guns and man traps."
It is in this delightful romance that a man of regular habits is defined. He always smokes his pipe at the Jolly Colliers till 12, and then goes home and beats the Missus." This recalls a story by Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, published in Harper's Magazine years ago. A father advertised for a young man of regular habits to be a tutor for his boy. The habits of the applicant accepted were indeed regular, but to the strait-laced family and the neighbors they seemed shockingly irregular.

Immoral Scarecrows.

The New York Evening World published this paragraph:

"Jeffrey Schoonerbeak of Whiffn, O., made a scarecrow last week that frightened the crows so badly they brought back all the corn they had stolen since Aug. 1."

Mr. Phil Robinson, the author of "Some Country Sights and Sounds," protests in the first chapter against "immoral scarecrows." The sight of a dead rook hung up in a field as a scarecrow shocked him, although a pair of tomtits, not easily frightened, had built their nest inside the bird.

"If a man has any function on earth that ought to be sacred to him, it is the preservation, in their original purity, of the morals of the animal world. That a tomtit should go and build its nest inside a dead crow, and lay, it may be, as many as 13 eggs—for tomtits are very reckless in the matter of families—is an illustration of the lengths to which depravity may be encouraged by a little thoughtlessness on the part of an ordinary farmer. The rustic may have been well-meaning enough. We do not even say that he deliberately went about to hurt the feelings of other crows. But it just shows how easily a man may become the cause of offence, and his works the incentive to demoralization. That the tomtit knew the dead crow was not a tree stump or a cavity of a proper sort may be accepted as quite certain. If not actually aware of it, the bird has a very shrewd suspicion of its precise character; and, this being so, it had no right to build a nest in it, or lay eggs in it. Little birds should be taught to respect big ones."

This farmer outraged the feelings of the black republic in the neighboring elms. "Every rook in it must feel hurt by the shameless exposure of a relative's corpse; and for such a purpose, too—to frighten away all others of its kind!" Birds of other species might view the dead things with other feelings. "Some will affect to deplore the demise of an ancestor, just as the ape passing through a graveyard assured the ass he was unable to repress his tears." Others will civilly regret the loss of an acquaintance, one of those, they will say, that had his faults, but whose heart was, after all, in the right place. A few will declare that it "served him right," and—scandalously reminding each other of the deceased fowl's failings of temper or conduct—express their astonishment at his not having come to a bad end long ago. The oldest inhabitant will, of course, have his say, and if there is a Struldbrug in the company, he will vow that he always "told him so."

No doubt men will have their little say at the Porphyry in like manner when they learn from the black-bordered announcement on the board that their fellow-member, Ferguson, will no longer snooze in his accustomed seat, or chatter, argue, contradict, or even ring the bell for a pewter of malt liquor or a glass of fire-water.

Lincoln's Tonic.

As the World Wags:

To quiet the fears of the timid in these troublous times let me quote from a speech of Lincoln's delivered in Illinois during our civil war. "All the armies of Asia, Europe and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chests, with a Bonaparte for commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years."
J. D. K.
Boston.

"Proven."

As the World Wags:

I have noted recently in this column a reference to Richard Grant White as an authority on words and their uses. It gave me pleasure as I had come to fear he was no longer consulted. I should like to call attention to what he says about "proven."

"Proven," which is frequently used now by lawyers and journalists, should, perhaps, be ranked among words that are not words. Those who use it seem to think that it means something more or other than the word for which it is a mere Lowland Scotch and North of England provincialism. "Proved" is the past participle of the verb 'to prove' and should be used by all who wish to speak good English." Again, he says: "We may as well say Mary had loved

John as that John's love for Mary is not proven."
Gorham, Me.
M. P. S.

We regret to say that in the editorial columns of a prominent Boston newspaper "proven" is habitually used for "proved." "Proven" from time to time disfigures the editorial articles of the New York Evening Post.—Ed.

Some time ago the Kansas City Star, commenting on the term "Sammies" for American soldiers in France, doubted if anyone would find out who the term was first applied or who originated it.

Mr. Punch on Aug. 1 proudly named himself the author. He pointed to his number of June 13: "As a term of distinction and endearment, Mr. Punch suggests 'Sammies,' after their uncle."

Many object to "Sammies." It is reported that the soldiers themselves are indignant. Some say the term is inappropriate because in English counties a "Sammy" is a simpleton, a fool. There are compound words with this signification: Sammy-billy, Sammy-codlin, Sammy-dingle, Sammy-head, Sammy-noddy, Sammy-such-egg, Sammy-dawkin.

"Sammy" in English dialect also means untidy in dress, slovenly in gait, clammy, watery, sodden, soft, in a sweaty state. The word is used for an advantage given to one in the game of leap-frog.

But in one English county at least "Sammy" is a term of endearment; a "Sammy" is a favorite. See Anne Elizabeth Baker's "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases" (London, 1834). Defining the word, Miss (or Mrs.) Baker says: "May it not be allusive to the infant Samuel in Scripture? Hartshorne and Halliwell give 'Sammy, a fool,' but it is never so used with us, though the one term has sometimes an affinity to the other; a favorite child is often so judiciously indulged, that it is not infrequently said, 'You'll make a fool of at child.'" The author adds that corn when it is soft and will not grind freely is said to be "sammy."

Other names given at baptism are applied to foolish persons: as "Silly Billy," "Tommy," "Soft-Tommy." In the court scene toward the end of Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash" (or "Hard Cash") as the title runs in later editions, a witness introduces the term "Soft-Tommy" with amusing and dramatic effect.

Some one asked not long ago the origin of "Tommy" as applied to a British soldier. Those answering went far astray. "Tommy" is merely a shortening of Tommy Atkins, and Thomas Atkins was for years the name given in attestation and other forms to the British soldier. Surely many of us remember the song with its stirring chorus sung vociferously in the performance of an English musical comedy by an English company visiting Boston. Was the singer Mr. John Coates or Mr. Coppin? Scrap-books and newspaper files are not at hand where we write.

Let this be noted: Englishmen have objected strongly to "Tommy." We quote from Wyndham's "Queen's Service" (1899): "I hate the term Tommy Atkins. It is an impertinence and the expression of the shop-boy."

The Prussian Fist.

The Fortnightly Review has published an article by the late Henry James in which he portrayed his feelings at the outbreak of the present war. This sentence should be remembered: "It would have been hard really to give the measure of one's dismay at the awful proposition of a world squeezed together in the huge Prussian fist and with the variety and spontaneity of its parts oozing in a steady trickle, like the sacred blood of sacrifice, between those hideous knuckly fingers."

Goldsmith and Amazons.

As the World Wags:

The Herald a while ago had a half-column of interesting remarks on the subject of female regiments, during the course of which several names of passing great renown were mentioned. To this article one might add that excellent essay of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith (number X in the Miscellaneous Series), telling of many fair warriors of his acquaintance together with those of antiquity. The writer had himself "had the honor to drink with Anne Cassler, alias Mother Wade, who had distinguished herself among the Buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house in Port Royal of Jamaica." He had "likewise conversed with Moll Davis, who had served as a dragon in all Queen Anne's wars." The doctor made some very elaborate plans for a band of women soldiers to reduce the preponderance of females in England after the grueling wars of the 18th century. He even considered clothing. Now, according to all reports, the new Russian command wears regulation uniforms. Goldsmith's idea of

female regiments was quite different. He says:

"As the sex love gaiety, they may be clothed in vests of pink satin and open drawers of the same with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind and coating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers; they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the encumbrance of swords or shoulder belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise the companies at their own expense provided they like their colonels. . . . A female brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons, who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty."

North Scituate.

BOMBITANS.

THE WAR AND CONCERTS

The season of concerts will soon begin. The press agents are already waxing passionate. The "artists" are already through them about addressing the public. Foreigners are expressing their love for this country and praising the discriminative taste of American audiences. Now that the United States is at war with Germany, what will be the attitude of these audiences towards German and Austrian singers, fiddlers, pianists? Turkish and Bulgarian musicians seldom, if ever, visit us.

The Daily Telegraph of London recently protested against the acceptance of second-rate works and second-rate musicians simply because they were German. The protest was answered by an Englishman denying the statement that second-rate German compositions and concert-folk were accepted and encouraged; but he named several singers worthy of acceptance, and among them was a woman, who during her last visit in Boston, was malignant in the open expression of her hatred of America and Great Britain.

Americans are a tolerant people, too tolerant at this time. Witness their indifference towards soap-box orators, shouting forth threatenings and slaughter, abusing all governments, raging against law, order, and the liberty that is not anarchy. The American says that it is better these men should have their little hour; their sputtering is a safety valve; free speech should not be muzzled. (Civic authorities in New York have taken a contrary view.) Will Americans be equally tolerant towards German and Austrian musicians who look upon this country only as Tom Tiddler's ground on which they can pick up gold and silver? Musicians who have constantly, some in private, some even in public, sneered at this "land of dollars"; who rejoiced over the sinking of the Lusitania and encouraged every effort of German propaganda.

No one blames a German musician sojourning in this country for being loyal to Germany; but good taste alone would dictate reticence when American men and women make his existence in the United States not only possible but lucrative. Will the good-natured American continue to applaud equally the decently behaved foreigner and the one that bites the hand that feeds?

And there are others before the public, native born American men and women, who by reason of student years in Germany, or through present association with violent German colleagues, out-German the Germans in their denunciation of our government and mock the ideals that led the United States to war. Fortunately these copperheads are few; but for them the greater shame.

September 2, 1917
The sixth volume of the Art of Music, published by the National Society of Music, New York, treats of Choral and Church Music. Renssiter Gleason Cole is the editor. He makes grateful acknowl-

Reginald L. McAdams (the chapter on the history of the organ) and to Wilhelm Middelschulte for critical suggestions. "Especially on the organ works of Bach, Widor and Reger." Mr. Cole also thanks his wife for gathering and verifying historical material.

Frank Damrosch is the author of the introduction. He begins by quoting Scripture, "like any learned clerk," finding that the multitude of the heavenly host praising God typifies the mission of choral singing, which he believes was practised in very early times in the crude form of singing or chanting in unison. The main factors in the development of choral song are the church and folk song. He draws a pretty picture of folk song in a Russian village, discusses the various choral organizations in this country, not forgetting the People's Singing Classes and the People's Choral Union of New York, and at the end speaks in behalf of choral singing as a "community asset." He sees and hears civic choruses celebrating national holidays, festivities commemorating great events, honoring a famous man. These choruses would be "a true people's voice expressing a people's emotions, aspirations and ideals." Was it Ruskin who, with huge choruses in mind, spoke of "the roar of multitudinous mediocrity."

The volume is divided into five parts: Choral Music of the middle Ages, the Cantata and Other Short Forms, the Oratorio and the Mass, Modern Choral Music, the Organ and Its Music.

The pages that treat of the development of choral singing from the music of the early and mediaeval church and the early secular music are valuable by reason of the historical matter, and they are written in so clear and so agreeable a manner that they are interesting to layman and student alike. When it comes to the critical portion of the work, one might ask if undue attention had not been paid to works that are hopelessly dead. One might differ in some instances from the judgments pronounced.

The importance of the singing school at St. Gall is recognized (pp. 13-15), but there is no reference in the text or in the Bibliography to Schubiger's important work, "Die Saengerschule St. Gallens."

Discussing Cesar Frauck's "Beatitudes," the author speaks of the skillful handling of the orchestra in illustrating the dramatic meaning of the text. "His Satan, as the archinspirer of all strife and discord, appears as a figure of Miltonic grandeur." The mystically religious expression in "The Beatitudes" cannot be overpraised, but it was not in Frauck's pure, simple and devout nature to express in music the power and the works of evil. Whenever in this oratorio he deals with Satan, the music is bombastic and singularly ineffective, music that reminds one of Meyerbeer at his worst. So, too, in Frauck's symphonic poem "Le Chasseur Maudit" the demoniacal portion of the poem is labored, weak, tame.

It is stated (page 301) that Benoit's style was influenced now by Frauck, now by Schumann and the later Germans, but Benoit's chief choral work, "Lucifer," is dated 1885, before Frauck was well known, before he had shaped his own style.

In the account of Bach's B minor mass, nothing is said about the composer's olympian indifference in including pages of music that were written originally for other and widely different texts, an indifference as great as that displayed by Handel and Rossini.

Cherubini's D minor mass. There should have been mention of the remarkable treatment of the "Crucifixus."

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is duly censured in the conventional and expected manner. "The nearest approach to the religious spirit is the bass aria, 'Pro Peccatis'." But what is to be said of the beautiful and religious "Quando Corpus"? There is no mention whatever of Rossini's mass, with the noble double fugue that excited the admiration of August Haupt and other German pedagogues; with its superb "O Salutaris." Gounod's mass for the orpheonists is not even named.

When it comes to Verdi's Requiem the sneer of Buelow is recorded, but there is no mention of the fact that he afterward humbled himself in dust and ashes before the Italian master. Surely the recantation should have been noted. What does the critic mean by saying (page 343) that the Requiem is now seldom given? There is no mention of Verdi's four great "sacred pieces."

It is surprising to find Schoenberg's sextet, "Trauered Night," included in the list of choral music, a sextet for strings, "which, although not a choral work, is conceived chorally for the strings."

Incense is again burned before Bantock, whose "Omar Khayyam" excites almost hysterical praise. There is mention of Bantock's "Choral Symphony" set to Swinburne's beautiful "Atalanta in Calydon."

From the chapter on organ music in the United States the reader would infer that the great organ erected in Boston Music Hall was built by an American, and not by the German Walcker. On the same page (497) the name of George William Warren is in the list of prominent American organists; the names of Samuel P. Warren and S. B. Whitney

The bibliography should surely have included Grenet's life of Palestrina, the Abbé Bain's life of Palestrina, Vinterfeld's "Johannes Gabrieli" and "Evangelische Kirchengesang," and the monumental work of Dom Bedos de Celles, "L'Art du facteur d'orgues."

The seventh volume "Pianoforte and chamber music" are by Edward Kilenyi. Hall. The chapters on violin music before Corelli and the beginnings of chamber music are by Edward Kilenyi.

Harold Bauer has written an introduction that may well excite widespread discussion. He would find it difficult to give a precise definition of modern chamber music. "In general it is music which is fine rather than broad, or in which, at any rate, there is a wealth of detail which can be followed and appreciated only in a relatively small room. It is not, on the whole, brilliantly colored, like orchestral music. The string quartet, for example, is conspicuously monochrome. Nor is chamber music associated with the drama, with ritual, pagantry, or display, as are the opera and the mass. It is to use a well worn term—very nearly always absolute music, and, as such, must be not only perfect in detail, but beautiful in proportion and line, if it is to be effective."

Edward MacDowell's definition was shorter. He once said to us that chamber music for string quartet resembled cold veal.

Although some composers, notably Beethoven and Liszt, demanded of the piano the power of the orchestra, the mass of piano music remains chamber music. As piano style must be perfectly finished if it is to be effective, the piano itself sounds best in a small hall. "In a large one its worst characteristics are likely to come all too clearly to the surface. . . . To regard it as an instrument suited primarily to big and grandiose effects is grievously to misunderstand it, and is likely, furthermore, to make one overlook the possibilities of tone color, which, though often denied it, it none the less possesses."

Mr. Bauer then inquires into the means of coloring tone when the piano is an instrument of percussion. These pages, though few, are valuable, and should set many public pianists and all piano pupils a-thinking. The study of tone and tone upon the piano is the study of the combination and the control of two elements of sound; the sound resulting from the blows of hammers upon taut metal strings, whose vibration is musical; the dull and unmusical sound of the blow that caused this vibration; for a trained ear, says Mr. Bauer, will detect "not only the thud of the hammer against the string, but that of the finger against the key, and that of the key itself upon its base."

Now the pianist has little control over the musical sounds. He cannot swell and diminish a tone. "He has to make his efforts with a volume of sounds which has been aptly said to be ever vanishing." He may, however, cut the sounds short by allowing the damper to fall instantaneously on the strings; he may prolong a chord by the use of the sustaining pedal. Then the skillful use of the pedal affects somewhat the color of the sounds. All differences in timbre depend on overtones. Some may be suppressed, others brought out by emphasizing a note here and there, and by slighting others. The pianist's attention is thus directed to the after-sounds of the instrument. "He is interested, not in the sharp, clear beginning of the sound, but in what follows it. He finds in the very deficiencies of the instrument possibilities of great musical beauty. It is hardly too much to say, then, that the secret of a beautiful or sympathetic touch, which has long been considered to be hidden in the method of striking the keys, may be found quite as much in the treatment of sounds after the keys have been struck. It is a mystery which can by no means be wholly solved by a muscular training of the hands; for a great part of such training is concerned only with the actual striking of the keys." The unmusical sounds are not valueless. They emphasize rhythm in vigorous music. "But inasmuch as a great part of piano music is not in this vigorous vein, but rather in a vein of softer, more imaginative beauty, the pianist must constantly study how to subject these unmusical sounds to the after sounds which follow them. In this study he will come upon the secret of the legato style of playing."

"The player who pounds is the player whose ear has not taken into account this harsh and unmusical accompaniment of noises. The player who can make the piano sing is he who, in listening to the mysterious vibrations of its after sounds, has come to recognize and subdue those noises which too often interrupt and obscure them."

Pianists labor under certain disadvantages. The piano cannot sustain tone; its tones are inevitably marred more or less, by unmusical noises; but it has great power, the possibility of dynamic nuances, and an unlimited scope of harmonic effects. "There is in a great deal of piano music—in that of Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Brahms, and Debussy—almost unfailingly an intimacy of mood. It is for this quality of intimacy that piano music will long be cherished as chamber music. It is a quality of which the player who wishes not only to interpret great music, but also to win what there is of genuine musical beauty from his instrument, should ever be mindful."

shows I. The Romantic Period of Pianoforte Music (Kilian); II. Instruments and the Development of Keyboard Technique. The Golden Age of Harpichord Music; The Development of the Piano Sonata, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; Piano Music at the Time of Beethoven. II. The Romantic Period of Piano Music (Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms; Chopin; Ilerz, Thalberg and Liszt); III. Modern Piano Music (Imitators and Nationalists; Modern French Piano Music); IV. Violin Music (Early Violin Music and the Development of Violin Technique; Violin Composers in the 18th Century; Violin Music in the 19th Century); V. Chamber Music (The Beginnings of Chamber Music; The First Period of the String Quartet; The String Quartet: Beethoven; The String Ensemble Since Beethoven; The Piano and Other Instruments in Chamber Music).

This is an engrossing volume. Let us hope this and several other volumes of the series may be sold separately. Old and familiar matter is treated in a manner that makes it fresh. Especially interesting in the early chapters are the pages given to Chambonnieres, Domenico Scarlatti and the great Couperin. Of the last named the writer says: "The countless 'agremens' are more than an external feature of his music, and of other music of his time. The analogies which have often been drawn between them and the formal superficialities of court life under the great Louis are in the main false. Both Couperin and Emanuel Bach, a man of perhaps less sensitive, certainly of less elegant, taste, regarded them as of vital importance. Even the learned Kuhnau, who can hardly be called a stylist at all, considered them the sugar of his fruit. . . . Whatever subtlety of expression the dry-toned instrument was capable of found life only in the 'agremens.' We cannot judge of the need of them nor of their peculiar beauties by the sound of them on the modern piano, even under the lightest fingers. It is open to question whether any but a few of them should be retained in the performance of Couperin's works, now that the instrument, the shortcomings of which they were intended to supplement, has been banished in general from the concert stage."

It is to be regretted that in the pages about Scarlatti the impertinent changes made by Buelow in his "arrangements" are not censured.

There is a long consideration of J. S. Bach's music for the piano. Couperin's music is not sufficiently known: "The lack is in the race of musicians and of men who have lost the art of playing it and the simplicity of attentive listening." Bach's music suffers somewhat from the same lack. It is amazing how it has withstood the hammering of the countless pupils. "Clementi and Czerny are being pounded into insensibility; Cramer, despite the recommendations of Beethoven, is breathing his last; Moschles, Dohler" (sic; the "o" should be modified), "Kalkbrenner, and a host of others are laid to rest. But here comes Bach, bobbing up in our midst, seeming to say: 'Hit me! Hit me as hard as you like and still I'll sing. And when you know me as well as I know you, you'll know how to play the piano.' So Bach has been, is, and will be introduced to young people. He inspires love, or hate, or fear—a triple claim to remembrance."

Scant justice is done to Handel by the editor. More might have been said about Jean Schobert, for the writer is evidently acquainted with Wyzewa's and Saint-Foix's researches. Alberti, who has long been reproached for the bass named after him, is put on a pedestal. There is a fine appreciation of Mozart's music for the piano. "There is nothing labored, nothing symbolic; and it is almost uniquely beautiful. Surely, as far as piano music is concerned we shall wait nearly half a century before that abstract grace again appears, this time in the works of Frederic Chopin." The remarks about Mozart's music requiring a "close legato manner of playing would not please Saint-Saens, who, in the preface to his edition of Mozart's Sonatas, has decided views of his own, opposite the traditional ones.

The writer says what he is expected to say about the "grandeur and nobility" of Beethoven's sonatas. Weber is treated at length and even the program of the "Konzertstueck" is printed in full. There is discrimination in the judgment pronounced on Schubert. After Beethoven had finished with the sonata, there was nothing more to be done with it. In fact the writer suggests that Beethoven was related materially only to what came before him; that he died without musical help. He is epigrammatic in discussing the musical mush of Mendelssohn, "a slave to milky mannerisms." The attack reminds one of Aubrey Beardsley's little picture of Mendelssohn published in the Savoy.

There are a few lines about Henselt, but the reader is not told that Henselt wrote a concerto which for many years was a great concert piece, one in which Joseffy shone. The rhapsodic note is struck when Brahms is the subject; thus the A major section of op. 117, No. 3 is "without a parallel in music." There is a fanciful description of Schumann's "Carnaval." Now Schumann put titles to the separate pieces after he had written the music. Chopin has a chapter to himself and he deserves the honor. The chapter includes passages of shrewd and at the same time poetic appreciation. Henri Ilerz serves as a text for a sermon on virtuosity. Thalberg is

about Liszt. The chapter on Liszt is pathetic and at times almost comical. "His great re- . . . and noise. He can do so much more electrify or stupefy." At the end the question is raised: "Is Liszt a radical or a reactionary?" It is a pity that Liszt was not assigned to Mr. James Huneker, Grieg and the Russians are rather hastily dismissed. MacDowell has about half a page. Cyril Scott has a couple of lines. Mr. Ornstein is not mentioned and other radicals are ignored.

Alkan has three pages. Perhaps they will call the attention of pianists to this strange man, known, however, to Messrs. Bauer, Ganz and a few others. We are sorry to see the writer perplexed by some of Alkan's titles. Thus he wonders at "Fais dodo," "Salut, centre du pauvre," "Nelge et lave." Lovers of Franck, Debussy, Ravel will applaud the 10th chapter. Chabrier deserves more than one line.

The writer concludes: "Into the hands of Claude Debussy we give the art of writing for the piano. His is the wisest and most sensitive touch to mold it since the day of Chopin. Whatever the music he writes may be, it has conferred upon the instrument once more the infinite blessing of a proper speech. He has once more saved it from a confusion of thumps and roars. Bach, Chopin, Debussy: It is a strange trio, set apart from other composers because to them the piano made audible its secret voice, a voice of fading after-sounds. . . . To Bach, Chopin and Debussy this instrument revealed itself and showed a secret beauty that is all its own."

In this section concerning the violin and violin music, the history of the instrument is traced and there are short sketches of the leading violinists of the centuries. Nothing is said about Paganini's emotional power; much about his "colossal and special" technic. "On the whole, the technic of violin playing has hardly advanced beyond Paganini. Practically little or no advance has been possible. But undoubtedly this once miraculous technic is now within the grasp of all the great virtuosos of the present day. "Chamber music is discussed with analyses of various works, from those of Haydn to those of Franck, from those of Boccherini to those of Schoenberg. There is no mention of the fact that Verdi wrote a string quartet and an interesting one. The quartet of Grieg that was long a stumbling block to the hide-bound pedant casts dismay into the breast of the writer. All that he can find to say of Gabriel Faure's violin sonata is this: "There is a sonata for violin and piano by Gabriel Faure, op. 13, which has won favor, and which Saint-Saens characterized as 'geniale.'"

We are surprised to find that the great work of Louis Antoine Vidi, "Les Instruments a archet," is not mentioned in the Bibliography. We also miss the excellent "Klavierschule" of Daniel Gottlob Tuerk, and the second volume of d'Indy's treatise on composition, which contains admirable analyses of many sonatas. Pagnerre's curious little book on the evil influence of the piano is also missing. Romain Rolland's worthless "Beethoven" is included.

The eighth volume, "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music" was edited by Benjamin Lambert. Richard Strauss furnished the introduction, in which he traces two main roads which the orchestra has followed in its development from Handel, Gluck and Haydn to Wagner. These roads he calls the symphonic (polyphonic) and the dramatic (homophonic). The origin of the former is found chiefly in Haydn's and Mozart's string quartets. Weber made new discoveries, but Wagner synthesized the two tendencies. While cheerfully acknowledging the genius of Berlioz as a writer for the orchestra, Strauss thinks he was devoid of the polyphonic sense. The three essential technical points that are responsible for the perfection of the Wagnerian idea in the orchestra today are "the employment of a prodigious polyphonic style; the rich consummation of this style made possible by the discovery and introduction of the valve horn; the extension to all the orchestral instruments of a virtuosic technic previously only ventured upon in solo performance—an innovation which Beethoven, it should be said, had already demanded in his last string quartets, though not in his symphonies." Strauss warns young composers against "degrading to the level of a bungler's trick or a child's toy the mighty sound-phenomena which the genius of a Hector Berlioz and a Richard Wagner evoked from the orchestra in order to awaken to tonal life astonishingly new and great poetic thoughts, sensations and images of nature." The pupil should begin with string quartets which he should submit to the tender mercies of four players. "Should these four good instrumentalists thereupon declare his work practicable for their instruments, 'well rhymed and singable,' then let the son of the Muse attempt the orchestra, the small orchestra first, by preference. Otherwise, let him change his career." At the end Strauss tells a story about a composer now living who introduced the four Wagnerian tubas in a comedy overture. They merely re-enforced tutti and danced along with the rest of the brass in liveliest rhythms. When Strauss asked him what the gloomy tubas were doing there, the man, "otherwise an admirable and highly cultivated musician," replied: "But, I beg of you, there are tubas in every large orchestra today. Why should I not make use of

here? Strauss's music is a thought to himself. This man there is indeed no help.

The first part of the volume deals with the constituents of the modern orchestra, the history of the orchestra, the perfection of the orchestra and the art development of the orchestration. On the second page is an old plan of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The men of this orchestra have been seated differently for some years. The various instruments are described and there are examples in notation of their use. The examples are taken from scores of Wagner, Weber, Tschalkowsky, Bizet, Beethoven, Dvorak, Rossini, Richard Strauss. Wagner is the one chief represented. There are also pictures of instruments, modern, and those of the middle ages. The story of the development of the orchestra from the time of Giovanni Gabrieli is clearly and entertainingly narrated. There are pages on the orchestra as employed in turn by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Weber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy and others of the French impressionistic school. "While delicacy of tint and subtlety of line are its most salient features, there are many representative pages of French impressionism that are of a broad virility, and, all in all, it cannot be denied that the nationalistic movement in France is a most important influence in contemporaneous art."

The remaining 360 odd pages are taken up with a description of orchestral music from the time of Giovanni Gabrieli, and with analyses of important works beginning with those of Bach

and Handel. In many instances the analyses are elaborate. There are many thematic illustrations in notation. The critical opinions are not aggressive; they are generally helpful to those who wish to be steered safely in appreciation. Now and then the editor makes statements that might be disputed.

"By the side of the Bach suites the orchestral works of Handel seem to have become archaisms."

Tschalkowsky's "Manfred," "familiar to German concert halls, but little known in America." It has been frequently played in leading cities of this country.

"Thamar" is said to be Balakiseff's "most representative work." Did the editor ever hear Balakiseff's first symphony? It is not mentioned by him.

"La Mer" is Debussy's "most important symphonic work." We should put "Images" above it.

Mendelssohn's symphonies are overrated by the writer. Nor do we find that Rubinstein's "Dramatic" symphony is of "a greater emotional power" than his "Ocean" symphony. Rubinstein's symphonic poem, "Ivan the Terrible," is called "an agreeable pictorial symphony." It is not a symphony; "agreeable" is hardly the adjective for the subject or the treatment.

Cesar Franck's "Djnnns" picture "the grotesque but highly serviceable creatures of the Arabian Nights." It was suggested by Victor Hugo's fantastical poem, nor does Franck's music picture the spirit of the poem, nor does it suggest the creatures of the "Thousand Nights and a Night" or, for that matter, anything else. Nor do we find "free and picturesque imagination" in Franck's "Chasseur Maudit." Nor do we believe that Elgar and Bantock are "symphonic composers of highest talent, even genius." William Wallace, Joseph Holbrook and others of the modern English school are not mentioned.

The volume on the whole is an important one. It should be of great assistance to those who wish to acquaint themselves with the history of the orchestra and the nature of the most important works for it. It will be of help to those who, slightly informed, prepare notes for orchestral programs or write reviews of orchestral concerts. In its arrangement, its sense of proportion, and in its literary expression, it is one of the most satisfactory volumes of the series.

Eugene Brleux's plays, "Woman on Her Own," "False Gods," and "The Red Robe," the English version by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, J. B. Fagan and A. Barnard Miall, with a preface by Brleux, are published in London by Herbert Jenkins, 5 shillings net. The Pall Mall Gazette reviewed the plays as follows:

"After the war, perhaps, we shall have come to a better understanding of effective values in drama as in other matters. It will be worth seeing what is to be the fate in that case of the propagandist play, of which Eugene Brleux—whose 'Damaged Goods' is to be officially produced—is by so very far the supreme exponent. The so-called 'problem play' and 'discussion play' are, of course, dead already. However strongly the theatre may hint a problem or promote a discussion, it is logically not the most suitable place either for solution or for debate. Everything except the genuine stagecraft can be done nowadays better by means of print.

"On the other hand, for vigorous, impassioned, direct propaganda, this very stagecraft will still probably be of very great and quite legitimate use. The theatre is still unrivalled for vivid suggestion, for immediate attack upon the sympathies, and for the focussing of publicity. A really good play—good from the purely dramatic point of view—a play 'with a punch in it,' as the Americans say, which happens, intentionally or no, to synchronize with a sympathetic 'campaign' elsewhere, both gives and gets an enormous deal of

force thereby. But it must be a good play.

"These three plays are excellent cases in point. In 'La Femme Seule' (produced over here by the Pioneers) and in 'La Foe' (produced in English at His Majesty's, and in French at Monte Carlo) he has, of course, far bigger, deeper, more universally important subjects to deal with than he had in 'La Robe Rouge.' But in success from both points of view neither of them can compare with it.

"'La Robe Rouge' is a good play. In its conflict of cold knowledge with bewildered and passionate ignorance it was a fine technical achievement—though to some extent anticipated by 'La Tosca.' It not only won immediate popularity, but was actually effective in bringing to light the now reformed scandal of abuse of their powers by French examining magistrates.

"But one cannot pretend that either 'La Femme Seule' or 'La Foe' have anything like the same efficiency value, either socially or dramatically. In 'La Robe Rouge' Brleux was wise enough to present his drama just as vividly as he could, and leave the discussion to others. In 'La Femme Seule' three-quarters of it is a very thin story of a girl's adventures on a lady's paper, betraying itself everywhere as a mere excuse for tame discussion of the woman movement. Then, as though he had suddenly awakened to the fact that he had forgotten his dramaturgy, Brleux finishes up in the general flare of a strike. Too late!

"In 'La Foe' Brleux strays even farther from ideal efficiency. Here he has not only been prevented from writing a good play by his desire to cloak an attack upon Lourdes (as he confesses in his preface), with a spectacular exposure of the chicaneries of ancient Egyptian priests familiar for 40 centuries. The thing lacks something more than dramatic courage. It lacks, as Brleux's plays so rarely do, social courage as well. If Brleux meant to write a Lourdes drama from an agnostic point of view, why did he not do so with the same courage and candour as that with which he now expresses his purpose in print? Of course, there is the probability that the play would not then have been produced in France. But, so far as Paris is concerned, one gathers that it has not been produced there, even as it is. And our English audiences, though inured to compromise, were hardly to be expected to sit for any record number of nights through a feeble spectacular melodrama for the sake of a sort of earnest wink about a subject which can be discussed quite freely in book form."

Notes About Drama, Here and Abroad, and About Players

Tagore, in recently published "Reminiscences," speaks of European music. He reproves the European attitude toward song. Once in his youth he listened to a prima donna at Brighton (Eng.), and wondered at her command over her voice. "In our country understanding listeners think no harm to supplement deficiencies of performance by their own imagination; they hold that such minor outward defects as harshness of voice or unsmoothness of gesture set off the inner perfection of the composition. In Europe there must be no weak spot in the singer's voice; the tuning of instruments must be done behind the scenes. In our country the musician is satisfied if he has heard the song; in Europe they go to hear the singer."

Then came the contest of solos. Miss Bessie Farrier of Plainville rendered in a most beautiful manner that classical solo, "Sing On." She displayed remarkable power and training, and she is possessed of a wonderful voice, which will some day make her famous. One of the judges, a specialist in music, ranked her first. The decision of a specialist in music counts far, far more than the decision of a judge who knows nothing about music. She was followed by Miss Ruth Kackly of Hill City, who sang a little sentimental love song, "All That I Want in This Wide, Wide World Is You, You, You." This song is old and by no means classical. Two of the judges, moved by this love song, ranked her first. Apparently they could not appreciate really good music. We deem their decision of little value, for they are very ignorant of music. Plainville is ready at any time to meet Hill City again in vocal music, providing we can have competent judges. As it was, many people of Hill City said Miss Farrier should have had all firsts.—Plainville, Ky., Gazette.

It was really delightful to read in a Sunday paper that evidently "those who control the air defences of London have little knowledge of the science of music; otherwise they would not have decided on a noisy noise to warn Londoners of the approach of a raid." For read, mark and learn that "noise is the result of confused vibrations, and the friction set up by the atmosphere is so great that its travelling power is soon arrested." Ergo: "If sound is to be adopted as a warning, recourse must be had to purely musical tones." And the writer, accordingly, suggested a scheme for "the sounding of a short trumpet phrase from all our police and fire stations" by way of arousing Londoners to the dangers threatening them. What should the selected (and appropriate) phrase be? Beethoven's "Fate knocking at the door," or the "curse" motive from the "Ring," or . . . but really imagination falls into in the presence of the pos-

sibilities opened out.—London Daily Telegraph.

Last Sunday the Herald gave a list of new works to be produced at the "Proms" in London. The Daily Telegraph commented on the list: "It will be seen that most of the new works set down for performance belong to the category of music of a 'light' description, using that term, of course, in no disparaging sense. Indeed, how often have we not pointed out the error into which not a few composers seem to fall of supposing that, in order to be taken 'seriously,' they must needs pen the most solemn of phrases! Never was there a greater fallacy. And it is particularly pleasant to find the 'lighter' side of things represented more especially in the list of novelties to be contributed by native composers, whose natural bent, in most cases, as frequently we have contended, lies in that direction rather than towards gloomy and depressing musical utterances."

The Musical Courier (N. Y.) mentions the three new operas which Puccini wishes to be performed together: "Suora Angelica," "Il Tabarro" and "Gianni Schicchi." The Milan correspondent of the Musical Courier wrote on July 17: "Gianni Schicchi," the 'comic' work of the trio, has a story which will appear to American minds as close to the border of good taste. It is as follows: The curtain rises on a room in which Buoso Donati has been dead two hours. Numerous relations pretend to be crying, but all are thinking about the will. A young man of the house, finding the precious document, hands it to his mother, first exacting a promise that he shall marry the daughter of Neighbor Schicchi. The will is opened; general delusion; everything left to charity! It is proposed that Gianni Schicchi be called in and consulted. Gianni arrives and immediately discloses a plan. No one besides the relations present know that Donati is dead. When the doctor comes, Gianni in a weak voice, imitating the dead man's, begs him to return in two hours as he wishes to sleep. The corpse is hidden, Gianni takes its place and they send for the lawyer. The dying man dictates his will, but to the consternation of every one leaves everything to Gianni Schicchi. The surprise and anger of the others, however, does not prevent Gianni from becoming the heir."

Promenade concerts were made very profitable during the Franco-Prussian war by the shrewdness of Jules Riviere, the conductor. He engaged a singer to represent Garibaldi, a ferocious looking German sang with two ladies "The Watch on the Rhine," while a singer from the Paris Opera personated France, clad in white robes, half-enveloped in the tricolor. But the national music aroused antagonism, and Riviere used to say that London haters and umbrella makers benefited nightly by the encounters between rival patriots at the Alhambra, where the concerts were held.—London Daily Chronicle.

The story was told the other day of the conductor of a band at a seaside "Baby Show," who, requested to discourse "appropriate" music, began with a selection from Haydn's "Creation." It reminds one of the case of a well known provincial organist, who, after an attempt had been made—and frustrated—to deprive him of his post, signaled his victory by playing "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat." Also of another eminent cathedral organist whose choice fell at evensong on the "Flying Dutchman" overture upon the day that President Krueger fled from Pretoria.—London Daily Telegraph.

Ernest Schelling, pianist and composer, has enlisted as an interpreter in the service of the United States government. He will not give recitals during the war.

Charles R. C. Walker, with a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette (Aug. 11) about the renaissance of the opera, being greatly encouraged by the success of "The Marriage of Figaro," the greatest of all comic operas, revived this season by Beecham at Drury Lane.

"Shortly I shall produce at the Prince of Wales's 'Carminetta.' The plot is an echo of the great 'Carmen' in a major and light-hearted key. Monckton Hoffe has added to the French original fantasy and romance. Mlle. Delysia, Miss Marie Blanche, Mr. Dennis Nelson-Terry and M. Morton will be in the cast. The music of Emile Lassailly is well worth study, and his score is distinctly interesting. It is scholarly, and the orchestration dainty in the extreme, while some portions approach grand opera in style. But the composer has never lost sight of the fact that the public requires to be pleased and amused, and he has provided bunches of catchy tunes, which, although they tickle the ear, never degenerate into the plagiaristic tinkles which disgrace the so-called score of the average revue. His source of melodic inspiration is extraordinarily fertile. And is not this the function of comic opera?"

We had supposed that the awkwardness shown by certain young women in coming on the concert stage and in acknowledging applause was peculiarly American, due to the self-consciousness from which many foreigners are free. We have seen in Boston singers and pianists swinging their arms as they walked along the platform, then nodding the head in a casual manner, and smiling as they recognized a friend in the front seats. The same careless nod of the head followed applause. It seems that this graceless behavior has been observed in London.

"Lancelot" of the Referee recently spoke of movements "ranging from a

nervous jerk of the head to gesture suggestive of nervous exhaustion. . . . Properly considered and duly executed, a great deal can be expressed by a bow or a curtsy. Both should express honest gratification, self-respect and deference. These are the three elements of silent acknowledgment of appreciation, and when combined with graceful movement they will distinctly advance the artist in general favor. In particular, deference will deepen the esteem and elicit the good will of an audience. For one thing, it will come as a refreshing novelty, for it is rarely indicated. This is not surprising, for it is not often met with off the platform, and it is difficult to carry into the concert room what we do not practise in the street."

At a matinee for the Distressed Soldiers' Fund at Melbourne Mme. Melland and Cyril Maude took in £2200.

Sousa has written a new march, "Wisconsin, Forward Forever," in honor of the University of Wisconsin.

Camille Erlanger, who has the misfortune to be confounded with the composer, the Baron d'Erlanger, has written an opera "Faublas." Nothing is so about the particular episode in the life of Faublas that served the librettist.

An unfinished piano trio by William Manson, who was killed at the age of 19 in the war, was played in London on July 26. "The two movements show that young Manson was determined to forsake the dull turnpike of conventional tonality and adopt a few pleasant by-paths. Two groups of songs by the same composer revealed both constructive skill and inventive fertility. In the course of his address to the audience Mr. de Lara paid a warm tribute to the memory of a gifted and dutiful composer."

It was at a south coast watering place on Sunday afternoon. At the bandstand the conductor had raised his baton to start item No. 4, when two airplanes overhead started machine gun practice. Just for a moment it looked as though there would be a stampede. The conductor waited for the gun racket to cease and the people to sit down, and then went on with item No. 4, which was "The enemy pursuing me for the wings of a dove, that I may fly away and be at rest."—London Daily Chronicle.

The Herald has mentioned the King-Elgar song cycle at the London Coliseum. Its last week ended August One July 27 the women of the orchestra presented Sir Edward Elgar with a silver inkstand in recognition of his work itself, "The Fringes of the Fleece" and his conducting.

He was only a crippled and untelligent looking street singer, but knew the truth regarding the simplicity in art. Your average street warbler generally attempts the latest music he ditty, and few there be that heed him to this man the whole street gave attention, laughter and pence. His song was "Three Blind Mice."—London Daily Chronicle.

WAR SAYINGS

Will this war bring out a saying of soldier or sailor that will go ringing down the ages? Even now there is dispute in London journals over Nelson's phrase at the sea fight of Cape St. Vincent. Did he shout, "Westminster Abbey or Victory," or "Victory or Westminster Abbey"? Lord Curzon quoted the phrase: "Tomorrow it will be a case of the peerage or Westminster Abbey," a cumbersome phrase for a man of action. Did Nelson shout at all?

Some of the phrases, if not all, attributed to men in the shock of battle are legendary. Wellington never cried: "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo. The heroic Cambronne never exclaimed: "The Guard dies but never surrenders," and some say that he did not utter the monosyllable eulogized by Victor Hugo in a chapter of "Cosette." This is a world of denial and rehabilitation. King Alfred never watched the cakes; the dying Julius Caesar did not say "Et tu Brute"; Richard III. was an amiable monarch, deeply interested in the establishment of boy choirs; Tiberius was outrageously abused by Tacitus and Suetonius; Lucrezia Borgia was a ministering angel; Helen of Troy was well along in years when Paris bore her away to Troy; Daniel Webster's remark: "I still live," was conversational, not impressively oratorical; Goethe's desire for more light was a request for another candle; thousands, not three hundred, withstood Xerxes and his host at Thermopylae; Queen Eleanor did not suck the poison from her husband's wound, and so on through the golden book of deeds and sayings.

Our own wars have brought out good sayings. "Don't give up the ship," and "We have met the enemy

and they are ours" still hearten our sailors. For the Mexican war, not a glory to us, one must go to "The Biglow Papers," the phrase, "The halls of the Montezumas" and Tom Corwin's saying that if he were a Mexican he would welcome invading Americans with bloody hands to hospitable graves. Grant's grim determination in the Wilderness found expression in a famous line. Did Commodore Tatnall, in 1859, say before the Taku forts that blood is thicker than water? There was a long discussion of this matter in Notes and Queries of last July. In the Spanish war, Dewey's order at Manila is historic, as is the humane speech at Santiago. To go back to the revolution, is the speech about Molly Stark legendary?

The two memorable phrases due to the present war were not uttered on any battlefield. "A scrap of paper" will live long; it was the ruin of the chancellor, if not of Germany. "A little group of wilful men" bids fair to be remembered. Possibly some American in France will yet unconsciously make himself famous by a phrase as well as by deeds.

September 3, 1917

Mr. Sidney Williams in his review of Mr. W. H. Kosbel's book, "British Exploits in South America"—published in the Herald of Aug. 25 referred to the story of one Robert "Machin," and his romantic adventure with Anna d'Arset. Here is the story as it is told in Richard Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation." We preserve the old spelling. The tale is a good one for Labor day, or any day.

The voyage of Machan an English man, wherein he first of any man discovered the Iland of Madera, recorded verbatim in the Portugall history, written by Antonio Galvano.

"In the yeere 1344, King Peter the fourth of that name reigning in Aragon, the Chronicles of his age write that about this time the Iland of Madera, standing in 32 degrees, was discovered by an English man, which was named Machan, who sailing out of England into Spaine, with a woman that he had stolen, arrived by tempest in that Iland, and did cast anchor in that haven or bay, which now is called Machico after the name of Machan. And because his over was sea-sicke, he went on land with some of his company, and the shippe with a good winde made saile away, and the woman died for thought. Machan, which loved her dearly, built a chapell, or hermitage, to bury her in, calling it by the name of Jesus, and caused his name and hers to be written or graven upon the stone of her tombe, and the occasion of their arrival there. And after-ward he ordeined a boat made of one tree (for there be trees of a great compasse about) and went to sea in it, with those men that he had, and were left behinde with him, and came upon the coast of Afrique, about saile or oare. And the Moores which saw it tooke it to be a marvelous thing, and presented him unto the king of that country for a wonder, and that king also sent him and his companions for a miracle unto the king of Castile."

The Brave Island.

There is no better reading for summer, all, and the other seasons than Hakluyt's "Voyages" except, of course, "Moby Dick." And the wealth of information in these volumes! Of late there was talk about the importation of Bravas for the picking of cranberries on Cape Cod. "Bravas?" Some thought the word had to do with cigars. Turn to Hakluyt and read of Mr. George Fenner's voyage to "Guinie and the islands of Cape Verde, in the year of 1566, with three ships, to wit, the Admirall called the Castle of Comfort, the May Flower, and the George, and a Pinasse also." There lieth off this island (Fuego) another called Ilha Brava, which is not passing two leagues over, it hath good store of goates and many trees, but there are not passing three or four persons dwelling in it." Or read "The famous voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South Sea, and thereence about the

go, or Ilha del Fogo, with a most pleasant and sweete Island, the tops whereof are alwayse greene and full to look upon, in respect whereof they call it Ilha Brava, that is, the brave Island. From the banks thereof into the sea doe run in many places reasonable streames of fresh waters easie to become by, but there was no convenient roade for our ships, for such was the depth that no ground could bee had for anchoring, and it is reported that ground was never found in that place, so that the tops of Fogo burne not so high in the ayre, but the rootes of Brava are quenched as low in the sea."

Further on Furs.

As the World Wags:

Mr. George P. Bolivar's letters on furs in summer about a month ago deserve some further discussion, but first should be noticed his reference to "pneumonia corsages" in winter; better then, apparently, than in summer, for "the results of permanent decolletage" is an interesting abstract, (in a Report on Dermatology) in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for Aug. 2, current. This details the many and serious effects of the unwonted exposure to light and air, of the upper chest, which is singularly ill-prepared for such exposure. This leaves out (not being pertinent to dermatology) the well known chief cause of mammary cancer, that is, insufficient protection of the breast from light. But these dangers will not deter women from their lures, which supposedly many do not appreciate as such. Even less appreciated is the true meaning of furs at unseasonable times; furs are a recognized "fetich" and bring one to the query: what is the real reason for the recrudescence of erotic dress within the past few years? Was it a consequence of the "new dances" or were these symptoms merely? This impulse links together the changes of fashion recently, the conspicuous hats, the shortened skirts, the obtrusive shoes, the lowering of the corsage, the increased use of red, and the whole long catalog tending in the same direction. A personal observation indicates the change in attitude: five years ago I had rooms looking into the millinery section of a department store; on any Saturday evening, whenever I looked in, I could always see the same pantomime: a woman trying on a red hat (kept near the entrance) which she would lay down after looking in the mirror, evidently saying: "I would love it dearly, but it is too pronounced!" Today, however, similar hats on the street would attract no remark. So with the rest of the street costumes; a life prisoner, liberated after many years, was not most startled by the skyscrapers, the elevated railways, the automobiles, etc., but exclaimed in astonishment at what he saw: "Have all the girls gone bad?"

CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

September 4, 1917

And now today we bid an everlasting farewell to Mrs. Walker, "Gail Hamilton," oxen and clevis pins. Weightier matters demand attention. Mr. J. A. Young, "who at the age of 80, does not use tea, coffee, tobacco or whiskey, asks searching questions; "Academe" has pleasant memories of Nat Shaler and Adams Sherman Hill; Mr. Herkimer Johnson inquires into certain habits of crows and bluejays.

All up for Mrs. Walker.

As the World Wags:

"The total depravity of inanimate things" was written by Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker of New Haven, Ct. She was born Kate Child, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Child of Castleton, Vt., and under her maiden name wrote Sunday school books, one of which had the title "Wallumunnumps." I have, or had a few years ago, the original number of the Atlantic in which the "total depravity" article appeared. In those days, when my father was a subscriber, the names of the authors were not appended to the articles in the Atlantic, but were given in the semi-annual index. The file of the Atlantic, to be had in many libraries, will show the article credited to Mrs. Walker in the index.

In all the discussion as to oxen-driving, not one correspondent has hit exactly my recollection of "why-hysh," as I heard it as a boy in New Hampshire and Vermont some 60 years ago, more or less. The first syllable was not a distinct "whoa," and the "hysh," vowed long, had the emphasis.

"Stone drag" preceded "stone boat" in my experience. W. H. H.

New York.

Clevis-Pin and Oxen.

As the World Wags:

I am always interested in your column, and often especially so in some particular discussion like that of "Clevis-pin and Oxen."

From the South Sea Coast to the North Atlantic, the clevis-pin is a familiar knowledge of the farmer's farm work and its importance. The word clevis is accurately defined in the Century Dictionary, and the definition includes reference to the pin, but the accompanying cut shows only the fixed clevis or the one attached to the end of a plow beam. This was a piece of iron forming two sides and the end of a rectangle. The open end was placed over the end of the plow-beam and fastened thereto by a bolt through its extremities. Toward the end of the beam were perforations with corresponding holes in the beam. The clevis-pin passed through these, and by moving this pin from one hole in the beam to another the width of a furrow could be changed. The term clevis-pin was also applied to the bolt which held the clevis to the plow-beam. There was also the U-shaped clevis which served as a link to connect the whiffletree to a plow, harrow or "cultivator." Through perforations in the ends of the U a pin was passed. This pin was headed on one end and had a slot in the other through which a piece of leather was drawn, so that the pin could readily be removed for hitching and unhitching.

If the iron pin dropped through the end of a sled tongue or cart tongue was called the clevis-pin, as stated, it was a mistaken localism. When the ring pendant from the ox-yoke was dropped over the cart tongue, it fitted into a notch, sometimes plated with iron or steel on the lower side of the tongue. To keep this ring from dropping out of the notch, a strip of hard wood, perhaps two feet in length, called the "clapper," was placed within the ring on the upper side of the tongue and held in place by a pin like the one referred to, and, so far as it had any name at all, this was the clapper-pin. This might easily become corrupted to clevis-pin, but the word clevis, akin to cleave, and therefore literally meaning a split piece of iron, has had but one meaning from very early times.

Boston. WARREN F. GREGORY.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, C. R. C., is all wrong as to the clevis pin. A clevis pin is a U-shaped iron with holes in each end through which the clevis pin is put. The clevis is used when a pair of horses are hitched together to connect each horse's whiffletree to an evener, and also to connect the evener to a plough, harrow, stoneboat or other implement that is drawn by a chain.

C. R. C.'s pin is simply a tongue pin used somewhat as stated, but usually a cart or sled tongue is notched a few inches from the end on the under side to receive the ring after it is slipped over the end, and a filler piece a foot or more long, same width of the tongue, is slipped through the ring on upper side, the two being held together by the tongue pin. This arrangement is only used with oxen.

The writer in his younger days has walked many weary miles behind teams of both oxen and horses, with one foot on "land" and the other in the furrow, as well as breaking out roads in his district when the snow was so deep he could not turn except at the cross-roads, and often had to take his dinner along. Those were days filled with hard work, but rather pleasant to look back upon.

S. V. E.

NEW, YET OLD WEAPONS

That certain weapons used in the present war are condemned as unusual and barbarous reminds the student of history that almost all warlike weapons when introduced have been condemned in like manner. In the 12th century the cross-bow was characterized by the Lateran council as "hateful to the Almighty." The Chevalier Bayard frowned on firearms as unfair, and gave out the order that all captured musketeers should have no quarter. The bayonet horrified the conservative in war. Before the Christian era the employment of elephants was thought unfair. An inventor in Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" shuddered at the thought of hostile airships over one's country.

Nor are poisonous gases, tanks and submarines wholly the fruits of ultra-modern and devilish ingenuity. Greek fire and stink-pots were antedilatory. There was talk of a submarine vessel in the time of Napoleon. Early in the 17th century Napier of Merchiston, who invented logarithms, gave, in order to confound "enemies of God's truth," a list of "secret inventions" to a brother of Francis Bacon. One of them was a chariot of metal, double musket proof. The motion of it was to be controlled by men within, and from this machine "shot was discharged through small holes, the enemy being abased and uncertain what defence to make against a moving mouth of metal." Napier directed that his inventions for war—one was a scheme of burning mir-

There was a temptation to the English inventors of the 17th century consciously to parody Napier and had they heard of the many plans of Leonardo da Vinci's plan for constructing "a safe and indestructible vehicle, carrying artillery, which could enter the ranks of the enemy and prepare the way for the infantry?" It is said that there are two pen-drawings of these war machines in the Alfred Morrison collection of autograph letters and papers soon to be sold in London.

The Frenchman who offered to Napoleon a device by which a vehicle drawn by horses, all thoroughly protected, could bring guns and men up to his foe's lines was arrested as a madman. Napier and Leonardo were no doubt mocked. But there were moving towers in old and bloody battles, and they were the starting point from which the "tank" de-

veloped. Those using these towers were probably accused of taking an unfair advantage. Not many years ago it was confidently said that man's genius would make war so horrible that war would cease. Is there anything now left to human or inhuman ingenuity that will at last strike terror to the stoutest soldier's heart?

'OLD LADY 31' TRUE TO LIFE

Gives Unalloyed Pleasure to
Plymouth Theatre
Audience.

COMEDY ADMIRABLY ACTED

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Emma Dunn, in "Old Lady 31," a comedy in three acts and a prologue, by Rachel Crothers. First performance in Boston.

Angie.....Emma Dunn
Abe.....Scott Cooper
Vivia.....Vivia Ordish
Nancy.....Mrs. Felix Morris
Mrs. Homans.....Maud Sinclair
Sarah Jane.....Anna Bates
Abigail.....May Gayler
Blossy.....Marie Pecheur
Mary.....James J. Mitchell
John.....Louis Pierce
Samuel Darby.....Thomas Shearer
Elizabeth.....Elizabeth Leroy
Minerva.....Lottie Church
Granny.....Mary Davis
Hepsey.....Clara Coleman
Harlette.....Ann Egliston

This play, suggested by Louise Forsslund's novel, interests because it is true to life. In it Miss Crothers shows herself a mistress in the drawing of character, male and female. She has evidently observed life closely and drawn shrewd conclusions. She is wise in her generation, too, as regards the relation of the sexes.

In the prologue Abe and Angie, forced by poverty, leave their old house, he for the poor farm, she for the old ladies' home. The dialogue, delightfully natural, at once reveals the natures of the old seaman and his wife. He is rebellious against misfortune, rather than self-accusing. She, a philosopher, grieves chiefly for the parting with her husband.

At the suggestion of a kind-hearted inmate, Abe is persuaded to stay at the old ladies' home as "Old Lady 31." Here he is smothered with attentions and often the cause of jealousy and bitter strife. Yet one night out with a former and still adventurous comrade convinces him that life at the institution and with Angie is, in reality, sweet.

Miss Crothers has sketched amusing and pathetic scenes. The opening of the first act is inimitable. Here the ladies of the home exchange home truths on the veranda. Each woman has a marked personality. Mrs. Homans is prim and haughty. Sarah Jane, soured by years of celibacy, is sharp-tongued and malicious. Abigail, a wholesome creature, is proud of her maternity, although her children are dead. Blossy, over-dressed, is foolishly sentimental. Her coquettish behavior with Abe is later to cause uneasiness to all but his understanding wife. The presence of the old salt arouses in each member of this curious group the consciousness of belated youth and unsatisfied desires.

That the play should not depend wholly on studies in character, two young lovers are introduced, somewhat irrelevantly. As a presentation of types this comedy is extraordinary in its cleverness. It should appeal to any person of ordinary intelligence. The dramatist does not pretend to preach a sermon, yet there are many simple

and this play reminds us of them. The quaint humor throughout is irresistible. The theme is simple, the situations are simple, the dialogue is simple but what one of us is not interested in love, marriage, success, failure, the burdens and vexations of gliding years?

The comedy was admirably acted. Miss Dunn, as Angie, played with consummate art. Her dignity and sweetness, the unusual beauty of her speaking voice, her sincerity in emotional moments, will not soon be forgotten. Her performance has the distinction that marked the work of an older school of acting. Mr. Cooper's Abe was an effective companion picture. The old ladies were impersonated so skillfully that to speak of this or that actress would be invidious. Two impersonations, however, stood out. These were Miss Sinclair's Sarah Jane and Miss Gayer's Blossy.

Few plays seen here recently have given such unalloyed pleasure.

JACK AND GIANT IN FAIRY FILM

Majestic Theatre Reopens with Play in Ten Reels That Entertains.

1300 CHILDREN IN THE CAST

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Jack and the Beanstalk," a film play in 10 reels produced by William Fox. First performance in Boston.

Francis.....Francis Carpenter
Jack.....Francis Carpenter
Virginia.....Virginia Lee Corbin
Princess Regina.....Virginia Lee Corbin
Prince Rudolph.....Violet Radcliffe
The King of Cornwall.....Carmen Fay De Rue
Blunderbore, the Giant.....J. G. Tarver
The Glens.....Vera Lewis
Francis's Father.....Ralph Lewis
Francis's Mother.....Eleanor Washington
Virginia's Mother.....Ione Glennon

DOLLY SISTERS TOP KEITH'S BILL

Dancers Please Crowded House and Have Many New Features.

BERT LESLIE HAS NEW ACT

The Dolly Sisters, Roszika and Yansel, recently featured in musical farce, are the headliners at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house that was highly pleased. The act of the Dolly Sisters is interesting from many viewpoints but in their dancing features they excel. Most interesting was the military feature danced to the music of "Over There." Many of their other dances are already familiar to Boston theatregoers. Jean Schwartz, who was at the piano, contributed to the success of the act.

Kate Ellmore and Sam Williams have a new act. Miss Ellmore affects the grotesque style, and many in the past have roared at her silly but none the less interesting irrelevancies. Their new act does not measure up to the old and much of their stuff "failed to get over."

One of the interesting features of the bill was the act of Joseph L. Browning, "A Timely Sermon." Mr. Browning, in both dress and speech, has something new to offer. And, unlike many of his associates on the bill, he prefers to let the audience do the laughing.

Bert Leslie, "the king of slang," was seen in the seventh of the Hogan series, "Hogan in Mexico." The comedian is easily anticipated in any act, but it must be said to his credit that he has affected a style that is unique and has much individuality.

Other acts on the bill were: The Four Nightingales, in statuesque acrobatics; Swor and Avery, in a southern Negro act that stands out as one of the most interesting features of the bill; Rudinoff, in smoke painting and whistling; George and Lily Garden, xylophonists, and Garpinetti Brothers, hat throwers.

GLOBE THEATRE

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was presented by the Globe Theatre stock company yesterday. Written by David Belasco and Franklin Fyles, it is a fine example of American melodrama. Thrills, suspense, dramatic incidents succeed each other. It is a play of soldier life with scenes in a western army post. The story concerns events during one of the Indian uprisings. The first act shows the celebration of July 4 at the post. The second takes place

in the barracks room, where the third act finds the post with its defenders left and surrounded by attacking Indians. The final act sees the adjustment of many difficulties. The many parts require an augmented company. The principal roles are taken by Robert Le Sueur, Mary Frey, Lavinia Shannon, Fred C. House, Helen Sprinz, Caroline Locke, Ferdinand Tidmarsh, Charles Coughlan and Maurice Jenkins.

September 5, 1917

Mr. J. A. Young of Williamsville, Vt., and Chilhowe, Mo., asks where he can find the lines now quoted:

Almighty God from out whose hands
The centuries pale like grains of sands,
There are two or three poems beginning:

The mills of the gods grind slow,
But they grind exceeding small,
And if with patience we await him,
With exactness grinds he all.

One of the two or three poems above-mentioned ends each stanza with:

And eternal ages shall onward roll
Till the mighty Miller has gained his toll.

For M. A. Crane.

As the World Wags:
Mr. or Mrs. or Miss "M. A. Crane" of Bridgewater (which Bridgewater?) asks for the author of what the writer has for a long life quoted as follows:

Oh, happy day! refuse to go,
Hurry in the heavens forever so,
Forever in mid afternoon—
Oh, happy day of happy June.

I, too, may be wrong, but stand for June as the "happy" or "lovely" month—fine as September can be. Besides, the days are longer in June. The author is unknown to ALBERT S. PARSONS, Lexington.

"The Oaken Bucket."

As the World Wags:

I see by this morning's Herald that tomorrow "Scituate" * * * is to celebrate the centenary of 'The Old Oaken Bucket.' What does that mean? Does it mean that the poem—which is entitled "The Bucket," not "The Old Oaken Bucket"—was first published on Sept. 1, 1817? Is it known on what date or in what newspaper or magazine the poem was first printed? I have never been able to get data which would furnish answers to these two questions. The first line of that poem, by the way, is almost always misquoted: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." In what part of Scituate was Woodworth born? The well celebrated in the poem was—and still is—in the village of Greenbush, and the old farmhouse to which the well was an appurtenance is still standing there, but Woodworth was not born in that house. Brookline, Aug. 31. INQUIRER.

"Proven."

As the World Wags:

As regards the use of "proven" as the past participle of the verb "prove," there is an inconsistency in Webster's New International Dictionary. On page 1725 "proven" is given as the past participle of the verb, but on page 1724 "proved" is given as the verb's only past participle. ETYMOLOGY.

Parsley Greens.

As the World Wags:

I see that "L. S. S." in speaking of the preparation of parsley as greens for the table, says: "First cut off the root." There should, however, be no roots to cut off, for the herb should not be pulled up by the roots, but only the part of it which is above ground should be gathered. A table knife or some similar knife should be used in gathering the herb, and it should be cut off just above the ground. There are no greens more delicious than those made of parsley. VEGETARIAN.

To "Viator."

As the World Wags:

I am sorry that you went to so much trouble, Mr. Viator, to show that in the sentence, "The directors decided to more than double the carry-forward," the word "double" is not a noun, but a verb. In the words of Dr. Holmes's poem "To An Insect,"

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Lord bless you, I never claimed that "double" in that sentence is anything else than a verb, and how you could misunderstand me as claiming that it is a noun I can't conceive. Of course it is a verb, and no shake of the kaleidoscope could give it the semblance of a noun. I should suppose that anybody with a glass eye could see that it is a verb and could not possibly be anything else. It is a verb in the infinitive mood, but the "to" in the sentence does not syntactically belong to it, but, as I said before, belongs to "do" understood. The unabridged form of the sentence when everything requisite for the parsing of all the words in it is added to it, or understood, is, "The directors decided to do more than to double the carry-forward would be"—that is, to do more than it would be to double the carry-forward—the infinitive "to double" being grammatically a noun in the nominative case which is the subject of "would be" understood. SYNTAX.

Brookline.

In our student days in Berlin the cent wartime ordinance forbidding the use of soap and hot water for the purpose of washing one's body would not have grievously afflicted the great majority of Berliners. It is true, there were public baths, an excuse for swallowing vast quantities of Weiss beer and a glass of Kuemmel immediately afterwards as a sanitary precaution. In the early eighties there were three classes of public baths. The most expensive, the one patronized by reckless Americans, was called the "Bad nobel." The person taking this bath was solemnly assured that the water had not been used by any predecessor.

Novels of Miscegenation.

The book reviewer of the Herald was informed that the novel, "His Own Country," was "pondered by Paul Kester for 10 years, and was his major task for three." This novel is a story of the results of miscegenation. "The husband of a white woman who secs no taint in him, and the father of accomplished children whose black blood no stranger would perceive, 'Dr. J. C. Brent' forgets in tolerant Montreal the white Southerners' fierce fear of social recognition based upon blended strains."

Leonard Merriek wrote a singular novel, entitled "The Quaint Companions," in which an English girl marries Elisha Lee, a Negro, who had won fame and fortune as a singer. The quaint companions are their son David, whose poetry won renown for him, and an English girl who was deformed. As boy and man, David suffered from the fact that he was a mulatto. The tragedy of the father's ending, and his wife's widowhood; the manner in which David fell in love with Hebe, believing through correspondence and a photograph that she was her beautiful sister Hilda; the disillusionment of David and Hebe, and their later close companionship, are the elements of an unusual and engrossing novel. "The sympathy between these two who in spirit are one cannot die. That must last longer than their youth, and longer than their passions. I who have said what has been, believe it must last longer than the bodies that belie their souls."

The subject had a peculiar fascination for Mr. Merriek. He treated it in a short story entitled, "The Body and Soul of Miss Azulay." The hero, if he may be called a hero, fell desperately in love with Miss Azulay, renowned for her beauty, wealth and mind. The wonder was that she had never married. Wearied by her lover's importunity, she invited him to dine with her, to test his affection. She entered the room in evening toilette. "Her arms and bosom were bare, and I saw that she was —, I cannot say it; I cannot put the word! From her neck down! Oh, God help her! Only her beautiful face had escaped. * * * It was she who spoke at last. 'I wrote you I was too strange a mixture to marry,' she said harshly; 'now you understood me. * * * I have done for you what I have done for no one else in the world!'" Then she told him if ever she loved a man what she had determined to do. "I should let him see what I am with his own eyes. And if he wanted to marry me then—if he did, if he could—I would be his wife. And—I would worship that man! I would give him such a love as no man has ever known!" Her mother had left England and her luxurious home to be the wife of a missionary in Abeokuta, "and was found, six weeks after their arrival, lying on the floor in a dead faint, induced by the fact that she had stroked the black body of a Negro in the dusk, under the impression that it was her husband's dog." Miss Azulay finally ran away with an English colonel who could not obtain a divorce from his wife. At Buffalo, New York, she poisoned herself at an early hour in the morning. "She had carefully attired herself in her traveling costume, and was wearing gloves," according to the newspaper report.

Fists and Bayonets.

As the World Wags:

I certainly hope you will give this a place in your column. A matter so plainly important should find some outlet whereby it may reach the public.

An article in the Herald of Aug. 26 says that J. J. Corbett, Kid McCoy and others, among them Donovan, late of the New York Athletic Club, have been engaged to give lessons in boxing to the soldiers; because of the similarity of action in the boxing line to that of action in the bayonet drill; and this is correct. Only when the old style of boxing was in fashion. And for this reason I think the work of Corbett and others will be a failure. It takes a pretty stiff backbone to make so strong a statement, but I am speaking as one who has had much experience in both boxing and the bayonet drill.

Previous to the war of '91 I was teaching boxing; fencing and bayonet drill during the war. Among other work I drilled one entire regiment in bayonet exercise, and in a novel way. I learn from a two hours' talk on the subject of war, that contra all past opinions, the use of the bayonet has become one of the most important factors in warfare and that the most important feature in this style of fighting is the defence. Almost any one can deliver a blow or thrust, but one well up in defence must have had good training and much practice. The old style of boxing was called the manly art of self-defence, and the method of instruction was that, first, last and all the time. From the first lesson to the finish the moves are almost identical with the moves in the bayonet drill.

I believe it would be fine and practical to put the matter into the "movies," to give information and education. Such a showing on the screens would interest one and all, and in a way create enthusiasm. I am making suggestions, and will be pleased to lend assistance and give information if desired. I am past the time when I can serve Uncle Sam in the ranks, but my life has been a busy one and I have gathered some facts in having been among the living during three years of our civil war, and being a Son of the Revolution.

Boston. W. E. CROCKETT.
P. S.—My method of drill for the bayonet is, I believe, far in advance of any other drill. They say there is a difference now. The difference is but slight, and my method can be readily adapted to present use. W. E. C.

A Poor Guesser.

The Kaiser expected Japan to declare war against the entente, did he? Tien he is madder than any of us had thought. It was Germany who egged Russia on to war with the "yellow pagans," as the Teutons had it. It was Germany who drew up the Russian plan of campaign against the island empire. It was the German Emperor who described Russia as "fighting the white man's cause against the 'yellow peril'—and fighting it miserably." It was the German Emperor who sought to inflame America against Japan by declaring that our ally would soon make war on the republic. And did he think that Japan forgot Kiaochau—and Germany?—London Daily

MESSAGES AND SYMBOLS

Captain Basil Hood, a dramatist and librettist, known in Boston as in London, died last month from overwork and consequent nervousness and lack of nutrition. For a long time he had been racking his brain over an important message in cryptograms discovered by him in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The coroner at the inquest called attention to the reams of writing, which he dismissed as "rubbish." Nothing was said at the inquest about the nature of this mysterious message, whether it were a revelation of the true authorship of the plays, or whether Shakespeare confessed that he was the author of the more important works attributed to Bacon. The dramatist would surely disclaim the collection of apophthegms, jokes, and witty sayings published in complete editions of Bacon, probably the dreariest jest-book in literature.

Not content with the tragedy of "Hamlet" as it stands in print or is played upon the stage, Captain Hood, a man of literary parts, wore himself out by trying to extract a "message." This word "message" has been sadly overworked in recent years. A film play evidently designed to draw the crowd by pictures of vicious persons in scenes of debauchery is announced and eulogized by its owners as bearing a vital message to mothers and young girls. A drama with a crude treatment of some delicate sociological if not sexual problem is also gravely produced as a "message" to the unsuspecting and the indifferent. In either case, the real message is a pressing invitation to the box-office. Even paintings as well as novels are now said to bear messages.

The word has almost driven out "symbol," once prominent in the vocabulary, or jargon, of art and literature. The use of "symbol" might be allowed when the poem or the prose page was well-nigh unintelligible to a reader, playgoer, frequenter of picture galleries, possessing ordinary intelligence. Some of Mallarme's poems, for example, may indeed be as symbolical as the "Artemis" of

Herald de Nerval But take Maurice Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande." It is an intensely human tragedy, one that appeals directly to men and women, whatever their nationality may be. Yet the world has been informed that this tragedy is "symbolical," or abounding in "symbols." Fortunately no one has yet been able to point out the symbols, or explain what each character typified. Or has the play a "message"? When Charles Reade wrote "Griffith Gaunt," he gave a sub-title, "of jealousy," to the novel. This was hardly necessary. A work of true art either has no "message"; it is simply a thing of beauty, or its message is already in the eye and mind of the spectator and reader. As for "symbols" they recall the line of Paul: "Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

September 7-1917

We mentioned Hakluyt's "English Voyage" a day or two ago. There is no better reading for these heroic days. Twin to "Briefe relation of the notable service performed by Sir Francis Drake upon the Spanish Fleete," and how he surprised a mighty carack called the Saint Philip comming out of the East India which was the first of that kinde that ever was seene in England."

And here, by the way, it is to be noted that the taking of this Carack wrought two extraordinary effects in England: first, that it taught others that Caracks were no such bugs, but that they might be taken (as since indeed it hath fallen out in the taking of the Madre de Dios and fyeleing and sinking of others). Here is the terse expression of indomitable English pluck. And mark Drake's humanity shown toward the crew of the Saint Philip. "This Carack without any great resistance hee tooke, bestowing the people thereof in certaine vessels well furnished with victuals, and sending them courteously home into their Countrey."

De Quincy was never weary of quoting the pomp of a sentence in the book of Daniel: "Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords and drank wine before the thousand." De Quincy pondered this sentence as a theme for the leader of a mighty orchestra. There are many sentences in Hakluyt that have a simplicity which outvies pomp. Here is an example: "Francis Drake an Englishman being on the sea, and having knowledge of the small strength of the towne of Nombre de Dios, came into the harbor on a night with foure pinnesses, and landed an hundred and fifty men; and leaving one halfe of his men with a trumpet in a fort which was there, hee with the rest entered the towne without doing any harme till hee came at the market place."

Mrs. Edward A. Walker.

As the World Wags:

There can be no doubt that Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker, and not Gail Hamilton (Abigail Dodge), is entitled to the credit of the authorship of the article in the Atlantic Monthly entitled "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things." The article was in the number of the Monthly for September, 1864, and was in the "Contents" of the number and in the "Contents" of the bound volume of the magazine which included the number, stated to be by "Mrs. E. A. Walker." A few years afterward the article was reproduced in the volume entitled "Laughter" of a set of volumes entitled "Little Classics" which was published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, and was also there stated at the head of the article and in the volume's "Contents" to be by "Mrs. E. A. Walker." A biographic sketch of Mrs. Walker, whose maiden name was Katherine Kent Child, is given in "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography," but the sketch is astray from the truth in saying that she was born "about 1840." She was born on Feb. 8, 1833, at Pittsford, Vt., where her father, the Rev. Willard Child, was then pastor of a church. She died at New Haven, Ct., on Nov. 16, 1916.

In the Herald of Aug. 14 you say that a correspondent writes you that the author of the article on "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things" was, at the time when the article was written, "a young girl, Katherine Kent Child, living in Lowell" but that statement is incorrect in saying that she was then a young girl, and in saying that she was then living in Lowell. From 1846 to 1864 her father was pastor of a church in Lowell, where her mother died on Feb. 26, 1851. In 1864 her father became pastor of a church in Castleton, Vt., and his daughter went with him to Castleton, at which latter place she was living with her father at the time of her marriage, in 1863, to the Rev. Edward Ashley Walker.

I have before me, as I write, a copy of "Autumn Leaves" mentioned by R. W. H., aged 81, of Plymouth. There is nothing in the volume which furnishes any justification for "R. W. H.'s" contention that Mrs. Walker's article

appeared in "Autumn Leaves." The volume's article which "R. W. H." remembers as entitled "Strings" is entitled "Twine" (being the third of four articles which in the volume's "Contents" are called "Miscrics"), though perhaps, "Strings" would be as good if not a better title for the article. Brookline. SPECTATOR.

The Living Dead.

Regimental associations with the far past do not count much in the British army today. The modern Tommy is not vastly interested that his battalion fought here or there under Marlborough or Wellington a century or two ago. Yet Flanders has its heroic ghosts, even though those heroes step out of fiction and not history. On a long, muddy, dead-beaten march to Antwerp a comrade recalled to me (writes a wounded soldier) that it was there the Three Musketeers carried out their execution of Miladi. I capped that by recalling that it was the executioner of Bethune who was commandeered for the deed. And suddenly, as if by magic, exhaustion seemed to slip away and romance awoke again as we realized that we were trudging along the very road where D'Artagnan had spurred his way. —London Daily Chronicle.

September 8-1917

We have received from "Academe" of Cambridge an interesting article about two distinguished men of Harvard University. We publish today the first part of the article. In the second, there is a pleasant discussion of tea-drinking.

Shaler and Hill.

As the World Wags:

Although I am by no means an old man, I pride myself on having lived in the days of the giants; on having sat under," as the good old phrase goes, "Nat Shaler and Adams Sherman Hill. Who can forget Shaler, "mountain scolar, fairy teler," tall, lank, keen-eyed, with his cheery good morning? I see him yet slouching into Appleton Chapel of a morning and striding up to his accustomed seat in the fifth row on the south side. Once I was in a company at dinner with him, when he beamed around on us with the remark: "I regard my dinner, gentlemen, as a most important part of the day's program!" It was almost as good as the dictum of Dr. Johnson's friend Edwards: "I consider supper as a turnpike through which one must pass in order to get to bed." That was the dinner at which Shaler convulsed the company by telling of his first experience with a typewriter. His handwriting was so bad that his father always complained it took a week to decipher a letter. So when a typewriter agent it was in the very earliest days of the machine—came round, Shaler bought one especially for home correspondence. In due course of time the first letter was laboriously hammered out and sent away. His father's reply began: "Dear Son: I have duly received your damn circular!"

What a contrast was afforded by Professor Hill. He was a tiny wisp of a man, with delicate blue eyes peering over the thick glasses on the end of his nose. On winter mornings we used to watch for him with his fur-collared coat and fur cap, being driven out to Cambridge by his Negro coachman. His lecture notes were written on paper so yellow we used to say he scribbled them on the wrapping paper from his morning's beef-steak; but let me assure you that age had not tarnished the trenchancy of his criticisms. His office was in Sever 4, and there every afternoon at 4 o'clock his secretary lighted the spirit lamp and made tea. Sir, when I visualize Adams Sherman Hill sitting down to a cup of tea in the midst of his afternoon's labors, I confess to a feeling of nostalgia. Here was no grubbing pedant, pursuing sources of influences and reactions through a ponderous "apparatus" of card-index files and other Kultur-machinery! A man, who was a gentleman and a scholar as well, rested for a few moments amid his books and papers, and paid tribute to this great blessing from the Mowery Kingdom. Such men are no longer with us. ACADEME. Cambridge.

Departed Glory.

On Aug. 31 the last distillation of applejack was made in a distillery at Jacksonburg, N. J. "The old distillery has been operated for more than 50 years under the personal direction of Isaac Read, who watched every bit of the output." Applejack that was personally conducted from start to finish! George Arnold, a gentle poet, whose verses in praise of beer picture the philosophic indifference induced by copious draughts of malt, wrote a poem about applejack, an amiable parody, if we are not mistaken, of a poem by William Cullen Bryant about the planting of an apple tree.

Francis S. Saltus, who died in 1889, wrote a series of 31 poems entitled "Flasks and Flagon." The series began with beer, ended with lachryma Christi, and included tea, chocolate, coffee and even water. Here is a poem to a cordial:

MENTHE.

There is in thee a chill taste of the tomb,
A strange and perfumed warning of decay.
Thou warmest not, and yet thou canst allay.
For a brief span all fantasies of gloom,
Then does the fancy sadder garb assume,
One whistles of the freedom of the May.

see where thou art near the first big
Of wen consupatives by the North fog
Beside some mournful beach where
dull waves curl.

Or sadder still, when hope no longer saves,
I see some self-slain bankrupt lying dead
Within the boudoir of a Cora Pearl!

Saltus did not include applejack in his list of beverages to be celebrated in verse; yet his home was in New York, and applejack was surely known to him. Did the word "Jack" offend his ear? Or did the drink fail to evoke visions outside of New Jersey? The mention of arrack made him see Java, with its gongs, sweet spices, upas, pagan gods of strange device, and savage priests dancing "with cobras on nude bosoms coiled." New Jersey, even with Paterson, Hoboken and Hackensack, is a more prosaic land. Jacksonburg might at least have been called Apple-Jacksonburg.

For M. A. Crane.

As the World Wags:

Permit me to offer the "Help!" for which you cry, and to express the wish that Versifiers would not try to cover the tri-syllable proportions of stout September with the garments of slender June. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is the author of the following exquisite lines:

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid-afternoon
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piney woods with perfume fill,
And breathe across the sighing sea
Land-scented breezes that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass
Where children tumble in the grass.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long for thy blushing red
In the soft bosom of the west.
But bid grey evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide, warm wings
Where summer her enchantment flings—

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie, like dissolving amethyst—
Deep in the distant dales and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead—
But wilt thou wander, call the thrush
And bid the wilds and waters hush
To hear thy passion—broken tune.
Ah, happy day of happy June!
South Hyndel. EDITH M. DEGEN.

September 9-1917

The ninth volume of The Art of Music, published by the National Society of Music, New York, is devoted to the opera. The editor of this volume is Cesar Surchinger, the editor in chief of the series.

Alfred Hertz, well known to us as a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, and now the conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, is the author of the Introduction. He begins by saying that opera has been a problem to the composer, and this problem has been in the course of solution for over three centuries; it is also a problem, fresh with every performance, to the audience. "The audience comes to be amused, and the composer—the serious composer—would educate it, impress it, inspire it. Between them lies a gulf to be bridged." Opera unfortunately started as the theory of a few Florentine gentlemen who tried to resurrect an art of 2000 years before. They constructed opera on a formula. At first the opera was drama, with music as a servant. Audiences soon insisted that melody should be dominant. Composers followed now one path, now the other. Stage pictures became more sumptuous. The dance was developed. "Lovers of the opera—and their name was legion—now fondly argued that it was the combination of all the arts; poetry, music and dance—even painting. To this critics replied that opera music was the worst music, opera poetry the worst poetry, and opera pictures the worst pictures."

The question of the inherent absurdity is then considered; the objections on account of the absurdity and the answers to these objections. Now, the original ideal of opera was the dramatic ideal. Reformers have from time to time brought opera back into line with these ideals, "but the fundamental contradiction, the non-logic, cannot be overcome by reform—hence each successive reform represents a compromise with the ideal, and incidentally furnishes a starting point for fresh abuses." Will the problem ever be solved? "It is a problem based on a misunderstanding—a most magnificent absurdity."

Opera as is known and enjoyed today dates from Gluck, who "proclaimed the ideal of dramatic truth in the medium of classic simplicity; he became the point of departure for the Grand Opera of France and of all the schools whose first concern was the theatre." Mozart characterized and idealized in conventional forms the living truths of human existence. "He gave the comic opera a new depth and broader significance, and in 'Don Giovanni'—technically an opera buffa—set the first great milestone of the modern music drama." Weber created the German romantic dialogue opera, and, with Spohr and Marschner, pointed the way to Wagner. Rossini built on the foundations of the 18th century, crowned the Italian buffa species with

with "William Tell," and the French school of opera.

"These various trends, Italian, French, and German, came together in the two great figures of the 19th century—Wagner and Verdi." The former achieved "the greatest reform that the history of opera is able to record." Verdi "recreated Italian opera and brought it for the first time in line with the realistic dramatic aspirations of the age. In his last work, 'Falstaff,' he achieved a complete unity and in a measure laid claim to the spiritual succession of Mozart." Then there is Bizet, whose "Carmen" represents "a development which, independent of the Wagnerian influence, achieved a dramatic vigor and realism, a vividness of local color and a sensuousness of melody that is wholly individual." Not only did it, as Mr. Hertz thinks, furnish a basis for further native development; "it became a model for the modern Italian school of realists, the exponents of the so-called 'Verismo.'"

Modern opera, then, is built on Wagner, Verdi, and Bizet. Few in Germany have escaped Wagner's influence. It is shown in music of Massenet, Charpentier and d'Indy. It is seen in Italy, although Verdi is there the chief model. But in Germany the most successful operatic composers are those who have not attempted to follow Wagner's formula. "In Strauss we see the ultimate development of that symphonic-dramatic style that is Wagner's historic achievement."

"The impressionism of the contemporary French composers has been applied with complete success to one opera, the 'Pelleas et Melisande' of Debussy, in which a delicate orchestral texture paints a background so transparent that musical declamation even at low pitch and strength can be constantly understood by the listener." Much more could be said of Debussy's beautiful opera than this, Mr. Hertz.

The neo-Russians, especially Moussorgsky, by their independent development, may exert an influence on the music-drama in other countries, and it has already left an impression on the most recent school of French composers. "In a sense the situation has been more chaotic than ever since the Wagnerian meteor swept through the world, for composers have found that, after all, Wagner's dramatic theories did not solve the problem for them." This problem is still looking for its solution, "and with it that of the audience, which is the difficulty of a complete absorption of the composer's message." Mr. Hertz ends by telling the operagoer what his duties are. In conclusion he says: "No less than the symphony, the opera is a complex work of art, the full enjoyment of which depends upon understanding and complete attention. Being the most artificial of art-forms, it requires, if anything, an even broader culture for its appreciation." It is to be hoped that this saying will sink deep into the breasts of those in the horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House.

After this excellent introduction, which may with profit be read more than once, the editor gives an admirable account of the opera before Gluck and Mozart not leaving unnoticed the "operatic symptoms," to use W. F. Apthorp's phrase, as the famous song-play of Adam de la Hale, Poliziano's "Orfeo," the French ballet of "Circe" and dramatic madrigals in Italy. This chapter includes a careful estimate of Lully—we think that full justice is not given to Rameau—an appreciation of Purcell's work, and amusing pages on operatic conventions as observed by composers at Naples. Gluck and Mozart have separate chapters. There are elaborate analyses of their operas, with sketches of the librettos. In the chapter on Mozart there are pages on early masters of Italian opera buffa, with remarks about Rousseau, "a worthy, a valuable account of 'The Beggar's Opera' and a glance at the German Singspiel. Mozart's operas, librettos and music are thoroughly described. "He represents the triumph of purely musical genius in the dramatic field. He demonstrates the power of music to represent, by sheer beauty and intangible character, what words and actions try to interpret, and often fail. He, the most ingenuous, unphilosophical and undidactic of musical dramatists, has left upon the course of music-dramatic development an impression which the most didactic of theorists could not ignore."

And so throughout the remainder of this volume, down to operas by Zandonai and Montemezzi, the most important operas, and some that are of little importance and are now shelved, are fully discussed, with arguments of the plots. The information given is generally illuminative, the criticism is generally sane.

We hardly know what the writer means by saying of Handel, the opera writer, that his music has "the abstract consciousness of German instrumentalism." We find his opera music thoroughly Italian.

Page 98. There is mention of Donna Anna's "lovely rondo aria in the graveyard." When "Don Giovanni" is staged properly and in accordance with tradition this aria is sung in a chamber.

Page 142. "Largo al factotum" is "a real buffo piece with unlimited buffo possibilities for an Edouard de Reszke." The air is for baritone. Edouard de Reszke was a bass. It is true that he took the part of the Count in "The Marriage of Figaro," but his acting was then heavy and the music was too good for his voice.

Page 13. "In the opera, the important work." In this opera, tones, as Ronconi, have been famous for tragic impersonation.

Page 154. "Casta diva." "Yet it is adorned with bravura passages that are absurd in relation to the dramatic situation." Not when the air is sung by one that knows how to be dramatic in coloratura measures. Witness the performance of Lilli Lehmann.

Page 182. Judging Halevy's "Jewess," the writer says that this opera contains very little that is "genuinely pathetic." Naming favorably certain pages he says nothing about Eleazer's beautiful and intensely pathetic reverie over Rechab's fate, an air that is one of the most moving in operatic literature.

The writer thinks that no one of Offenbach's operas bouffes is "worthy of more than mention." But in "La Belle Helene," "La Grande Duchesse," "La Vie Parisienne," "La Perichole," and other works that might be named, Offenbach showed a rare gift of melody, piquant rhythms, a humor that, often mad or grotesque, was irresistible, an ability to write music that exactly fitted the text and suited the situation, a thorough acquaintance with scenic requirements. His great talent was profusely and unmistakably displayed long before he wrote "Contes d'Hoffmann."

Page 307. "Tristan und Isolde." "In act II, the frame is the mystery of night and the menacing color of Marke's horns." "Marke's horns" is here an unfortunate phrase, for in this act King Marke is counted as a cuckold.

Page 246. Thomas's "Mignon." Here there is a slip of the pen. "Dramatically it is so bad a travesty of Shakespeare that in the poet's own country it is quite impossible." For "Shakespeare" read "Goethe." "In Paris it is considered a masterpiece despite Barbier and Carre's absurd libretto." It is not so considered by modern French critics.

Page 247. There is mention of Bizet's "three symphonies." What are the tonalities of these symphonies and when were they performed? Were they published?

Page 248. "The bold harmonic daring which Bizet first evinced in 'La Jolie Fille de Perth.'" As a matter of fact, the harmonies in this opera are conventional if not old-fashioned. Parisian critics when the opera was produced thought it less bold than "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," which preceded it.

Page 444. "It is not too much to say that except for two very popular airs in 'Samson and Delilah' it is work would not be in the international repertory today." Is not this a rather hap-hazard and sweeping statement?

"Louise" seems to us overpraised. "No other modern opera can so lift us out of ourselves into a delirious ecstasy." And what is to be said of this judgment? "The first act . . . might have been penned by Massenet to his less inspired moods." It is, perhaps, not surprising to find the writer enthusiastic over the third act, which, to some, with the exception of "Depuis le jour" is blatant and dull. The writer says: "There are not half a dozen love scenes in all opera to compare with this. The scene of the festivities later in the act is developed with infinite spirit and humor." And this and the last act "lift 'Louise' into the class of the great operas of the time." No one disputes the dramatic effectiveness of the last act. But to praise the third at the expense of the first!

Tomas Breton is mentioned (page 478), but not as the composer of his chief opera, "Dolores." Among minor German operatic composers we miss the name of Karl Reinthaler, whose "Käthe von Heilbron" was for some years a favorite in Germany.

As we have before remarked, the title of Leoneavallo's chief opera is "Pagliacci," not "i Pagliacci." The title of Chausson's opera is "Le roi Arthur," not "Le roi Arthur" (p. 461).

Algarotti's "Saggio sopra l'opera in musica" (1755), which went through many editions and was translated into French, German and English, is an important work that should have been included in the Bibliography. The omission of Chouquet's scholarly "Histoire de la musique dramatique en France" (1873) is unaccountable. Gauthier-Villars's "Bizet" and Prod'homme and Dandell's authoritative life of Gounod in two volumes are among other books that are not mentioned.

The 10th volume, "The Dance," is edited by Ivan Nardodny. Anna Pavlova writes an introduction of four pages in which she quotes St. Basil describing the angels dancing in heaven, and Dante saying that dancing is the real occupation of heaven's inmates. After quotations from Plato, Plutarch, Lucian and Havelock Ellis, Mme. Pavlova says that in spite of the high station of dancing in the ancient civilizations, the art has not progressed steadily as have the other arts. "Belong an art that expresses itself first in the human body, the dance has aroused reprobation in certain pious, puritanical minds of mediaeval type, who have considered it a collection of 'immodest and dissolute movements by which the cupidity of the flesh is aroused.'" Folk-dancing is a natural form of aesthetic courtship. "From the point of view of sexual selection we can understand, on the other hand, the immense ardor with which every sensuous part of the human body has been brought into the play of the dance, and on the other, the arguments of the pseudo moralists to classify it with the frivolous and least tolerated arts." The church, then,

permitted the natural development of the art and even those outside the church denounced dancing as frivolous. There has been a lack of musical leadership.

"Neither the reforms of Noverre nor those of Fokine nor Marius Petipa can be of fundamental value if they lack the phonetic designs which alone a choreographic artist can transform into plastic events." Dancing should be the elemental expression of symbolic religious and love. Mme. Pavlova closes with a quotation from Havelock Ellis, who concludes: "To realize therefore what dance means for mankind—the poignancy and the many-sidedness of its appeal—we must survey the whole sweep of human life, both at its highest and at its deepest moments."

After a chapter on the psychology of dancing, the art as practised in old Egypt, India, China, Japan, by American Indians, Hebrews, Arabs, Greeks, Romans, is discussed. A chapter on dancing in the middle ages follows. There is a discussion of the grand ballet of France. The folk dances of Europe are discussed, also the social dances of the past, and the classic ballet of the 19th century. The reform in the Danish ballet is examined; also the nationalism of the Russian ballet. Lole Fuller, Louise Weber, Lottie Collins are mentioned under the heading "The Era of Degeneration"; Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, Ruth St. Denis and modern Spanish dancers under "The Naturalistic School of Dancing." The chapter, "The New Russian Ballet," includes descriptions of the recent Russian achievements in ballet. Much space is given to the eurhythmics of "Jacques-Dalcroze," whose name, by the way, is Jacques Dalcroze—the name is misspelled throughout the chapter and elsewhere in the book. "The defects of the new Russian and other modern schools" are discussed with Prince Volkonsky's theories. Lada and choreographic symbolism, and the question of appropriate music.

The volume is an entertaining one, valuable by reason of the historical chapters which show wide research and a happy manner in description. Some will turn at once to the celebrated dancing of the daughter of Herodias.

"With the exception of Ida Rubinstein and Natasha Trouhanova, the Salome dances of all the European or American aspirants have been of no importance. * * * European choreography has for the most part failed to grasp the principal features of the vanished Hebrew dances." But was Salome's dance a "Hebrew dance"?

"An English writer maintains that the famous Venus of Callipyge (sic) was modelled from a Cadiitan dancer in high favor at Rome." There is a pleasant story that gives a far different origin. It is told by many, but by no one more agreeably than by old Thomas Heywood in his book about women.

There is a minute description of the grand ballet of France. Justice, however, is not done to the leading dancers, Mlles. Salle, Camargo and Guimard, and the Vestris family. They were surely something more than "acrobatic puppets as compared with our modern terpsichorean celebrities."

There are full accounts of national dances. On page 142 it is stated that the "Kamarienskaya" of Russia is a bride's dance, in which the girl symbolizes all the imaginary bliss and happiness in her future married life. Mr. Nardodny should surely know, but how does one account for the explanation given by Dostoevsky, the Russian novelist, in his romance, "Stepanchikovo," translated into French with the title, "Carnet d'un Inconnu"? Fonia, the amazing poseur, parasite and hypocrite, severely rebukes Falalei, a handsome young fellow, for dancing the "Kamarienskaya." Falalei, howling, laughing, clapping his hands to the music of two balalaikas, a guitar, a fiddle and a tambourine, leaped in the air prodigiously and found immense pleasure in his wild steps. Fonia cried out: "Do you not know that the song tells the story of our ignoble peasant, who, drunk, dared to commit a most immoral action? So you know what he did, this corrupted peasant? He did not hesitate to trample under foot the most sacred ties, to defile them with his clodhopper's boots, boots accustomed to the planks of drunkards." When the colonel, excusing the lad, said that it was only a song, Fonia replied: "Only a song! And are you not ashamed to admit to me that you, a man of the world, a colonel, the father of pure and innocent children, know this song?" A foot note says that the "Kamarienski" or "Kamarienskaya" is a Russian folkdance to the tune of a song recounting the outrageous deeds of a peasant thus named. Who is correct in explanation, Dostoevsky, or Mr. Nardodny?

In the list of dances we miss a description of the origin of the polka, the spread of this dance through Europe, and the passion of Smetana for it. The story of the waltz is inadequate. On page 152 the reader might infer that Theophile Gauthier wrote the music for a ballet "Sakuntala."

Adeline Genee's dancing is only an exhibition of mathematical figures. She is an "attractive museum figure" with "Dresden china steps." Her entrance in hunting costume was, however, much more than this. Skit dancing, even that of the charming Miss Lind, is dismissed as "sensational." The graceful dance was anything but that. On page 190 we are told that "Humpty Dumpty" was a celebrated ballet, which in one season in New York brought in \$1,406,000. "Humpty Dumpty" was a pantomime and the great feature of the

show was the clown, George L. Fox. What dancing there was, was incidental, with the exception of Columbine's steps and attitudes. Much importance is given to Isadora Duncan's naturalistic dancing as exerting a far-reaching influence in Russia. Over two pages are given to Ruth St. Denis, "apparently a better musician than Miss Duncan, while in her poetic sense and in the sense of beauty she remains behind." With this judgment we heartily disagree. "It has always impressed us," says the writer, "that she minimized her art by affected manners and an air that lacks sincerity." If any woman is sincere in her art, her name is St. Denis. The writer traces Miss Duncan's school back to Delsarte, through Mrs. Richard Hovey. Mme. Pavlova surpasses in her "magic swiftness, delicacy, bird-like agility, floating grace and lyric pirouettes all her living rivals. . . . But when she attempts to use her arms too conspicuously, or produce Greek poses, she is a disappointing failure."

Summing up the modern ballets of the Russians, the writer says: "All the Pavlova ballets that have been given in America, all the elaborate ballets of the Russian classic school, all the ballets of the Diaghileff-Fokine group, are and remain dances to preconceived plots, dances to a style or a mood, but rarely dances of the music. We should like to have any of the celebrated dancers show us where there is expression of the music in all the spectacular pirouettes of Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinsky and Fokine, in their dramatic acting to a musical composition, even in the most modern ballets of Stravinsky. The dancing that they perform during the whole ballet is pantomimic acting to a certain plot, arranged to music." Prince Volkonsky is quoted at great length—"only through the rhythm will the ballet come back to music and accomplish the fusion which has been destroyed by independent acting"—Lada is fulsomely praised—when we saw her we thought her uninteresting. The writer describes a scenario, "The Legend of Life," which he has written to comply with requirements of the ideal theory of musical dancing. He concludes by asserting that the future of the art belongs to America, "the country of the cosmic ideals." Perhaps it would be impertinent to ask him, "What are 'cosmic ideals'?"

The list of volumes that are illustrative of the volume is scanty. We miss "Les Vestris," by Gaston Capon; "Mlle. Salle," by Emile Dacler; Henry Pruniere's great work on the court ballets in France; Goncourt's "Guimard"; the famous book, "Ballets Anciens et Modernes" (1632), and certain dictionaries of the dance published in French and in German.

On the whole the volume is engrossing and instructive. When one disagrees with certain opinions of the writer, the honesty of the writer and his independent views command respect. Among the illustrations are pictures of Ruth St. Denis, Mme. Genee, Anna Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, Nijinsky and Karsavina and Mordkin.

Volumes 11 and 12 are a "dictionary-index of musicians" edited by Frederick H. Martens, Mildred W. Cochran, and W. Dermot Darby. "Included are also the records of the great number of theoreticians, scholars, historians, critics, teachers, organizers, inventors, manufacturers, publishers and musical journalists, who have played so important a part in the history of music." Poets, novelists and essayists quoted in the volumes of the series are also included. Thus we find in this dictionary the names of Paul Verlaine and H. L. Higginson, Goethe and Otto H. Kahn, Gogol and Eben D. Jordan.

It was not to be expected that a work of these dimensions should be free from errors. No work of the kind known to us is flawless, and if ten or a dozen painstaking historians of music should correct the two volumes, they too would undoubtedly make mistakes.

Opening the index at random we find the statement that Mme. Emma Eames created the role of Juliette in Gounod's opera. She did not create it. Her marriage to Mr. Gogorza is noted. Her first husband is not named.

The marriage of Mr. Casals, the "cellist, to Susan Metcalfe, English singer," is recorded. There is no mention of his first wife, a brilliant "cellist, with whom he used to play in public and in full sympathy.

Vernon Blackburn: "Loud music crille on the Westminster Gazette." He was the music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Michel Brenet." Her true name, Marie Bobillier, should be given.

The dwelling place of Emanuel Moor is given as Munich. For many years Moor lived at Ouchy and according to report he is still living there.

The name of Benjamin E. Woolf, prominent music critic, dramatist, composer of "Pounce & Co." and "Westward Ho!" and songs, is omitted.

There is a lack of proportion in the space allotted. There are omissions and there are some surprising inclusions. There are instances where the more prominent works of a composer are not mentioned. Nevertheless, these two volumes are rich in information that cannot easily be found elsewhere, as in the case of names and birth years of ultra-modern composers and the younger contemporary singers, fiddlers, pianists, et al.

The series as a whole is highly creditable to the editor-in-chief, Mr. Saerchinger. The volumes should be in every public library; they should enrich

the library of the musician. It is to be hoped that the volumes will be sold separately, for all are not of equal worth, some are of special interest to those interested in particular subjects. Clearly and well written as the majority of the articles are, we regret to find at times "proven" for "proved," as the past participle of the verb "to prove."

But Italian audiences of the old days insisted on a happy ending for Rossini's opera, "Otello," and years before that a version of "King Lear" with a happy ending delighted English theatregoers.

Notes About the Stage, Actors and Music

"The Better 'Ole," a "whole evening revue-drama" by Cap-

tain Bruce Bairnsfather and Captain Arthur Eliot was produced at the Oxford, London, Aug. 4; with "instant and uproarious success." The Times said: "Written in a trench magazine the story would excite derision, though in billets, as in the theatre, it would win laughter. Critics of the Bairnsfather drawings may doubt even the authenticity of the characters, but here the authors are on firm ground, for the public have accepted the characters, and Old Bill, whose other name turns out to be Basby is believed in by thousands who never heard of Bill Adams. Luckily the story matters nothing. The Bairnsfather jokes are as amusing on the stage as they are when printed beneath a wash-drawing, and that irrepressible trio, Bill, Bert and Alf, trail the Bairnsfather humor over eight scenes, seven of which are laid in the France of the Bairnsfather sketches. Alf spends most of his time tinkering with an obstinate tinder lighter, Bert makes love to every 'little lot' he meets and Old Bill, forever blowing the fringe of his walrus mustache, shuffles through the author's plot until it leads him to 'the better 'ole' in the shape of a village inn, of which 'eighty quid' taken from a German spy has made him the landlord." Bill is acted by Arthur Boucher. The Pall Mall Gazette thanks heaven there are no "high art" pretences about "The Better 'Ole." "It does what it sets out to do supremely well, and in that mere fact is one of the most welcome things we have had on our stage in war times. It brings more effectively over the footlights than any play we have had yet the true Bairnsfather spirit, the spirit of 'Tommy' himself, alike in its rough humor, its courage and its tenderness. It does so before exactly the right audience in exactly the right, rough, Philistine way. To have tried any other would have been out of place. One does not paint a Hogarth with a Tadmara brush. . . . There is just one disappointment about Old Bill—namely, that Captain Bairnsfather should not have made him a cockney, but a 'truly rural' native. One feels, too, that the 'pub' to which he retires would, in reality, have been much 'pubbler' (if one may use the expression) than the Arcadian inn, the 'better 'ole' of the last act. Here Captain Bairnsfather's candor seems to have needlessly failed him. 'The rest is all good.'"

The Daily Telegraph said of "Trelawny of the Wells" when it was revived in London at a matinee for "Navy Week": "There are but few comedies—why did the author label it a 'comedietta'?—of its period that would bear revival so well. But to some extent, no doubt, that is because of the play's frankly artificial atmosphere, and the period in which it is set—because, in short, it introduces us to types and modes and manners which, as brilliantly reproduced by the author, are no more out of date now than they were in 1898." Miss Irene Vanbrugh, the original Rose, took part. Miss Gertie Millar made her first essay outside the domains of song and dance. "Many of us long since suspected her of comedy gifts that seemed to mark her out for work of a higher class than that in which she has achieved fame, and her performance in the part of Imogen Parrot—promoted (was this prophetic?) from the 'Wells' to the Olympic—was of such excellence, so fresh, natural, spontaneous and well-balanced that it may well have come as a surprise to some among the audience."

News about the death of Captain Basil Willett Hood, playwright, librettist, author, has finally come to us. The Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 11 gave a full report of the coroner's inquest. It seems from the testimony of Dr. Hood, the dramatist's brother, that the captain had been overworking, at playwriting and in anagram writing from Shakespeare's works. He had been warned about the excessive nerve pressure. When the war began, he became secretary to Gen. Sir Edward Bethune and worked night and day, Sundays included, at the war office until in July, 1915, he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. After a holiday of three months he began to make a new play. At the war office he did no private writing. He told his brother he was helped by mystic influences. "The coroner: He seems to have thought he had got a secret message out of 'Hamlet'? Dr. Hood: I disagreed with him entirely, and I would not discuss it. He regarded me as a non believer." Capt. Hood was found in his bed room, on Aug. 7, his head resting on a cushion.

his head on his hand, appearing to be like a man in deep sleep. He had not eaten anything the day before. Very abstemious, he was suffering from disease of the heart and other organs. The coroner spoke of the laborious undertaking in writing out cryptograms which were thought to be in Shakespeare. "There are reams of writing here. Every single letter is written most carefully, and it must have taken months to file all this stuff about secret writing and various messages which he purported to have found concealed by means of cryptograms in 'Hamlet' and other plays; but it seems to me that he has been working very late at night and all day at this rubbish—it cannot be called anything else—and has been exhausting himself and wearing out the nervous system by going without a proper amount of nourishment, because he thought his brain more active on an empty stomach."

Summing up the theatrical season of 1916-17 in London the Stage said, after discussing certain light and successful American plays: "It is much more worthy of note touching the foreign pieces, that plays with a purpose, such as 'Damaged Goods,' 'The Three Daughters' of M. Dupont and 'Ghosts,' should have made a considerable popular appeal. Whether the public has been attracted because of the interest excited in them from the fact that they were long banned by the censor it is difficult to say. However that may be, and whatever the motives that have caused the public to go, there can be no question as to the salutary moral effect of these pieces, especially 'Damaged Goods' and 'Ghosts.' It may be remarked that Ibsen's play, less frankly a dramatic tract than Brieux's 'Damaged Goods,' and in point of stagecraft a better work, has not run so long. Both pieces deal with the same subject; and hence it would seem that the public prefers a play of this kind, where it has a lesson to enforce, to do so in direct terms. But Ibsen has always been cavalier to the English public, which public, even though 'Ghosts' ran for 94 performances, does not appear to have acquired a taste for a dramatist for some reason uncongenial to it. The release of these plays from the old narrow and mistaken inhibition, however, is all to the good. The war, if it has necessarily been bad for the stage in many ways, has at all events served to enlarge the purview of drama. That, of course, only means that the war has taught the public to face realities—to rid itself a good deal of shams and pruderies, and to see life with clearer eyes and more purposefully."

A futurist poster in blue, black, yellow and red, by Mr. Alfred Wolmark, to advertise Mr. Roy Horniman's adaptation of Mrs. Elinor Glyn's novel "Three Weeks" at the Strand Theatre has fallen under the ban of the Bill-posters' Association and the London Electric Railway Company. The former have refused to display it on the boardings, the latter in the tubes. The poster (says the "Mail") depicted a more or less indefinite hero and a vague heroine in a rather shadowy embrace. So far as the tubes are concerned, the Electric Railway Company have decided that it may be displayed provided a strip five inches in width, which must be opaque, is securely pasted across it from corner to corner, completely cutting out the figures, but leaving in the tiger skin and a few other decorative accessories. This the management of the Strand Theatre have consented to do.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Leo Ditrichstein will begin his season with a drama by Calderon, "The Judge of Zalamea," at Milwaukee Sept. 27. When Mr. Ditrichstein was last in Boston he told us that he was working on the adaptation. Later in the season he will play in an adaptation of "Le Roi" by Calliavet, Floris and Arène.

Mr. Newman of the Traveltalks recently reached the summit of Mount Ranier with a motion picture camera. He claims that he is the first to have accomplished this feat and that by the time he and his companions reached the top they were all practically exhausted. The pictures taken from the mountain top will be shown in conjunction with Mr. Newman's new series of talks, entitled "The Rediscovery of America."

Mr. Faversham will open the new Broadhurst Theatre Sept. 15 with Shaw's "Misalliance" (not "Mesalliance" as the title is sometimes printed).

Ludwig Pold's drama "The Pirates," adapted by Louis N. Parker, was produced at Milwaukee, Aug. 20.

It is said that Henry W. Savage has commissioned Witter Byner to write a sequel to "Everywoman."

"Friend Martha," it develops from Broadway gossip, was originally intended for Billie Burke. Charles Frohman had accepted the comedy and carried a copy with him on the Lusitania. When Miss Burke withdrew from the Frohman company, the play passed into other hands. It eventually became the property of Edgar MacGregor, who believed that its leading role was suited to the talents and personality of his wife, Oza Waldrop. He presented it in Rochester a year ago during his management of the Manhattan Players at the Lyceum Theatre in that city, and the success of the play at its trial production with Miss Waldrop in the principal part encouraged him to seek a

"Good morning, Rosamond," by Constance L. Skinner, was produced at Buffalo A. G. 13-18. Rosamond, a rich widow, in a dull village where her relatives gossip, meets Jack Falcon, who, entering her home at midnight, is taken by her to be a vagabond.

Mary Boland will be the leading woman in "Sick Abed."

Jane Houston, who played the part of the Potheringay admirably in "Major Pendennis," has been engaged by William Faversham for "The Old Country."

Flora Ravelles, last seen here in the Russian ballet, will take part in the new Century show. Adolf Bohm, the Russian dancer, will be the artistic director of a Russian opera to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House.

William Hurlbut will make a play out of Emerson Hough's novel, "The Broken Gate," for Margaret Anglin.

It is interesting to hear of a new play by Ibsen, and of its early publication in English by Fawcett & Co. It bears the title "Realities," and we are told that "Ghosts" was intended as a prologue to it. At a time when he was not "received" on the stage as he now is, Ibsen gave "Realities" to Mr. Austin Fryers with the request that if it were ever published or played in England, he should "adapt" it and not merely give it as a bare literary translation. Now that the censor's ban has been removed from "Ghosts" and that the subject dealt with in "Realities" is more freely discussed, Mr. Austin Fryers thinks the time is ripe for its publication and production.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

"The Ultimate End" ("The Bonfires of Old Empires"), by Marlan Craig Wadsworth, was performed at Pasadena, Cal., for three days, beginning Aug. 6. The correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror writes: "In spite of inarticulate and, at times erratic work by the actors, the playlet showed distinct possibilities of being developed into a sketch of interest, especially at the present time. Leading roles were played by Adele Blood and George Webb. The sketch combines spoken drama and motion pictures through the medium of a dream which comes to the young officer of an imperial army, engaged in putting down a rebellion in a small dependent state. He is to sit the next day in the court which will try for joining the rebellion the brother of the girl he loves, herself a rebel. The girl comes to him and pleads vainly for him to recognize the rights of the small nations for which the rebels are fighting. Falling asleep, he sees in visions the gods of Olympus bringing about freedom on the earth by means of war, and waking finds the imperial officer who discovers the rebel girl in the officer's house, resigns his commission and with the girl is about to go to his death when the news of the success of the rebellion arrives. The vision of the dream is managed by means of motion pictures, showing the visit of the gods' messenger to the various nations of Europe and America and their rousing to the call of freedom. Some stirring pictures of troops going into action are included, as well as effective symbolical pictures of Poland, Belgium and other ravaged countries. The play suffered considerably from the failure of the lines to carry and from minor defects of acting which will, doubtless, be remedied before it is sent out over a big-time circuit, where it was announced that the sketch had been billed. Eastern cities will probably see it next."

Harry Lauder will begin his eighth tour of the United States on Oct. 22 in New York. This will be Mr. Lauder's farewell to America. Mr. Morris says the Scotch comedian and singer contemplates retiring from the stage. Mr. Lauder intends to lecture in this country to obtain recruits for the armies and navies of the allies.

Arrangements are being made to introduce the Celtic Players for a repertoire season in New York. Plays from Lady Gregory's repertory and others by Shaw, Maschfeld, Ervine, Lord Dunsany and others are being arranged for. J. M. Kerrigan and Whitford Kane are among the leading players. The season will not begin before January.

"Excuse Me" has been made into a musical comedy by Edgar A. Woolf and Jerome Kern for Henry W. Savage. Edith Helena, the opera singer, is going to sing in a light vaudeville act.

Harry Watson, Jr., well known in Ziegfeld's "Follies," will have a leading part in "Odds and Ends of 1917."

R. C. Carton's new play "The Off Chance" will be produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, on Sept. 19. Mr. Carton says that he has set out to unfold a panorama of a certain phase of London life before the war. The chief male character is a young Duke. The story is unfolded between noon and midnight. There are four acts. The scenes are a lawyer's office; the Palm court of a fashionable hotel; a London flat, and a bungalow on the Thames. Some one had conjectured an affinity with "Lord and Lady Algy" because in the new play the Duke and his young wife are the chief characters. "The difference in kind and style," says Mr. Carton, "may be likened to that which divides Sardou's 'Nos Intimes'—'Peril,' as it was called in the English version—from his 'Pattes de Mouches,' once so popular here under the title of 'A Scrap of Paper.'" An American is a prominent character, "a

American of a type which is not common in that popularized 'crook' plays—whose 'hero' Mr. Carton very happily likes to make a description of a particular sort of being 'straighter than a corkscrew' and not so straight as a rainbow." The chief parts will be played by Percy Hutchinson and Mary Glynn. Paul Arthur will take the part of the American and our old friend J. H. Barnes ("Handsome Jack Barnes") will take the part of a baronet.

It is only 15 years ago since a famous French scientist was endeavoring, by the aid of a number of cameras, to analyze motion. To a great extent he succeeded, inasmuch as he was able to photograph certain movements in their progressive stages; but, portions of these movements remained unrecorded, and the means of recording motion photographically still remains to be discovered. We have as a substitute the modern "moving" picture, which is the direct outcome of the French scientist's experiments.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Miss Horniman of the Gaiety, Manchester (Eng.), wrote to the Stage: "Owing to the present state of affairs, I have been obliged to suspend my company for the present, but I hope, and intend, to revive it in the future. The Gaiety remains my property, and it will be used by travelling companies. Such plays will be performed there as I hope will be in harmony with its reputation for good work. It has become necessary to alter the charges for the seats, putting the prices approximately on a level with those of the other Manchester theatres. As in the past, every seat can still be booked."

Mme. de Navarro (Mary Anderson) has raised during the past year £20,000 for the Red Cross and other war funds.

"Hard Cash," by Arthur Lodge, produced at the Balham Hippodrome a month ago, has nothing to do with Charles Reade's novel. It is a "crook" sketch, brimful of smart escapes and is well told and has some clever dialogue.

Mitcham Fair would not be complete without the Rev. Thomas Horne as opener. Few clergymen have had a more interesting career than the "Showman's Chaplain," who was born in a caravan at Nottingham Goose Fair, and has devoted his long life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the showpeople of Great Britain. He reckons to travel 6000 miles annually visiting his 70,000 "parishioners" at the various fairs.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

"Damaged Goods" reached its 200th performance at the St. Martin's Theatre on Aug. 20. "The company at the St. Martin's and the touring company visiting 33 of the principal provincial towns are both under the auspices of the Society for the Production of 'Damaged Goods.'" The profits of these two companies, which are to be devoted entirely to charitable purposes, already reach nearly nine thousand pounds.

New comedians in Yeats's Irish Players at the Coliseum, London, last month were Alice Cravan, Malcolm Scott and Roxy la Rocca.

The Egyptian Mall to hand records the case of a provincial who had been staying in Cairo a few days seeing the sights, and was about to return to his village when a handbill was thrown into his arabia, inviting all and sundry to come and hear the celebrated singer of Arabic songs, who was performing that evening at a certain theatre. So he postponed his journey and presented himself in the evening at the theatre in question. He was asked for his ticket, but replied that he had come at the special invitation of the manager, and produced the handbill as evidence of the fact. When he was informed that this of itself was insufficient to grant him admittance, he protested and left the theatre in a rage. He is doubtless now telling his friends in the country how the actor-managers of the capital try to deceive the simple-minded provincial.—*The Stage*.

"Les Noeés d'Argent" ("Silver Wedding") by Paul Gerdal, produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, is highly praised. "It depicts the ingratitude of young people. The play is a somewhat severe picture of the evolution going on in France, where old family traditions are breaking down before the enfranchisement of youth." Another new play, "La Race," by Mme. Baldy, has been produced at the Gymnase, with Mlle. Geniat as a German girl. The Paris correspondent speaks of a little play, "L'Occasion," by Novmand, produced at the Comedie Francaise: "On a terrace during a ball, around 1785, a young officer is flirting with a girl, and both become confidential. They have a strong inclination for each other. He is ambitious and longs to become a great general, she wishes to marry a man of wealth (he has nothing), a nobleman with a great name—alas! his name is only plain Bonaparte! Sadly she leaves him; she did not know the opportunity when it came."

Mme. Yvette Gullbert has been paying a warm tribute to the memory of Sir Herbert Tree. She recalls a lunch party given by King Edward at which they were both present, and his majesty's inquiry where she found the amusing English songs he had heard her sing. "Your majesty," said she, "I found them in an old English work which I have and which rejoices in the title, 'Pills to Purge Melancholy.'" Sir Herbert Tree kept on saying, in his kind way, that she must play Lady Macbeth. "No, no, Sir Herbert," said

her, let her remain in the theatre. No tragedy."—*London Daily Chronicle*.

Neighbors at Mitcham Fair are a dwarf, a fat lady and a snake show. The latter is exempt under the amusements tax, but the other two are not, says the Daily Telegraph. After due and diligent inquiry and debate the authorities have decided that the exhibition of snakes is educational, and the other shows are entertainments. It will be remembered that snakes were prominent in Artemus Ward's great moral show.

Jerome's new comedy "Cook," which was noticed in the Herald when it was produced in an English town, was performed at the Kingsway, London, Aug. 13. The *Pall Mall Gazette* said: "Although Mr. Jerome calls the play a 'farce,' he really uses the time-honored night-out farce story for as true a comedy as could be wished, a genuine study in character. Incidentally, too, it is a very useful satire both upon the needless nastiness of old-fashioned farce and upon the call for an occasional holiday from crankism, even for cranks. There is, of course, a strong reminiscence of 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment,' but here the heroine is a real cook, so that there is a very interesting bearing upon class as well. Altogether, no more refreshing relief from war-worry could be wished than this little outburst of Mr. Jerome's. There is something homely and sane about his wit that is peculiarly welcome in these days. It is the wit, not of new-fangled jargon, of which we are getting a little too much just now, but of plain human insight and sympathy." The Times found an out in an implied sneer at one of the characters, Miss Bulstrode. "Thirty years ago she would have been called a 'new' or a 'revolting' woman. Does Mr. Jerome live so remote from the world as not to know that that type of new and revolting woman has almost disappeared, to be replaced by finer type due largely to the efforts of such men as John Parable?"

The government canteens department has now two comedy companies on tour through the military camps of this country, and the repertoire includes Pinter's "His House in Order," and other plays by British authors. A musical comedy company is now being rehearsed in town on behalf of the same department and for the same purpose. With a piquant sense of the fitness of things the first operas selected are "The Merry Widow" and "Gypsy Love," both of which came from Vienna in the old days when we thought that no real musical comedy could come from anywhere else.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

AN OFFENCE UNTO CHARITY

Sir Thomas Browne, in one of his least fantastical moods, spoke of an "offence unto charity"; the reproach of whole nations, "wherein by opprobrious epithets we miscall each other, and, by an uncharitable logic, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all." And he quoted a scurvy quatrain, in which the Englishman was described as mutinous; the Roman, a coward; the Spaniard, proud; the German, a drunkard; the Gascon, a thief; the Scotchman, a braggart. He added: "St. Paul, that calls the Cretans liars, doth it but indirectly, and upon quotation of their own poet."

As a nation, we have every reason to be on friendly and even intimate terms with the Japanese. Yet, not to mention the more than tactless and insulting treatment of this remarkable people on the Pacific coast, they are subject throughout the country to thoughtless pin-pricks, slights and innuendoes. They are accused of an ambition that, if the accusers, speaking without knowledge and generally for a petty political purpose, are to be believed, even now threatens us. Their proffer of friendship and assistance is scouted as insincere. Their honesty in matters political and commercial is denied.

Late in last month a playwright who delights in melodramatic effects purposed to produce in New York a spectacular play, "Danger." It depicts a Japanese minister at the head of a band of spies who worm out secrets of our government and plot with Germans against us. And the Japanese mission was already in this country! Fortunately, the Collector of the Port advised against the production. The play was withdrawn, although the scenery was ready and the players engaged. That there was the purpose to produce the play, when Japan is our ally, shows that there are some in New York who do not yet realize that the United States is at war with Germany.

Consider the tactlessness, the stupidity, the recklessness of the purpose. The Japanese are a peculiarly proud, sensitive and warlike

As far back as the sixteenth century they were described by an English writer as "tractable, civil, witty, courteous, without deceit, in virtue and honest conversation exceeding all other nations lately discovered, but so much standing upon their reputation that their chief idol may be thought honor." A Catholic priest, writing in the same century, said that they were "in show courteous and affable, in deed haughty and proud; they delight most in warlike affairs, and their greatest study is arms; the merchant, although he be wealthy, is not accounted of."

Not from suspicion, not from fear, but from a sense of decency and justice, should Japan be treated with the respect we show toward our other allies. Especially should those, who have no personal knowledge of either country, extol the Chinese, another remarkable folk, at the expense of the Japanese. The trickery of this or that individual merchant should not be charged against the nation. If there are "Japs," as the framer of headlines insists, often for the sake of conciseness, there are also "Yanks."

September 10, 1917

From what enchanted Eden came thy leaves
That hide such subtle spirits of perfume?
Did eyes pre-adamite first see thee bloom,
Luscious nepenthe of the soul that grieves?

By thee the tired and torpid mind conceives,
Fairer than roses brightening life's gloom,
Thy protean charm can every form assume
And turn December nights to April eves.

Thy amber-tinted drops bring back to me
Fantastic shapes of great Mongolian towers,
Emblazoned banners and the booming gong;
I hear the sound of feast and revelry,
And smell far sweeter than the sweetest
flowers,
The kiosks of Peking, fragrant of Oolong!

The Perfect Tea-Drinker.

As the World Wags:
Prof. Hill, so far as I know, did not write any paeans to tea; but he certainly enjoyed DeQuincey's famous description of his Grasmere cottage on a winter evening—shaded lamp, multitudes of books and "dearest M." entering the room with the tea-tray. Dr. Johnson, too, has written in praise of tea, but in the first place he was on the warpath, "goring and tossing" that prig Jonas Hanway, who richly deserved the treatment he got, and in the second place, I doubt whether Dr. Johnson ever really enjoyed tea. No man who "swallows his tea in oceans" can enjoy it. Tea is too delicate and dainty a beverage for any such harsh treatment. To be fully appreciated it must be drunk alone or at most with bread-and-butter sandwiches. And it must be made delicately—not boiled in a tin pot or steeped until it is black and then diluted with water. Your connoisseurs select his blend carefully, preferring a smooth variety like English Breakfast or Orange Pekoe or Oolong and eschewing the brackish green or Formosa brand. The pot must be earthen (English brown ware with a figure of Rebecca at the Well on the sides is the kind I affect) and it must be thoroughly scalded while the kettle is boiling. A teaspoonful for each cup with an extra one "for the pot" is the proper amount of dried leaves, though it is better to measure with your fingers. The freshly boiled water should be allowed to remain on the leaves only long enough to bring out that first delicate flavor which can be compared to nothing else in the world. The whole process can be more conveniently controlled by the use of a tea-ball, the sole improvement in the art of tea-making since the 18th century. As for condiments in the tea, I'll none of them! Sometimes I submit to a dash of lemon, or a slice of lemon stuck with cloves, or even a few whole cloves; but no perfect teadrinker has any use for sugar or milk or cream as a dilutant. All such things spoil the bouquet; the tea, in and for itself, is what we want.

From all this you will readily see that I am an inveterate teadrinker and that all your recent fulminations against tea have produced not the slightest effect on me. I recognize that tea is no drink for these days of hurry and efficiency, for which whiskey itself is scarcely a strong enough stimulant. But there are some of us who, while entering sympathetically into the problems of our time, still feel that life is not all hurry and efficiency; we prefer to live rather than to thrash about, and we find tea not only a stimulant to tired nerves but a symbol of the perfect enjoyment we extract from the dry facts of daily intercourse.

ACADEME.

Cambridge.

"Australia's Answer."

Soldiers and other "distinguished" writers and artists—for the modern soldier of the allies is an "artist" in his line—have contributed to "The Odd Volume" recently published in London. We quote the chorus of "Australia's Answer" (to the Prussian challenge), written by Lance Corporal Cobber:

And we're comin' Kaiser Bill!
We are comin', Kaiser Bill!
You have set the drum a-rattle
So we're done with crops and cattle.
If you're wantin' blood battle, Gawd, but
you shall have your fill!
"Pore you bore to the earth, old Toif,
We'll be there to tip you off—
We have done with schoolin' summin',
Done with shearin', clerkin', plumbin',
And we're comin', comin', comin', Kaiser
Bill.

The Split Infinitive.

As the World Wags:
Will you permit one who remembers the parsing classes and even parsing matches of 50 years ago to comment briefly on the phrase "to more than double," which has been quoted in your columns as an example of the split infinitive? Let us grant that the word "do" is not to be understood as coming after the "to"; let us admit that we have here a sort of split infinitive. But if we try to parse the word "more" singly in this expression, we find that we can no more do it than we can parse the "to" singly. Each word is, in fact, a part of the verb, which is a compound, like "double-cross" or "pussy-foot." Such examples of the split infinitive, if they can properly be put into that category, leave quite untouched the question whether "to calmly sit," for instance, is good English.

EL Nantucket.

Nelson's Speech.

The Herald, in an editorial article, mentioned the discussion in London over a saying attributed to Nelson going into battle. The Daily Chronicle—one of several issues just received—published a letter from a correspondent: "It was before the battle of Aboukir bay that Nelson made the remark about 'Westminster Abbey or a peerage.' Before St. Vincent he said: 'Westminster Abbey or victory.' After St. Vincent he was made K. C. B. After Aboukir bay, or the Nile, he was made 'Baron Nelson of the Nile.' Southery records both remarks. It seems that Nelson had Westminster Abbey very much in his mind, but he went at last to St. Paul's."

Wanted, Shorter Novels.

(Henry B. Fuller in the Dial.)
The novel of today should be required to bant. I believe that a novelist can say his say in 60,000 words, or even in 50,000. I believe that in 50,000 words, properly packed, he can even cover long periods of time and can handle adequately a large number of individuals and of family groups. Much of the accepted apparatus must, of course, be thrown into the discard. I would be indulgent toward the preliminary exposition, but not far beyond it. One should rule out long descriptions of persons—such things are nugatory and vain; with your best effort the reader sees only what he has seen, and figures your personage on the basis of his own experience and recollection. One must abolish set descriptions of places, unless unique, remote, unfamiliar; for the world, in these days of easy travel and abundant depiction, has come to know itself pretty well. One will banish all "conversation," whatever its vraisemblance to life, if it merely fills the page without illuminating it. To prevent sprawl and formlessness I favor a division into "books," and a division of the books into sections. Thus articulation and proportion will be secured, as in the case of an architectural order; and one will be better able to down the rising head of verbosity.

September 11, 1917

Our friend the cat is again roundly abused, though it is now said that it catches birds not to eat them but from love of the sport. "Daily familiarities with milkmen, the certainty of regular and ample meals, have dulled its appetite for the chase." So says Mr. Phil Robinson, but he forgets that there are tramp cats and hobo cats, outcasts, also degenerates. We recommend to the lover of cats—and in what good company he is—the ancient Egyptians, Rihelleu, Colbert, Mahomet, Gautier, Baudelaire, Montaigne, Gray, Cowper are only a few of them—did not Pope Gregory make a cardinal out of his cat?—we recommend the lover of Puss to read the 14th chapter of Mr. Robinson's book, "The Poets' Beasts." Yet Mr. Robinson admits that "an ordinary cat will studiously devote a whole day to the circumvention of the lodger's canary rather than spend an hour upon the landlady's rats. A single bullfinch in the drawing room is worth a wilderness of mice in the pantry."

One of the best stories about cats is not in Mr. Robinson's chapter, but in the account of Mr. John Locke's journey to Jerusalem, published in Hakluyt's "English voyages." On Aug. 19, 1553, after the ship had been at anchor about 50 miles from Jaffa, a fresh wind arose and they set sail about 4 of the clock. Now let Mr. Locke tell his own story. We follow the old spelling: "It chanced by fortune that the shippes Cat leapt into the Sea, which being downe, kept herself very valliantly above water, notwithstanding the great waves, still swimming, the which the master knowing, he caused the Skiff with halfe a dozen men to goe towards her and fetch her againe, when she was almost halfe a mile from the shippe, and all this while the shippe lay on staires. I hardly believe they would have made such a

hate, and means if one of the company had bene in the like perill. They made the more haste because it was the patron's cat. This I have written only to note the estimation that cats are in, among the Italians, for generally they esteeme their cattles, as in England we esteeme a good Spanell."

Mr. Locke saw strange sights in his journey: the fish the Palomide, "In color, eating, and making like a Makardell, and the tayle forked like a halfe moone, for the which cause it is said that the Turke will not suffer them to be taken in all his dominions." And he saw at Limisso a certain fowl named in the Italian tongue, Vulture. "This bird (as they say) will eate as much at one meale as shall serve him fortie dayes after, and within the compasse of that time careth for no more meate." On Nov. 4 there was a sad accident: "This day departed this present life, one of our company named Anthoine Gelber of Prussia, who only tooke his surfeit of Cyprus wine."

We spoke recently of brave sturdy English in the narrations published by Hakluyt. Here is an example from Mr. John Foxe's worthy enterprise in delivering 266 Christians out of the captivity of the Turks at Alexandria. The ship The Three Half Moons, manned with 38 men, fell in with eight Turkish gallees. "Then stood up one Grove the master, being a comely man, with his sword and target, holding them up in defiance against his enemies. So likewise, stood up the Owner, the Master's mate, Boateswaine, Purscr, and every man well appointed. Nowe likewise sounded up the drums, trumpets, and futes, which would have encouraged any man, had he never so little heart or courage in him. . . . But chiefly the boateswaine shewed himself valliant above the rest; for he fared amongst the Turkes like a wood Lion; for there was none of them that either could or durst stand in his place, till at last there came a shot from the Turkes, which brake his whistle asunder, and smote him on the brest, so that he fell downe, bidding them farewell, to be of good comfort, encouraging them likewise to winne praise by death, rather than to live captives in misery and shame." How Mr. John Foxe, "somewhat skilfull in the craft of a Barbour," rescued them, taken to Alexandria, with other Christians, in 1577, is a story of good fighting.

The Evening N. Y. Times.

As the World Wags:
In answer to your question as to whether the New York Times published evening editions in 1859, I will say that it did. William H. Hurlbut's Bacchic article was in the morning edition of the Times on a Saturday. The morning and evening editions of the following Monday contained this "Correction": "We owe it to our readers to say that, by a confusion of manuscripts, sent up at a late hour on Friday night, our leading article of Saturday on the 'Austrian Defensive Square' was rendered perfectly unintelligible. The article appeared correctly in our second edition, but we reprint it today in another column. As our extremely ridiculous blunder afforded matter for much legitimate and good-natured merriment to our contemporaries of the Sunday Press, and a happy occasion for airing a little envy, malice and uncharitableness to the less respectable among the daily journals, the newspaper world is indebted to us for making it, and our apology is addressed to the world of readers alone." The evening edition of the Times of the day on which Hurlbut's article appeared in the morning edition of the paper contained a "Correction," but it was briefer than the foregoing.

Brookline. SPECTATOR.

LOLA FISHER IS WELL RECEIVED

"Good Gracious Annabelle"
Amuses Audience at Park Square Theatre.

MAY VOKES DRAWS LAUGHS

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE: "Good Gracious Annabelle," a comedy in three acts by Clare Kummer. Produced by Arthur Hopkins.

John Rawson.....Robert Middlemas
George Wimbleton.....Edwin Nicander
Harry Murchison.....Harry Ingram
William Gosling.....Thomas Keogh
Willbur Jennings.....Harry Sothorn
Alfred Weatherby.....Walter Geer
James Ludgate.....J. Palmer Collins
Wickham.....Harry Bradley
Alec.....Mac Macomber
Titcomb.....Willis Reed
Annabelle Leigh.....Lola Fisher
Ethel Deane.....Flo Morrison
Gwendolyn Morley.....Mable Maurel
Lottie.....May Vokes

This comedy, farce, what-you-will, produced at the Park Square Theatre last October, with great success, again amused greatly an audience that filled the theatre. Messrs. Nicander, Collins,

Macomber, Reed, Ingram and Miss Fisher and Miss Vokes were in the first company. The others in the present company are new-comers.

Hard to Pick Title.

Scribe once said that the hardest thing for a dramatist was to invent a taking title for a play, and he told how he experimented, devising several titles which he wrote in large letters and hung up on a wall of his room so that entering he might be struck by one and therefore argue that it would draw a crowd for the theatre.

Charles Hoyt was fortunate in his titles. Some of them were derived from that class of stories known as smoking-room anecdotes, Artemus Ward lectured on "The Babes in the Woods," but he did not mention these babes until the end of his lecture. Today titles of farces and comedies are taken from colloquial expressions. "Good Gracious Annabelle" is probably as good as any for Miss Kummer's piece, which, while it is amusing, is not a play at all, not a comedy, not a farce; it is for the most part vaudeville dialogue, in which one player acts as a feeder to the other. This other, fortunately for the most part, is Miss Fisher.

What would the dialogue or what would the "comedy" be without Miss Fisher? And the dramatist has been kind to her only in the first two acts. Her charming personality, her delightful recklessness, not boisterous, never aggressive, but quietly positive in matters of money and in her mildly amorous adventures—these make the play endurable.

It is true that she has some amusing associates. Mr. Nicander, in spite of his tendency to over-act, is agreeable in an absurd part. Mr. Collins, whose make-up puts one in mind of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, is a capital butler valet, confidential man. Mr. Sothorn has happy moments as the poet. There is Miss Vokes, whose every word and gesture provoked laughter, although her performance was a gross caricature, primitive in its methods, wholly without art even in the wildest farce.

The piece is not one that calls for serious criticism. It is enough to say that the audience was pleased. No doubt the play will repeat its success and have a long run. This will be due chiefly to Miss Lola Fisher.

EVERYWOMAN HOLDS AUDIENCE

Morality Play Opens Season at Opera House—Large Attendance.

MISS SHAY CENTRAL FIGURE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Henry W. Savage offers "Everywoman," a morality play in five acts, by Walter Browne; incidental music by George W. Chadwick; staged by George Marion.

Everywoman.....	Paula Shay
Nobody.....	Percey Parsons
Youth.....	Berta Down
Beauty.....	Ethel Kay
Moderate.....	Margaret Patterson
Conscience.....	Louise Williamson
Flattery.....	Nicholas Joy
Truth.....	Helen Diane
King Love.....	Melville Anderson
Bluff.....	Frank Kilday
Stuff.....	E. J. McCarthy
Puff.....	Albert Baron
Passion.....	Townsend Ahern
Time.....	Fred Hampton
Wealth.....	J. K. Hutchinson
Willies.....	G. A. Choate
Age.....	Frederick Bishop
Greed.....	Winifred Baldwin
Vanity.....	Donna Bartlett
Vice.....	Jean Wells

The theatrical season was formally opened at this theatre last evening, and there was a crowded house. The play held its audience.

The play is first of all a remarkable entertainment—remarkable alike from the spectacular as well as the dramatic interest. There is power in the vitriolic shafts of the author; there is no denying the powerful lesson—a lesson that is driven home inclusively and without offending the most sensitive person—and all this entertainingly and without sermonizing. Then there is the discerning hand of Mr. Savage, who, first of all, has provided an excellent company.

The story is already familiar. The big audience followed keenly the pilgrimage of Everywoman in quest of love. Again they followed her as she battled the sinister influences to her complete disillusionment, and again they rejoiced as she was folded in the arms of King Love. The scene on the stage of a metropolitan theatre has lost none of its delightful comedy touches; the Bacchanalian orgy at the apartments of Everywoman and the hysteria of the revellers is a picture not easily forgotten, and then there is the kaleidoscopic turmoil of the crooks, merry-makers and vagabonds on New Year's eve on Broadway.

On hand I should say
Aboukir, Trafalgar and St. Vincent. But
how about the great victory over the
Danes at Copenhagen? W. A. F.
Boston.

Gladstone's Rebuke.

The Pall Mall Gazette tells a story about a young man of 20 who had the honor of having his foot badly trodden on by Gladstone at a private view of the Royal Academy. The young man involuntarily exclaimed, "Damn!" "Don't swear," said Gladstone, putting his hand on the shoulder of the "likely youth high 21." "Don't swear. You'll have such a lot of it to do as you grow older." What led Charles Reade to spoil a stirring scene in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," by representing the prison chaplain, suddenly stopping in his expose of cruelties practised in the jail, to rebuke a visiting official who had used the word "damned" in his indignation at the revelation?

September 15, 1917

J. P. Mahaffy recently wrote a letter about "The Status Quo: A German Proposal and Its Meaning." It was published in the London Times. Quoting "status quo ante bellum," he added: "the state of things in which we all were before the war." He then said, as by way of apology: "I give this translation for those of our statesmen who know no Latin."

Fools Paradise Lost.

Summer 1914-15-16.

We went on dancing just the same,
Our footsteps flying gaily;
We played as hard the same old game,
While all the world was in a flame,
And thousands dying daily.

Summer 1917.

The old light-hearted days are done!
Many a moon will wax and wane,
And sink will many a flaming sun,
And many a summer's course he run,
Ere fools their Paradise regain.

Narragansett Pier. CHARLES WILCOX.

Hadley and Valli.

As the World Wags:

President Arthur T. Hadley's latest contribution to educational literature appears in the September Harpers under the caption, "College Studies and College Tests." This argumentative and richly suggestive essay is refreshing and of inestimable value in these days of doubt and uncertainty as to the most effective methods of instruction and the best selection of subjects to be studied. One finds, too, a rare bit of humor in the parody on the famous lines of Horace, which, for the purpose at hand, are rendered:

"Some like to raise Olympic dust
Through four years' course in college,
And clip the corners extra close
To win the prize for knowledge."

Does not this make you hark back to the days of boyhood when the comic translation of Virgil gave us more real pleasure than the original text? Very likely there were several translations of this nature, but the one in mind was by Valli, erstwhile editor and proprietor of the Winsted (Ct.) Herald. The work is out of print, but some years ago the author's brother, who had succeeded to the editor's chair, assured me he still had the original cuts and copy for "seed" and he hoped to get out another edition.

Do not the following lines make you wish to hike back to the classics and, once more drink deep from the Pierian spring, or could you yourself in a better fashion render the invocation?

"O Muse, relate to me the facts, if you happen to know 'em,
Concerning the hero of this astonishing poem;
Explain why the queen of the gods was so terribly eager
So clever and pious a man at each step to be-leaguer;
Why with wrath she pursued him, with ship-wreck and tempest and thunder;
Do they cultivate such reprehensible morale up yonder?"

And is there not a full measure of snap and go in the lines:

"Dido no longer acts clandestinely,
But openly, and quite indecently,
Calls him her husband, and in this way tries
To pull wool o'er his circumspicious eyes.
But Jupiter, the great, grand, high old Turk,
Woke up, and gaped, and looked, and said:
What work!"

Mercury, my son, put on your shappo, quick,
And drop on Carthage city like a streak.
Aeneas is there, hanging around Dido:
I want to know what he means by it, I do!

I know where there is a copy of this work, and if the possessor passes over before I am called I will get it, and then when Charon, in his ferrugeneous bark, ferries me o'er the Styx and the sop to Serberus is safely stored in my whetstone pocket, I will bury my nose in Valli's translation and, thus cheered, enter the Great Unknown.

Boston. ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Whittier's Hymn.

As the World Wags:

The couplet quoted by Mr. J. A. Young, who makes a slight departure from the original, is from Whittier's "Centennial Hymn," written for the opening of the Philadelphia world's fair of 1876, and is found on page 311 of his "Complete Poetical Works," cabinet edition. The first verse is as follows:

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet today, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Two other stanzas seem of special significance as I read them today—the fourth, which recalls the days when we were dreaming of the long expected

universal peace, and the sixth, with its noble prophecy for the future, and I hope you may afford them space.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law.
And, cast in some divine mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

Newton, FRANK H. BURT.

"J. H. P." of York Harbor also answers the question and says that the music for the hymn was written by J. K. Paine.—Ed.

September 16, 1917

Some one might make a volume of entertaining reading about the theatre and mummery by selecting pages from the six volumes of Villemessant's "Mémoires d'un Journaliste." Did Villemessant, the founder, and editor of Figaro in its recklessly brilliant years, write these reminiscences, or was he largely assisted by Philippe Gilfe? The question is immaterial.

When Villemessant founded Figaro he at once thought of Aguste Villemot, a witty café talker and the secretary of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre. Journalists at that time were not paid large sums. Three hundred francs a month, which Guinot (Pierre Durand), one of the mainstays of Siecle, received, was considered an enormous payment. Villemessant offered Villemot 20 francs for each "Causerie." The latter was overjoyed. He succeeded in writing as well as he talked, and this spread his fame and that of Figaro.

Villemot from his intimate acquaintance with stage folk knew their vanity, their insatiable thirst for publicity. He had many stories to tell about them. Here are two:

The Theatre du Cirque once gave a fairy piece in which there was a game of live dominoes. At the dress rehearsal a "supe" went to the manager and asked him if he had always been satisfied with his work and behavior. "Of course I have," answered the manager. "Then, sir, allow me to ask you why in this game of dominoes the part of three-two has been given to me, while the four-five has been given to a man who has belonged to the company only for a week. This is not pleasant for me; it is not pleasant for my family." "You are right," said Laloue, the manager, "you are the oldest 'supe' in the theatre; tell the stage manager to give you the part of the double six." "Thank you," replied the "supe," leaving. "I did not expect anything less from your justice and loyalty."

The "protectors" of the "petites Dames" and the ladies themselves were an unfailing joy to Villemot. A play by Mery was rehearsing at the Odeon. An ingenue, whom he had imprudently complimented, opened her heart to him and avowed that she had a consuming desire to be able to say at the end of the first act: "Merci, mon Dieu!" as Mme. Dorval did in all the melodramas. Mery explained to her that one does not exclaim "Merci, mon Dieu!" in real life without strong reasons, and that as she played the part of a schoolgirl, and the last scene ended in sitting down at table, it was not permissible for a well born young lady to cry out "Merci, mon Dieu!" when she saw the soup brought in. She insisted. Mery persisted in refusal. Some days afterward an imposing stranger called on him, and, having told him in a few words that he was violently interested in the ingenue, remarked: "Between gentlemen, sir, and literary men, there is no guile. I ask you a favor for which I shall be personally grateful."

"What is it, Monsieur le Comte?"

"To restore the line 'Merci, mon Dieu!' in your play."

"But she never had the line," answered the astonished Mery.

"Well, give it to her. She says it exceedingly well. If you knew how she had exclaimed 'Merci mon Dieu!' yesterday before some friends that I had invited, you would not hesitate."

"But, my dear sir," said Mery, "there is not in the scene where the ingenue appears a single reason for her thanking the Lord, and I cannot lend myself to bursts of gratitude, dangerous for me and not warranted by the situation." The visitor withdrew courteously but coldly.

The day of the first performance came. The curtain was going down on the first act, when all at once there was an extraordinary hubbub in the theatre; stamping and clapping to raise the roof. Mery asked the stage manager what it was all about. It seems that at the moment when one said, "Let us sit down; dinner is served," the ingenue stepped toward the prompter's box and, kneeling in making a cheese of her dress and raising her hands to heaven, exclaimed with an inspired air: "Merci, merci, mon Dieu!" The claque, having received a note of 500 francs, made such a demonstration that it carried with it the whole audience. "Sad to say," added Mery, as he told the story to Villemot, "that was the only applause awarded me that night."

Villemessant had a good deal to say about dramatic criticism. "I thought that a review of poor and worthless would bore the readers of Figaro. He, therefore, devised the plan of announcing the burial of these plays in certain cemeteries. 'I said, for example: Such a piece was buried with a funeral of the first class in Pere-Lachaise; another one was able to obtain only a funeral of the second class and was carried to Clamart; this one was judged worthy of a third class funeral and was laid away at Montfaucon. This innovation seemed so dangerous to dramatists that one day I received the following letter from a charming fellow whose play had not succeeded. 'My dear friend, bury me as modestly as you please; give me, if it affords you any pleasure, the lowest class, the funeral of the pauper; but don't send me to Montfaucon.' These pleasantries provoked some laughter; but they inspired mortal hatreds, or rather immortal hatreds, of which some were handed down from father to son. As one can see I did not make Figaro a journal of open puffery. Jouvvin exercised great severity in his criticism and would never have known, as everybody was aware, how to write otherwise than he thought. It was this independence that made the success of Figaro, and gave real value to the praise that its justice sometimes awarded."

For many years Villemessant's music critic was Jouvvin. Born in the country, reared piously, strong in Latin, he went to Paris and wrote at first for the Globe. Villemessant says that Jouvvin had studied music seriously; that he had composed; that his waltz for full orchestra had been played in public, but he was so timid that at the first performance he ran out of the Salle Vivienne, as soon as he heard the first measures; that he had marked talent as an organist, but, again, his excessive timidity would not allow any one to

hear him play, although Villemessant by a trick was once a listener. Jouvvin became associated as music critic with Villemessant when he was editing the Sylphide. "As an irresistible argument I offered him 15 francs an article." Afterward Jouvvin was the music critic of Figaro, and, this timid man, became famous for the "vigor" of his criticism.

He had many whims, manias. He always wrote on pink paper with blue ink. When he was called to Lyons to work for a newspaper, in 1848, he carried a little bottle of this ink in his hand for fear of losing it.

One day Villemessant asked Jouvvin to take charge of the dramatic department. He shrank from the task, but was finally persuaded. "When I am in a theatre," wrote Villemessant, "I become a part of the audience, I accept everything that the dramatists assign to the actors; I believe in the love of the young man and the misfortunes of the heroine, I become excited, I laugh and cry as the situation demands. It was not so with Jouvvin, who never in his life sat through a play without leaving incensed at the show." Villemessant therefore often sat with his critic. "Hoping that my admiration would melt his ice, I exaggerated my enthusiasm. I spoke to him of our friendly relations with the dramatist. Nearly always it ended by his appearing to share my opinion, and he even nodded his head when I would exclaim, 'Good! Very good!'"

When we parted, I went home confident that his review would be wholly favorable to the drama, which had aroused in me so lively emotions. Vain illusion! The review was a frightful 'slating,' which the freedom, always enjoyed by my collaborators, forced me to allow in print. 'Why, the devil,' I would say to him, 'did you write so harsh a criticism, when last evening you seemed so well disposed towards the play?' Jouvvin would answer: 'See how it happened. When I sat down to write, my mind was full of your enthusiastic whispers. Little by little, as I summed up my own impressions, your 'Good! Very fine!' faded away and gave place to the procession of the stage people; the situations came to life, and I, too, exclaimed, but not in your way, 'How hollow! how false; how common and pretentious it all is!'"

And throwing it all into my alembic to draw out at least a grain of common sense, I saw the whole drama, scene by scene, evaporate. My vessel remaining empty, I grew furious at the result of my experience, and I took revenge with my pen for all the lost time. And that is why when one asked me whether Jouvvin would write a favorable criticism of this or that play, I always answered that I knew nothing about it; that he himself was often no better informed on the subject than I."

Jouvvin as a music critic was not held in high regard by the musicians of his period, and he is known today chiefly by a foolish epigram: "Richard Wagner is the Marat of the music of which Hector Berlioz is the Robespierre. You can judge by this whether the two men heartily detest each other." He prided himself on his classical taste; but he had no patience with those who swooned in ecstasy at the name of Mozart. "I admire 'Don Giovanni,'" he wrote, "not because it is by Mozart, but because it is sublime. This definition of my creed is a schism which their little church rejects. In their creed they reverse my definition and say: 'Don Giovanni' is sublime because it is Mozart's." In the third volume of Villemessant's Memoires, "A travers le Figaro," some of Jouvvin's criticisms are reprinted. They do not reflect creditably on his knowledge, taste, or discernment; but some of them are amus-

ing, even witty. He could be personal as when he wrote of a dancer in a performance of "Le Prophete": "In the delicious ballet of skaters, Miss Plunket was replaced by Miss Robert; but through inadvertence, no doubt, they forgot to replace the bodice, which each donned in turn, and this bodice, which transpires glory after so many pirouettes, has been wounded under the wing."

This son-in-law of Villemessant once described his colleague, Jules Janin: "Imagine a beheaded fly whose body goes knocking about from right to left without knowing where he directs its flight; such a one is Janin when he writes his Monday feuilleton." He could be equally bitter in his treatment of literary men and politicians, for he did not confine himself to theatrical and musical criticism.

One night at an operatic performance two spectators directly in front of him, men that knew him, applauded wildly a poor devil of a tenor who had sent them the seats. The men were accordingly grateful. The next day they bought copies of Figaro to read what Jouvvin had written about their friend. They found in the course of the article a paragraph beginning: "Luck placed me last night behind two asses who had doubtless left their ears in the cloak-room."

These memoirs also contain pleasing anecdotes about the critic Florentino, who was notorious for accepting gifts and demanding them from singers and comedians.

In the sixth volume, "Men, Voyages et mes Prisons," there are 45 pages of anecdotes about Offenbach, stories about his days of poverty in Paris as a violoncellist; how he slowly made his way; how he became famous by his operettas. There is mention of his grand opera, "La Duchesse d'Albe," composed in the late forties, which no theatre would accept. What became of it? There are stories about him as a devoted but sensible father of his family, about his theatrical experiences, about his café life, although Villemessant makes a point of saying in Offenbach's praise that he always dined at home. At the first rehearsal of "Le Papillon" at the Paris Opera, some members of the orchestra were not well disposed toward him. A cornetist after a few measures rose from his seat and screamed: "This note, sir, does not exist for the cornet." There was silence. Every one expected a furious response from Offenbach, who was seated on the stage, but he arose, turned toward the musician and said, with an indescribably sweet smile, "Very well, sir, don't play it."

Every one knew him, but his memory did not always retain faces and names. One night as he was going to the Cafe Riche a well dressed and prepossessing man accosted him and inquired affectionately after his health. Offenbach responded, and, after mutual inquiries, invited him to take coffee with him. While they were drinking it, he wondered where he had met the man, who, by his accent, was a German. They left the cafe. The stranger was more and more delightful, so Offenbach invited him to a rehearsal. Leaving the theatre at a late hour, Offenbach was hungry. He could not leave the charming guest; he invited him to sup at Brebant's. "Where have I seen that face?" said the composer to himself. "He is certainly some great personage, but who is he?" Plucking up courage, he finally said, with a smile for the occasion: "Can you tell me where I had the honor of meeting you for the first time?" "That is easy," said the stranger politely; "it was at Pesth. It was I that, eight years ago, made you the overcoat with frogs that was so satisfactory to you."

Generous to extravagance, Offenbach was assailed by imposters as well as by the deserving. He was going home one day when a man with his coat buttoned up to the collar for lack of linen addressed him: "Monsieur Offenbach, have pity on a needy colleague!" "How are you my colleague? Are you a composer?" "No, I am a violoncellist." "Very good; come with me." On the way Offenbach thought the man's face was familiar. This time his memory did not fail him. When they were in Offenbach's parlor, he begged the man to excuse him a minute. Returning, he said: "You have told me you were a violoncellist. I am fond of the instrument. Here is mine, here is my bow. Please me by playing only four notes." "Sir!" exclaimed the beggar with an injured air and waving the bow away with the gesture of Hippocrates refusing the gifts of Artaxerxes. "Well," said Offenbach, whose memory was now in working order, "I recognize you. You came to me three months ago as a flutist; six months ago as a violinist; nine months ago as a clarinetist; a year ago as a cornetist. Will you give me the pleasure of getting out! I am willing that you take me for a banker, but I do not wish to pass for a complete idiot." Then he put back the violoncello and bowed in its case. The man bowed, but did not leave. "You would not be M. Offenbach," he murmured, "if that is all you have to say to me." "You are right," answered Offenbach, disarmed, and he gave him the asked for aid.

A whole chapter in the first volume "Souvenirs de Jeunesse" is consecrated to the actress Alice Ozy. Not the least amusing of the stories told about her is

"'Apropos' of the suggestion that theatrical performances should be curtailed, it is interesting to recall that as lately as the middle of the 19th century programs were often of gargantuan length. The old actor, Henry Howe, in his recollections of the Haymarket in the eighteen-forties, says that 'the performances began at 7 o'clock and lasted till 12 o'clock.' On occasions I have been acting till 11 in the morning, and frequently in July I have seen the day breaking before I could get to my lodgings. * * * We have often played twelve-act comedies on one night, 'The School for Scandal' and 'Wild Oats,' or 'The Clandestine Marriage' and 'The School of Reform.' * * * The rehearsals were always called early, frequently at 10 o'clock—never later than 11—but seldom prolonged over 2 o'clock. The system of rehearsals was entirely different then to now. The stage manager never drilled individuals as to the positive action of a part. He would explain the purport of a character or scene, and then you were left. As my first stage manager, Mr. James Wallack, expressed it, 'You must paint your own picture.'"

"Charles Mathews determined to read the authorities a lesson. He drew up a tedious and interminable list of all his professional expenses and the necessities of an actor's stock-in-trade. This inventory included wigs of every color and description—brush, tie, bob, bishop's, lawyer's, parson's wigs, etc. There was a long list of stockings of different colors and materials, and all the various 'clockings' were scrupulously described—such as white stockings with red clocks, red stockings with white clocks, yellow stockings with green clocks, etc. There were shoes and boots of every sort and character, including old men's, young men's, gouty, dancing, hob-nailed and square-toed shoes. Buckles for shoes, hose and belt took up more pages; and then came a long list of miscellaneous articles, such as feathers, caps, cravats, ruffles, frills, neckerchiefs, pens, books, ink, paper, rouge, cold cream, and all the contents of an actor's make-up box. Mathews heard afterward that an installment of this bulky document was read aloud to the commissioners, who, for the first few minutes, listened to it with gravity and attention. When it appeared, however, that the reading was likely to last till the crack of doom, gravity gave way to shouts of laughter, and as long as he remained on the York circuit Mathews was never called upon to pay any income tax."

This article recalls Jules Claretie's feuilleton about long plays and long waits published a dozen years ago. How interminable are the waits in the Parisian theatres! At least they were before the war. And yet a French dramatist, attending the performance of a new play by a colleague, and perhaps a friend, said as he left the theatre: "I have had a charming evening; the waits were delicious." Claretie, quoting this amiable remark, said that if these waits, which cut off the interest as with an axe, often extend beyond the allotted time, it is not always the fault of the actor who is not ready, of the actress who has not yet put on her enamel or dress, or of any stage hand. It is sometimes the fault of the audience which is taking the air. The electric bell sounds again but the spectators do not come in. Yet in the old days, no one complained of the length of the bills, no, did one go out during the waits "Ah! What literary stomachs did theatre lovers of those days have!" One dined quickly or not at all, for the performance began at 6:30 o'clock. It ended at midnight or after. Perhaps one slept a little during a wait. Few donned evening dress. A drama in five acts was not enough; two scarcely satisfied the greedy audience. "I have seen in the same evening and without budging, 'Latude, or 35 Years of Captivity' (five acts and a prologue) and 'The Cosaks' (military drama in five acts and several scenes.) Plays composed of 12 acts were no rare, and on patriotic occasions, when Sebastopol was taken or the battle of Solferino was won, a cantata was added!" Dumas the elder, when he managed the Theatre Historique at his loss but to the advantage of the public, conceived the idea of performing dramas as serials. "Monte Cristo" was

performance of the first part the audience was dismissed at daybreak. "No one was vexed, on the contrary, Dumas had given large measure; hurrah for Dumas! Today, when one relives a drama of Dumas, the public is not told: 'Tomorrow you will have the sequel of 'the Count of Monte Cristo' in five acts or 'the Count de Morceff'; no, the problem is how to play the piece by cutting some new scene at each revival. The public has no longer the patience to hear in extens, an amusing drama like 'Queen Margot' or 'The Three Musketeers.' It is necessary to prune, cut, take out a scene, blue-pencil whole episodes."

There was talk in Paris 12 years ago of ending theatrical performances at 11 o'clock. Claretie remarked that the public was willing to go to bed late; it had lost the habit of arriving at the theatre early. "Curtain-raisers, to which the public is more and more indifferent, seem to be a part of what I call the 'theatre pneumatique.' In what bad humor do the actors play these pieces, played for themselves only as a rule! There was a time at the Comedie Francaise when Mlle. Rachel played in a curtain-raiser. 'Horace et Lydie,' 'Le Moineau de Lesbie' were on the bill, and the public ran for Lesbie as for Hermione or Phedre. It was not so long ago that an act in verse preceded 'La Fille de Roland.' Today the public would not understand, or, what is more serious, it would not come." In answer to Maurice Donnay, who demanded shorter waits, Claretie reminded him of the sumptuous stage settings that necessitated much time for a change of scene. In a comedy played shortly before he wrote there was a drawing room in which there were over 1,800,000 worth of furniture and bric-a-brac. He remembered the good old days when furniture was painted on the canvas. An actress did well as Adolphe Lecouvreur to die in an arm chair, for the bed in the room was only paint.

Lablache took his first play to Dormeuil, the manager of the Palais Royal. It was a "Gudeville, and the action took place at a ball. Dormeuil said: "Your ball is bothersome. I should have to have a body of 'supes,' and that means additional expense. But I have an idea." During the rehearsals Lablache kept asking: "Where are my dancers? I don't see my dancers." "Trust me," said the manager; "you'll have them." At the dress rehearsal the triumphant Dormeuil showed to the stupefied Lablache a crowd of waltzers, painted waltzers, whirling, the men embracing their stationary partners on the back scene. "These my dancers?" "They will not make any false steps." "But the audience will deride us, die of laughter." "The audience will not laugh at anyone and it will find my setting superb. Scenery like this at the Palais Royal is rare." No one laughed. There were critics that praised the manager's ingenuity. "Those were the good old days."

Sarcey, lished performances to begin earlier, for, a lover of 18th century ways, he regretted the supper that then followed a tragedy or a comedy. It was in supping that the play was discussed minutely and wittily. A beginner became famous, or the famous one was buried. In these times the supper after the theatre is a very different affair. Gougeon said: "The theatre is only the whet for the 'cabinet particulier.'" To revive the 18th century supper the theatre curtain should fall at a reasonably early hour. Those supping, talkers and literary men, are not necessarily night-owls.

"Queen Margot" could begin at an early hour because one dined then at 6 o'clock. Later, one dined at 7. Helen of Troy, who modeled herself in Offenbach's opera after the manners of the Second Empire, sang to the Shepherd Paris:

And in those days of the early theatre, one did not dress for dinner or for the theatre. Only a very few donned a swaalowtall at twilight and they were remarked: Col. de Gallipet, the Marquise de Lau and a few others.

"True theatre lovers," said an old playgoer to Claretie, "were those who played, standing in the pit, yes, standing and pressed together like herrings, the melodramas at the Ambigu!"

If the play should be over at 11 o'clock, what would become of the text, if the curtain rose at 8:15? There would not be time for the development of certain plays. And what would become of the diction that has been the glory of the French stage? The spectator, dazed by the quickness of reply in the dialogue and the speed of the action, would say at the end: "I have not had anything for my money." He would have been at a sort of theatre "which is perhaps the dramatic art of the future: the theatre 'cinematographique.'" (Claretie wrote these timidly prophetic words in 1905.)

"I know a Parisian who prefers at every performance the waltz. He goes from box to box, he pries into the baignoires with his lorgnette, he observes the foyers, he listens to the conversations, I shall not name him. Dramatists would stone him to death. That is the one called today, the true theatre lover, the old faithful fellows, the habits are dead, as the Old Guard, or they no longer take their accustomed places. They did not complain of the waltz; they exchanged impressions, they criticised, they compared, they turned the waltz into an oasis of talk. Peace to their memory! They knew the value of

owing for it that they are beautiful, are the things that one would wish to see lasting forever."

The Little Star of Hindman, Ky., published last month the following poem by William Aspenwall Bradley, who was at one time the literary editor of the Herald. Later he was connected with the McClure publications as adviser. At present he is interested in the folk lore and folk songs of the Kentucky mountains. A volume of mountain verse, "Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse," will be published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. Oct. 1.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts,
from Whom all glories are,
And glory to His tuneful saints,
that live on Singing Carr.
Where people say no sinful songs,
or ballets new and fine,
But spread the Gospel far and nigh,
by singing on the line.

At night when folks sit by the fire,
and pass the bottle round,
They're like to hear the little bell,
that makes a tinkling sound.
Then one starts up and claps his ear,
to hear who's calling "nine,"
"It is the Saints o' Curr," he cries,
"a-slugin' on the line!"

"Come, folks, and hear the Saints o' Carr,
they're singin' sweet and loud,"
Then all put the flat bottle by,
and to the box close crowd,
So each can listen in his turn,
and slake his soul with wine
That flows from lips o' Saints o' Carr,
a-singin' on the line.

They's no corn lick'er half as good,
so sweet, so pure, so strong.
As music made by Saints o' Carr,
in some old Gospel song.
If you should hear the Methodists,
'twould seem a dismal whine.
When you had heard the Carr's Fork Saints,
a-singing on the line.

But best of all, us folks round here,
we love to hear them sing
That song belongs at funerals,
"Benn a long time travelling."
It makes us sort o' think o' death,
sends shivers down the spine,
To hear it sung by Saints o' Carr,
Upon the party line.

For each of us at last must die,
be buried underground,
I'm studying if, when safe above,
they'll come the tinkling sound,
Some night, o' that peart little bell,
'Pears like my soul will pine
To hear, in heaven, the Saints o' Carr
a-singin' on the line.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette (Aug. 14) reported a curious story that should interest the readers of Flaubert's romance of Carthage.

"The action brought by the niece of Gustave Flaubert against the adapters of 'Salammbô' for the cinema shows that there is considerable difference of opinion between the poets and the public as to what constitutes an interesting book.

"Flaubert, it will be remembered, finishes his novel with the mobbing and death of Mathos before the eyes of his mistress, who seems entirely indifferent to his fate. This would not do for the film. The adapters not only save the general's life, but ring down the curtain with the marriage of the lovers, who 'live happily together ever after,' and have a multitude of children to grace their old age.

This platonic and commonplace ending to a 'masterpiece' horrifies the dilettantes, who exclaim against the prostitution of the master's philosophy. They made so much fuss about the caricaturing of the story that Flaubert's literary executor felt compelled to take the matter up, and has appeared to the courts for redress.

"Philosophy of the kind in question, declare the moving picture experts, is of no good to the modern public. What the people want, especially just now, is to be amused and humored, not to have their feelings set on edge or their nerve injured by needless cruelty and horrors."

"The purists retort that art, with a big A, is art, and owes it to its dignity to be true to its ideals, and not to pander to maudlin public sentiment.

"There is nothing maudlin, but a very respectable and natural sentiment, declare the picture people, in the desire of a modern audience to be soothed and comforted rather than shocked and excited. Flaubert wrote 'Salammbô' in very different times from these, when it may have done people good to be shaken up and stimulated; but nowadays there is enough sadness and misery in the world without the necessity of filling the theatres with it."

But Italian audiences of the old days insisted on a happy ending for Rossini's opera, "Otello," and years before that a version of "King Lear" with a happy ending delighted English theatregoers.

We try to force ourselves to believe that music has no nationality; that what is good in art belongs equally to the whole world. But what American of patriotic instincts can deny that the fact that Arturo Toscanini is our ally in this war increases measurably the interest we feel in his presence on the Italian battle line? In music no artist ever did more than Toscanini himself to obliterate, as far as possible, the line of nationality and race. No German conductor ever interpreted the passion of "Tristan and Isolde" better than this Italian. In his present mood, could he lend all his great interpretive powers to the performance of Wagner's music? His country, his national pride, control him now.

Dispatches convey a vivid impression of the great leader of La Scala and the

...k of the ...
...to, a ...
...of a huge ...
...must have been ...
...ing all around, and I spring his ...
...dians with his own boundless energy ...
...and enthusiasm while the battle raged ...
...Toscanini, since his beloved Italy was ...
...drawn into the war on the side of justice, ...
...has given all his thought, all his vigor, to his country. His personal sacrifice is great, it may yet, if he continues to expose himself as he did at Monte Santo, be the greatest a man is capable of. He may rest assured that he has strengthened the affectionate regard American opera-goers feel for him.—
New York Times.

Is there no "Rainy Day" South of the present century to take the trouble to get together the songs and words of the street criers who are fast succumbing to our more systematic methods of replenishing home supplies. The chant of the lavender seller is seldom heard nowadays in its entirety, but it has more to it than the—

Who'll buy my sweet lavender?
Sixteen tall branches for a penny
And surely the "Any cane chairs to
mend?" appeal, and the knife-grinder,
and the solicitor of old iron had alluring
rhymes with which to attract custom.
Has no one a record of them?

In days gone by when matches were as valuable as they are today they were regularly sold at the door by match boys, who had a pleasing song to recommend their wares. There must be many grandmothers who have heard the urchins chant:

Come, buy my good matchea; come, buy them
of me.
They are the best matches that e'er you did see
For lighting your candle or kindling your fire,
They are the best matches that you can desire.

There was an old woman in Rosemary lane.
She cut them and dipped them, and I did the
same.
My father is dead and my mother is poor,
And that's why I beg from door to door.

My sister's a lady, and wears a gold ring.
My brother's a piper, and pipes for the king.
Oh, you have got money and I have got none:
Come, buy my good matches and let me go home.

London Daily Chronicle

adapted by Monckton Hoffe, music by
Emile Lassailly, with extra numbers by
Herman Flnck and Herman Darewski
lyrics by Douglas Furber, was produced

by Douglas Furber, was produced at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, Aug. 13. "It has many characteristics of light opera, and at times the music suggests even grand opera. The story, usually taken in a light vein, has, however, moments tense and dramatic, notably interpreted by Miss Alice Delysia. In its lighter vein it pokes good-natured fun at Escamillo, the heroic toreador of 'Carmen,' in his present environment as the proprietor of a popular drinking bar at Gibraltar; he has grown fat and prosperous, and thanks his stars that Carmen had not become Signora Escamillo." Carminetta, the daughter of Don Jose and Carmen, a singing and dancing girl, under the wing of Frasquita, now matronly, is a passionate creature. Frasquita has bargained with Panelli, a rich South American wine grower, to give him the girl's hand. Carminetta cares only for the money. She says, once she has it, if he does not suit her, she will remove him. Panelli arrives at Gibraltar with his ghostly sister, the business manager of his matrimonial affairs. Then there is the love story of Lady Susan and Ensign O'Hara who respects all women. "If he could find a woman he did not respect he might be able, he thinks, to love her frenziedly, but all those he respects he cannot even kiss. This peculiarity of temperament makes him—not unnaturally—a bore to Lady Susan, who wishes to wake him to something better than perfect manners and frigidity. She allies in the aid of Carminetta, whom she has befriended, to make love to O'Hara. Her idea is just enough love making to stir up reasonable, decent passion in O'Hara; but Carminetta, as might be expected, overdoes the commission, and while she succeeds in luring O'Hara to passion, she succumbs herself to his fascinations with disastrous results. One is pleased that the authors do not in the end pair off O'Hara and Carminetta; it clearly would not have done. Carminetta gives up the awakened idler to Lady Susan, who is really much too good for him. Whether Carminetta eventually became Panelli does not much matter. Whoever obtained her as a wife would clearly have a 'handful' to manage." Leon Morton was highly praised for his performance of Panelli. A dancing interlude brought A. H. Majilton on stage. Is he of the famous Majilton family?

"The Marriage Will Not Take Place," a one-act play by Alfred Sutro, was produced at the London Coliseum Aug. 13. There are four characters, but the play is practically in the nature of a dialogue. "It is brightly and breezily written, and gives a new and unexpected twist to an old and unusually profitless theme. A young alman has proposed to Charlotte Bell, a musical comedy actress. Badly wounded at the front, he writes that he cannot live without her. She has accepted him. His father, a baronet, has sworn that there will be no marriage for he is prejudiced against the actor. He is willing to go to any length to

again, so there is a long... Mr. Henry's lawyers and Charlotte, who finally consents to be bought off for £200. Then she shows a wedding ring and says she has a husband and two children. She explains her treatment of the alman by saying her husband suggested it: "Every soldier," he told her, "should have an ideal to live and fight for. So let Harold continue to dream his dreams. When at the end of the war he returns, we'll invite him to supper, and, be sure, the boy will laugh as heartily as any of us over the adventure." But what became of the £200?

At the same theatre and on the same day D. C. Maher's political skit, "Partition," was played by comedians from the Abbey, Dublin, headed by Fred O'Donovan. "The period of the piece is put at 1920; the political element is more apparent than real. It is a case of unpaid rent, bailiffs, and Irish Constabulary men; and matters are complicated by the fact that the furniture to be distrained upon is in a cottage upon the border line of Ulster and Leinster, and therefore apparently belongs to nobody but its owner."

On Aug. 11, a one-act comedy, "The Invalid," by Frank G. Layton, was produced at the Gaiety, Manchester (Eng.). There is a portrait of Old George, perverse and irritable. Nothing is right for him. He is under the care of the parish doctor and the district nurse. "As he lies in bed he rates his landlady, who has been out and sold an article for him which has only realized twopence. If he could have gone himself he would have got fourpence. The arrival of the doctor is the signal for Old George to indulge in sarcastic remarks. The medicine was poor stuff—nothing like the medicine given him when he could pay for it. The doctor assures him he is better and not going to die. 'What did you send that woman with the religious tracts for?' I lit my pipe with them, then the parson called to inquire if I was ready to die. I told him I was not going to heaven or hell; I'd go where I liked.' . . . The nurse bustles about and assures the old man that she is going to wash him. He covers himself with the bedclothes and vehemently exclaims, 'You can't; I've sold the wash bowl.' To his astonishment and disgust, the nurse and landlady return with a bucket and a kettle of boiling water."

Mr. Winthrop Rogers as a publisher one knows well, but as a composer his name is less familiar. That he has it in him to write very interesting, and, at times, really charming music, his set of three songs, "Lilac and Star and Bird," shows conclusively. The words are taken from Walt Whitman's "Memories of President Lincoln," and in his setting of them Mr. Rogers makes it evident that he is a keen disciple of that band which regards atmosphere as of much greater importance than melodic outline. Certain it is that he has fitted the verse with music which makes a serious and very far from unsatisfactory attempt to reproduce the feeling of every line. His efforts have met with their greatest success in "Thrush, the Hermit," the freshness and grace of which are exceedingly attractive.—London Daily Telegraph.

Edward Jones, composer and theatre conductor in London, died on Aug. 10. In the early eighties he became musical director of the Princess's Theatre under Wilson Barrett. He composed incidental music there for "The Lights of London," "Romany Rye," "The Silver King" and "Claudian." He also wrote the music for "A Pantomime Rehearsal" (1891), and other plays. He was Charles Frohman's conductor at the Duke of York's, and conductor at the Ambassador's from the fall of 1914. About a year ago his health failed him.

"Patriot" in a letter to the London Daily Telegraph (Aug. 13) freed his mind.

"Would some of the German tenors whose 'barking' has caused such ex-cruciating discomfort to really musical ears at Covent Garden have been tolerated but for the fact that they came over here with the hall-mark of German musical 'kultur'? And can anyone seriously pretend that only the beautiful works of Brahms (one of the composers mentioned by S. H. P.) have been accepted here? Moreover, is it not a fact that until recent times the average English concert and opera-goer was positively prejudiced against almost any native conductor who dared to compete with those who found work in this country because they were German? But surely the pre-war Teutonic domination which your correspondent was 'astounded' to read about is too widely recognized by all who really wish well to the cause of British music and British artists to require any further demonstration. And every patriotic music-lover may well pray that platitudes (which are quite beside the mark) about Wagner and Brahms being 'no more responsible than babes unborn for the horrors of this war'—as if any sane person had ever suggested they were!—will not induce the public, after the war, to tolerate any insidious attempts to reimpose the German domination in our midst."

Ann Pennington has been engaged for the new Century show.

Charles Hopkins will open his Punch and Judy show in New York this fall with "A Thousand Nights and a Night," a play prepared by Owen Davis from the Arabian tales "The Land of Brass," "The Bottom of the Sea" and "The Three Apples." There will be

about 100 persons and live animals and other animals on the stage. A. H. Woods will produce, Michael Morton's "On with the Dance," a drama showing the evils of dancing, and "Bucking the Tiger," a dramatization by May Tully and Achmed Abdullah of Mr. Abdullah's novel of the same name.

"The Family Exit," a satirical farce by Lawrence Langner, will be produced in New York Sept. 18 by the Washington Square Players, although it is not in their subscription season, and other actors will take part.

A number of plays written by the late Harold Chaplin will be produced, it is reported, in this country this year by his mother, Alice Chaplin. Mrs. Chaplin is an American actress, whose last appearance here was with John Drew in "Major Pendennis." Mr. Chaplin was an American actor, dramatist and stage manager. He was killed in action on the western front in October, 1915, while serving in the British army. Following an engagement as stage manager for Granville Barker in London, Mr. Chaplin turned his attention entirely to playwriting. His works include "The Dumb and the Blind" and "Art and Opportunity," in which Marie Tempest appeared, and "The Marriage of Columbine," which was presented at the Punch and Judy Theatre in 1914. Chaplin was 29 years old at the time of his death.—Dramatic Mirror.

Arnold Daly and Nat Goodwin will appear in a new play, "Why Marry?" by Jesse Lynch Williams. It will be produced in New York about Nov. 1, after a few performances in trial towns.

Mme. Yorska expects to revive "Divorcements" this season. She has never played the part of Cyprienne in an English version.

Paul Kester's drama, "The Love of a King," with Albert Brown leading man, was produced at Montreal Sept. 3.

Frank van der Stucken, conductor and composer, is now living in Copenhagen. His home before the war, since he left Cincinnati was Hanover.

CURTAIN SPEECHES

The Messrs. Shubert announced in New York a few days ago that hereafter no curtain speeches will be allowed in their theatres during intermissions on opening nights.

"Neither the author nor the star will be allowed to talk. If, however, at the end of the play the applause is strong enough to warrant the appearance of either author or star, or both, they may have their say." Thus the Messrs. Shubert follow in a measure the rule enforced at Bayreuth and in other European theatres, that curtain calls are allowed only at the end of the opera.

If the Messrs. Shubert are firm in enforcing the new rule, it will be a blessed relief. There is no illusion after an actor leaves his part, romantic, tragic or comic, to assure the audience that he is delighted to be in Boston again, to play once more before the most appreciative audience in the United States, to express his own gratitude "for this cordial reception," and the thanks of author, manager, and the members of the company as well. It matters not whether the actor stammers in his joy or is fluent and witty; he is no longer the man in the play, he is simply Brown, Jones or Robinson, as one meets him in the street. When a dramatist makes a curtain speech, the wonder is how he succeeded in writing a coherent and engrossing play.

The rule will be a relief to the great majority of actors worthy the name. They know that nine times out often they make a pitiable showing; that they hem, haw and stumble. They feel that their assurance of gratitude must seem formal, if not insincere at least perfunctory. There are actors—in the catalogue they go for actors—who are never so happy as when displaying their vanity and lack of genuine wit before the curtain. The finer the art, the less willing is the actor to break the spell.

Yet even a well graced and sensitive actor is often bullied into a curtain speech by a thoughtless audience. It is not enough for these spectators that he comes before the curtain to bow; they insist on hearing him in lines of his own invention. Their rude insistence is perhaps due to a species of vanity on their part; or they may believe that they are paying a compliment. Sometimes the imperious demand comes from a claqué. It remains to be seen whether certain actors will not rebel against the rule;

whether audiences will learn to respect it. The Messrs. Shubert have done their part; they are to be thanked heartily.

September 18-1917

There has been much talk during the last three years of "the freedom of the seas." It is a sonorous phrase, though not so mouth-filling as "the halls of the Montezumas" that was spouted by passionate pot-house orators in our war with Mexico. The Germans have a great deal to say about this "freedom," a word they hardly understand. As if the seas had not been free to the commerce of every nation until Germany began her attack on neutral shipping and killed women and children on merchant vessels.

In all the talk, in all that has been written, we have not seen any allusion to a song, "The Freedom of the Seas," sung at the Park Theatre, New York, on July 4, 1910, "sung," as contemporary newspapers related, "with unbounded applause." The song was inspired by the impressment of our sailors by England. There were six stanzas. Each ended with this refrain:

We'll be free of the sea in despite of enemy foe,
Though tyrants frown and cannon roar and the angry tempest blow.

The author was William Dunlap, painter, theatre manager, dramatist, translator, a versatile author, called by some "The Father of the American Drama."

Cats in Dorchester.

As the World Wags:

Just some information about the cat. From sheer necessity and desire to solve a problem I have been for several years engaged on the rat problem, finding a workable exterminator. Although I have more than one device "that will do it," they are commercially impossible for the present, as so deep-rooted is the affection for something cheap and easily set, such as our common "10-center," sold everywhere, it is hopeless to expect success with any trap costing over 30 cents, and a similar one made by hand (very efficient) will cost in springs and contraption over a dollar. We are therefore in the large cities, anyhow, forced to depend on the cat (as long as the war lasts) for the simple reason that without pussy we would be eaten out of house and home! It does not much matter often if the cat is a ratter or not. The rat can smell its enemy a mile. Traps fall, so pussy holds the fort still.

I have lived in a suburban section for 20 years. There are cats galore. I have known them to eat a bird once in a while, but we have as many birds as ever, and they delight us with their song, picking up our grass seed and worms as they do it. License cats in cities? For the "Lawd's sake," hands off!

WILLIAM GILL.

Dorchester.

P. S.—By the way, where does the name "grimalkin" come from? W. G.

The derivation is not determined. It is thought to be a compound of "grey" and "Malkin" (Matilda-kin). The word means old she-cat; also a spiteful old woman. The choir will now sing:
Let take a cat, foster her with milk,
And tender flesh, and make her couch of silk,
And let her see a mouse go by the wall,
Anon she scorneth milk and flesh and all,
And every dainty that is in the house,
Such appetite hath she for of the mouse.
Lo here hath kind her domination,
And appetite o'ercomes discretion.

A Faculty Tea.

As the World Wags:

That fondness, celebrated by "Academe," of Prof. Adams Hill for tea, has left an appropriate and probably an enduring monument to itself. Thirty-five or forty years ago meetings of the Harvard faculty of arts and sciences were held in the evening. President Eliot thought it would be better to have them in the late afternoon and proposed the change. To this Prof. Hill objected that the latter part of the afternoon was the time to drink tea. Thereupon President Eliot, never easily stopped, suggested that tea might be served at the faculty meetings. And so it was and so it is and so, doubtless, it will be. H.

Nantucket.

The Road to Wealth.

We all read the advice that Mrs. Hetty Green gave to her son in order that he might be rich. Not long ago Mr. Robert Brain, leather seller, died at Croydon, Eng., at the age of 80, leaving a handsome fortune. In spite of the fact that he was his parent's 13th child. He, too, had guiding principles, and they were as follows: Live frugally; read the Bible daily; keep deeds at home where they are as safe as at a bank; do not smoke; for a holiday take only a half-day trip; never allow a pound to remain idle; do your own shopping; when tired drink milk with a little whiskey in it; do not sleep out of your own house; wear old-fashioned clothes. He acted on these principles and seldom missed chapel twice on Sunday. He directed that his funeral should be "plain but good" and without flowers. No doubt a solid citizen, but an uncomfortable person to live with, and an unwholesome companion for the young.

FOLLIES OF 1917 AMUSING SHOW

Performance at the Colonial
Theatre a Gorgeous Spectacle
with a Pleasing Cast.

BERT WILLIAMS IN COMPANY

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1917." The orchestra was conducted by Frank Darling.

The Colonial Theatre was packed with a most appreciative audience. As for the show itself it was a gorgeous spectacle with many attractive women and some entertaining comedians. It was the custom in old times to name all the characters of a novel at the end and tell what become of them. Charles Reado protested against this custom in "The Cloister and the Hearth" and yet he had not the courage to rebel; he docketed all his men and women and told what became of them. So in reviewing a show of this kind it is necessary only to name this one and that one that gave special pleasure.

The features in the first act were the remarkable performance of the intoxicated dog with the policeman; the irresistibly amusing tennis match in which Mr. William C. Fields took the part of Rufus Racket and juggled marvelously with the balls; and Mr. Bert Williams at the information bureau of a railway, who sent all passengers to some station on the Lackawanna Railway. Mr. Williams is still unctuous, bringing to mind the good old days of negro minstrelsy when Nelse Seymour, Unsworth, Johnny Wild, were veritable artists. And in this act was a grand patriotic finale, in which Washington and Lincoln spoke words of advice, and President Wilson was statesmanlike and exceedingly dignified, although he was joined by charming young women representing the allied forces arrayed against Germany. When finally the Goddess of Liberty stood by his side in a captivating attitude, even then he was apparently not distracted from his solemn duties. Inasmuch as the impersonation did not sling an individual song, there is no occasion to quote the saying of Madame Roland on the scaffold: "Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name."

In the second part Mr. Williams had an amusing song, one calculated to disturb domestic happiness, entitled "I Ain't Married No More." His second song fell flat. Someone should provide him with better material. There was a moderately amusing scene in which Mr. Barclay as a man from St. Joe, Mo., a visitor in New York, finally obtained a drink from a peanut vendor (Mr. Fields). Then Miss Fanny Brice sang some songs and Miss Allyn King took the part of a Chinese maiden, while 30 or 40 amiable young women were seen on a sort of illuminated treadmill.

We have mentioned only the most striking of the many features in this show. It may be said that the production is sumptuous. There are striking stage settings; the costumes pleased men, critical or easily impressed, and delighted the women; there was an agreeable continuity, without too sandy wastes; the music was not too noisy and aggressive, the singers were not too puffed up with their own importance; nor were they eager to assure the audience that they should be in grand opera. The title of the show disarms severe criticism. The "Follies" should not be shot while they fly, for the flight is not too ambitious. Mr. Will Rogers was spontaneously amusing in his references to the war. He is a true humorist; simple in manner, genuinely amusing, never giving undue emphasis, taking it for granted that the audience is receptive and more than willing to meet him half way.

The great audience was mightily pleased with the comedians, the singers and the youthfulness and grace of the chorus girls. As in years before, the "Follies" will have undoubtedly a long and prosperous run.

"ARIZONA" IS WELL PLAYED
BY GLOBE THEATRE COMPANY

Famous Melodrama Ranks with
Best These Capable Players
Have Done.

"Arizona," Augustus Thomas's famous melodrama of the cow country, was the play given by the Globe Theatre stock company yesterday. No play written

MANTELL HOLDS HIS OLD POWER

Opens Shakespearian Repertoire at Shubert with "King Lear."

HAS COMPETENT SUPPORT

SHUBERT THEATRE—Robert Mantell in Shakespeare's "King Lear."

Lear, King of England..... Mr. Mantell
Earl of Gloucester..... Frank Peters
Earl of Kent..... Albert Barrett
Duke of Cornwall..... George Westlake
Edmund..... John Burke
Duke of Albany..... John Alexander
Curan..... E. Alan Cooper
Duke of Burgundy..... Abraham Ivory
King of France..... John Fritz
Edgar..... Fritz Lieber
Oswald..... John Wray
A Fool..... Guy Lindsay
An old man..... Edwin Foss
A physician..... Franklin Salisbury
A herald..... Charles Warfield
Goneril..... Genevieve Reynolds
Regan..... Virginia Bronson
Cordella..... Genevieve Hamper

Robert Mantell began a two weeks engagement in Shakespearian repertoire at the Shubert Theatre last evening.

The last of the great tragedians, Mr. Mantell, honorably upholds the mantle of tradition. In January, 1913, he was seen here in the role with which he began his engagement last evening. The actor's impersonation has not changed materially. His Lear is a touching, fragile figure, and the actor's portrayal of the old man's gradually tottering reason is an exhibition of superior intelligence and histrionic skill.

Mr. Mantell's makeup is excellent. In voice, facial play and carriage he left little to be desired. He simulated various phases of increasing insanity with a light, yet poignant, touch. His paternal sorrow, disappointment and indignation were perhaps more vividly expressed than his outraged dignity as a monarch.

His pity for the sightless Gloucester, for Edgar masquerading as Poor Tom in the storm, his slow return to a semblance of reason, his pathetic realization of the misfortunes wrought by his own errors—all these moments in the play were emotionally eloquent. When Lear cursed his daughters the actor was convincing, emphatic, but he did not rant.

The supporting company was competent, if not remarkable. For the most part there was a display of routine acting. Mr. Lieber's Edgar, pitched in a more positive key, stood out among the neutral tints of other characterizations. Miss Reynolds was a shrewish Goneril, Miss Bronson a haughty Regan, Miss Hamper's Cordella was conventionally sweet. The Duke of Cornwall and his brother-in-law of Albany showed a certain consciousness of their dual robes commonly to be observed in aristocracy upon the stage. The King of France, too, might cultivate a more royal and becoming indifference to his crime. There was a large and appreciative audience.

REAL OLD-TIME MINSTRELS
AT B. F. KEITH'S THIS WEEK

Eddie Leonard's Act Reminiscent of the Halcyon Days—
Edna Aug Here in Monologue.

Eddie Leonard in "The Minstrel's Return," an act reminiscent of the halcyon days of minstrelsy, is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was highly pleased.

'THE SPY' FULL OF ADVENTURE

Screen Play at Majestic Shows How Wilhelmstrasse Works in This Country.

DUSTIN FARNUM THE STAR

"The Spy," a William Fox screen play by George Bronson-Howard, opened for a week's run at the Majestic Theatre last night. It is, perhaps, one of the most notable

scenarioplays produced since the beginning of the war, dealing with the immense spy system that Germany operates in this country. The author wrote the scenario with a full knowledge of the system, having at one time been connected with the government, and having an intimate knowledge of the workings of the German secret police systems at Berlin and Potsdam.

Two Difficult Roles.

The leading part was taken by Dustin Farnum, as Mark Quaintance, a society man and idler who volunteers to go to Berlin and find the names of those who are acting as Teuton spies in the United States. The role of Grata Holz is taken by Winifred Kingston. Both roles were most difficult.

September 19, 1917

In boyhood days we begged chewers of tobacco—for there were these depraved men in our little New England village—for the foil that wrapped the soothing weed. Our purpose was to have the biggest ball of the foil in school. The favorite tobacco in those days—early in the sixties—was "Solace." It was black and strong. If we are not mistaken it was manufactured by a firm in New York that years before was connected with the mysterious tragedy that inspired Poe to write his story about Marie Roget. The victim in New York was a beautiful young woman, named Rogers, who was employed in a retail shop of the manufacturer and drew custom and compliments. Later "Mayflower," a milder preparation, became popular. The brand was a matter of indifference to us; the foil was the thing.

We were reminded of those happy days by reading that in England the scarcity of paper has led to the prohibition of cigarette cards, greatly to the grief of the small boy collector. There was need of stiffening packets to keep the cigarettes intact. At first a blank piece of stiff card served. Then this card was utilized for advertisements. These cards were followed by pictures of favorite actresses. This is the story of the cigarette card in England. The picture cards were for the most part manufactured in Ireland, we are told. What is the history of the card in the United States?

"Los Angeles."

As the World Wags:
I note that the Los Angeles Times, evidently with a view of adding the orthographically well-disposed, prints the date-line at the head of its editorial column thus: "Los Angeles (Loce Ahng-hay-lais)." Now, will some one in the audience please tell us how to pronounce "Loce Ahng-hay-lais"? If that is impossible, then a reason why the city should not be re-named in straight English. Or is Uncle Sam to be taught to "walk (and talk) Spanish," along with the goose-step and other furrin and fancy gait? The name of that California town seems to be as much of a puzzle to unaccustomed tongues as that of Vrh, recently captured by the Italian Pdq brigade, near Gorizia. C. T. Brookline.

A Foe's Money.

Here is a curious legal decision handed down by the German imperial high court: John Browne, a British citizen, had a business in Germany before the war. When he was interned at Ruhleben he handed from his own business 10,000 marks to his bride for her support. The liquidator of Browne's business sued her and she was condemned to refund the money. She appealed, but in vain. The court held that a German woman has no right to accept money from an enemy. It did not matter that she was penniless without this assistance. To accept money from an enemy is against German morals, especially as in this case the money was taken away from the control of the state.

Bonny Clabber and "Pussly."

As the World Wags:
Bonny clabber dates back much farther than the 16th century. Metchnikoff claimed that it was the true elixir of life and that for centuries the Bulgarians have prolonged their lives by its use, while Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek has declared that it was served by Abraham to the angels on the plains of Mamre (Gen. xviii., 1-8)—I suppose without the brown sugar.

As to "pussly" let any of your readers buy from their seedsmen next spring a paper of "Golden Purslain" and learn how greatly this delicious but despised weed has been improved in the past few years. H. B. H.

Boston.
There is nothing in the sacred text (King James version) to warrant Dr. Kellogg's assertion. "And he (Abraham) took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat." "Butter and milk" are not necessarily the same as "buttermilk."—Ed.

Torpid Spain.

A writer, reviewing Mr. David Han-nay's "Spain," speaks of her as "today stripped of her empha and devoid of real cohesion or self-confidence, she

looks as the most torpid of nations

Did he not have in mind as he wrote this the famous sentence of Buckle: "There she lies, at the further extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages." Buckle added this sentence to his characterization: "And, what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition." This can hardly be said today of her from time to time, she shows signs of stirring and opening her eyes.

September 20, 1917

Mr. George Arliss is impersonating Alexander Hamilton on the stage. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske next month will be seen in a play based on certain episodes in the life of George Sand. It is not easy to picture Mrs. Fiske reminding one physically of the novelist, but she played Tess with great success, although she was far from being Thomas Hardy's dairy maid in face or figure. We are told that Musset, Heine, Chopin, Liszt will figure in this comedy by Philip Moeller. Will Dr. Pagello be introduced, the Italian that caused the breach between George Sand and Musset? Chopin is already the hero of an opera, in which the melodies are largely, if not wholly, taken from his piano compositions. And how will Heine be brought in? On his mattress, his tomblike bed? Liszt will probably wear long hair, but fortunately in his Paris days he had not yet invented "the favorite Liszt pupil."

There were many "episodes" in the life of George Sand. Will Mrs. Fiske represent her in male attire and smoking strong cigars? Mme. Judith, the actress, in her amusing, if scandalous, book of reminiscences, speaks of George Sand at a rehearsal of one of her own plays. The actress was not squeamish by nature or education, but she was shocked at the sight of Mme. Sand straddling a chair and smoking a short, black clay pipe. "Mrs. Fiske declares the play offers her the greatest acting opportunities of her career." There are many opportunities for a dramatist choosing George Sand as his heroine. Her life was a romance in many chapters until she made her dwelling place in the country and led there a serene and blameless life, writing amiable and agreeable novels without end, looking after her grandchildren, corresponding with Gustave Flaubert.

"Pusley."

As the World Wags.
The "pusley" sometimes used for greens that "L. S. S." speaks of, was also called "wild parutalacca" in that part of Vermont in which I lived years ago, and people who thought they spoke very correctly called it "purslane." Webster's Collegiate and Webster's International Dictionaries give both words—"pusley" and "purslane." We sometimes heard a person spoken of as "mean as pusley." I do not recall ever hearing any one spoken of as "mean as purslane." The greens were excellent. Springfield SELDOM WRIGHT.

Anticipated.

Some time ago we spoke of a submarine invented by an English smuggler named Johnstone which was to enable Napoleon to escape from St. Helena. "It was thought that by sinking the vessel during the daytime she might escape the notice of the British cruisers, and, being raised at night, might approach the guarded rock without discovery." The vessel was begun in a yard on the Thames, but she was seized by the government, for the peculiarity of construction aroused suspicion.

Long before Waterloo a submarine was invented and tested on the Thames. An account is found in "The Tale of Physico-Theology" by Dr. W. Darham, who died in 1757. This book, according to Mr. E. S. Dodgson, writing to Notes and Queries, is the substance of 16 sermons preached in St. Mary-le-Bow, London, in 1711 and 1712. The passage runs as follows:

"But the famous Cornelius Drebell contrived not only a Vessel to be rowed under Water, but also a Liquor to be carried in that Vessel, that would supply the want of fresh Air. The Vessel was made for King James I. It carried twelve Rowers, besides the Passengers. It was tried in the River of Thames, and one of the Persons that was in that submarine Navigation was then alive, and told it one, who related the matter to our famous Founder, the Honorable and most Ingenious Mr. Boyle."

Those interested in this subject are referred to "The Story of the Submarine" (London, 1908), by Lt.-Col. Cyril Field, and to an article on "Forerunners of the U-Boats" in the United Service Magazine of last July. Lt.-Col. Field traces submarines back for many centuries.

"Boko."

It has been said that "boko" for head is Australian slang. Our impression is that the term is not peculiar to Australia. Can anyone acquaint us with the ballad about the fight between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers in which these lines occur?

Bash him on the boko, dot him on the snitch!
Such a mighty fighter, there never was such

Taken for a Quail.

story comes from France, where a young actress, Yvonne Moncassin, went to Nancy a part of her life, and, taken for a prominent member of the Comedie Francaise, was royally received all along that part of the front, photographed and in general made much of after she had given a few recitations. The real actress, hearing of it, caused her to be arrested, and after a long detention Yvonne appeared before a court-martial on a charge of illegally entering the war zone. As she was not accused of spying, she was sentenced to only a week's imprisonment and a fine of \$40.

Her lot was not so fortunate as that of Olive Esmond, better known as Poll Patchouli in Leonard Merrick's story, "The Laurels and the Lady." Willy Childers in South Africa, who thought he was a poet, admired greatly from his seat in the playhouse a visiting French actress. Willy became blind, and, as Poll could imitate Mme. Duchene, it was thought a good joke on the blind man to introduce him to Poll representing the actress. How Poll fell in love with the victim, married him, persuaded him that his poems had found a London publisher and favorable reviewers, and finally gave up her "brilliant career" to comfort Willy is a singularly pathetic tale.

MANTELL'S INTERPRETATION OF RICHELIEU IS FEEBLE

Robert Mantell appeared as Richelieu in Bulwer Lytton's famous play of the same name at the Shubert Theatre last evening. Written for Macready, many actors, among them Booth, Irving E. H. Sothern, have played the part with distinction. Mr. Mantell's impersonation is well known here. Last evening his Cardinal was a bit feeble and, saving himself for the more energetic moments in the play, the actor sometimes spoke so low as to be barely audible. Others in the company, however, sinned in a like manner. Some displayed a disposition to ramble through words. The exceptions were Mr. Lieber, who voiced the text with authority and otherwise acted with pleasing vivacity as de Mauprat. Mr. Peters as Joseph the capuchin and Mr. Wray, a most impetuous Francis. Mr. Barrett's conception of villainy as Baradas was pale and inadequate. Miss Hamper's Jale was comely, sweet voiced and conventional.

September 21, 1917

It is said that there is need of a new Russian national hymn to arouse conservatives, Socialists (tame and wild), nobles, the bourgeoisie and peasants alike to patriotic fervor. Poets and musicians are busy, and have been busy, but as yet their labor is in vain. One of these national hymns with music by Gretchaninoff, a composer of marked talent, has been published in this country and performed in New York. It pleased neither the Russian nor musicians among the allies. This result was to be expected, for seldom has any deliberate attempt to compose a national hymn succeeded.

The Russians under the Tsar were fortunate in their national hymn. The composer of the music Alexis Feodorovitch Lvoff, was a major-general and adjutant to Nicholas, as well as a versatile composer, violinist, music director. His operas, fiddle pieces, chamber and ecclesiastical music are not known outside of Russia, but the majestic and inspiring music of "God Save the Tsar" has been sung in American churches for many years by thousands who never knew only vaguely the origin of the song. It is a pity that this music is in the minds of Russians indissolubly associated with the remembrance of stern autocracy. A national anthem may yet come to them, but there is only one "Russian Hymn," as there is only one "Marsellaise."

In our own country there is agitation for an anthem "worthy of the nation." It is said that "The Star Spangled Banner" is not easily sung; that the tune is that of an old English drinking song; and purists object to the opening colloquialism "O Say." Poor "America" has been grossly abused of late, and some have even tinkered the text. "Yankee Doodle" is declared to be "silly," "vulgar," although it expresses a phase of American character. "Dixie," still more characteristic of American recklessness and an admirable tune, is "too sectional." And so there are letters to the newspapers, and the musicians and writers of verse, Tom, Dick and Harry, confidently press their claims.

As Mr. Sousa, whose marches might be called distinctively American, said a few days ago, a national anthem is not made to order in this manner. An occasion may arise, there may be universal popular emotion, and then some poet and some musician will voice it. The poet may be a rude versifier, the musician may have been known by his symphony, or by a rag-time tune. The time will find its man.

As the World Wags:

"W. A. F." recounting Nelson's victories, mentions Copenhagen. At the battle of the Baltic, or the fight at Copenhagen, the British fleet was in charge of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command. It was during this famous sea-fight that Nelson failed to obey orders. He was hotly engaged with some of the shore batteries when his superior officer signalled him to cease firing and haul off-shore. The signals had been flying for some time when Nelson's attention was called to them. Putting the telescope to his blind eye, Nelson truthfully declared he could not see the signals and continued to score more hits.

East Weymouth.

C. S. W. England had no reason to be proud of this victory. The only excuse for it is the stirring poem by Thomas Campbell. By the way, a song entitled "The Battle of the Baltic" was once popular. Can any one give the name of the composer?—Ed.

MANTELL PLAYS FAVORITE ROLE

Tragedian Displays Powers to
Fullest Heights as
Othello.

CURTAIN CALLS ARE MANY

SHUBERT THEATRE—Robert Mantell in "Othello." The cast:

Othello.....Mr. Mantell
Iago.....Fritz Lieber
Rodrigo, a gallant.....John Wray
Brabantio, or the Senate of Venice.....
Frank Peters
Cassio, Othello's lieutenant.....Albert Barrett
Duke of Venice.....Harry Holthouse
Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio.....
E. Alan Cooper
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.....
John Alexander
Montano, Othello's predecessor at Cyprus.....John Burke
Antonio.....George Westlake
Pallio.....Franklin Salisbury
Emilia, Iago's wife.....Virginia Bronson
Desdemona.....Genevieve Hamper

September 22, 1917

"H. L. P." of Newtonville writes to the Herald: "Mr. Robert L. Winkley need not wait till Charon calls to ferry him over the Styx to enjoy Vaill's modern English translation of the Aeneid. A third edition was published at Winsted, Ct., in 1908, and presumably may be obtained there now. It includes with the translation a sketch of the author and the illustrator, Mr. Worth. The pictures are certainly in keeping with the text, and together they make a pamphlet worth having."

Joy In Medfield.

As the World Wags:

Will you, as a patriotic war service, expound the mysteries of an almost forgotten pastime about to be revived?

Back yards in the city, lawns in the villaed suburbs and chance acres in the bordering villages are now, in obedience to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hoover, waving with corn tassels, and your correspondent, in addition to his own prolific acres, has in mind a 10-acre lot farmed by a town committee, where the corn is nearly ready for the harvesting.

Murmurs are rife among the village swains and sweethearts that soon they should be bidden to gather at a husking bee, and such a festivity promises to be as popular a war feature as a Liberty bond or an excess profit tax.

But there seems to be many doubts and many differences as to the rules and procedure which should control the occasion. The press devotes endless columns to expounding rules and traditions for bridge. Will you not draw sympathetically upon your erudition and your folk-lore so far as to prescribe the manner, methods and conditions which should be observed.

There are many questions to be answered, a few of which are as follows:

Does a red ear confer the valued privilege upon the finder of whichever sex? Is the privilege limited to a single felicity or may the finder retain it and levy repeated tributes?

May the red ear be passed from hand to hand, carrying the privilege to each successive owner?

What constitutes a red ear, and who shall decide doubtful cases?

Is it sufficient if the lady addressed admits its qualification?

Must the privilege be claimed and exercised at once and on the spot, or may the lucky wight discriminatingly postpone it to a more intimate occasion?

Is it permitted to secure a red ear in

ADVANCE AND BRING IT TO THE SPOT? It be husked and uncovered on the spot? Doubtless there is much lore on the subject in both prose and verse, and it would be a kindly and timely service to make it more widely known.

LIBERTY WAR FARMER.

Medfield.

Alas! we are far from folk-lorists and books of folk-lore. There is, however, a little volume at hand, but in the index we find only "red-haired people" and "red hand and the Holt family." It appears that in Lancashire, Eng., a red-haired person is supposed to bring ill-luck if he be the first to enter a house on New Year's day. As for Sir Thomas Holt he murdered his cook in a cellar of the old family mansion by running him through with a spit. Sir Thomas buried him beneath the spot where he slew him, and afterwards the red hand, the Ulster badge of dignity, was in his coat-of-arms. Sir Thomas manfully did what many highly respectable Bostonian housewives would like to do. We find only one allusion to corn, a sentence from Higgeson's "New England's Plantation": "There is not such great and plentiful ears of corn, I suppose, anywhere else to be found but in this country; because, also, of variety of colors, as red, blue and yellow, etc.; and of one corn there springeth four or five hundred." We hope in a few days to answer our valued contributor's questions concerning the rites and ceremonies of a husking bee.—Ed.

Bombo.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Owen Wister, in his delightful story, "Lady Baltimore," mentions a punch popular in South Carolina, called "Bombo," the base of which is New England rum. He fails to give the ingredients. Perhaps some of your correspondents may have the recipe, which would be welcome with the approach of cold weather.

J. D. K.

Boston.

We are inclined to think, not having read Mr. Wister's novel, that "Bombo" would be refreshing in summer. For winter, "hot buttered rum" for a cold. "Colds lead to coughs; coughs to catarrh; catarrh to consumption; and consumption to the grave." We quote from an old patent medicine advertisement, which chilled us in boyhood day whenever we had the snuffles.—Ed.

Miscegenation in Fiction.

As the World Wags:

If one were making a bibliography of miscegenation, two novels which gave me pleasure as a boy might be included—J. T. Trowbridge's "Neighbor Jackwood" and Judge Tourgee's "Toinette" (republished as "A Country Gentleman"). In neither, so far as I remember, is marriage between white and black treated as a matter for reprobation. Lately, indeed, a friend who had been rereading Trowbridge's story, cited it as an example of the absence, at the period the book was written, of feeling for what we call "eugenics." I have forgotten the plot, but I believe my friend said both parents of the hero were insane and the young lady who became his wife a person of color. Vaguely I recall the lovely octoroon hiding from cruel pursuers in a haystack. I imagine Trowbridge treated the subject as a romanticist, without regard for the psychology of the parties chiefly concerned or the physiology of their offspring; so perhaps "Neighbor Jackwood" does not belong in the suggested bibliography at all.

For two moons I have wished to add my mite to the dialect of ox-driving, but was not sure of the facts. As nearly as I can learn, however, in the vicinity of Sanbornston, N. H., the clevts and clevis-pin were, and mayhap still are, called collectively "ram-shackle and durum."

J. C. L. C.

Lancaster.

September 23, 1917

Dr. Orae Sumner Goad is the author of "William Dunlap; a Study of His Life and Works and of His Place in Contemporary Culture." The handsome volume is printed for the Dunlap Society of New York.

This biography cannot be praised too highly for the research shown, for the accuracy displayed, for the sound and illuminative criticism and for the skill in picturing the condition of the theatre and the public taste during Dunlap's career as manager and playwright. It is not our purpose now to follow Dunlap's life as painter and theatre manager, or to discuss his plays, original and translated, the most of which were shelved long ago. Let us rather quote at random from this entertaining and valuable volume passages that throw light on the American theatres of former years.

First, let us see how "society items" were written in 1739, the year of Dunlap's marriage to a young woman whose brother-in-law was Timothy Dwight, later president of Yale.

The New York Daily Gazette of Feb. 16, 1739, contained this news item: "Or

Tuesday last was married by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. William Dunlap, an eminent Portrait Painter, and Member of the Philological Society, only son of Mr. Samuel Dunlap, Merchant, Queen Street, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Nabby Woolsey of Fairfield in Connecticut." "Amiable and accomplished" how old-fashioned these attributes now seem; yet is not the description of Miss Nabby, Betsey or Elizabeth Woolsey, as alluring, as one telling of a young bride's prowess in the hunting field or at tennis, and stating that she is "a prominent member" of this or that club?

Dunlap's tragedy "Pontalville Abbey" was repeated in 1735 under adverse circumstances. "The villain was sick, and the actor who undertook the part was compelled to read his lines from the book, a procedure which naturally disconcerted the whole company. As if this were not a sufficient handicap the fifth act was disturbed by an alarm of fire." It was in 1795 that Dunlap translated for the New York Magazine an idyl of Gessner. Here is an example of translation that might justly be called literal: "Let me the pitcher, too heavy a load for thee, to thy cottage carry."

A description of the second New York theatre—a wooden building of Nassau (then Kip) street—is taken from Col. Brown's "History of the New York Stage": "The stage was raised five feet from the floor. The scene, curtains and wings were all carried by the managers in their property trunks. A green curtain was suspended from the ceiling. A pair of paper screens were erected upon the right and left hand sides, for wings. The orchestra consisted of a German flute, horn and drum players. Suspended from the ceiling was the chandelier, made of a barrel hoop, through which were driven half a dozen nails, into which were stuck so many candles. Two drop scenes, representing a castle and a wood, bits of landscape, river and mountain, comprised the scenery. The room contained a pit and a gallery. Later there were boxes. The theatre held about 300. The admission was eight shillings to the boxes, five to the pit and three to the gallery." Eight shillings in New York was then equivalent to one dollar.

David Douglas in 1738 attempted to open in New York a new play-house on Cruger's wharf, but the privilege was denied him. He then announced a "Historic Academy," in which he proposed to deliver dissertations on subjects moral, instructive and entertaining, and to endeavor to qualify such as would favor him with attendance to speak in public with propriety." Let us not forget that once in Boston dramas were advertised as "moral lectures." For in more than one city actors were thought little better than vagrants. In 1754 the Quakers of Philadelphia petitioned the Governor to prohibit "profane stageplays." Permission, however, was granted to Hallam and his company on the condition that they should offer "nothing indecent and immoral"; that they should give one night's receipts to the poor; that the manager should give security for the payment of all debts contracted. Although many, if not all of these early companies were strollers, their behavior was usually correct, and, to allay ill-will, it was their custom to give a benefit to the poor. "One annoyance from which the players suffered was the presence of intruders behind the scenes and even on the stage. Sometimes the number on the stage was so large as to interrupt the performance. In return the actors imposed an inconvenience on the public by going from house to house soliciting patronage for their benefit nights. Both practices disappeared before Dunlap's time."

Douglas built a new theatre in John Street, New York. Dunlap also began his career here, described it: "It was principally of wood, an unsightly object, painted red. . . . It was about 60 feet back from the street, having a covered way of rough wooden material from the pavement to the doors. . . . Two rows of boxes, with a pit and a gallery, could accommodate all the play-going people of that time, and yield to the sharers \$300 when full, at the usual prices. The stage was of good dimensions." The dressing-rooms and green-room were in an adjacent shed.

When war with England seemed unavoidable, Congress recommended that gaming, cock-fighting and play-acting be discouraged. During the revolution the English soldiers were the only actors. In Boston, Burgoyne was at the head of a makeshift playhouse; in Philadelphia the scene painter was John Andre. When the American company returned in 1735 to New York, pulpit and press attacked it on moral and patriotic grounds. "Indeed, the clergy so inflamed the people that there were threats of demolishing the theatre."

About 1794 the company in New York was a permanent group. "It was attached to some theatre which it considered its home and where it gave performances the greater part of the year. At other times it visited elsewhere as a whole or in sections. The manager (or managers, in case of partnership), who was usually an actor, was not the hired servant of a body of owners or promoters, but was the ultimate director and dictator of affairs. He owned or rented the house and its equipment, chose and cast the plays, hired the actors, arranged the salaries, and, in general, was monarch of the mimic world."

The first major role of a play was same from England. Until 1791 it was the practice of the American Company to pay its actors with shares of the profits, but in that year the salary plan was substituted; the salaries then ranged between about \$10 and \$25 weekly. A time-honored method of eking out the income was the benefit. A portion of each season was set aside for this purpose; each member of the troupe was assigned a night for which he arranged the program, and from which he received the profits. Once an actor had shown his ability to handle a part, it became in a manner his property, and it was no uncommon thing to see an elderly man playing the youthful role he had been given years before. The actresses were frequently the wives of the actors, and were content to be known by their husband's names. The marital confusion which characterizes the profession today was then less commonly found.

Some of the players liked to be conspicuous on the street. West wore leather breeches and a high-collared scarlet coat. Robbins sported gold lace on his collar and three gold hat bands. Hodgkinson powdered, curled and braided his hair, and clung to breeches and stockings, instead of pantaloons and boots. In the nineties of the 18th century the scene-painter became prominent. There was new scenery for the more important plays and this fact was loudly advertised. An attendant, during the performance, came on the stage to sniff candles or move furniture. The repertoires included plays ranging from Shakespeare to the latest contemporary. Recent London successes were imported as soon as possible. "American plays were accepted, but the most popular of them could not vie with English pieces."

The boxes were much more numerous than now. The admission to them was \$1. The box-holders sent servants several hours in advance to hold the seats. Certain boxes were reserved for loose women—Dunlap deplored this evil. Men in the pit paid 75 cents to sit on a bench. Above them hung the chandelier of candles, and woe betide the apparel of the man who sat directly under it! The gallery held the "rabble" at 50 cents a head. "They were the most vociferous part of the house, and did not scruple to express their disapproval by either words or missiles. At times actors, orchestra, and audience alike suffered from their attentions."

During a year's run one of these companies would sometimes give as many as 70 different plays and about the same number of farces. "And at their best these performances were finished, dignified and artistic."

"One night in November (1796) two sea captains became drunk (it was then permissible to bring liquor into the house), and began calling for 'Yankee Doodle' during the overture. Not receiving the desired solace for their patriotic ears, they hurled missiles at the orchestra and defied the indignant audience. A riot ensued, which resulted in the ejection of the offenders; but returning later with a number of sailors, they assailed the doors of the play-house until the city watch took them into custody. This fracas resulted in the prohibition of intoxicants until the end of the first piece."

In 1797 Dunlap's associate Hodgkinson having left Boston, Dunlap set out for that city to settle matters. He crossed the Connecticut river amid ice; at Shrewsbury the coach lost a rear wheel. "In which accident the chivalrous Dunlap had the felicity of supporting miss Polly please, the landlord's daughter." Arriving in Boston he signed more notes, hobnobbed with the Federals, associated with Josiah Quincy and Jedediah Morse, read Voltaire, and worked on a play called "Andre." In January he moved into a new theatre in New York. The scenery was said to surpass anything ever seen in America. The advertisements contained instructions, among them these:

"The offensive practice to ladies, and dangerous one, to the house, of smoking segars, during the performance, it is hoped, every gentleman will consent to an absolute prohibition of."

"Ladies and Gentlemen will please to direct their servants to set down with their horses heads toward the New Brith Meeting, and take up with their heads towards Broad Way."

The doors were open at 5. The curtain went up—or as the advertisement stated, was "drawn up" at 6:15.

The New York Evening Post of July 3, 1803, published an advertisement of "The Glory of Columbia—Her Yeomanry," a patriotic medley for July 4. It brought in a \$1287 audience. The battle scene, "A View of Yorktown, with the British lines and the lines of the besiegers," was advertised: "Nearer the audience are the advanced battalions of the besieged. Cannonading commences from the Americans upon the town, which is returned. Shells thrown into the town. Explosion of a powder magazine. The French troops advance towards the most distant of the advanced batteries; the battalion begins to cannonade, but is carried at the bayonet's point. (This is done by artificial figures in perspective.) While this is yet doing, the nearest battalion begins to cannonade, and the American infantry rushing to the charge, they attack and carry it with fixed bayonets. (This is done by boys

completely equal and of a size to correspond in perspective with the machinery and the scenery.) The British are seen asking quarter, which is given." This play for many years drew crowded houses on national holidays in New York and elsewhere.

It was in the fall of 1802 that Washington Irving began to criticise the theatre in his "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent." He ridiculed Hodgkinson's rant and breast-slapping, the stiff and feckless supers, the incongruous mixture of costumes seen in one play. "While one sotor is strutting about the stage in the cuirass and helmet of Alexander another, dressed up in a gold-laced coat and bag-wig, with a chapeau de bras under his arm, is taking snuff in a fashion of one or two centuries back, and perhaps a third figure in Suwarrow boots, in the tru style of modern buckslam." The orchestra played the same old tunes. The occupants of the boxes chattered and displayed themselves as much as possible. "The gallery gods, who were watched over by a constable, compensated for the lack of music by their Noah's-ark tumult, and used their surplus gingerbread and apples as missiles."

Dunlap soon found that the audiences were "not sufficiently cultivated to dispense with diversions of a physical kind. Late in 1802 a marvellous person was advertised to stand on his head and revolve from 60 to 100 times a minute, an act aptly styled, 'The Antipodean Whirligig.' A few months later one Signor Manpredi charmed the audience by performing on the tight rope as a prelude to "Romeo and Juliet."

When Duniap published in 1806 the first volume of his dramatic works, he wrote a stately preface: "Impressed with the fullest conviction that the stage is a vehicle by which moral instruction may be, with much effect, conveyed to the inhabitants of great cities, it has been my study, while writing plays, to make Pleasure subservient to the cause of Virtue. With these views, I trust I have not been so far unsuccessful that any parent need hesitate to put my volumes in the hands of his child, or the most scrupulous reader fear to meet passages that would wound Decency, or suffuse the cheek of Modesty with a blush."

In 1836, in an essay on art, he recommended to men of wealth who tried to run academies of design that they could better serve the cause by purchasing foreign masterpieces and establishing museums. It should be remembered that Dunlap, in 1826, was chosen treasurer of the National Academy of Design, which came out of the New York Drawing Association, formed the year before "for the purpose of promoting native art and assisting students."

Dr Coad analyzes in an entertaining manner the drama of sentiment, with Kotzebue the leading exponent in the dramatic world of Dunlap's time. Dunlap translated at least 13 of Kotzebue's plays.

The volume contains lists of Dunlap's plays, original and translated, with dates of first performance and a full index.

As is known to many, Dunlap was an intimate friend of Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist. He wrote Brown's life, which was published at Philadelphia in 1815, in London in 1822. We have an edition of Brown's novels published by S. G. Goodrich in Boston (1827). A memoir of Brown serves as preface. A former owner of these volumes wrote "Dunlap" at the end of the memoir, which is dated Philadelphia, March 3, 1827. Now, in 1827 Dunlap was painting portraits in New York and elsewhere, working on his "Calvary," and exhibiting his pictures, "Christ Rejecting," "The Bearing of the Cross," and an imitation of West's "Death on the Pale Horse." He also in that year brought out at the Bowery Theatre, New York, a revision of Fitzball's "Flying Dutchman." Did he write this memoir or did some one take the material from Dunlap's life of Brown?

In 1855 Dunlap, painting miniatures, arrived in Boston with \$6 in his pocket. Sitters were readily obtained at \$15 a picture, and soon Dunlap was able to send money home for the support of his family. His relations with his fellow-artists were very pleasant. The acquaintance with Gilbert Stuart, begun years before in London, was renewed; and Malbone seeing his deficiency in miniature work, instructed him in the method of preparing Ivories for the reception of paint, and thus enabled him to improve his pictures." Edward Malbone was then at the height of his fame. In the incomplete list of Dunlap's miniatures and paintings extant there is no mention of a miniature or oil portrait now owned in Boston. The Worcester Art Museum possesses a "Portrait of a Lady" and a portrait of George Spalding.

Mrs. Genevieve Ward, about to make a long tour through the English provinces, was visited by a London reporter. He began with a description of her drawing room. "From the carved cupids on the walls to furniture and hangings there was an intimate personality in every trifle. Scattered in the gray disorder of packing, on tables and chairs and every available space, stood books, pictures, photographs, paintings—linked with the glorious theatrical past. Promi-

address, signed and returned to the Ward by members of the Aristocracy, company last spring on the occasion of her 30th birthday. On the wall behind her hung the exquisite and famous portrait painted by Hugh Riviere * * * A rustle of silks, followed by a little noiseless patter—and the original of the picture entered the room, accompanied by the friendly small black dog Gyp. Her step has all the elasticity of youth. To associate age with the bright eyes and alert, intelligent outlook of this remarkable lady would seem almost an impropriety.

"The only thing is that owing to Sir George Alexander's unfortunate illness, I am having to 'star all by myself.' Miss Ward explained. 'The position consequently is somewhat unique. It must be almost the only play in which the "tsar" does not appear in the last act. The tour brings back many memories of my early career. We start at Liverpool, then passing on to Manchester. I shall always associate Manchester with my first success. It was here, in 1873, that I made my debut. Curiously enough, the anniversary of my first performance will occur this year during the very week when I am playing in the same town.'

"Bristol, another town touched during the tour, is associated with still earlier memories. Owing to the fact that Miss Ward's father was the resident American consul, her girlhood days were spent in Bristol. She retains vivid memories of the excellently managed old Bristol Theatre, where some of the most brilliant luminaries of the stage at that time were trained. Miss Ward recalls with fervent enthusiasm her early appreciation of Irving's work. The whole family were ardent playgoers long before the girl Genevieve, who was better known in her own particular circle for her sweet singing at that time, contemplated the stage as a career. The old Bristol Theatre had no stalls, and frequently the entire line of boxes at the back of the auditorium would be engaged by her father and his friends.

" 'Would you consider the standard of acting then superior to that of the present time?' Miss Ward was asked. " 'It is difficult to speak of the profession in general,' he replied. 'I certainly think actors and actresses were better trained under the old conditions. Acting, too, was more of a family affair. The young people practically lived at the theatre, and learned the technique of the stage through and through.'

" 'Audiences have changed very little during the last half-century,' she concluded. 'I have a firm belief also in their memory. It is 30 years since I last toured, yet I feel sure the older generation remember me. And they will be there to welcome me when I come among them again.' "

Miss Ward told the reporter that she should leave her portrait by Riviere to the nation. She also said that it was beautiful—the portrait, not her purpose. The reporter was deeply moved: "Outside the wind whistled and a few fitful raindrops hurled themselves against the pane. 'It is a bolstorous day,' remarked Miss Ward, as she bid good-by. There seemed an almost uncanny connection between her last remarks. The picture and the woman—the woman and her work! Bolstorous days have left her energy serenely unimpaired. The coming tour will be yet another achievement to her credit. Long may she live to show us more!"

It seems only a few years ago that we heard Miss Ward exclaim passionately as the heroine of "Forget Me Not": "The world owes me a living." The audience applauded. Alas, the world owes no one a living.

TO the Editor of the Herald:

Memories of In a public room of
Some Great my father's inn, the
Players first time that I definitely remember, was
a bust in an elevated position that I
use to look upon with admiring infantile
eyes. After persistent juvenile question-
ing, I was informed that it represented
Ellen Tree, but no further information
was imparted concerning the personality
of the object of my adoration. So I went
about for some time longer, holding a mystery under my
young breast-bone that I imagined from
her name, might be one of the fairies of
the wood in which I implicitly believed
when all the unseen world was a wonder-
land that I thought existed but could
not see. I thus carried this name around
in my immature mind until one of the
help in the old-fashioned hostelry, to
whom I was especially devoted, asked:
"How would you like, my boy, to go and
see Ellen Tree?"

This presented a prospect of a realization of my dreams that fulfilled my fondest anticipations. I quickly accepted the invitation implied, and that night, with parental sanction, saw me at the old, old Howard Athenaeum, which was remodeled for dramatic purposes from the Millerite Tabernacle within whose walls the intermediate destruction of the world had been positively proclaimed. Well, there I was on the spot where I was born in a house that had preceded temple and playhouse, looking at Ellen Tree as Ion in Justice Talfourd's classic drama of the same title. I did not know then that she had become Mrs. Charles Kean, the wife of the reputable son of a disreputable dramatic genius, for I was too young to consult the program. She was only Ellen Tree to me, a vision of delight. Ah, he was then 11th and

[illegible]

But oh, the pity of it! When I had grown to manhood my Ellen Tree had vanished and in her shoes was a stout woman playing a comparatively minor character to her husband's Louis XI. at the Boston Theatre. He was the star then and she only a little spark trailing after him in his best impersonations. This Keen had a disagreeable, nasal voice—a correct artist, but he had not inherited the inspirational force of his Awful Dad, whom old Bostonians, before my time, rebuked for his disdain of our city in no uncertain manner.

you will, was attested by a volume which I chanced upon in one of the branches of the Public Library. "What Happened to Me" is it, little, and its author, La Salle Corbett Pickett, the widow of the brave, if mistaken, confederate soldier, Gen. George W. Pickett. After the fraternal conflict Mrs. Pickett resided for a time in Richmond, where her husband, whom she always called "My Soldier," became a life insurance agent, not finding prosperous a return to life on the old plantation which Gen. Butler had laid waste. In the southern capital Charlotte Cushman and Mrs. Pickett became warm friends, and in the course of conversation the latter referred to meeting Ellen Tree in Canada before Gen. Pickett was paroled by his old friend Gen. Grant.

"Oh," said our New England actress, "that was worth losing your name for!" In Montreal the Picketts had assumed the name of Edwards—"The very fact that she could not keep from acting made her interesting. Did you ever see her wipe her nose?"

Mrs. Pickett never had, so to illustrate Ellen Tree's manner of performing that duty Miss Cushman drew her handkerchief from her pocket. As she did so her eyes, opened wide, we are told, glared ominously as if some scene of tragic import were looming up in the middle distance. Her form was taut as for a fatal spring. The handkerchief was lifted and applied to each nostril; while the face was stern and uncompromising as might be that of the noble Romans sentencing his son to death for breaking the law. The handkerchief was returned to the pocket in a similar dramatic manner.

"The blood of all the Caesars was on that handkerchief when it was put away," Charlotte said. She continued: "Ellen Tree could not help acting; it was her nature."

I am afraid that in this illustration of her sister tragedienne's peculiarities Charlotte Cushman was a bit extravagant. She always overacted in comedy, and the last time I saw her enact Mrs. Simpson in "Simpson & Co." I thought she put on the color in a manner that suggested the house-painter's brush and not that of the artist.

Ellen Tree, or Mrs. Kean, had, no doubt, something of the air and speech of a tragedy queen in every day life. Going into Prince's dry goods shop in Richmond, the actress, according to Mrs. Pickett, said:

"N-n-no," stammered the gallant but startled Virginian she addressed; "I—I'm sorry."

One of the other attendants came to his assistance with the information that the lady meant calicoes. at the same time taking down some pieces from the shelf. The customer examined them, we are informed, with tragic significance and looked up with fathomless depths of emotion, inquiring in a voice of intense feeling, dwelling with dramatic force on each word:

"N-n-no, ma-am," replied the terrified clerk. "I d-d-did not, ma-am!"

To return to Miss Cushman. She told Mrs. Fickett that of all the parts she had played herself she enjoyed most that of Romeo when she acted it with her sister Susan as Juliet. I am confident, however, that the enjoyment was not imparted to all the spectators. Miss Cushman's love-sick youth of Verona was neither man nor woman, and the

was neither man nor woman, and the daughter of the Capulets must have been decidedly tame, for Susan Cushman, who was as pretty as her sister was the reverse, was nothing more than 'what is called on the stage a "walking lady." The last time I saw Charlotte play Romeo was in the early sixties, and then she was no longer young and old enough to be my mother. I never saw Susan act, for she did not return professionally with her sister from England in 1819, where, I believe, she was happily married, though some players were unkind enough to say that she was of a decidedly shrewish disposition.

But Charlotte was incomparable, to my way of thinking, as Katherine of Aragon, and her sturdy if somewhat hullyling Lady Macbeth was always thrilling. Of her comedy impersonations, Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" pleased me the most. It had a great deal of almost masculine dash and spirit especially in the exclamation:

own Ida of a serene, dignified, magnificent human race with a mental picturesqueness of gentile attitude and enunciation. Her Nancy Sykes was a veritable outcast of the street with a warm, sympathetic, human heart beneath all her sordid degradation.

Our great actress of Pilgrim ancestry who came to the dramatic stage through disaster and necessity and made a name for herself by her energy and determination, had more than a Yankee thriftiness and shrewdness in her management of monetary affairs, and, indeed, she was not ashamed of it. She could always give plausible reason for her economical devices, and the late W. T. W. Ball was wont to relate that he exchanged at her request two bronze statues that were presented her at her farewell on the stage at the old Globe Theatre for a fresh from the mart where the poet tells us nothing breeds but gold. She did not want the gifts, she said, because she had duplicates of them in her villa at Newport. But she could be a charming companion when her pocket was securely fastened. She had tasted poverty and knew how to get the odd roll in the baker's dozen. I wish we all did at the present time when the old 5-cent loaf masquerades as the 10-cent one of less strenuous days.

Joseph Jefferson was of another kind. He came of a race of players and she was the first of her line to tread the boards and was a rarity among those who are usually too prodigally inclined. Mrs. Pickett says of him that on his return to Richmond, after peace was declared, he found that his old friend Mr. Caskey, who had helped him to a foothold on life, had lost his fortune in the war and was even in greater need than the unknown boy player had been. "The great comedian was not one to forget a kindness. 'Let's give him a benefit,' he said to My Soldier. It was characteristic of Joe Jefferson that he never said 'I will do thus and so.' He said, 'Let's do it' as if the project depended on the one to whom he was talking rather than on his own ability. The benefit was given and the man of fallen fortunes had reason to be glad that in the days of the fuller larder he had cast his bread upon the waters."

To conclude this somewhat rambling discourse, may I not recall that Ellen Tree, or Mrs. Kean if you like that name better, had a great forerunner as a tragic matron off the stage in the great Sarah Siddons, who used blank verse in her ordinary conversation.

And wss not her niece, once smoun
as Fannie Kemble, a fullblown matron
by the name of Butler when I heard her
read "Henry V." to a fashionable audi-
ence at the Melonaon, on the very
ground where she had set the Boston
young bloods wild with her Juliet at the
old Tremont Theatre, preliminary to
their toasting her in many a sparkling
bumper at the Tremont House across
the way, where she slumbered peacefully
in anticipation of her horseback ride
across the milldam on the following day
as a buxum young English maiden.

Dorchester JOHN W. RYAN.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

Harwood, was produced at the Royalty, London, on Aug. 22. "There is nothing very startling about it until the finish, when the light suddenly goes out on the stage (thanks to an unpaid electricity bill), and the play ends with two couples sorting themselves in the dark, as in the last act of 'The Marriage of Figaro'." The comedy is a little thin here and there: there are repetitions and prolongations, some jokes that are a little too venerable even for quotation, and Miss Jesse does not seem always to realize that something new should be happening all the time. Still, it is most brightly written, and there are one or two delightful little touches of character. The story is just the familiar arrangement of a separated husband, who has changed his name and become an adjutant, being billeted on his own wife in her village retreat, where his colonel had been a distinctly appreciative guest. The husband and wife make it up, the affair being just lightly complicated by the lady pretending—after the 'Importance-of-Being-Earnest' tradition—to receive a telegram to the effect that her supposedly-absent lord is dead. Perhaps the best thing in the whole play is the entirely charming character of a young friend of the wife's—a frank, lively, sensible, but as yet undisillusioned, ingenuous, who finally pairs off with the colonel, and is beautifully played by Miss Stella Jesse, sister of the authoress."

A new play by Arnold Bennett, "Intinct," described as "A study in the artistic temperament," will be produced this season by John D. Williams. The scenes are in London and Paris. "In writing it, it is said, the author departed from his usual style."

Frank Pixley and Gustave Luder will turn the comedy "A Full House" into a musical play.

The London Times of Aug. 23 said apropos of a Promenade concert: "About Wagner there are two things to be said. The first is that when you think you know it you are only beginning to learn something about it. It is as amazing as Bach in its subtlety, and as appealing as Mozart in its inevitable fitness. One has to live this all one's life, but the pain is

...other thing is, alas! that I ought to be played much better than I was last night. * * * Mme. Stralitz sang "Elizabeth's Greeting" as well as it is permitted to the human voice to sing that unvoiced episode."

W. C. Courtney's "Simaetha," a miniature tragedy on classical lines, was produced at the London Coliseum on Aug. 27. The action is in the fifth century, B. C. Syracuse is besieged by the Athenians. Just outside the city, Simaetha, thought to be a sorceress, awaits Delphis, her lover and an officer in the enemy's camp. He had seen her only once during the last 20 days. She sends her maid Thestylis with a letter to him, bidding him come. The maid, in love with Delphis, and jealous, betrays her mistress to her own people, so that Delphis may be captured. "The meeting of the lovers, a scene of rare beauty and passionate fervor, is interrupted by the appearance of three Syracusan soldiers, intent on making Delphis their prisoner. A fierce fight is promptly engaged. But Simaetha knows of a better way out. At her invocation a devastating fire springs out of the ground, encircling the lovers in its flames, and, as it slowly dies down, leaves not a trace behind." Mrs. Patrick Campbell "carried the play shoulder-high to success by her splendid declamatory force and the emotional intensity with which she invested every phase of a cleverly diversified character."

A one act comedy, "The Coiner," by Bernard Duffy, was performed by the Irish Players at the London Coliseum, Aug. 27. "It is a delightful little folk-comedy, showing how a peasant's wife got the better of a traveling tinkler (Mr. Fred O'Donovan), who would be selling 'the way to coin money.'"

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Hackett's new play, "The Invisible Foe" (The Savoy, London, Aug. 23): "It looks very much as if, after the production of 'The Barton Mystery,' Mr. H. B. Irving had said to its author, 'Look here, Hackett, the people seem to be quite tickled with these spiritual problems, but they're afraid you are kidding. Cut out the spook and give it them straight.' This, anyhow, is in effect what Mr. Hackett has done in his new play. It is just the simplest, straightest possible presentation in dramatic form of the old, old question, Do the dead return? Can they communicate with the living? Mr. Hackett does not attempt to answer it. This is not his business as a dramatist. He just presents it vividly and dramatically, and leaves the rest to us. Wise man! He asks us to imagine an elderly shipowner, who dies immediately after discovering that he had been grossly unjust to his younger nephew in charging him with embezzlement. The real culprit, he had found, was the elder nephew, who had written a full confession. This confession the old man slipped into a copy of 'David Copperfield' he had been reading just before he died. The point of the play is that the shipowner's daughter is, after the old man's death, irresistibly inspired to search both the room and the actual book, which had been put back in the shelf. Here, of course, the elder nephew's written confession lay, though the daughter had no suspicion at the time even of his guilt. Was she prompted by the spirit of her father, anxious to set right a wrong done in his life? An exceedingly interesting subject for discussion, though, to be sure, we cannot pretend to know much more about it than we did in the days when Shakespeare rather anticipated Mr. Hackett with a little play called 'Hamlet.' And they had different doubts then! Absolutely simple as it is—with only one limelight moment, when Mr. H. B. Irving as the elder nephew yields to the obvious temptation of recalling 'The Bells' as he finds himself alone in the room with 'the invisible foe'—the play is exactly fitted to its own purpose. It is just thrilling enough to call attention to its subject, but more, has some pleasant talk from a genial doctor and others by way of entertainment, and there you are! Mr. Irving has, to be sure, no chance of being more than a discreet villain—the 'question of the play' is the important thing. Miss Fay Compton is peculiarly beautiful and tender and appealing as the daughter."

Mr. d'Avino and his band, who gave concerts at Saratoga Springs last month, were warmly appreciated by the public and the press. One of the local newspapers remarked: "He studies the musical taste of Saratoga, and it is flattering that he has not deemed it necessary to lower the quality of the program with which he started his season."

An allegation by Dr. Lyttelton that the Puritans attempted to destroy music is denied in a letter to the London Times by Percy A. Scholes, editor of the Music Student. It is lamentable, he says, that such statements should still be put forth. The days immediately following the Puritan Reformation were those in which England led the world in music, being famous for her composers of madrigals, church music, and (especially) keyboard music. And at the period when the severest Puritanism was triumphant, the names of Cromwell, Milton, and Bunyan (all keen music lovers) are sufficient to show that there is no necessary connection between Puritanism and a dislike of music. A vast amount of music was published during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, as an examination of the British Museum catalogue would show, and there was daily opera in London during the later years of Cromwell's power. The Puritans objected to

music in but in fact for no other reason than they had no taste for it."

Of Kestie Howard's new novel, "The Gay Life," the Pall Mall Gazette says that the chapters will give the reader the flattering impression that he had nothing to learn about the theatre and its ways. "Tilly's experiences with the tour of 'The Stricken Home' are well told, and there are some good touches where she and her friends of the provincial repertory are brought into contact with the more fashionable wing of the profession. At that point Mr. Howard does escape from the preconceived and give us strokes of genuine observation and satire."

Margaret Mayo will devote all her time to the screen for a corporation of which she is one of the active owners.

The repertoire of the Portmanteau Theatre will be increased this season. The acquisitions are Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," "Alexander," "Cale Young Kice's "A Night in Avignon," Padrale Colum's "Mogu, the Wanderer," Frank Tuttle's "Cesare Borgia," Alice Brown's "The Golden Ball," Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Sire de Malestroix's Door" and "Admiral Guinea," Thomas J. Kelly's "The Son of Isis," F. R. Osborn's "The God-Maker," and an adaptation for the stage of Don Marquis's "Hermione" stories. Mr. Walker will also offer dramatic arrangements of "The Book of Job" and "The Songs of Solomon."

The Negro Players will give performances this season of Ridgeley Torrance's "Rider of Dreams," "Granny Maunee" and a play with music by J. Rosamond Johnson.

"Oh Justine," with book and lyrics by Philip Bartholomae, will be produced in New York next month.

Lucile Watson will play in "As Others See Us"; Julia Dean in "On with the Dance"; Hilda Spong in "Under Pressure"; De Wolf Hopper will go on tour with "The Passing Show of 1917."

Herman Darewski, composer and publisher of London, is completing a patent piano keyboard, based on the Braille system, for the use of the blind, especially blinded soldiers and sailors.

A musical version of "Monsieur Beaucaire" will be produced in London this fall.

It used to be the fashion to publish the book first and then to produce the play in cases where the same subject served for both. In some recent instances, however, the situation is reversed. The story of "The Lyons Mail," as told by May Wynne, has been published by Jarrold & Sons, and John Murray has just issued "Fishpingle; A Romance of the Countryside," which, it need hardly be stated, is the story of H. A. Vachell's Haymarket comedy, "Quinneys," by the same author, was, on the other hand, presented to the public first as a book and then as a play. Some critics assumed that the comedy was dramatized from the novel. But, says Mr. Vachell, they happen to be wrong. With "Fishpingle" the conditions are reversed, the play having preceded the novel.—The Stage.

Whitford Kane is writing an Irish play for the Celtic Players to be produced in New York this season.

Elizabeth Patterson has been engaged by the Washington Square Players.

Iden Payne will direct the repertoire for Ethel Barrymore.

Lillian Trimble Bradley has written a satirical comedy, "As Others See Us," which is now in rehearsal with Emanuel Reicher and Lucile Watson in the leading roles.

"The Judge of Zalamea," Calderon's play, to be used by Leo Ditrichstein this season was seen in New York many years ago and in German, at the Irving Place Theatre.

Shakespeare

Neglected in

English Theatres don Times, regretted that the Germans are more alive than the English to the importance of Shakespearean performances. He wrote as follows:

"Three days before Sir Herbert Tree died, and when there seemed to be a long spell of activity before him, I talked with him upon the future of Shakespeare on the British stage. I urged upon him that our realistic pictorial representation of Shakespeare, with its elaborate and often irrelevant trappings and scenery, is evidently outworn, and that if Shakespeare is ever again to be worthily popular in the English theatre we must employ a new and simple convention, and must found our appeal to the public on the efforts of a body of actors trained in the accomplished delivery of Shakespeare's musical verse—an art that today is virtually extinct. Tree seemed to be in sympathy with the suggestion, and I left him hoping that some of his inexhaustible energy might be given to the production of Shakespeare on these lines. This work, which perhaps Tree might have aided, must be undertaken as soon as the times permit. If Shakespeare is to be rescued from the general neglect and contempt of the great mass of English theatregoers.

"In Germany in the year before the war 66 companies were playing Shakespeare, and kept 25 of his plays in their repertory. Eleven hundred and four representations of 'The Merchant of Venice' alone were given in Germany in that year. In Berlin eight theatres put up 25 productions, and frequently five or six different plays of Shakespeare might be seen on as many successive

evenings.

"That is a deep disgrace to us. The degraded position of Shakespeare on the English stage is a national reproach. Shall we redeem Europe from the Germans, and shall we leave Shakespeare unransomed in their hands, the solitary trophy that they have won from us? The question is closely connected with the poverty and impotence of our modern national drama. Indeed, the two questions are at bottom the same. It is a matter of grim self-congratulation to English dramatists that not one of us is nearly as unpopular as Shakespeare.

"We have other business on hand for the next few months. But in the vast reconstruction of our national life which will follow the war, the question of Shakespearean representation throughout the empire, and the linked question of our modern national drama, as an intellectual recreation, as a means of gaining wise pleasure and much amusing information about the supreme science of living—these two questions will not be the least important of the many that we shall be called upon to solve."

A few days later a letter from Robert F. Farquhar was published in the Times:

"Many of us regret, as does Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in his letter to the Times, that Shakespeare, the greatest of dramatic authors, is now so little appreciated by the British playgoer. This lack of appreciation is prevalent in many other fields of art, and is probably caused (1) by mental fatigue resulting from a constant endeavor to master subtle requirements of scientific training, always becoming more complicated, as applied to professional duties; and (2) to the increased anxiety such duties involve. Promptness and extreme accuracy being always demanded increases the strain. Matthew Arnold told me that after a long bout of mental 'struggling' he always tried 'not to think.' Nowadays the mind is often more overworked than the body, and it may be that Shakespeare's admirable dramas require too much thoughtful attention from the tired brain struggler. But among the wage-earning population there are millions of intelligent people not over-fatigued by mental work. Some 25 years ago, while spending a winter at Blackpool, I met Wilson Barrett, who was delighting crowded audiences with 'Hamlet,' 'Othello' and other Shakespearean dramas every night but one, the exception being 'Ben-my-Chree,' an adaptation from Hall Caine's novel, 'The Deemster.' Barrett's program for the following week at a great industrial city was, as he said, 'Shakespeare every night.' Trivial topics, illuminated by plenty of witty dialogue and comical situations, are less venturesome than the serious ones and therefore more likely to be presented on the stage, for it must be admitted that managers of theatres with noble inspirations run great risk of loss if a big production costing much money fails to attract big audiences. Then there is the strange persistence of vogues, often very silly, that dominate silly people. Such vogues have to be recognized, however much they may be disapproved."

TRANSLATION

Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, in the North American Review, makes the charge against Flaubert that his novels translate badly into English. The charge might as well be brought against Dickens that it is almost impossible to translate "Pickwick" or the conversations of Mr. Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness into French. The two novelists are as far apart as the poles, yet with one as with the other, the manner is more important than the matter.

The reproach brought by Mr. Wright against a master of French prose leads one to consider the characteristics of satisfactory translation. Over one hundred years ago Alexander Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, laid down rules in his "Essay on the Principles of Translation," an essay, which, reprinted in cheap form a few years ago, is still interesting as showing how the Eighteenth Century understood literary style. Tytler's rules, condensed, were these: a complete transcript of the ideas of the original should be given; the style and manner of writing should be of the same character with that of the original; the translation should have the ease of original composition.

Would it not be better to say that perfect translation should convey the idea to the reader that the foreign author had thought and written in English? There are translations that remind one of the inter-linear school-books used as cribs. Gordon's version of Tacitus is an example. The translator here attempted to preserve in English the very structure of the Latin sentences. Gordon's defence in the fifth volume is curious reading. On the other hand how Philemon Holland expanded the already florid style of Pliny the Elder; added whimsically,

and was delightfully exuberant! He treated Suetonius in like manner, and yet one would swear that if Suetonius had written in English, he would have used Philemon Holland's pen. For translations of this excellent nature, one must go back to the worthies who are included in the Tudor Series: North repeating in English what Plutarch had written; Urquhart laughing and bitter with Rabelais; Adlington telling the wonderful tale of the Golden Ass; and other Englishmen whose names are less familiar.

The Italian proverb declared long ago that the translator is a traitor. May not this be true in diplomacy and war, although the translator be painfully conscientious? There is the recent example of the dispute over the German word "Kadaver." The English, insisting that it applied only to corpses of human beings, told a grisly tale of dead soldiers turned into domestic uses. The Germans answered by saying that "Kadaver" was the word for the carcass of any dead animal. The simplest words are often the most baffling. Thus the French word "esprit" is a stumbling block to many; "spirituel" is another word translated often with ludicrous result. Then there is the peculiar, tropical, fantastical employment of words that apparently are simple. The ideal translator is much more than a literary hack conversant with dictionaries and phrase-books. He is a recreator. If Sir Thomas Urquhart did not stand by the side of Rabelais, he was not far from him; he heard his jests and laughed with him.

MANTELL SCORES TRIUMPH AS THE DUKE OF GLOSTER

His Production of Richard III. Ends First Week of Engagement at Shubert.

Robert Mantell closed the first week of his two weeks' run at the Shubert Theatre with a magnificent performance of "Richard III" last night. It was one of the best performances of the week. There was a large audience and the tragedian was called before the curtain at the end of each act.

His portrayal of the Duke of Gloster is one of the gems of his repertoire, second only, perhaps, to his wonderful Lear. Last night he was in excellent form, and gave the part a humanness that many Shakespearean actors fail to achieve. Stage villains are apt to be unreal; to make such a hypocritical, cynical character as Gloster a living personality, as Mr. Mantell does, is a demonstration of power.

His swift changes of demeanor in the scene with Elizabeth, widow of Edward IV, were particularly effective, his honeyed speeches contrasting forcefully with his expressions of contempt at her gullibility. The reception of the delegation headed by the Lord Mayor of London brought expressions of approval from the audience. It was on the whole a remarkably convincing interpretation.

Miss Hemper as Lady Anne, Miss Marion Evensen as Elizabeth, Fritz Lieber as the Earl of Richmond, John Burke as the Duke of Buckingham, Miss Bronson as the Prince of Wales and Miss Bogart as the Duke of York gave adequate support.

September 24-1917

The English are not wholly given over to consideration of the war. Not long ago there was a discussion of the question, Is the ocean green or blue? Lord Rayleigh thought the color "a fully developed green," and ascribed the popular belief that it is blue to the reflected color of the sky. Sir E. Ray Lankester swore it was turquoise blue if shallow, indigo if deep. The suggestion of green, he said, is due to the presence of yellow colored impurities. He scouted the sky theory: "It is easy to prove that this is not so, since the clear water of seas and lakes is seen to be blue when the sky is completely overcast." It is reported that the Germans have been painting their submarines "the color of the water." Are the submarines now green or blue?

A few days ago Mr. J. Landsear Lucas of a town in Surrey read that the editor of The Bonnet Rouge had committed suicide in prison by strangling himself with a "porpoise hide boot-lace." He thereupon wrote a letter to a London journal saying that porpoise hide in the form of a tanned leather

Pelix Adler strikes a chord on one funny bone in a rip-roaring skit in which he is assisted by home talent—one of the theatre's regular stage hands. He even finds something about the war to make the audience laugh.

Almost out of the realm of vaudeville is the 10-minute concert given by Mrs. Chilson Ohlman, prima donna soprano. Possessed of a sweet voice, she is content to sing from Strauss and Thomas and does not detract from the quality

Miles.	Stations on Main Line.	Time.
0	Leave Smoky Hollow	7:00 A.M.
6	Cigar Junction	8:00 A. M.
10	Soft Drink Station	8:30 A. M.
15	Moderation Falls	9:00 A. M.
20	Thimblevale	10:30 A. M.
25	Topersville	10:45 A. M.
30	Drunkard's Curve	11:00 A. M.
35	Rowdy Wood	11:45 A. M.
40	Arrive at Quarrelsburg	Noon
Leaving one hour to abuse Wife and Children.		
Miles.		Time.
0	Leave Bommer's Roost	1:00 P. M.
1	Bagger's Town	4:00 P. M.

of her act, singing songs, as is so often done.

The Gerald, gypsy serenaders, who play 31 mandolins at once, open the bill. Britt Wood, a juvenile entertainer, starts the ascent with his tuneful harmonica. A somewhat different dog and pony act, Leonard Gautier's animated toyshop, closes the show. And, of course, there is the Hearst-Pathé pictorial with its usual interesting world news in motion.

NEW COLUMBIA OPENS DOORS

Proprietor Loew and "Fatty" Arbuckle Welcome First Evening's Audience.

VAUDEVILLE AND "MOVIES"

The New Columbia Theatre was formally opened to the public last evening, and the audience was made acquainted with a theatre that for beauty and comfort will rank with the best in the country. The theatre was formerly the South End, and is located at Washington and Mott streets. It will be controlled by Marcus Loew, making the fourth playhouse that he controls in Boston. Brief remarks were made prior to the opening of the program by Mr. Loew, who was preceded by "Fatty" Arbuckle, the popular screen comedian, who made the trip especially for this purpose. The New Columbia will be devoted exclusively to vaudeville and feature photoplays, and its policy will be continuous, starting at 1 o'clock and concluding at 10:30 P. M. The program for last evening was begun shortly after 7 o'clock and ran well toward 11 o'clock without a repeat. An augmented orchestra and a pipe organ rendered accompaniments. The vaudeville included the Celli opera company, an organization of trained singers, who won applause in popular and classical selections. William K. Hill, a monologist, told many humorous stories, while Ryan and Juliet appeared in a clever singing and dancing act. The feature photoplay was William S. Hart in "The Cold Deck," the latest screen production made by this popular player. There was also shown a screen version of "Fatty" Arbuckle in "His Wedding Night" and the opening instalment of "The Seven Pearls," featuring Mollie King and Creighton Hale. This entire program will be changed on Thursday. A concert will be given every Sunday evening.

September 26-1917

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Herkimer Johnson is recovering from the severe sickness that has prevented him from contributing to this column. Unkind, malicious persons, fellow-socialists envious of his great reputation, have said that he had a stroke in Capt. Nickerson's store when he was told the price of beef. Others have said that he was suffering from Bulimia, but it is well known that outside of his passion for ale, Mr. Johnson is singularly ebullient. Is it not probable that Mr. Johnson fell into a deep fit of melancholy because his age did not allow him to serve actively in France, the country that he loves next to his own? However this may be, he is recovering, and as will be seen from his letter, is still interested in all things knowable, and other things.

As the World Wags:

During my convalescence I have been observing the flight of ants, the flight that brought to my mind the superb chapter in Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," a chapter that was condemned by a literary light in Boston, because, as he said in a girlish voice, it offended his finer susceptibilities. As I watched the nuptial flight, I wondered at the cunning of these insects. Last July I put a box of chocolate drops in a drawer of the old and high secretary that once belonged to my uncle Amos. I call it a "secretary," although my niece Vashli, who has been graduated from a woman's college, prefers to call it an escritoire. I wonder if a Frenchman hearing her pronounce the word would know to what she referred. This box had not been in the drawer over a day, when I found that little red ants were feasting. How did they find their way to that box, safe as I thought, from out doors? Is their sense of smell so acute? Thorcau, going by a farmer's house at night, complained that it smelt to him like a slaughter house. Perhaps this was the origin of the saying that the air in the country is pure because the farmer's folks keep their windows shut at night.

Yes, ants are wonderful insects, as the compiler of the Proverbs remarked, and others besides the sluggard can learn from them. Is it not true that ants tell members of their own family by the sense of smell and war against those that do not have the family odor? The British Museum is issuing a series of handbooks. One refers to bed-bugs; another to scorpions, spiders, mites, ticks and centipedes. I must send for these books as soon as I can.

the director of the Museum has not already forwarded them to me, hand-somely bound and with a complimentary dedication. Perhaps they are now in Boston addressed to me at my room in Blossom court.

I have found pleasure in observing the bluejays screeching in the grove of pines and the crows chattering on the salt marsh which is now a yellow that would ravish the eyes and soul of Mr. Dodge McKnight. Why have the poets dealt so harshly with the crow? They have called him rhyalid, foreboding, lurking, strutting, dastard, ignoble, peditious, and yet Menu, a wise old Hindu, said a good wife should be like a crow. This bird is famous for conjugal fidelity, and, as Mr. Phil Robinson has said, is "a model in that remarkable reserve and modesty which forbids the crow, unlike all other fowls, any exhibition of conjugal tenderness before the public eye. Moreover, they display in their communities a very remarkable sense of territorial boundaries. They sacrifice to Terminus. Thus one kind of crow keeps to one side of a river 'as the Elbe, for instance, and another to the other.' There is the saying: 'To eat crow.' Now Englishmen of the 13th century esteemed the crow, the heron; the crane, the stork, the cormorant, and the bittern, table delicacies, but they despised the hare and the partridge, which were never seen on the tables of the rich. And so the Scots in the past ate crabs and sea-urchins but rejected lobsters. Is the lobster cleaner in diet than the crow? My friend, Mr. Buon-amici, whose summer palace is not far from my humble shingled cottage, tells me of a curious trick of Italian farmers. They insert cones in the ground, filling the cone with corn. Close about the cone they put a sort of glue. The crow eating the corn, is caught and flies blinded, till in despair he comes to earth, helpless.

The bluejay has the reputation of being able to mimic woodland sounds. I have never been able to detect him in the role of imitator or ventriloquist. What is he so angry about? "His love notes are curiously subdued and soft." The jays near my cottage have been divorced or are crusty bachelors. What do crows talk about early in the morning? Are they planning for the day's work? Or are they discussing the war and commenting on German diplomacy and barbarity? HERKIMER JOHNSON.

September 27-1917

Some days ago we quoted a London journalist as saying that "boko" was Australian slang for "nose." At the time we called attention to the use of the word in a couplet about the fight between Heenan and Sayres. Now this famous fight took place at Aldershot in April, 1890. Thomas Nast went to England for the New York Illustrated News to draw pictures of scenes before the battle royal and the battle itself. No, "boko" is not a slang term peculiar to Australia. It was originally a pugilist's term. "Boke" in thieves' slang is certainly over 60 years old. The two terms are thought to be derived from "beak."

But Australia has its slang, and, if we are not mistaken, there is an Australian slang dictionary. In Lance-Corporal Ward Muir's "Observations of an Orderly," just published in London, there is a chapter on army slang. An Australian was speaking of his frost-bitten feet:

"When I went sick," he says, "the doctor thought he'd rumbled me swinging the lead. But as soon as he spotted them there toes of mine—the ones that's gone—I could see he knew I'd clicked a packet, square dinkum, this trip."

"Square dinkum" is Australian for "not 'arf."

In Vermont.

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in the words and phrases quoted in your column as in use in different sections of New England, and also in the different letters about oxen presented. In central Vermont, where I was born, the word "clevis" was in use and also "neap" for cart or wagon tongue, but I never heard the word "nh." "Neap" is in the dictionary, I find. Ox drivers said "Wahish" when they wanted the team to pull. Any kind of vehicle hitched to an animal, even if there was only one animal, made a "team." "Wahish," being all one word, was never confused by the cattle with the word "whoa." People drew stones on "stun-boats" to make "stun walls," and dug "ruts" of trees out of the ground with the stumps. "They 'het' their houses with wood fires and 'et' their food with knives. 'Haint' and 'aint'," were common; also "he don't" for "he doesn't." But this last I find even in the great, sometimes, and it may soon come into the dictionaries! Where I lived the office boy in a hotel had a long argument with a commercial traveler as to which was right, "you and I" or "you and me." Neither of them knew that it made a difference whether these pronouns were used as subject or predicate. Ox whips with leather "lashes" were in use, but never goads. Oxen are still in use in some lumber camps and on some farms. Perhaps not all your readers have seen at the agricultural fairs the huge oxen from Buckland, Mass., with backs so broad and flat that upon one of them a man can

stand a row of half a dozen boys' brooms as calves. I remember now the small yoke that my big brother helped to make. Often several farmer boys would unite their teams until they had a long string of them. As we trained steers so young and for the same reason that our fine horses, Morgans and others were driven as colts with long poles dragging on either side of them, driven and handled until they were perfect horses for sale at the age of 3 to 5 years, the description which Walt Whitman gives of his "Ox Tamer," taming the "3-year-olds" and "4-year-olds," seems absurd. Also his description of the "tamer" and of the ox does not fit any man or beast that I have ever known. I have seen many sections of "pastoral" and "north" country, and have had as pets many steers and oxen. Since those times of breaking steers I have graduated from college and have written and taught English, have studied and delighted in many poems, and, after all, I may be very ignorant, for I do not see in Whitman's "Ox Tamer" much knowledge of nature and facts as we know them, nor much that I like as poetry. I am not a profane person, but if I were ever near to swearing it would be after reading Whitman's "pastoral" and some others of his creation.

Apponaug, R. I. F. K. G. And now we read Walt Whitman's "Ox-Tamer" with the greatest pleasure in a far away northern country in the placid pastoral region. Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my recitative, a famous tamer of oxen. Walt Whitman was a remarkably close observer of nature. "Leaves of Grass" contains countless thumb-nail sketches of beasts and birds, wild and domestic. "The Ox-Tamer" is not a mere flight of fancy, nor is the "placid pastoral region" a country known only to Whitman's imagination.—Ed.

September 28-1917

The statement was made a fortnight ago that an American manager had succeeded in persuading Mary Anderson to tour this country in "Pygmalion and Galatea." We doubted the truth of this report at the time. The manager has received a letter from Miss Anderson (Mrs. Navarro) in which she says: "I am now engaged far ahead and cannot accept any offers."

Since her marriage Miss Anderson has played only in aid of charities, and her appearances on the stage were very rare before the present war. Is she not wise in not returning to this country? Would playgoers of today be captivated by her beauty and admire her art? Even when she was a popular actress in the United States, there were some, who while they cheerfully admitted her personal attractiveness, thought her as an actress without spontaneity, not versatile, the product of painstaking coaching. Would anybody today—now that Mr. Winter is dead—be willing to sit through a performance of "Ingomar" or of "Evadne"? She played in both. Is not the "Pygmalion" of Mr. Shaw more to the taste of the younger generation than the old play in which she was a superb statue?

Not to go back to Forrest, what would the playgoer of 1917 say to Charlotte Cushman's Lady Macbeth? Would he be thrilled by E. L. Davenport's Sir Giles Overreach? Would Adelaide Neilson work her spell? Would not "The Black Crook," once thought audaciously immoral, be voted tame? Would Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes draw young bloods to the theatre, and would George L. Fox as Hamlet, Macbeth and Richelieu excite uproarious laughter? Here's enough for sad thinking.

A Surprising Incident.

As the World Wags:

Here is a paragraph from the last letter received from young Leon Roby, who is a sergeant in the quartermaster corps now in France. He is a nephew of Mr. F. R. Roby, the treasurer of Symphony Hall.

"The train stopped in a village 'Somewhere in France' and some German prisoners who were working on the roadside came running over to the train and grabbed an American flag that one of the fellows had and hugged and kissed it for about five minutes. He said, 'Thank God the war will soon be over now that America is in the war. It was very pathetic to see him kissing it with tears in his eyes. He could talk very good English and told us he was from the States.' W. Boston.

"Boko" Again.

As the World Wags:

"Boko" for head may be Australian slang, but it is also good Cockney for nose. I am inclined to think the Cockney meaning is intended in the couplet you quote:

"Bash him on the boko, dot him on the snitch. Such a mighty fighter, there never was sich."

I don't know whether this is Australian or Cockney, but every slang word in it is in common use in London. "Bash" is used as verb or noun. So is "dot." "Snitch," obviously related to "sneeze," means nose. "Boko" may be a variation (I will not say corruption) of "beak."

Or there may be some connection between a "boko" and a French adverb of approximately similar pronunciation,

much nose is considered better for music-hall purposes than just nose. This derivation is no further fetched than some that have been put forward by serious philologists.

"Boko" suggests the Cockney word "coco," meaning head. It is probably short for cocoonut. "Boko" and "coco" are rhymed in several old music hall songs. H. S. Boston.

"The Bucket."

As the World Wags:

The issue for Oct. 4, 1823, of the New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette, which contains Samuel Woodworth's poem of "The Bucket," is No. 10, not 18, the number which "M. J. C." gives. "M. J. C." is also in error in saying that the first words of the poem as there given are "How dear to the heart," those first words being "How dear to this heart." In the poem as there given the fifth line has "the mill" instead of "the mill that"; the eighth line has "bucket which" instead of "bucket that," the 24th line is "Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips" instead of "The brightest that beauty or revelry sips," the 28th line has "which hangs" instead of "that hangs" and the 30th (final) line has "hangs in the well." In the biographic sketch which George P. Morris wrote of the poet to accompany a collective edition which the latter's son, Frederick A. Woodworth, published of his father's poems in 1861, it is stated, in a reminiscence of him which Morris says "is a condensed private letter received from one whose authority in the matter cannot be questioned," that the poem was written in the spring or summer of 1817. I don't believe, however, that Woodworth wrote the poem so early as that. In 1818 a volume of his poems (entitled "The Poems, Odes, Songs and Other Metrical Effusions of Samuel Woodworth") was published by Abraham Asten and Matthias Lopez, and that volume contains a biographical sketch of him by those publishers of the volume, the sketch covering nine pages. His poem of "The Bucket" is not in that volume, and no mention of it is made in the sketch of him included in the volume; and the fact that the poem is not included in that volume and the fact that no mention of it is made in the sketch of him which the volume contains prove pretty conclusively, it seems to me, that the poem was not written so early as 1817. Even if the poem was written at that time, however, I am strongly of the opinion that the first appearance of it in print was the above-mentioned publication of it in the issue for Oct. 4, 1823, of the New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette. INQUIRER.

Brookline.

A Compliment?

Men who are meeting Americans at the front express surprise at the absence of what we call the Yankee twang from the speech of the soldiers. Can the difference arise from these Americans being of English and not of Irish descent? There is an extraordinary resemblance between the speech of the native of County Clare and that of the average middle-class American one meets. An Irish lady who is working in London is always mistaken for an American. "American English is just West of Ireland English, so I pass with honor," she boasts.—London Daily Chronicle.

MANTELL GIVES GRAPHIC PICTURE OF SENILITY

Makes Deep Impression in Role of Louis XI.

Robert Mantell appeared in "Louis XI." at the Shubert Theatre last evening. A version of Delavigne's play by H. V. Matthews was used. The part of Louis is remarkably effective. His physical weakness and demoniacal strength of purpose; his panic-stricken hypocrisy, his wretched clothes, the saluts around his cap, his prayers in the fire-light, his grim humor, his death in the royal robes and other touches in the character provide rich material for the actor.

Mr. Mantell's Louis is a realistic picture of revolting senility. His malignant smiles, cackling voice and palsied hands were admirably simulated. There was the constant suggestion of the King's relentless cruelty to gain his ends, and these, once accomplished, of his abject poltroonery. His performance reached its height in the third act when, immediately after his denunciation by Francois de Paule, the rascally monarch is confronted by Nemours, then tortured by the fancied presence of his many victims.

Miss Genevieve Hamper, comely and girlish in the unexacting role of Marie, and Mr. Leiber, a stalwart Nemours, who now and then threw art to the winds and roared his lines, were conspicuous in the supporting company.

Mr. Mantell's visit here has been a pleasure. For two weeks he has appeared in roles closely linked with the fame of nearly every celebrated tragedian of the past. In each impersonation Macbeth, Shylock, Hamlet, Richelieu and the rest, he has shown dramatic in-

Goosey, Goosey, gander'
What's become of Brander?
He's gone to Columbia
To teach the use of slanga there.
If there were no others
Who couldn't fill their chairs,
I'd take him by the left leg
And throw him down stairs.
It may be remembered that Hovey
contributed to the Chap Book little
poems in a similar vein addressed to
colleagues whose wit he did not like.
To go back to Edwin Emerson, Jr.
His first article "Peppy's Ghost" was
published in the Daily Tatler of Nov.
10, 1896. In it he spoke of men and
women in the private and public life
of New York. At "Brian Boru" he
talked with his honor the Recorder. "Ha
with much marvel spoke of the nimble
body of Amela Summerville, the singer.
Whom he remembered to have known
so exceedingly plump and stout, and
shrewdly said that it was all the cause
of phsyic and repeated wedlock. I left
him still at the play, and the cold biting
less sharp. my wife and I did walk to
the French tavern to eat of a barrel
of oysters with some ale and wine, she
on the way complaining with pain of
new pattens, and I vexed to go so slow.
And so to bed" This Peppy visited
the Horse Show, attended the courts,

September 30. 1917

We remember a performance of "Don Giovanni" in Mechanics building when Victor Maerl took the part of the rake-belly hero. Feeling in lordly mood, he had ordered real champagne for the final supper scene. The young women of the ballet who then figured as the Don's guests, enjoyed the supper hugely until the entrance of the Statie put an end to their voluptuous frolics. At a

The Stage has something to say about "Calls" and without reference to the edict of the Messrs. Shubert which has been discussed editorially by the Herald. The Stage thinks that the custom of calling actors at the end of an act or a play is comparatively modern. In the 18th century an actor sometimes made an explanation or an apology, and generally announced the play to be performed the next night; but the complimentary call for a favorite was a far more frequent and more important part of an operative custom. Dutton Cook thought that non-operative calls came into fashion when epilogues went out. Fanny Kemble in her Journal described the practice as absurd, "and Macready frequently crumbled at it, though in his own case he would probably have objected still more strongly to the omission of the compliment." The Stage finds the appearance of all the members of the company in front of the curtain beseeching with the humble and ending with the star "a most irritating" and it is difficult to

"My artist he was, perhaps, Jane Austen's only true successor. He had precisely her eye for the small inconsequence, weaknesses of ordinary people, and these weaknesses he surveyed not with self-confident scorn or bitter contempt, but rather with a gentle irony that turned, often enough, back upon himself. One can recall scene after scene—the whole of the second act of 'The Millstone,' the breakfast scene in 'The Dormants,' the dinner à deux in 'The Single Man,' the duologue in the second act of 'Cousin Kate'—all these wrought with the same ivory brush that the great Jane used, the same humour that was never unkind, never obtuse, never clumsy. In his last play, 'Out of Sight,' he seemed to many of us that he was stripping out to conquer new worlds. In spite of an indecorate last act, it was a strong, poignant reality that led to the execution and execution of the

As an artist he was known to all the world, as a friend, those who had the honor of his intimacy will not easily forget what that meant to them. His gaiety, his humor, his absorbing interest in every phase of life, his loyalty and generosity made him a perfect friend. Of the many fine things in him, best of all, perhaps, was his modesty. I remember how deeply pleased he was by a chapter on his art in a book on the modern drama by Mr. P. P. Howe. He read it with exceeding pleasure, but, as he finished it, he turned round to me, and said: "Yes, that's all very well, you know. . . . It's jolly. . . . but fancy any one taking me so seriously!"

"His comedies will surely live—and, behind him, he remains, to his friends, one of the truest and finest gentlemen of his fine generation."

The New York Evening Post of Sept. 17 based an editorial article, "Comedy, High and Low," on the death of Mr. Davies, an article that is well worth consideration.

"The recent death of Henry Hubert Davies evoked a regret that playgoers would hardly feel for many a man of more importance. This was primarily because Davies knew how to produce what George Eliot called the 'laughter of the intellect.' In a day when sociology is served up in ever-new dramatic fashions, Davies—despite some lapses—went back to the old-fashioned comedy of manners. 'Conventional' was the word which outraged modernists threw at 'The Mollusc,' one of the most technically finished, charming in style, and amusing comedies of recent years. We do not lack fun on the stage. But most of it is in the form of cheap farce or too broad humor. And even in pure comedy too many writers are prone to forget the maxim of Alfred Sudo, that playwrights should 'never be dull.' Yet Davies's recipe was simple. He had a good plot: Tom in act 1 undertaking to educate a 'mollusc,' defeated in act 2, and triumphant in act 3, with fertile incident; and a dialogue that sparkles up to the final bit, Tom exclaiming as the curtain falls: 'Were these miracles permanent cures? (shaking his head) We're never told!'

"How many authors of real comedies are there in America today? The inquiry brings no avalanche of replies. Yet an American analogue of 'Le monde on s'ennuie' or 'The Importance of Being Earnest' would have a run that would make our latest farce success look pale. We do not expect Sheridans to rise up yearly, or casual productions to reach high standards, but the never-slackening demand for 'good comedy' ought to result in better workmanship. Take the matter of plot. Our dramatists often fail to make fruitful use of a good one. The basic idea of two youths mistaking a private house for an inn is hardly superior as material to that of some youths sending out wedding invitations in order to realize on pawned presents. But from the moment Goldsmith raises the curtain on Mrs. Hardcastle grumbling at her country life, and Hardcastle grumblingly replying, through the whole wealth of incident—Tony Lumpkin at the tavern, the misdirected travelers, Hardcastle's drill of the servants, the interrupted story of Marlow and Hastings treat host and hostess as tavern-keepers and daughter as bar-maid, the drunken servant, the jewels—what a wealth of life and humor is poured out! The plot of 'A Trick to Catch the Old One' was in outline no happier than that of 'The Boomerang'—a poverty-stricken young rascal making a fortune and a fine marriage by playing two grasping old curmudgeons against each other. This idea of the effect of a report of impending marriage with a rich widow would last the ordinary comedy-scramper through one scene; Middleton made it give birth to a wide variety of plausible and entertaining episodes.

"One immediately perceived difference between first-rate and hopeless comedy is the dialogue. The dramatist unable to cause laughter by wit falls back upon the production of guffaws by quips. Even Goldsmith has been tricked out for guffaws in the newest style. There is a version in which, when Hastings remarks to Marlow (Goldsmith), 'Cicero never spoke better,' Marlow replies (the quip), 'Didn't he? Then I'm sorry for Cicero,' and when Mrs. Hardcastle exclaims (Goldsmith), 'Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion,' Hastings answers (the quip), 'O, no, madam (confused), I mean, O, yes.' Percy Fitzgerald once listed the roarsome speeches of a smart comedy. One was by a young miss who thought that the moon should be called 'he' because it was always out so late at night; one was by a gentleman who, visiting the country and spying a milkmaid with milk in a jar, said he had fancied that in the country milk was carried about by the cows; and one in reply to a man who said he wanted no money—'You should be photographed.' It is not mere lack of fun, but allied lack of taste, that makes such speeches hollow compared with good comedy. Recall for example, Hastings's apprehensions about the elegance of the

house. They often seem to be a deliberate effort to make a point, though not actually put into the bill, inflame it comically. Naturalness unites with wit. Even when naturalness gives way to a little of Sheridan's formal artificiality, Sir Peter Teazle's outburst is delightful. "When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since." We tilt a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy."

"In the cold closet reading the false wit dims until one cannot understand why the house even smiled. Perhaps on the stage there actually seems great fun in the praised speech of Mrs. London in 'The Truth': having called Becky one of her bridesmaids, and been cut short by the horrified question of a friend, she retracts. 'No, she wasn't, but she might have been. She was my next choice if any one had backed out.' Doubtless in the acting the characterization of a sober man in one of Augustus Thomas's plays—'He passes the plate in the new stone church Sunday morning, and thinks he's had a day's recreation'—really amuses. Hardly, in reading. But when we take up one of the classic comedies, or one of the best efforts of modern playwrights, the page warms before us, the visualization is automatic, and the wit loses almost nothing in savor."

Notes About the The London Stage, Music and Musicians of Spectacles

revised at Wyndham's Sept. 1: "Sir John Hare has devoted most of his long career as an actor to the playing of old men. They have all been different old men, though one or two little tricks—say, of the method of scratching the face—have been common to all. They have been good and bad, ugly and beautiful, grave and ridiculous, high-born and low. But from them all one old man has emerged by a special quality. The old man is Benjamin Goldfinch, and the quality is dearness. Most of the others have been brilliant feats of acting—quite apart from the mere cleverness demanded of a young or youngish man who is to personate an old man. The character, as distinct from the mere externals of 'character acting,' has been realized and vividly expressed. But in Benjamin Goldfinch, more than any of the others, the character (which in this case is the dearness) has seemed to radiate from inside, with never a suspicion of its being assumed from the outside. This, as people say, is very fellow. And thanks to Sir John Hare's achievement in acting of the highest and rarest kind, this 'Pair of Spectacles' turns from a trivial little sentimental comedy, as full of superficial and technical absurdities, as can be, into an affecting, a touching, a deeply charming play, that 'gets home.'"

In his book, "Harry Lauder's Logic," Lauder says: "Most of the jokes, stories and lies circulated about the meanness of Scotsmen were manufactured north of the Tweed. Knowing ourselves, our strength and our weakness, we delight to jest about the one and the other. In spite of all the songs of Barley Bree, the Scots are really a very temperate race; yet they love to paint themselves as a nation of drunkards. And so, though there are many generous Scots, they all blush to find their generosity discovered. Few of us, indeed, have the leaking purse, which is a sign, not of generosity, but of incontinence; and a reputation for meanness is a pucker against the shafts of the sponger." The rest of the book, published by Cecil Palmer and Hayward, is a collection of story, anecdote, and experience.

"Arllette," a comic opera in three acts, by Claude Roland and L. Bouvrie, adapted by Jose Levy and George Arthurs, music by Jane View, Le Feuvre and Ivor Novello, produced at Manchester (Eng.) Aug. 27, was brought out at the Shaftesbury, London, Sept. 6. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "The reason why nobody creates a new comic opera atmosphere nowadays seems clear enough. It is simply that nobody wants one. Such, at any rate, was the feeling prompted by 'Arllette.' Frankly old-fashioned and conventional though it may be, it is a complete and charming success. Its simple Ruritanian story of bankrupt Prince Paul of Perania (Mr. Joseph Coyne), who should have married rich Miss Walters of America (Miss Drah Fair), but preferred Arlette, the Queen-Dowager's modest but lovely eading-maid (Miss Winifred Barnes)—this served every purpose. It gave scope for some of the prettiest dresses and prettiest songs to be found anywhere just now. Not least, the inevitable story is endowed—by which of the regiment of authors who shall say?—With a very piquant dash of light Offenbachian satire, emphasized by Mme. Servais's and Mussier's appearance as two comic gendarmes, whom Genevieve de Brabant would not take long to recognize. Perhaps one would have been more exacting in one's demands for original adventure in the way of plot if it had not been for the music—chiefly Mr. Guy Le Feuvre's and

Several persons have written to The Stage, complaining of managers who retain photographs sent to them when they advertise for artists, although stamped envelopes are sent with the photographs. One wrote: "This has been a long standing grievance, and times were never harder for the members of the theatrical profession than they are at present." A manager at Plymouth, Eng., replied, saying that in nine cases out of ten it is the fault of the sender, and he gave suggestions for protection. "The Double Escape," a new one-act play by H. M. Vernon, was produced at the London Coliseum Sept. 3. "The plot deals with the woes of a provincial mayor, who, on the eve of the expiration of his official year, receives a visit from a man whom he believes to be a Secret Service agent, who knows all the malpractices of which Mr. Mayor has been guilty. The pseudo detective turns out to be an escaped lunatic."

John Henry Cooke, a famous circus proprietor, died at Edinburgh late in August at the age of 80. The founder of the circus was Thomas Cooke, whose show at Mauchline was visited by Burns. We now quote from the Daily Telegraph of Aug. 24: "His son, Thomas Taplin Cooke, carried on the work, and of the company of 130 artists which he took to New York in 1836, 40 were members of his own family. John Henry's father, the fifth of Thomas Taplin's seven sons, who lived to be over 80 years of age, had a long and popular career in Edinburgh, while his elder brother, William, the second son of Thomas Taplin, succeeded Batty in the lesseeship of Astley's, and with his family maintained the traditional renown of that popular place of entertainment. Of the whole Cooke family John Henry, who has just died, had perhaps the most varied career. Like his ancestors and collateral relatives, he was born in the profession and early made his mark as a daring performer. By the time he was 5 years of age he was an expert tight rope walker, and, brought up among horses and ponies, he became an adept equestrian, whose earlier feats were performed at Astley's under his uncle's regime. Clever and artistic in his work, he visited with consistent success many countries, both in the new world and the old, and till he had passed 70 years of age he remained actively engaged in the management of the circus he established, which toured practically the whole of Scotland. Among those who, during his long career, witnessed his performance were the Emperor Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie, and the prince imperial in Paris, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra when Prince and Princess of Wales, and at Buckingham Palace he gave an exhibition of his skill before Queen Victoria and the prince consort. He is survived by his widow, who was also in the profession, and by three sons and two daughters, all of whom were associated with him in the circus business at Lountainbridge in Edinburgh, to which it was transferred some 25 years ago from the building on the site where the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, now stands."

Genevieve Ward, assisted by Richard Whiteing, is writing her memoirs.

The Birmingham (England) Repertory Theatre opened about four years ago. In that period it produced 27 plays for the first time on any stage; three for the first time in England, 35 for the first time in Birmingham, and 43 other plays. In an appeal to Birmingham and Midland theatregoers, John Drinkwater says: "There are now perhaps three or four thousand people in the town for whom the theatre has become a centre of deep and stirring imaginative life, people for whom its cessation would mean a real impoverishment of spiritual health. The 4000 should be 20,000, it is true, but the healthy thing is that the 4000 have been profoundly influenced, since time will increase the 4000 to 20,000, but time could never make the work of the theatre really significant if it had not already done so."

Sidgwick & Jackson have published under the title "Pawns" three poetic plays by John Drinkwater which have been performed at Birmingham, England.

Lord Dunsany's "Tents of the Arabs," which has been performed in New York, was played for the first time within the British Isles on Aug. 22 at Cork. "It is a slow-moving, semi-mystical play, and rather by way of being a parable. The actors are mostly in repose, and the dialogue alone supplies what illusion of action there is. It is a difficult piece either to act or to criticize, but, under many limitations, it achieved a success at Cork."

"Tactics," a farce in one act by Thomas King Moylean, was performed by Arthur Sinclair's company of Irish Players at the Irish Club, London, in August. The tactics go wrong in the courting of a widow by a small farmer in Ireland. Kathleen Drago, Nora Desmond, J. A. O'Rourke and Sydney J. Morgan were in the play with Mr. Sinclair. The first public performance was at Harrogate, Sept. 5.

Marie Lloyd's most popular song at present is "I Can't Forget the Days When I Was Young."

Although London has no tangible memorial of Henry Irving beyond the grave in Westminster Abbey and the much-neglected statue in Charing Cross road, Bournemouth is to have a home for some of the most interesting relics of the great actor which are in existence. Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, who has done so much for Bournemouth—among other gifts, the art gallery of the town is due to his liberality—has

devoted a room in his residence Last Cliff Hall part of which forms the building of the art gallery, to the memory of Henry Irving and in honor of other leading members of the stage. The nucleus of the collection in the living room is formed by various articles purchased by Sir Merton from time to time, as well as by various articles given to him by Irving. Thus, there is the life-sized portrait of him as Charles I and the suit of armor worn by him in that character, the chain and cross worn by him as Wolsey, a wonderful sword, breakable in the middle, and many smaller relics. The room also contains Charles Wyndham's velvet Garrick suit, John Collier's portrait of Lewis Waller as Beaulre, and articles associated with Mr. Martin Harvey and other well known players. But the room is mainly devoted to the memory of Henry Irving. Sir Merton Russell-Cotes is anxious to add to his collection and would be glad to hear from anyone having mementos of the great actor-manager.—The Stage, Sept. 6.

Miss Dorothy Massingham, now playing in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, is a daughter of the editor of the Nation (London).

Who was the first actress to go into management on her own account in London? The question is suggested by the news that Miss Marie Lohr is about to take the plunge, and has her eye on a certain theatre. Miss Lohr's debut on the stage took place at the early age of six, and she has been ever since acquiring experience of the drama. There is every reason to expect that women will "run" theatres much more frequently in the future—if not alone, then in partnership.—London Daily Chronicle.

At Sydney, Australia, last month Miss Marie Tempest was playing to crowded houses and at Melbourne Cyril Maude was seen in "Grumpy." There was talk of his producing there "The Great Lover," which Tree had hoped to bring out in London this season.

The New York correspondent of the Stage, speaking of George Arliss and his new play, dropped into history. "It always strikes me strange that Alexander Hamilton takes a comparatively small place in the hearts of Americans. I mean in comparison with Washington, and yet he was really quite as great a man, though the framework to his life was a less attractive one. He was the illegitimate son of a Scottish merchant and was born in the islands of the West Indies. One can imagine what hostility would be faced when one recollects what a ban illegitimacy meant about that time. As Victor Hugo says: 'Children like that are not regarded seriously; people shrug their shoulders at them,' and he was speaking of a period just succeeding that of the revolution—and yet Alexander Hamilton came, saw and conquered in the making of these United States. His death, as the result of a duel due to a deplorable love frenzy, was a matter of great regret to his friends and contemporaries."

A continuation of Ibsen's "Ghosts," entitled "Realities," is announced for publication in London. How is a continuation possible, unless, as the New York Evening Post suggests, Mrs. Alving changed her mind about poisoning her son when he would be hopelessly insane? Prof. Halvdon Koht of Norway doubts the discovery of a new Ibsen manuscript. "If the piece is a continuation of 'Ghosts' it must have been written in the poet's later years, at a time when he was particularly careful of his manuscripts. It is wholly inconceivable," he said to a reporter of a Christiania journal, "that the play should be a continuation of 'Ghosts.' Such a continuation may exist, but it must be the work of another author. Such continuations have been heard of before. For instance, Laura Kieler wrote a continuation of 'Brand.' Nor must we rely too much on the assertion that the manuscript is written with Ibsen's own hand. Ibsen's manuscripts have been put forward before now, which proved on examination to lack authenticity. We may assume with confidence that Ibsen is in this case 'not guilty.' At all events, we must demand more tangible proofs before we can accept this story of a new play."

War has again taken toll of art in the death of Maciste, real hero of that most beautiful of all moving-picture drama, Cabiria. No more fitting end can be imagined for the Italian actor Athos, than this, on the scarred Bainsizza plain, which is no plain at all, but a jumbled mass of rugged mountains thrown together, helter-skelter—amid titan warfare of scaling inaccessible cliffs and dodging deadly showers of rock-splinters. Maciste belonged to such scenery. He was a galliard Samson, at his best when moving mountains and overturning temples. And thousands whom he thrilled and uplifted into romance will always think of him as carrying his film qualities into real life, just as children imagine the home life of clowns to be continuously merry and whimsical. They will picture him hurling recalcitrant Austrians who refused to surrender over his head down mountain-sides, or catching on the fly and tossing back into the foe's rock-burrows with immense effect their own Skoda shells, or carrying off the field a dozen or more of his wounded countrymen tucked away on his back and in his huge arms. He, on the rock-strewn battlefield, and D'Annunzio circling

What duty called? All the countries engaged in this terrible war have lost men that were their pride and glory. In our civil war were only the undistinguished in peace victims of war? It was not long after Fort Sumter was fired on that Theodore Winthrop and Fitz James O'Brien fell for the sake of the North.

Shelley said that poets are the trumpets which sing to battle. It is not necessary to go back to Tyrtæus or to Aeschylus and Sophocles who fought and sang. There is no nation now that does not mourn its poets fallen in this war. Gabriele d'Annunzio not only roused Italy to war; as an airman he has been intrepid and is now wounded. Are poets more idealistic than musicians? Or are they more willing to suffer and die for their ideals?

Oct. 2 1917
EDUCATION.

Novelists, as Besant and Rice and Mortimer Collins, have pictured charming young women whose parents or guardians, thinking education an evil, insisted that they should not learn to read and write. Philosophers before these novelists argued that education was a foe to pure happiness and genuine prosperity, which are to be found only in what they were pleased to call a state of nature. These arguments seemed whimsical to the great majority, but accepted by some they led to disastrous results.

Now comes Lord Harborton with a book, published recently in London and entitled "How to Lengthen Your Ears." It is not a satire; it is not a jest book. The purpose of Viscount Harborton is to show "that we owe more to unlearned people than to the sons of learning, and that the whole education craze is a wicked mistake." To prove the hold that "education," the mere word, has on us all, the author quotes from a journal the phrase, "the blunt features of an uneducated peasant," and adds that the reporter "might just as well have attributed the prisoner's features to his fair hair as to his lack of education."

It is not easy to determine whether Lord Harborton holds books or examinations in the greater detestation. He speaks of books of the "pince-nez efficient"; but to his mind the possession of a degree guarantees "the existence of a class of subjects on which a man is certified never to have thought for himself, but to have answered questions in the spirit and letter in which he had been previously taught." Then there is the uneducated man. Why should he not be let alone? "What's the matter with him? Do you want him to speak purer grammar to his cows?" There should be no compulsory school attendance. The Education Act approves a system that is a constant source of worry and expense, "entailing endless irritating, inquisitorial official visits, at morn, noon and night, from borders of education prowlers, licensed midwives, sanitary pests, inspectors, surveyors, spies, and that abomination of desolation the medical officer of health." The human machine has some innate power of correcting itself; there should be reliance on natural aptitude.

And why should there be continuous reading? It may make one a judge of Browning's poetry, "but what is the object of this, and why is it better than being the judge of reversible denotators or of vintage porch?" No doubt, there is sense in much that Lord Harborton says. There is an overeducation that is in reality only superficial and a smattering. It might be argued that there is an attempt to teach too much in our public schools; that in colleges the student is allowed to choose studies without discretion, to suit his laziness. The extravagance of Lord Harborton is amusing; it should not blind one to the truth that underlies it.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Comrade, if to turn and fly
Made a soldier never die,
Why I would, for who would not?
'Tis no pleasure to be shot.

But since the man that runs away
Lives to die another day,
And comrades' funerals, when they come,
Are not wept so well at home,

Therefore, though the best is had,
Stand and do the best, my lad;
Stand and fight and see your slain,
And take the bullet in your brain.

Boston in 1635.

As the World Wags:

Some time ago I was fortunate in picking up at a very modest cost a small volume, in good condition, entitled: "A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston from the first Settlement of the Town to the Present Period. Printed and Published by Oliver Spar. 1817."

In these days of governmental price-fixing and arbitration and adjustment of labor disputes, it was interesting to me to read the following extracts from votes passed at a town meeting of Boston in 1635:

"Item. That Mr. William Hutchinson (and others) shall set prizes upon all cattell, commodities, victuals and labours and workmen's wages and that noe other prizes or rates shall be given or taken."

"Item. That none of the members of this congregation or inhabitants among us sue one another at the lawe before that Mr. Henry Vane and the two elders, Mr. Thomas Oliver and Thomas Leverett, have had the hearing and desyding of the case if they can."

Hidebound Americans.

As the World Wags:

Years ago a friend who had been in the postal service of Uncle Sam, and who had visited Cuba, told me an interesting thing as to the value of a simple and timely health hint. On the second day of his stay in a sort of pension at Matanzas, I think it was, the good Spanish woman who served his breakfast intimated to this new comer to the island that he might guard against prevalent chills and fever or against yellow fever, or like liabilities, by drinking daily just before breakfast a glass of an aperient water, not an article on sale, common in that locality. The American followed this advice and with the happiest results. This useful hint impressed him and he said in relating the incident, "I wonder in what Anglo-Saxon land one would be likely to receive such an intimation from the women at the head of the household, especially upon an acquaintance of only two days?"

Those things, as the late Elbert Hubbard was wont to say of morality, are viewed broadly, largely a matter of latitude and longitude, are they not? Each nationality has its own peculiar virtues, and though I have an intense and abiding admiration for France and its people, and detest the Teuton, I'd feel safer to leave my wallet lying loose in a German house than I would in a French hotel or pension. American doctors, like the more sordid "morticians," especially in cities, often—much too often—heartlessly overcharge patients. An American physician, who was educated in Berlin, says that in rural Germany the doctors charge very moderately and render bills only once in six months.

Let us think over these significant facts. Most of our errors and prejudices are the result of our very limited knowledge of foreign people, as we all know; but even experienced men of a deep degree of discernment are constantly yielding to absurd prejudices right here in Boston. Some eternally despise the citizen of African descent, and others have similar antipathies against the Hebrew, the Hibernian, and the Armenian races—all ridiculous and shameful banalities. And I dare to declare that I have known Boston girls whom one must cease to admire because they evidently dislike and show their dislike of babies and other children. Poor, conceited, nervous fools, they forget what the Master said of the little ones, as the race-prejudiced forget these words of John A. Andrew, our great war Governor: "I know not what record of sin awaits me in the next world, but this I do know: That I never was so mean as to despise a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black." Great stuff, that; stuff which I wish might be graven deep on the heart of every man, woman and child in our dear old New England.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Brookline.

P. S. I forgot to say that a tumbler

'THE KNIFE' IS

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Knife," a melodrama in a prelude and three acts

George Scott, Kathlyn Florence Tracey, William A. Norton, Gordon Burby, Stella Hill, Hazel Burby, James Bristol, Cyrus Wood, A. Nourse, Ada Davis.

Mr. Walter has been called by some the leading American exponent of "naturalism" on the stage. No doubt he would be the first to laugh at this characterization and would pungently dispute it. His frankness in certain plays has disconcerted the genteel; but there is this to be said about his treatment of the seamy side of life: He has never pretended that he was divinely appointed to convey a message to the perplexed and doubting; he has never trumpeted himself as a preacher of a gospel; nor has he confounded stage plays with zealous tracts. He has written dramas to the best of his ability in order to interest the public.

In plays preceding "The Knife" he has at times shown a boyish desire to make the bourgeois sit up, and has thus recalled the story about Baudelaire, who, it is said, delighted in going into a cafe and exclaiming to his companion as they sat, in a voice that was heard through the room: "After I had murdered my poor father—." This play, "The Knife," deals with white slavery, vivisection as practised on man and woman. There is action in the dark, talk about oriental drugs, the story related of her shame by the victim, incidents, situations, dialogue that might have been devised by some ingenious dramatist of the Grand Guignol. The play was openly intended to thrill the spectator. It is not spoiled by the doctor, lawyer or assistant district attorney sermonizing at length concerning the infamy of the white slave traffic or suggesting ways for suppressing it.

The story is simple. Dr. Manning, who is already known, admired, and also abused, as a vivisectionist, falls in love with his ward, a young Virginian. The prelude is a love scene. Mr. Walter is not happy in his presentation of such scenes; one feels that his heart is not in the work; the dialogue is forced and yet insignificant; the passion is pumped up. This scene is saved by Kate's Negro nurse, who, knowing her belief in fortune telling, reads Kate's future in tea grounds. She sees a dark cloud without silver lining. Calamity is in store for the girl.

Kate goes to New York to shop. Still eager to learn her fortune, she goes to a teller of the past, present and future, who happens to be in the white slave business. Dr. Kennedy and his friend Meredith, a preternaturally shrewd detective-lawyer, aided by stalwart Ellis, succeed in rescuing her from the den where she has been drugged and wronged. They do this on their own responsibility. Kate's mind is a blank. The physician in his anguished plots vengeance. Two keepers of the house, Stella and "Second Sight Jimmy" are taken to his laboratory.

There Dr. Manning experiments on these wretches for the good of the world. He makes a discovery, a boon to mankind that brings him fame. The woman dies. The man is peacock proud because he, too, is famous. But Scott, the assistant district attorney, learns about the affair and confronts the physician and his friend. Kate, wholly restored, but still ignorant, recognizes Bristol, and the episode at once rushes into her mind. She tells her tale of woe to Scott. He is disarmed, horrified. The doctor can go in peace. He embraces Kate, who in his eyes is sanctified by her cruel experience. She has saved the world. Even Stella was ignorantly a blessing, for she made his experiment possible.

Mr. Walter said recently that this melodrama is now played in a spirit different from that of the performance in Albany, when the chief parts were taken by Lillian Albertson, Beatrice Beckley, Orrin Johnson, Lowell Sherman and William A. Norton. Did he mean by this that "The Knife" was played throughout with grim earnestness? Last night there was emphasis laid on the humor of certain lines. The large audience, perhaps as a relief, improved every opportunity for laughter. There was also inopportune giggling, especially during the dark scene in the slaver's house, where men were now flashing electric lights and now running at top speed up and down a real staircase. The audience as a whole was interested, though it is doubtful whether it was so violently shocked as the dramatist had purposed.

The company gave a vigorous and honest performance. Mr. Metayer was the most prominent figure as the jaunty, self-confident, shrewd, intelligent, resourceful lawyer. Mr. Mortimer played in a spirited manner a difficult part: at times he was so nervously spirited that he became ineffective. Mr. Norton, who early in the play suggested the methods of the third degree, was simple and convincing in the final scene. Mr. Burby amused the audience as a lawyer's assistant with a rude sense of humor, but Mr. Wood screamed so in his fright that he was at times unintelligible. Miss Wyndham was pleasing before she made her fatal call on the fortune teller. In the emotional scenes she left the spectator calm and collected. Miss Tracey was an agreeable specimen of a female doctor, not too mannish, not too feminine.

PARK SQUARE, THE PRE-JUNE Cowl in "Lilac Time" a play in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Martin

First performance in Boston.

Hawkins, Henry Croker, Jacques Riffard, Lucile Picard, Madame Riffard, Jessie Cowl, Simpson, Arthur Decais, Madame Bertielot, Michélette Buran, Julien, Walter McEwan, Harris, Harry Manlon, McCane, Charles Esdale, Major Holloway, Henry Stephenson, Lieut. Philip Blythe, Orme Culham, Jeannine, Jane Cowl, Capt. Standing, T. J. McGrane, Lieut. George Smylie, Charles Hampden, Captain Paget, Felix Krensch, Cure of the Village, Emile Detramont, Captain Watling, Cecil Owen.

Miss Cowl and her associate author, Mrs. Murfin, have called their piece a play of love and springtime. It is a war play, however, rather than an idyl, a story of the present day in France. While the actual horrors of the battlefield are merely suggested, nearly every character on the stage is affected by the fortunes of war. There is Mme. Riffard, the humble seller of milk, mourning her son; there is young Paget, whose nerves are shattered by his brother's tragic end; there is Jeannine herself with brothers at the front and whose romance with an English lieutenant brings deeper and more intimate anxiety. The warlike atmosphere is further stimulated by the talk among English officers billeted at Mme. Berthelot's, while patriotism shines in the person of old Julien.

The play is convincing, emotional, dramatic, although its theme, the soldier who loves and rides away—this time, however, bent on a heroic mission—has been used many times. The happy ending, a foolish concession to sentiment, is anti-climatic and theatrical. The tragic force of the preceding scene is weakened. In the original ending Jeannine, broken-hearted, with her lover dead on the field of honor, waved her baby's cap at the passing soldiers and cried: "Vive la France." Thus she embodied the brave spirit shown today by the women of France. But now, although she is allowed her outburst of exalted patriotism, comfort is at hand, the long arm of coincidence is stretched and the wounded hero returns to claim his own.

As Jeannine, Miss Cowl, who wept in "Within the Law" and "Common Clay," weeps again. But she has provided herself with charming scenes of comedy, those in which she acts as sunshine of the house for the homesick soldiers, and moments of fragrant girliness and sentiment in the scenes with her lovers.

In many respects Miss Cowl's acting has never been so fine. Her excellent and well-sustained French accent, her spontaneous reading of the French lines, lend realism to the characterization. She has also adopted with indisputable cleverness certain inflections, certain characteristic features of the French school of acting that make her impersonation more interesting, more vivid. She portrays with consummate art a well drawn sketch of intense, arch, radiant, honest womanhood.

Mr. Caldara played Lt. Blythe with intelligence, but he was wooden rather than passionate in the love scenes. Mr. Stephenson, an excellent actor, played Maj. Holloway with the distinction, authority and blunt sense of humor of a seasoned soldier. Mme. Berthelot and the curé, played by Mme. Buran and Mr. Detramont, both French, were delightful portraits of characters to be found in every French village. A large audience was interested and appreciative.

of warm water taken daily before breakfast here in Boston also has the "happiest results."

Does Mr. Wright mean by this that the glass of warm water will free a man from absurd prejudices and antipathies?—Ed.

Disobedient Nelson.

As the World Wags:
"C. S. W.'s" letter in regard to the battle of the Baltic recalls the fact that Nelson disobeyed orders on another occasion and, as we would say now, got away with it. At the battle of Cape St. Vincent Sir John Jervis's orders were that the British fleet, sailing in line ahead, should tack in succession at a certain point. Nelson in the "Captain" saw that if he held on to the tack point, the leeward division of the Spanish fleet would unite with the main division, so he left his station in the line and tacked, being followed by Troubridge in the Culloden and, I think, another ship. This action enabled the British to beat the main division of the Spaniards and win the battle. Jervis was great enough to give Nelson credit for his act and overlook the disobedience of orders, but it is interesting to speculate on what would have been Nelson's future career had he been court-martialed.

Chestnut Hill.

XENES.

GLOBE THEATRE

"The Deep Purple" was presented last evening at the Globe Theatre by the resident stock company. This drama, by Paul Armstrong, is a play that teems with everything that is melodramatic. The story hinges on the attempt of a group of New York thieves to play the "badger game" on a young mining engineer from the West, using as a decoy a confiding and trusting girl who has fallen into their hands. How the plot is balked by the courage and resourcefulness of the engineer and the wit of Kate Fallon, a former thief who is enlisted in the good service, gives occasion for a series of strong scenes and contrasting characterizations. The play is a bit of real life, as timely today as it was several years ago, when the play was first produced. Mary Frey played the role of the Doris Moore, the young girl who is ensnared by the plotters, with the necessary simulation of innocence and a charm that pleased the auditor through its quiet force. Robert Le Suer played the young mining engineer in manly fashion, and in the strongest character in the play, Kate Fallon, Caroline Locke does the best work since she came here. William Everts is in the role of "Pop" Clark, the venerable confidence man, and the rest of the cast is acceptable in the several characters. The play announced for the week of Oct. 7 will be "Just a Woman."

They Pose as Servants.

Through an admirer, Randolph Weeks, a real estate agent, she has rented the mansion to Burton Crane, a Yankee bent on a holiday in the South. Weeks soon appears to inform the quartet that the four white servants hired in Washington have refused to come and as Crane insists on white servants Olivia hits upon the plan of acting as the cook while her brothers and sister shall play the roles of butler, bootboy and maid. They rebel for a time, but Olivia wins them over by telling them it's only for a few days until other servants can be hired.

Olivia takes her place in the kitchen as Jane Ellen McSorley. If every cook were half as sweet as Miss Chatterton the kitchen of many a home would be the favorite room as it turned out to be after Crane and his guests arrived. It is no wonder that Crane fell in love with her and insisted that she come out of the kitchen. Bruce McRae played the jovial, fun-loving northerner in delightful vein. In the last scene with Miss Chatterton he was all the most romantic woman could wish as a lover. Raymond Walburn as Thomas Lefferts, the statistical poet, was one of the cleverest of the supporting cast. His honeyed speech to the cook in trying to beguile her to deliver a letter to his sweetheart without knowledge of her fond parent, a guest in the house, was a masterpiece.

The work of Mrs. Charles C. Craig as Amanda, Olivia's black mammy, was exceptionally good. Robert Ames deserves praise for his fine interpretation of the part of Charles Daingerfield, alias Brindlebury. Fleming Ward made an excellent butler.

Others in the cast were Barbara Milton as Elizabeth Daingerfield, alias Araminta, the maid; William H. Sams as Solon Tucker, Crane's attorney and guest who got his face blacked when he tried to make love to the cook; Grace Reas as Mrs. Falkener and Frances Goodrich as Cora Falkener.

It is a delightful comedy and should have a long run here.

CLEVER DANCING ACT
LEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Lucille Cavanagh, Paul Frawley and Ted Doner Present Lively Picture.

One of the prettiest vaudeville acts that Boston has seen in many a day heads the bill at Keith's this week. The artists are Lucille Cavanagh, Paul Frawley and Ted Doner, all of them graceful dancers. Miss Cavanagh's attractive person is attired in startling and effective costumes, and the scenery and lighting effects carry out a harmonious, but kaleidoscopic, color scheme. The music is pleasing, and throughout all there runs a pretty theme. The whole is what one might term a "picture act." And a very lively picture it is.

The audience last evening was nice to Cecil Cunningham, the clever comedienne, whose impersonations wind up with an effort in which she sings while the various musicians of the orchestra play snatches of every air from "Reuben, Reuben!" to "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Billie Montgomery—he spells it that way—and George Perry give an uproarious act full of "wim, wigor and witallity," as Bill says. Charley Grapewin and Anna Chance are amusing in a comic skit entitled "Poughkeepsie," which has been seen here before, in substance. Unhappily married couples should see it—then go home and make up. The black-face act of Alexander, O'Neil and Sexton contains a surprise at the end. Jack Alfred and company present a bright and snappy acrobatic offering. Dooley and Nelson appear as dress suit comedians in a clean-cut act, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde, shadowgraphs, are above the ordinary. The program closes with the war film, "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras."

Oct 3 1917

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in America of "Seven Days' Leave," a modern military melodrama in four acts and six scenes by Walter Howard, produced by Daniel Frohman in association with Walter C. Jordan.

Rev. John Middleton.....Arthur Lewis
Kitty Middleton.....Miriam Collins
Mrs. Keys.....Alice Belmont
Second Lieut. Cornelius Keys.....
Private Lord Arthur Pendennis.....
Lady Mary Heather.....Ann Andrews
Stephen Darrell.....William Abington
Constance Morel.....Evelyn Varden
Maj. Terence Fielding, R. H. A.....
Col. Sharrow.....Courtenay Foote
Edgar.....H. Cooper-Cliffe
Mr. Morton.....Allen Thomas
Percy Skindles.....Harry Neville
Mrs. Skindles, his wife.....Ethel Warner
Sergeant Marvin.....Wilmer Coall
Corp. MacKenzie.....Maurice Sommers

The character of the German spy disguised as a wounded Belgium officer and the name of the actor that took the part were unfortunately omitted on the play bill.

This melodrama was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, last February. According to the latest London papers at hand, it is still running at that theatre. It is one of many war plays that have been produced in London since the fall of 1914 and is one of the most successful. It is fashioned after the old and approved English formula: A gallant officer misunderstood by a lovely and noble dame, a rival, a seductive foreign adventuress with her titled pal, a vicar with a daughter and a church scene, a light-brained sprig of the nobility, a couple of comic lovers, an uncle that dies in Australia leaving a fortune to the humble mother of the comic soldier, and one sensational scene. All are old friends, introduced by Mr. Howard in situations to suit the temper of the British in their present war, to extol British valor but not too boastfully, to expose the cunning of German spies and the brutality of German officers.

A German colonel, now a spy, with a voluptuous woman, who has been the mistress of the crown prince, and is known to the police of France and Russia, are masquerading as Belgian refugees in a coast village of England. The man gives himself out as a wounded Belgium officer; the woman is the interesting widow of a Belgian killed on the steps of a cathedral. They are beloved for their charitable deeds. Their purpose is to kidnap Maj. Fielding, an authority on certain marvellous English cannon, take him to Germany by a submarine and there utilize his knowledge. The man is recognized by Fielding as singularly brutal in a German prison hospital where Fielding was lying. Fielding and others are on seven days' leave. He informs Col. Sharrow of his discovery. Sharrow is in the British secret service.

The female spy sets her net for Fielding, who is betrothed to Lady Mary, a high stepper. She can hunt, row, box, swim and is withal lovable. She has rejected Stephen Darrell. Fielding, to serve his country, pretends to be infatuated with the pseudo Belgian.

Two destroyers are off the coast waiting for the submarine. Fielding at a ball feigns drunkenness and goes to the house of the spies. His apparently outrageous conduct cuts Lady Mary to the quick and she announces her engagement to the rival, Steve, a rather disagreeable person.

In the house on the cliff Fielding refuses to drink drugged wine, is suddenly sober, dares the German spy to shoot him, overturns an electric lamp. Sharrow and his men enter and force the

of the state in the home. The prisoner, Miss Morel, found a bathing costume under her cloak, and the sympathy of the more appreciative in the audience was at once for her. She was to swim out to the buoy and cut a wire.

Who would then dare to swim at the risk of death from water or the destroyers' fire for the sake of England? No man, but Lady Mary. Sent for, she appears, also in swimming costume, but a more modest one, as becomes an English maiden. She swims, the submarine is sunk, she returns—to the arms of Fielding, whose heroism was already known to her. Stephen then cuts a sorry figure. It all turns out happily in the last act.

The melodrama, consisting at bottom of well worn material, would be improved by the omission of dialogue wholly unessential, but abounding in the peculiar brand of dreary humor that is inevitably associated with English melodrama. The sinking of the submarine was effective last night chiefly by reason of the preparation made by Miss Evelyn Varden, as the spy, for her plunge into the water. The swimming of the English heroine was left to the imagination. The sinking of the submarine was seen with some difficulty in consequence of Sharrow and his men in their natural interest forgetting that they stood between the audience and the ocean. But the destroyers did their part nobly.

The melodrama may well interest thousands in these stirring times. Last night there were many officers and men in the audience, and the patriotic sentiments expressed on the stage were vigorously applauded.

The company is well chosen. Mr. Foote was a dashing Fielding, manly, human, carrying all before him. Mr. Cooper-Cliffe gave an admirable performance of the British colonel. His simple sermon on the words "Carry on!" was eloquent. One of the chief features was the delivery of the vicar's address at the unveiling of the shrine by the experienced Mr. Arthur Lewis. Sel-

dom do we hear English spoken so beautifully and with so marked significance as by this actor. Miss Varden's portrayal of the fascinating, corrupting Miss Morel stood out in bold relief. Miss Andrews and Miss Collins were attractive, each in her way, and it might be said that all the characters were fitly represented. The play was handsomely mounted.

Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dung-hill cast;
But, gently borne on gardener's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid;
And children show, with glistening eyes,
The place where poor old pussy lies.

The Hunting Cat.

As the World Wags:
Now that the annual cat discussion is on, may I add a few facts?

The friends and admirers of the engaging feline contribute agreeable generalities whenever the subject is on tap, and in their fondness for the clever and graceful creatures, I heartily join. I have kept one or more for more years than I intend to confess. I know cat language, and cat thoughts, and they know I know it, as stray kittens and tabbies are forever following me home whenever I am in the city.

The truth is, those who have appeared in this column are either ignorant of the facts, or singularly unobservant. It is not true that well fed house cats are not a menace to bird life. None of us can do more than make vague and unscientific guesses as to the number of birds destroyed by wild or tramp cats, because we do not behold them at their deadly work. But we can, if possessed of patience and time enough, form a pretty fair estimate of the bags of our own domestic animals.

My two grown-up cats during the bird season this summer killed 87 and 122 birds respectively, that I know of. As it is the custom of the cat to fetch her kills home, from motives of pride hunters and fishers can readily sympathize with I think their total kill was not greatly in excess of this, although I often found feathers lying about near the door, the remains of captures I did not witness. Half a dozen times I rescued live and uninjured birds from them and set them free, and they flew away.

My cats are unusually well fed, partly to prevent this outside hunting; they get unskimmed milk and raw or cooked liver twice a week, according to their fancy (one of them prefers all meat we buy for her cooked), and plenty of cheese, bones, occasional fish, fresh corn (universally beloved), etc. They leave food on their plates every day, and the milk pan is like unto the widow's cruise. Apparently they are just as enthusiastic in their hunting as if they were half starved; at least, they seem to spend all their spare time at it. Cats hunt for the same reason that anglers fish. I owned one Thomas who did not eat either mice or birds, but was one of the most successful killers of both.

largely by the same means. I found a tiny rat in my corn. I have never had one that could, and this includes experience in several years where rats were kept for that very purpose. Ask the janitors of printing houses and wharves about this. There are professionals who will for a price rid a house of rats, but they do not export rats. San Francisco and New Orleans spent fortunes in this crusade, and neither city, so far as I have observed, lacks cats, but they did not form any part of the campaign of extermination.

Every time the subject of a cat license fee is broached a horde of alleged cat lovers rushes into print in protest. They all proclaim undying love for feline domesticus, but not a one loves her 50 cents' worth! If anybody who likes a house cat cannot actually afford a trifling license fee, he certainly cannot afford to properly feed his cat and should keep a stuffed owl under a glass dome.

I know of families about here who keep from five to 10 cats. Many of them are not half fed. The truth is, the cat is a prolific breeder that one wearies of the perpetual slaughter of the innocent, and tends to let too many grow up, from sheer laziness. Even a trifling license would prevent this superfluous and unhappy population. Yet objectors who have no intelligent data on the subject will insult our common sense by vague assertions that there "seem to be just as many birds about as ever," etc.

Local cats bring in besides birds, moles, field and deer mice, chipmunks, red and gray squirrels, young woodcock, rabbits, snakes, frogs and grass-

hoppers. Careful inquiry on my part has revealed but one instance of a cat known to catch a rat, although every barn has them. Puss has her place, and deserves it. She does some good, and much harm. A small license would be paid gladly by any genuine cat lover, and would eliminate thousands of miserable derelicts, for their good as well as ours—and the birds! J. C. Plymouth, N. H.

The "Hun."

Who first applied to the Germans the opprobrious term of Huns? The credit is usually ascribed to the Kaiser himself on the occasion of a send-off speech to his troops embarking on the China expedition, when they were exhorted to emulate the deeds of the Huns of old. Without wishing to deprive the Kaiser of his bon mot, I would point out that his comparison is not original, for it appears in several of Lord Byron's letters about the year 1800, when an Italian revolt was brewing (Moore's "Lull of Byron"). One wonders if the Kaiser borrowed from Byron, or if the happy thought occurred to them independently.—Notes and Queries.

There's Campbell's line in the poem that we used to spout in school: "Furious Frank and fiery Hun!"

Oct 4 1917

Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his letter of last week quoted disagreeable adjectives to show in what disrepute the crow has been held by poets. He might have quoted from "The Carrion Crow," by Eliza Cook (?), which, read in our boyhood, made us afraid to go up stairs in the dark, lest some fearful thing would seize us on the landing. Three verses will suffice.

My roost is the creaking gibbet's beam,
Where the murderer's bones swing
bleaching;
Where the clattering chain rings back
again
To the night wind's desolate screeching.

Far and wide is my charnel range,
And rich carousal I keep;
Till back I come to my gibbet home,
To be merrily rocked to sleep.

When the world shall be spread with
tomble down,
And darkness shroud all below,
What triumph and glee to the last will be
For the stateless carrion crow!

There should be a crow anthology
Wolfram's song about "Old Adam, the
carrion crow, the old crow of Cairo" in
"Death's Jest Book," by Thomas Lovell
Beddoe would have an honorable place.
The choir will now sing the second
stanza.

Ho! Eve, my grey carrion wife,
When we have supped on King's marrow,
Where shall we drink and make merry our
life?
Our nest it is Queen Cleopatra's wall,
Till cloven and cracked,
And batter'd and back'd.

But with tears of blue eyes it is fed
Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo!
Is that the wind dying? O no,
It's only two devils, that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and
fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine

Two for His Heels.

As the World Wags:
I have always thought the word "boko" was applied to the nose also "konk." It is Cockney slang, "Oh my Gawd, vat a boko." Such a boko, like Cyrano's and the nose in Slaw Katterger's tale "Nob" for head. It is a

One for his heel (the knave)
 why do they say "two for his heels"
 when you turn the jack?

S. HARROCKS.

Westminster.

This reminds us of lines in C. H. Webb's (John Paul's) parody of a poem by Emerson:

Not from the bottom of the pack
 Did Phidias draw the awful Jack.
 Notes and Queries, 1888: "The old name of cribbage was 'nobby.' 'Nobby,' being the name for the knave, has been contracted into 'nob.' As 'nob' equals head, the antagonism of 'heels' is obvious."—Ed.

The Good Old Primer.

At the World Wags:

The New England Primer also declared:

An ass brays;
 A whale spouts,
 But I have heard that those who received these valuable pieces of information by ear often blended them into one, as follows:
 An ass brays
 A whale's spout
 and marvelled at the wonders of nature.
 C. T.
 Brookline.

Emphasis on "The."

A friend, driving a Hospital Ford behind the English lines in France, said to a British officer: "Do your men learn the language?" The officer answered: "No. The French are learning the language." Truly a fine example of the heroic, indomitable insular British eye.

"Xmas."

At the World Wags:

The approach of the Christmas season, of which we are reminded of various appeals on behalf of our soldiers and other more casual references, calls to mind the rapidly growing use, year by year, of the barbarous contraction "Xmas," against which I inwardly rage—and have reason to know that it is equally distasteful to others. While disclaiming any superior reverence for the August Name sloppily rendered as "X" or "Xt," the practice impresses me as an evidence of exceedingly bad taste or thoughtlessness. I know people who apparently think it the height of elegance to write "September twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and seventeen" who would not scruple to write "Xmas." I can understand how a student, a reporter, or a clergyman, in making notes or in the haste of composition, may properly use this symbol with other abbreviations, when intended for his own use; and I can understand the use of the abbreviation in large and elaborate floral decorations and other special instances where it is tolerable. But I cannot understand why the publishers of elaborately designed cards expressing the good will and kindly sentiments of the season should disfigure their artistic productions with this senseless abbreviation—senseless and vulgar, I maintain, when put to such indiscriminate and unnecessary use, notwithstanding its ancient origin and the authority for its use as an abbreviation given by the dictionary makers. If economy be the plea—the saving of valuable space in the present high cost of print paper—let there be also universal adoption of the abbreviated spelling of the name of an eminent manufacturer now highly honored for his patriotism: I refer to Mr. 4d. Various other equally tasteful and dignified means could be devised for the conservation of space, by a committee appointed for the purpose.

Anyhow, I give notice that I shall observe my annual custom of giving a wide berth to "Xmas" cards and dealers in "Xmas" goods, so advertised. I usually find a sufficient number of dealers advertising in the dignified way to absorb the moderate allowance I am able to devote to the greetings and amenities befitting the season. WINCHESTER.

Oct 5 1917

We have received the following letter from our esteemed friend the Rev. Babblington Brook:

"Why is it, oh most prodigious, that a man's tendency to wear a straw hat unduly late into the autumn is in direct proportion to his social and financial prominence in the community? The young men in my advanced Bible class—all from the best families in my church—make it a serious point of etiquette not to wear a summer lid after a certain date, more or less debated, I admit in September, but I see many men of their sort to whom newshoes offer in tones of marked respect a Transcript in lieu of any other newspaper whatsoever exposing hats of straw, often quite new ones, to all sorts of incongruous autumnal temperatures. If the Earnest Student of Sociology has died, leaving, as I fear,

the autumn in the autumn have not been reprinted in Punch during the last three years.

The Husking Bee.

Late in September a "Liberty War Farmer" of Medford asked about the folk lore of the husking bee. We have received a letter describing the husking on Cape Cod.
 As the World Wags:
 It is more than 50 years since I found my first red ear at a corn husking, and the brown-eyed Quaker girl who shyly shared with me the penalty of the "find" is even more attractive today than then. In the Quaker village where I was "brought up" opportunities for frivolity were lonesomely few, and the husking bees about this time and later, were joyfully counted upon by the boys and girls of the neighborhood.
 Wagon-loads of corn in the husk were gathered into two parallel rows, a dozen feet apart, each row supposed to contain an equal number of loads piled up about the same height and the same length. Two teams of boys and girls were alternately chosen by the two captains, these leaders being selected by the farmer, who preserved discipline and order during the contest. The huskers brought their three-legged stools with them and were seated at one end of the rows, awaiting the starting signal from the farmer, usually a smart clap of the hands, although one dramatic old Quaker, sweet and mild of mien, always fired a "Queen's Arm" with the roar of a small cannon, to commence action. The "stunt" was for the victorious team to husk out its row ahead and then humiliate the vanquished team by commencing on the further end of its row.

Real News.

At the World Wags:

I have just heard two items of news which are important, if true, and I am writing you for information.

I see by the Exeter News-Letter, and other papers, that the hotel men are going to raise a million calves. This is highly interesting, especially to anyone who has taken the trouble to raise a few. It is equally curious to learn on what seems to be just as good authority that a great Association of New England Farmers is to erect at once a string of 100 palatial hotels in the principal towns of New England and the eastern states. It is said that these hostelrys will be the last word in construction and management, as it is felt that the farmers know a few things about "how" not ordinarily understood. Unlike ordinary hotels, these will not be run for profit, but as all other farm operations are conducted, purely for the benefit of the public. Not being a money-making proposition, this plan is said to have the approval of Mr. Hoover and other governmental agencies.

The plan for these hotels is entirely new and original and they will offer every comfort and accommodation even at a price which will make it possible for a dairy farmer of New Hampshire or Maine to take one of the cheaper rooms without taking more than his milk check for one month. I am told that in carrying out this philanthropic project a roof garden will be maintained on each of these houses, where practical demonstrations will be continuously carried on for the amusement of the guests, and for the benefit of other hotel men in raising calves.

I am writing you, because I feel sure that you can tell me whether this news is true or not.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.
 East Kingston, N. H.

Orville D. Baker's Answer.

At the World Wags:

Apologies of the discussion in your column as to whether the color of the ocean is green or blue, the late Orville D. Baker, one of Maine's noted lawyers and wits, when asked this question, paused for a moment and then said: "It is blue to the green and green to the blue." B.

Augusta, Me.

"The Battle of the Baltic."

At the World Wags:

C. H. Purday, a contemporary English composer, wrote the music of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." Both words and music appear in the collection, "Our Familiar Songs and Those Who Made them," published in '81, by Henry Holt & Co. M. B. H.

Boston.

Charles Henry Purday, born in 1799, died in 1885. He was a singer, composer, lecturer, publisher, conductor of psalmody to the Scotch Church in London, and a reformer of the laws relating to musical copyright. The "Real Old Irish Gentleman" is attributed to him, also the hymn tunes, "Notting Hill" and "Sandon."—Ed.

Oct 6 1917

Looking through the bound volume of Punch for 1861, we saw a cartoon by John Leech picturing Mr. Punch handing over a ship to a short, stolid, long-haired young German, smoking a cigar, not the traditional pipe. There is this legend: "There's a ship for you, my little man—now cut away, and don't get in a mess." In the same number (Oct. 19) are verses addressed "To a Little Fatherland Lubber." The first verse runs as follows:

And did the little German cry
 I want to have a fleet?
 A navy in his little eye?
 Oh, what a grand conceit!
 Well, if he'll promise to be good,
 His wish he shall enjoy.
 See, here's a ship cut out of wood,
 A proper German toy.

The cartoon in the cartoon have not been reprinted in Punch during the last three years.

Late in September a "Liberty War Farmer" of Medford asked about the folk lore of the husking bee. We have received a letter describing the husking on Cape Cod.
 As the World Wags:
 It is more than 50 years since I found my first red ear at a corn husking, and the brown-eyed Quaker girl who shyly shared with me the penalty of the "find" is even more attractive today than then.

In the Quaker village where I was "brought up" opportunities for frivolity were lonesomely few, and the husking bees about this time and later, were joyfully counted upon by the boys and girls of the neighborhood.
 Wagon-loads of corn in the husk were gathered into two parallel rows, a dozen feet apart, each row supposed to contain an equal number of loads piled up about the same height and the same length. Two teams of boys and girls were alternately chosen by the two captains, these leaders being selected by the farmer, who preserved discipline and order during the contest. The huskers brought their three-legged stools with them and were seated at one end of the rows, awaiting the starting signal from the farmer, usually a smart clap of the hands, although one dramatic old Quaker, sweet and mild of mien, always fired a "Queen's Arm" with the roar of a small cannon, to commence action. The "stunt" was for the victorious team to husk out its row ahead and then humiliate the vanquished team by commencing on the further end of its row.

The fun was boisterous, perhaps, but good-natured, and if red ears were shy in the pile they mysteriously appeared at the psychological moment from some unknown store, and a race followed between the finder and his victim with but one result, of course. If a girl uncovered a red ear prompt action was required of the nearest boy, and the action was usually very prompt.
 The husking was arranged under the southerly lee of the barn and outbuildings, and when the moon was big and full. However crisp and sharp the weather, no boy wore an overcoat; he didn't own one. Warm, thickly-padded jackets, with "robins" for underwear and plenty of red blood, and, perhaps, the swapping of extravagant hanterings in which the "plain language" was ignored, the anxiety for the red ear, and the exercise that followed when it was found, put out of mind all thoughts of weather. And then the old farmer who circulated about, watching that no smoky ears were thrown into the glistening, yellow heaps back of the huskers, that the stripping was clean, and that the husk was broken close to the kernels—he disciplined all alike, gently and wisely.

But when the husking bee was over the swarming into the big kitchen (running the full length of the farmhouse leanto), the roaring fire in the huge fireplace, the table groaning under cold spareribs, pies, doughnuts, sage-cheese and pitchers of elder—that was another story!

J. M. P.
 Boston.

"Robins" for underwear. "Robins" was a term unknown to us in our little village, when we, too, wore no overcoat, but a tippet wound many times about the neck kept us warm on the coldest day or night when the snow cracked under our copper toed, red-labelled boots. Robins? Were they red flannel underclothes? We refer "Liberty War Farmer" to Joel Barlow's poem, "The Hasty Pudding," which, dedicated to Mrs. Washington, was written at Chamberly in 1793 and New Haven in 1796. We quote from the third canto:

The laws of husking every night can tell;
 And sure no laws ever keeps so well;
 For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
 With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;
 But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
 Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
 She walks the round, and culls one favored bean.
 Who leaps, the inselous tribute to bestow.
 Various the sport, as are the wits and brains;
 Of well-pleased lassies and contending swains;
 Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
 And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Some object to Mr. Eugene Walter's more prominent plays, because, as they say, he dwells on scenes in low life; because he prefers the seamy side and finds pleasure in exposing it; he shows scenes of vice, gilded or squalid. They refer to "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full" and now "The Knife." A few have gone so far as to characterize "The Easiest Way" as immoral, whereas in fact it is profoundly moral. Twice within recent years has Boston been made ridiculous through civic censorship. The true story of the ban put upon "The Easiest Way" has never been told here in print. It would not reflect credit on those most concerned. The reason for the prohibition of Richard Strauss's "Salome" was published abroad. The mayor at the time was informed by a female friend, who telephoned him, as the tale goes, that the opera was shocking and should not be permitted in this spotless town.

Henry Fielding in one of the digressions, little essays in the form of introductions that delight admirers of his genius, but are skipped by those who

read "The History of Tom Jones" for the story, described the world as a theatre. When Nature, as voiced by Fielding, showed Black George running away with Geo from his friend and benefactor, those in the pit who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character objected to the producing of such instances of villainy, without punishing them for the sake of example. "Some of the author's friends cried, 'Look! gentlemen, the man is a villain, but it is Nature for all that.' And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, etc., called it low and fell a-groaning."

There are some that complain of Mr. Walter's lack of taste in choice of subjects. Art, they say, should not concern itself with sordid, sensual, repulsive matters. Yet those who protested against "The Easiest Way" would sit with opera glasses glued to their eyes feverishly watching the Baron Scarpia doing damage to the furniture in his hot chase of Floria Tosca around the room after these spectators had been pleasurably excited by the groans of the tortured Cavaradosi.

It is not probable that Mr. Walter has bothered himself about the line spun consideration of the question, "What is art?" Tolstoi asked the question, wrote a book in answer, and by his judgments made himself a laughing-stock, but this book is no more absurd than his "Kreutzer Sonata," more pernicious than some of the works of art he condemns. Mr. Arthur Symonds in his younger days wrote verses in confutation of the idea that Art lives on a remote peak, brooding and lonely, oblivious of man and earth, impassable, cold, serene.

Seek her not there, but go where cities pour
 Their turbid human stream through street and mart,
 A dark stream flowing onward evermore
 Down to an unknown ocean—there is art.

She looks on princes in their palaces,
 She peers upon the prisoner in his cell;
 She sees the saint who prays to God, she sees
 The way of those that do down quick to hell.

With equal feet she treads an equal path.
 Nor pecks the goings of the sons of men;
 She hath for sin no scorn, for wrong no wrath,
 No praise for virtue, and no tears for pain.

Observing the attitude of the audience Monday night at the Shubert Theatre, one might ask whether theatregoers are now so sophisticated that they cannot blindly accept melodrama and enjoy it. Melodrama tells of lands unknown to the geographer and cities foreign to the statistician. It draws up its own code of ordinances and laws. It extols a morality above the law, as in "The Knife," a morality that in our common, dull, every-day life would lodge the practitioner in jail. Fortunate, thrice fortunate, is he that goes to a melodrama with open, receptive mind; not in a childlike mood, for children are now old-minded, suspicious, even cynical. Let him be prepared to cherish every proposition of the dramatist, to accept the play in bulk, as Victor Hugo planned himself on his acceptance of Shakespeare. The perfect spectator at a melodrama should believe in the superhuman strength and gallantry of the hero, the physical perfection of the heroine, the fiendish ingenuity, subtle craft, brazen audacity, of the villain. He should not be dismayed at seeing scientific facts ingeniously distorted for stage purposes, history twisted, occult forces invoked to further the plot; if a ghost should arise through a trap or pass through a secret panel, his hair should stand on end and his knees turn to water.

Now "The Knife" has situations that should excite and move the seasoned lover of melodrama—and with the theatregoer that does not love melodrama we would not willingly crush a cup or drain a can—but on Monday night, when the audience should have been easily played upon by the dramatist, it did not respond; it often laughed during an episode conceived as intensely emotional. Various reasons might be given for this attitude: the desire to laugh and be merry as a relief in this sad and distracted year; the result of long debauch on farcical pieces and musical comedies of a frivolous and gay nature; the fact that many melodramas performed here recently have been only detective stories told in a humorous way, in which crook and hero play in serio-comic vein.

The reason for the attitude of the audience at the Shubert may have been this: The performance was pitched in the wrong key. Mr. Walter himself has said that his play is now performed in a spirit different from that of the production at Albany. Did the managers think that "The Knife" as it then stood was too grim? The Albany newspapers spoke in praise of its "fine, if gruesome, merits"; of the "tragic dramatic cutting" of this "Knife"; of Kate's "harrowing" recital. It is true that they also spoke of Mr. Lowell Sherman's "facile comedy" in the part of Meredith, the lawyer.

Would the play be more convincing if this lawyer's demeanor were less jaunty? Would it not gain in force if the physician, surgeon, eminent discoverer of serums, accomplished vivisectionist, showed from start to finish more reserve, a cooler head, less nervous excitement? Is anything gained by a darkened stage with flashing electric torches? An audience likes to see what is going on, especially in the house of a clairvoyant-white slaver. And that endless running up and down a flight of stairs! We have never seen a stair-

Oct 7 1917

Robert, Dr. Robert" was not enough to provoke irresistible laughter. Yet there were some that were interested to the point of immediate analysis. Going out, a woman said to her companion: "The reason the assistant district attorney let the doctor off was because he suspected that the white-haired man at the window was his own father. See?"

Mr. Walter's play has the essential qualifications of stirring melodrama. Furthermore, the story is told clearly, without preaching, without cant. It is not necessary to inquire into the professional conduct of the doctor, or whether abduction and murder are to be commended when they are exercised to save mankind from a terrible disease, not vaguely indicated by numerals given to a saving formula. We should like to see this melodrama played in the old-fashioned way, in dead earnest, with fewer comedy lines for the shrewd lawyer, played as melodramas were played in the good old days of the Grand Opera House, played as "The Span of Life" was played at the Boston Theatre.

"Lilac Time" is described as a play of love and spring time. It is in fact a war play, and originally a tragic one. For when it was produced last February the French peasant girl had loved Blythe too well, and when she cheered her dead lover's regiment passing under the window she waved her baby's cap. Blythe had died on the battlefield. As Mr. Heywood Brown put it, "Never for a moment did we suspect that Jane Cowl, playwright, would let Orme Caldara die. We thought that he might come wounded or maimed, but it was not to be. Not once before have we seen Miss Cowl associated with anything but a happy ending, but this is artistically by far the happiest final curtain she has ever known. It must have taken courage for her to have kept her play to the closing mood she has chosen, and we hope that courage will be richly rewarded."

It was on April 22 that the Selwyns announced another ending for the play. "Owing to repeated requests which Miss Cowl has received from audiences during the long run." Various reasons were given for the change. It was said that the play was severely criticized by some on the ground that the dishonorable action of the lover in leaving Jeannine with the illegitimate and fathering child was at variance with his high sense of honor shown in the earlier scenes. Another reason given was that the play might discourage recruiting. The managers reminded the public that reports of death on the western front are often happily contradicted. We do not believe that Miss Cowl made the change willingly, for the apparition of Blythe, after her outburst of grief and patriotism, is an anti-climax, injurious, almost fatal to the act, which is the dramatic one of the three. That there was a bridal night without a wedding is more than hinted at in the present version—witness the embrace before Blythe leaves on his perilous journey behind the German lines: witness the suddenly darkened stage. It is evident to the dultest where the original version ended. The play still ends in fact with Jeannine's glorious cheering. The entrance of Blythe is only for the putting on of hats and overcoats.

The happy ending! How many plays have been ruined by this concession to the public, from "King Lear" with Cordelia to wear the crown and soothe her father's last years, to dramas of recent years! At least two dramatists

wrote frankly about their bowing to the public demand.

In 1915 Sir Arthur Pinero published his "Big Drum," produced that year in London. We quote from his preface: "The Big Drum" is published exactly as it was written, and as it was originally performed. At its first representation, however, the audience was reported to have been saddened by its unhappy ending. Pressure was forthwith put upon me to reconcile Philip and Ottoline at the finish, and at the third performance of the play the curtain fell upon the picture, violently and crudely brought about, of Ottoline in Philip's arms. I made the alteration against my principles and against my conscience, and yet not altogether unwillingly. For we live in depressing times; and perhaps in such times it is the first duty of a writer for the stage to make concessions to his audiences and, above everything, to try to afford them a complete, if brief, distraction from the gloom which awaits them outside the theatre. My excuse for having at the start provided an 'unhappy' ending is that I was blind

enough not to regard the ultimate fate between Philip and Ottoline as really unhappy for either party. On the contrary, I looked upon the separation of these two people as a fortunate occurrence for both. . . . The 'wicked publisher,' even when bombs are dropping round him, can afford to be more independent than the theatrical manager."

Mon Boucicault produced his "Octoroon" in New York in 1859. Played by an uncommonly strong company and in a year tormented by questions that brought on the war, it made a sensation. Late in 1861 he brought out the play at the Adelphi, London. Morley wrote in his "Journal of a London Playgoer": "Though the public does not greatly care for it, it is clever enough to earn an ordinary run." The public could not bear the sight or the thought of Zoe making way with herself. Mr. Boucicault received "hourly wagon loads of letters." He in turn wrote to the Times that although by saving her he would destroy "the moral aim and the teaching" of the play, he would yield to the public demand. Punch of Dec. 21, 1861, published a poem, "Saving the Octoroon," in 13 verses. The whole poem is worth reprinting. We make room for a portion of it:

Upon the couch she lies so pale—
'Tis but a graceful swoon;
What? Poison—nay—'tis sure a tale,
He'll never thus our hearts assail,
And kill the Octoroon!

What if your logic comes to grief,
When thus your play you prune?
I still insist on the relief,
Both to my nerves and handkerchief—
Don't kill the Octoroon!

Untruth to manners I'll admit,
Though clear as sin as noon;
'Anything else will stand or sit,
But this'—or boxes, gallery, pit,
Don't kill the Octoroon."

The author heard; he rubbed his chin;
'They'll call me a poltroon,
But if her death the houses thin,
Perhaps 'tis time I should begin
To save the Octoroon.

"Tragic necessity—good-bye—
And manners change your tune;
The public voice I'll rally—
My pretty Zoe shall not die—
I'll save the Octoroon."

'Tis said: 'tis done; and now the play
Goes blithe as song of June;
Miss Blythe—her name's put out o' way,
Zoe weds George—hip! hip! hooray!
We've saved the Octoroon.

The dramatic reviewer for Punch joined in the cry. He argued that suicide is an unpleasant and immoral act to contemplate. A few strokes of

the goose quill saved the heroine from the task of nightly suffering a painful death.

It is strange that Mr. Townsend Walsh in his excellent life of Boucicault says nothing about this changed ending for the London public. This was not the only instance of Boucicault tinkering a play to win the audience. As he himself said, playmaking is a trade like carpentering. He might have made Billson's reply when Artemus Ward reproached him for not having a well-balanced mind. The two had organized a dramatic company, with eight tragedians and a bass drum. When "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved," with a real drunkard did not succeed, Billson said: "Let's give 'em some immoral drama." It was then that Artemus made the remark about the well-balanced mind. "Says he, yes, I have, old hoss—ly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public requires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind."

There are recent shocking examples of changed endings, "to suit American taste." Bernstein's "Israel" is one. In the original the young hero kills himself. In the American version, a gospel-eyed ingenue is introduced to save him and becomes his wife. The character does not appear at all in the French version. The ending of Bernstein's "Samson," in which Mr. Gillette incongruously appeared as the physically strong man that in his days of poverty was a porter, was altered. So was the ending of "The Lily."

But in spite of the happy ending, in spite of the fact that the essential materials of "Lilac Time" are time-honored, in spite of the fact that there is little or no action until the third act, the play is a delightful entertainment. The chatter of the British officers is amusing; the pathetic touches, as the news of this or that comrade giving up his life for England, are simple and affecting; the lessons in French and English though scenes like these go back to Katharine's struggles with the English language in "Henry the Fifth" and similar episodes in plays of lesser Elizabethan dramatists, are well contrived to excite honest laughter as the scene in which the major wishes a tiler for his fountain pen; the love making is never mawkish. It rings true, throughout the play. With the exception of the anti-climax, the note of sincerity is maintained. The contrast between the peace of this cottage life in France and the devastation without is not the less marked because it is for the most part indirectly drawn, not violently insisted upon. The men and women are clearly defined. Even those seen only for a moment, as the amorous boy with his fiddle, his mother, the pessimistic Hawkins, all are alive. The good priest, the old French soldier in whose mind the present war is that of '70 we have seen them in other plays, but they are always welcome, and for once the old soldier with his "Vive la France" was

not quite so earnest. In the first scene of the French episode, to give the English version a little more life, it is granted that all the village was smattering at least of English and that the priest was abundantly able to write a love letter in that language.

The play is well acted in every way. Miss Cowl has already received the praise due her convincing art. As simple and ingenious girl, blamingly loyal, not too easily wooed and won, charming and without self-consciousness, with the natural and desirable spirit of coquetry that is not forward; emotional without hysteria even in her agony, she was the embodiment of the Frenchwoman's spirit in the years of her country's trial. Mr. Stephenson played the part of the English major with quiet authority, with dignity—in a manner to recall the old phrase, "An officer and a gentleman." His brother officers and the soldiers were each finely characterized. Perhaps Mr. Caldara, in the minds of some, might have shown greater warmth, but Blythe was under a cloud; nor is the Englishman, even in wooing, given to eruptions of passion. Mr. Caldara's impersonation was intelligent and always manly. It would be a pleasure to dwell on the portrayal of character by Messrs. Detramont, Beard, Crocker, Hampden, Mmes. Cove and Burani—but we are naming the whole company—nor should it be forgotten that Mr. Owen was successful in his treatment of a singularly contemptible character.

And so "Lilac Time," which to us ends with Jeannine at the window remembering that her lover died for France and England, a play well-contrived for sure-fire theatrical effects, should be seen. Seen, it will be applauded. Perhaps it may shame slackers and pacifists.

"Seven Days' Leave" inevitably invites comparison with "The Man Who Stayed at Home," which preceded it in England, although the two plays are essentially disparate. When "The Man Who Stayed at Home" was first performed in London nearly three years ago, it was described as a "diverting farce." The reception given to the most "exciting" incidents showed that the house was accepting it as farce. For example, when the brilliant British detective rolled the grate aside and disclosed the radio-telegraphic batteries there was a hearty peal of laughter; and when, in the second act, the master spy announced his intention of blowing up the villa and its English inmates with an incendiary bomb, ad majorem gloriam Dei et Imperatoris, the audience fairly rocked with laughter. The brilliant British detective flitting about in his pyjamas and an elderly English lodger in his nightshirt were separate castles of the last act. . . . We venture to say that the more the play is acted on farce lines the greater will be its success; and the only serious objection we shall offer to the author's processes is that they transcend the due limits of comic fancy when they made their chief German villain a clerk in the admiralty." We have quoted from the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Seven Days' Leave" is, as the Herald stated last Tuesday, a melodrama built on the traditional English lines. But in each one of the two war plays, the hero is misunderstood by his jealous girl and nearly loses her; in each one there is the power of the human will over the villainous spy ready to shoot; in each one there is the business of signalling. In "Seven Days' Leave," the German spy turns out to be a coward; in the other play he is a brave fellow, working for his fatherland, not in the hope of possessing a voluptuous woman.

In "Seven Days' Leave" there is no action in the first two acts. The play does not really begin until the scene in the cottage on the cliffs. The construction is loose, there is superfluity of inconsequential dialogue, but some of the scenes inherently unessential, as the unveiling of the shrine, must make a strong appeal to Englishmen and Englishwomen. In its structure, "Seven Days' Leave" takes an old playgoer to war plays of the Seventies and earlier melodramas in which a baronet in a silk hat was the villain. The villain in those days did not smoke cigarettes; nevertheless he was real devilish, so that he was liased by the virtuous gal-lery.

Not only the old-timer should find entertainment in this play at the Majestic. There is a surprise in the first act. When Stephen scowled and clenched his fist at the mention of the gallant Terence, the spectator was sure that Steve was the villain of the piece. The surprise came in the recognition by Terence of the masquerading Belgians.

If it were not for the unveiling of the shrine we should not hear the simply eloquent Mr. Arthur Lewis as the vicar; the eloquence is in his delivery and

facial expression rather than in the text. The "humor" of the comedians pleased the audience last Tuesday. Then we all made the acquaintance of Miss Evelyn Varden, who looked and acted the part of the captivating adventuress. As a buzz-saw made the reputation of one melodrama, a human bridge that of another, a man tied to railway tracks—that of still another, the list of "sensational" devices is a long one so in "Seven Days' Leave" there is the sinking of a submarine. When the play was produced in London, this scene, as a

London August 1917, it was a sensation. The play was so successful that it was omitted to do so. The play is still running in London, and, like John Waller, "going strong."

Has any one made a catalogue of war plays beginning with tragedies of Aeschylus and "The Trojan Women" of Euripides? The first we saw was "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh." It was soon after the civil war. It was played in the town hall of our little village by young men who did not go to the war but were husied in peaceful occupations, and by women that had worked for the soldiers. On the stage the men were martial, at times blood-thirsty. Is the play still performed for the pleasure of the old warriors in ranks now sadly thinned?

Notes About the Who was London's first theatrical manager—
Stage, Music ess? From her
and Musicians own account, Mme. Vestris. For this is how her opening address, delivered by herself on Jan. 3, 1831, at the Olympia Theatre, announced the fact of her darling:

Noble and gentle! Matrons! Patrons! Friends! Before you here a venturesome woman bends! A warrior woman that in strife embarks, The first of all dramatic Joan of Arcs, Cheer on the enterprise thus dared by me! The first that ever led a company!

The London Times was entertained by "The Yellow Ticket" (The Playhouse Sept. 13). "Though the world will be turned upside down after the war, and, as some of us think, serve it right, there is one corner of it which we must all unite to preserve intact: the country of melodrama. It must be maintained if only for the sake of its Secret Police, those dear fellows who prowled along the corridors after the innocent heroine, and with their inimitable sneer remind her champion (a gallant Englishman, of course) that he is not in England now. As there are some half-dozen Secret Policemen in Mr. Michael Morton's play, from Chief and Deputy-Chief downwards, it commands at once our best sympathies."

Ellen Terry will appear in vaudeville at the London Coliseum Nov. 5.

Fay Davis will be seen in an excerpt from "The Princess and the Butterfly" arranged for her by Pinero, at the Victoria Palace, London.

"Change," the play of Glamorgan life, with which J. O. Francis won Lord Howard de Walden's prize for the best Welsh play by a Welsh dramatist, was presented by John Drinkwater for the first time at the Repertory, Birmingham, Sept. 8. The piece, which has been toured rather extensively in Wales—it was first presented at Cardiff—deals with the clash between the old and the new generations of the industrial area of South Wales.

Miss Mary MacLane of Butte, Mont., will be the leading woman in a film play, "Men Who Have Made Love to Me." The picture will take up the heart affairs of Miss MacLane. Hot stuff!

"The Three Bears," a new comedy by Edward C. Carpenter, will be produced by the Charles Frohman company. Ann Murdock will be the leading woman.

Carter de Haven and Fred Jackson will produce "Ba-ba, Black Sheep," a farce by Mr. Jackson.

The new playhouse of the Greenwich Village Theatre, Fourth street and Seventh avenue, New York, will soon be opened with three short plays: "Behind the Wattleau Picture," a fantasy by Robert L. Rogers; "Efficiency," a little war play by Perley P. Sheehan and Robert L. Davis; "The Festival of Bacchus," a comedy by Schnitzler, translated by Mr. Meltzer.

These plays have been added to Grace George's season: Moliere's "School for Wives," translated by Langdon Mitchell, and Gilbert's "Engaged."

"Lonely Soldiers" (known in London as "Billeted"), a war comedy by I. T. Dennis Jesse and H. M. Harwood, was produced by Margaret Anglin at Pittsburgh Sept. 15.

"Fair and Warmer," "Outcast," "Jerry," "Under Cover," "Twin Beds," "Bought and Paid For," "The Wolf," "Paid in Full" and "The Climax" were played in Shanghai last season by T. D. Frawley and his company from the United States.

"Classic 'Trelawny,'" Under the above heading, the dramatic critic of the Times managed to make within the space of 25 lines allusion to no fewer than seven eminent persons, including Francis and Sarcy, Goethe, Dickens, Trollope and Gautier, and also to make allusions to

Bottom and Snout. Prodigious! (By the way, Mr. Walkley made amends for this display of learning by the statement that "we all had for once an absolutely happy evening." The Stage, Sept. 15.)

The Stage said of "Trelawny" itself: "We see the piece spoken of as a masterly comedy of theatrical life of the Victorian Sixties" and as "a perfect cameo of the social modes and manners of the period." Of course it is very far from the one or the other to put forward as any thing like a mere picture is to invest it with pretension that it cannot support, and to also to reflect very unfairly on the old Victorian stage. "Trelawny of the Wells" is a slight, semi-farical piece.

in style and attitude in the banding. As for the stage of the 1850s and Sixties, it was a well-trained actor with high achievements in Shakespeare under Macready. Charles Kean, helps and others, and with a comedy standard brought to perfection of its kind by the long-established Haymarket Company under Buckstone. The Telfers, Gadda, Colpoys, and other gro- tesques of "Trelawny of the Wells" would have looked foolish indeed in such surroundings."

An East-End episode in one act, "Dawn in Bethnal Green," by E. P. "lift, was produced at the Duke of York's, London, Sept. 5. "The piece made but little impression when pro- duced in front of 'What a Catch!' Emma, the young wife of a coster, has somehow fallen off a 'bus, which was particularly unfortunate as happening now, as the distressed, but strangely obtuse husband, Alf Hoskins, says. He must have been an extraordinarily suc- cessful coster from Bethnal Green, for the fee of the trained nurse engaged to look after his wife was 6 guineas; he pays the doctor in attendance 20s. In cash; and he is said by Mrs. Simms, a meddlesome and garrulous neighbor, fond of her little drop of gin, and en- vious of the trained nurse, to have insured Emma for £20. . . . Alf is shortly involved in puzzled perplexity by the appearance of the nurse, bearing a bundle wrapped up in a shawl, which she presents to Hoskins with the sen- tence, 'Let me introduce you to your son.' Of course, the unsuspecting hus- band had never guessed that the fall from the 'bus might hasten on 'a happy event' and the curtain falls on his un- complimentary ejaculation: 'My! how blooming ugly!'"

"The Doctor's Duel," a dramatic in- cident in one scene, by J. E. Macmanus (Chelsea Palace, Sept. 19) is in the Grand Guignol manner. In Berlin before the war Dr. Emerson, an elderly English physician, finds his wife in the arms of Kellner, a German officer, who rubs it in by striking the doctor. A duel is ar- ranged. The doctor proposes for weap- ons injection needles, one poisoned, the other harmless. The German demurs, but the wife encourages him. But a semi-farical ending chills the thrill: the poisoned needle was only half po- isoned. The wife repents.

Al Jolson will send some of his phonograph records to the hospitals in France.

Anna Case, the opera singer, will be seen in film plays.

Why is it that managers tolerate the use of bad grammar in Broadway pro- ductions?

The writer of this attended a perfor- mance of a musical comedy recently and heard the handsome young juvenile say to the bewitching young juveniles: "Well, now, between you and I, there's nothing to it."

The use of the wrong pronoun actu- ally brought forth a murmur from the au- dience. At another show we saw recent- ly in a Broadway theatre an actor said: "She and I was both there." Mistakes like these not only show a lack of edu- cation in the actors, but they indicate that the director is in the same boat. And when it comes to giving the show a black eye they surely do their bits. They always bring to our mind the statement the youth made to the girl who didn't get a chance to attend the party.

"Well, well," he said, "if I'd a' knowed you'd a' wanted to went I'd a' came and took you."—New York Evening World.

Apropos of the title of Mr. Hackett's new Savoy piece, "The Invisible Foe," in which H. B. Irving takes part, the Stage says: "The 'Stage Cyclopaedia' gives a list of some eight 'invisible' plays, but although there have been 'Invisible' Avengers, Bridegrooms, Girls, and so on, Mr. Hackett's play is the first 'Invisible Foe.' The most famous of all these old pieces was 'The Invisible Prince,' Planché's extravaganza, brought out at the Haymarket in 1816."

The importance of amusements for the soldiers in the Italian army is exemplified by the fact that several theatres of concrete and wood have been specially built for performances in the war zone. The opening entertainments were given on Aug. 12, when all the prominent Italian actors and actresses, including Eli- onora Duse, appeared and gave their services in the good cause.

Hall Caine has written an "appreciation of Breuex and Miss Ethel Irving," which is issued in connection with "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," at the Ambassador, London. The souvenir contains photographs and designs.

Among the plays to be produced at Birmingham, Eng., this season, are a new one by Galsworthy; Philpott's "Hiatus"; Drinkwater's "Cophetua"; Hankin's "The Last of the De Mui- lins"; plays by Bennett, Shaw, Synge, Massfield and Shakespeare; also "The Corsican Brothers."

At Stockholm, where she is living in retirement, Christine Nilsson (Comtesse de Miranda) was presented recently with a medal "from admirers all over the world, in honor of her approaching 75th birthday." Aug. 20 is the date, but, according to more than one musical dictionary, the "Swedish Nightingale," as she used to be styled, was born in 1813—in which case, manifestly, her "ad- mirers all over the world" have been just a little premature in their con- gratulations. Nilsson's debut on the opera stage occurred in 1834, when she

was named as Valeria at the Theatre Francaise in Paris. Three years later she made her bow at Her Majesty's, in the same role, and by the singular beauty of her voice, singing, and look created a furor. As an ar- tress, too, Nilsson possessed gifts far above the ordinary, and she was an ideal Marguerite. In June, 1888, she took her farewell of the London public at two concerts in the Albert Hall, for which she received £1000—£500 for each concert. But three years later, she very generously came out of her retirement in order to keep an old promise to assist at Sir Reeves's farewell—also in the Al- bert Hall—as an act of homage to her old friend and comrade in art. As it happened, that was not the last of the famous tenor's numerous "farewells." But, unlike the majority of singers, Nilsson, when she retired, did so for good and all, notwithstanding that her voice was still extraordinarily fresh when she wrote "finis" to her brilliant career.—London Daily Telegraph.

A dance from Albeniz's opera "Mer- lin" was produced at a Promenade Con- cert, London, Sept. 12. "The strains to which he set Nivian, the Saracen girl, dancing under her enchantment's spell alternate between the piquant and the sensuous and in character and coloring alike conform to a quite ordinary 'East- ern' pattern. If not particularly strik- ing, or representative of its composer, the little extract yet made pleasant enough hearing." This opera was the first of an Arthurian trilogy projected by the late composer. On Sept. 11, Louis Aubert's "Suite Breve" was produced. Some may remember his opera, "The Blue Forest" at the Boston Opera House. The Daily Telegraph said of the Suite, "there is nothing great or strik- ingly fresh in the presumably early work." The Pall Mall Gazette described the composer as one of the less start- ling modern French composers. "He shares the innate love of refinement of his confreres, but is less concerned with acute finesse. His Suite is no longer to be regarded as representative, but it has sterling though unassuming qual- ities, and is not without originality sufficient to indicate an individual style." Vassilenko's Suite "An Soleil" is technically ingenious in places, but aesthetically unsound because of its mixtures of styles. Parts of it are pas- toral in a somewhat trite style, parts are in realistic effects, and in both manners there are distinct reminiscences." Dances by Granados, who was murdered by the Germans when the Sussex was torpedoed, orchestrated by Sir Henry Wood, were played at a Promenade Concert Sept. 6. Of this quintet of dances the Goyesca and the Villanesca proved the most notable.

OCT 8 1917

We spoke last Saturday of Joel Bar- low's poem "The Hasty Pudding." In his dedication to Mrs. Washington he set forth his purpose in writing the heroic lines. His reasons are more than pertinent today. Let us read and ponder sentences in this dedication.

"Madame: A simplicity in diet, whether it be considered in the reference to the happiness of individuals or the prosperity of a nation, is of more consequence than we are apt to imagine. In recommending so great and necessary a virtue to the rational part of mankind I wish it were in my power to do it in such a manner as would be likely to gain their attention. . . .

The vicious habits which in this little piece I endeavor to combat seem to me not so difficult to cure. No class of people has any interest in supporting them, unless it be the interest which certain families may feel in vying with each other in sumptuous entertain- ments. There may indeed be some in- stances of depraved appetites which no arguments will conquer; but these must be rare. There are very few persons but would always prefer a plain dish for themselves, and would prefer it likewise for their guests, if there were no risk of reputation in the case. This difficulty can only be removed by example; and the example should proceed from those whose situation enables them to take the lead in forming the manners of a nation. Persons of this description in America, I should hope, are neither above nor below the influ- ence of truth and reason when con- veyed in language suited to the subject. . . . Your situation commands the respect and your character the affec- tions of a numerous people. These cir- cumstances impose a duty upon you, which I believe you discharge to your own satisfaction and that of others. The example of your domestic virtues has doubtless a great effect among your countrywomen. I only wish to rank simplicity of diet among the virtues. In that case it will certainly be cherished by you, and I should hope more ea- teemed by others than it is at present."

"There was a motto prefixed: *Omne tulit unctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, which Barlow translated: 'He makes a good breakfast who mixes pudding with molasses.'

Compare with this poem the Corn Song in Whittier's "Huskers."

Let rapid idlers fall in slink
Around their costly board,
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let midday blight the eye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

"Two for His Heels."

As the World Wags:
I hope I may not be the last of the multitude who will spring up to sug- gest that the expression "two for his heels," used when a Jack is turned in cribbage arose from the fact that in an old-fashioned pack of cards the Jack was depicted clothed in garments which left his legs and, of course, his heels in plain view, while the legs of the King were covered by his more elabo- rate drapery. When the practice of making all playing cards "double head- ers" came into vogue, for the greater convenience of players, of course this distinction no longer existed, as only the torso of each was shown.

Winchester. C. J. L.

Dupont and Sonzogno.
As the World Wags:
Could you tell me if the French com- poser Gabriel Dupont is still living? What is the Sonzogno prize? G. M. N.

Boston.
Gabriel Dupont died on Aug. 2, 1914. The Sonzogno prize was instituted by the music publisher, Sonzogno of Milan. Mascagni took it in 1890 with "Caval- leria Rusticana." Dupont won it with his opera, "La Cabrera." The prize was instituted in 1889.—Ed.

Gold and the Germans.

"An insult, but a small one," is called to mind on reading of a Cape town this week presenting to each of its new soldiers a \$2.50 gold piece. But apparently some of the townsmen fol- low the French magazines and so saw an article in Le Mercure de France for Feb. 16. This mentions the belief of some that the Germans care better for prisoners carrying a \$2.50 or \$5 gold piece and mentions, as better authen- ticated, that a gold piece, faced to on- coming projectiles, will deflect them from the heart over which it is placed, and still more remarkable, that it has a talismanic effect over the Germans; an instance is stated in support of this, where a sergeant with a gold piece flashed the sun into the eyes of a score of Germans, whom it so fascinated that they climbed over the trenches and came to him in surrender. Other mar- velous properties of the coined metal need not be detailed here. It is hoped that the pieces presented were securely fastened in a larger metallic frame so as to prevent their being passed out in- advertently for copper coins; one of the latter was so inserted years ago with the inscription giving a true prophecy: "Keep this in your pocket and you'll never go broke."

Boston. C.-E. Aab.

In Different Places.

As the World Wags:
I think many of your correspondents in speaking of driving oxen forget the old saying "Autre pays, autre moeurs" and that local customs may differ. It is very evident that in some regions the driver said "Wo huck" and in others "Wo hush" (or "hish") while some men used a whip and others a goad. In west- ern Massachusetts, where I spent my summers as a boy, they always used the whip and I remember my astonish- ment when later, in New Hampshire, I saw a goad used.

While on the subject, may I not (to use a Wilsonism) mention the letter of your correspondent who refers to the oxen owned by Mr. Avery of Buck- land? I saw them in the late '90s. I think it was, and am afraid to say what he told me they weighed, lest my verac- ity be impeached. Mr. Avery still has oxen of mighty thews and last week at the Franklin county fair a pair of steers owned by him broke the record by pulling a stone boat loaded to 10,429 pounds. The steers were entered in the class between 3000 and 3500 pounds.

Chestnut Hill. XENES.

OCT 9 1917 159

'LOVE O' MIKE'

By PHILIP HALE.

WILBUR THEATRE—First perfor- mance in Boston of "Love o' Mike," a comedy with music in a prologue and two acts; book by Thomas Sydney; lyrics by Harry B. Smith; music by Jerome Kern. Produced by Miss Ella- beth Marbury and Lee Shubert at New Haven, Dec. 2, 1916. Frank Paret, musi- cal director.

Reilly.....Katherine Rogers
Mrs. Alison Marvin.....Alison McBain
R. J. Jackson, the butler.....George Hassell
Clara.....Clara Stratton
Hilda.....Hilda Pentland
Leone.....Leone Morgan
Luella.....Luella Gear
Helen.....Helen Clarke
Stella.....Stella May Hoban
Bruce Grant.....Alan Edward
Jack Vaughn.....Richard Hall
Lt. Stafford.....Rollin Grimes
Capt. Lord Michael Kildare.....Max Leeds
Alonso Bird.....Clifton Webb
Phil Martin.....Easton Yonge
Ted Watson.....Jack Robin
Mrs. O'Rourke.....Annie Lydiate
Mrs. Schmalz.....Lillian Devere
Gloria.....Gloria Goodwin

"Thomas Sydney," we are informed, is two gentlemen in one: Augustus Thomas, Jr., and Sydney Smith, in- genuous, rather than ingenious young men who have the laudable desire of following in the footsteps of their sires. Sydney Smith is surely an auspicious name, although My Lord Byron thought the Dean a bore and lampooned him in verse. We say the two, the son of Augustus and the son of H. B. Smith, are ingenious, for their little play re- veals the fact. It is amiable, mild mannered, baldly simple; there is a youthful enjoyment in jests that must have pleased their fathers in their youth—perhaps Mr. Harry B. Smith con- tributed some of them from his num- berless librettos.

We suspect Mr. Hassell of working out his own salvation and incidentally the salvation of the piece, which is amusing whenever he is on the stage, and at other times entertaining by reason of the dry remarks of Miss Luella Gear, the dancing of Miss Gloria Goodwin and Mr. Webb, the daintiness of the other young women, the tasteful, pretty costumes, the appropriate stage settings, the tuneful music, chiefly in modern dance rhythms, and the general effect of a neat and tripping show. Certainly "Love o' Mike" was enjoyed by the large audience.

The story is not much longer than that told by Canning's Knife Grinder. There is no need of the folk-lore's ex- amination into the origin of the saying that gives the title. Mike is an English soldier, buying munitions and visiting in the Bronx, where the cocktails come from. The girls stopping at Mrs. Mar- vin's adore him from the first scene, where they all chatter before going to bed, to the very end, where he confesses that he did not save a woman and two children from a burning building as his worshippers thought. Their adora- tion is not chilled, for it is announced that he has been made a captain for his bravery. The bedroom scene, by the way, again invites the old question whether pajamas or the old-fashioned nightgowns are the more becoming. The scene afforded a plausible argument for either side.

The young men are naturally jealous. They wish to prove themselves heroes. And inspired by Jackson, the butler, one pretends to save a woman from drowning, another pretends to stop a run-away horse. A thin subject, mild fooling, but there is a pervading air of lightness and gaiety, and there is Mr. Hassell, the butler.

This butler, who says he was once a puglist—but we doubt his word—is a victim of the "movies." Thrilled by "The Iron Claw," "The Crimson Stain" and other film plays, he dreams of a glorious criminal career. His wish is to be steeped in crime. He calls himself the man of a thousand faces. He com- mits burglary just after the curtain rises, and throughout the play in vari- ous incredible disguises plays the vil- lain. Mr. Hassell's conception of the part, however lightly or carefully sketched by the dramatists, is pleas- ingly individual in its general charac- ter and in the wealth of comic details.

Wildly extravagant, uproariously far- cical, this performance would insure the success of even a weaker piece. His facial expression and his grotesque burlesque of film villains in their move- ments, now audacious, now stealthy, are supplemented by an unflinching voca- bulary of singular English, strange twistings of familiar words, bold inven- tion, a cunning use of slang terms, the footpads and loafers of speech, to bor- row Mr. Charles Whibley's happy phrase.

The part of Michael Kildare was taken originally by Mr. Lawrence Grossmith. Mr. Leeds did not give it marked char- acter. The young women were pleasing to the eye; they sang simply the tunes of Mr. Kern that sang themselves. The young men were not so self-conscious, or so aggressive in the living-room of the country house as is customary in comedies of this nature.

Mr. Justice Darling has won a reputation as a humorist on the bench; indeed, it was once suggested by a London journalist that he should doff the black cap on solemn occasions and don the cap and bells. It now appears that Mr. Justice Darling, like Mr. Silas Wegg, occasionally drops into poetry. His "Villanelle of Villainy" was published in the Morning Post. We quote these verses:

Sink them, and leave no trace
Of cargo, nor crew, nor boat—
Whelm all, 'neath our disgrace.

Grant not the slightest grace,
Leave not a corpse afloat.
Sink them, and leave no trace.

So that on crime so base
The fiend in the depths may gloat,
Sink them, and our disgrace.

One in the Kaiser's place
Thus for his master wrote—
Whelm all, 'neath our disgrace;
Sink them, and leave no trace.

National Virtues.

As the World Wags:

In your issue of Oct. 2 I was quite surprised to read the following paragraph in a letter signed by William B. Wright, Brookline:

"Each nationality has its own peculiar virtues, and though I have an intense and abiding admiration for France and its people, and detest the Teuton, I'd feel safer to leave my wallet lying loose in a German house than I would in a French hotel or pension."

I am a Frenchwoman, and it is the first time that I have ever heard that my nation, my beautiful France, so much loved by the Americans who know her, is a nation of thieves. I challenge all the Americans who have lived in France to say if such a statement is true. This reminds me very much of Washington, the first winter of the war, when all the Boches of the Teuton embassy, Dernburg & Co., were trying hard to influence the American feeling. You could hear always of their saying: "We admire France and French people, but—but—and so on. Now I come in the name of France to refuse absolutely the 'intense and abiding admiration' of Mr. Wright for France. He has not the right to admire France when he is using his admiration to insult her more deeply in the Boche fashion. No, no, no!! Let him give all his love, all his admiration to the Teutons, when it is safe to leave one's loose wallet in their houses."

I would like to know the nationality of these soldiers who, in this actual war, have gone back to centuries ago of barbarity and savagery, who are they, the ones who are so happy to pillage every French house in order to send souvenirs of their pillaging to their families? And when unable to take away what they like, destroy and ruin everything on their way. Admire these barbarians, Mr. Wright. And were they not worthy of your admiration when they were stealing from starving women and children the food sent by the American relief to the invaded part of France?

Let me tell you of a little incident which happened to me this summer. I went from Boston to Scarborough Beach on July 2. My locked wardrobe trunk coming by the late train was put in the little station. During the night some burglars came in, broke open my locked trunk and stole much of its contents, including jewels specially precious to me as souvenirs. I lost about \$120 and received \$45 as indemnity from the Boston & Maine railroad. What would the American people say if I were writing in a French paper published in a city as big as Boston, and were to say: "Each nationality has its own peculiar virtues, and though I have an intense and abiding admiration for the United States and its people, and detest the Teuton, I'd feel safer to leave my wardrobe trunk lying locked and strapped in a German station than I would in a New England one?" Certainly the American people would have the right to feel insulted, as I feel insulted today, especially when I read such a statement in a paper in Boston, a city so much admired in every respect by the French people.

This is the third time this summer that I have had to answer an insulting remark about France and French people in New England papers. It seems to me in very poor taste to publish damaging statements about one of our allies, when we are all fighting for the great and noble cause of democracy.

Vive les Etats-Unis!
Vive la France!
and Vivent toutes les nations allies!
FRANCE D'ORVAL.

Portland, Oct. 2.

Balzac and the Crow.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's comments on the crow I recalled that Balzac had remarked favorably on the bird in "Eugenie Grandet." On looking it up I find he mentions its economic value and its habits in the person of pere Grandet.

It is in the part of the novel where Eugenie experiences her first romantic thrill at the arrival of her cousin Charles. She finds warm response in the servant, Nanon, who wishes to feast the young man as becomes a prospective suitor. It is with great reluctance that pere Grandet increases the allowance

of four sous, and when it comes to the matter of broth Nanon asks if she shall go to the butcher's for stock. This is too much for his miserly economy and he proposes to have some crows shot, adding "they make the best soup in the world."

"Isn't it true, monsieur, that crows eat the dead?"

"You are a fool, Nanon. They eat what they can get, like the rest of the world. Don't we all live on the dead? What are legacies?" G. S. W. K.

'THE RED CLOCK'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Edward B. Perkins presents "The Red Clock," a musical fantasy in three acts. Book by Herbert Reynolds, lyrics by Schuyler Greene, music by Silvio Hein, staged by Mack Whiting. Anton Heindl conducted. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Twinkle Toes.....Muriel Window
Marjory.....Miriam Carson
The Rose Goddess.....Virginia Duane
Dorcas.....Fred Albini
The Gingerbread Boy.....Ethel Steele
The Javalan Man.....Charles Henderson
The Mill Witch.....Clara Thropp
Night.....Joe Cook
Day.....Jack McLallen
The Princess.....Ruby de Remer
The Prince.....Ralph Brainard
The Poet.....Thomas Bell
The Jewel Dancer.....Mile. Dulce
Romeo.....Charles Brown

The piece was performed for the first time in this country at Buffalo, Sept. 24. It is a play of promise rather than of fulfillment. The piece is now chiefly interesting from the spectacular viewpoint and in its fairy story environment there is an especial appeal to the children.

The book is thin and there is the ever recurring interruption of Joe Cook and Jack McLallen in their interesting specialties and enchanting dance numbers. Thus the story is deliberately thrust aside and the play again becomes interesting through the many interpolated numbers of individuals and ensembles. Mr. Hein's music gave promise in the earlier moments; the "Javalan Man" invites the attention and becomes the single haunting melody of the piece.

There is a large and pretty chorus that is eager for the dance and high spirited, yet lacking in spontaneity and team work. This will, no doubt, be corrected before the week has passed. Mr. Reynolds, in providing the book, has revived material that has been carefully interred for many years. He finds it necessary to recall the old story of the broken umbrella and the invocation. The setting of the Javalan Mill and the palace, with its illuminated staircase, are wonderful scenic effects. The Toy Shop in the last act was also interesting.

The story tells of the transportation of Marjory from Slumberland to the Land of the Javalan Man, and of the Witch, who succors Marjory; the release of the slaves of the Javalan Man and the final capture of the latter.

The act of Messrs. Cook and McLallen as Night and Day was a studious imitation of Fred Stone and the late Dave Montgomery. There were, the same attempts at dancing on the ankles and the loose-jointed antics of the grotesque style. But they were always interesting, and Mr. McLallen's pedestal dancing on roller skates was one of the features of the evening, as was Mr. Cook's descent of the perilous incline, balancing himself on the sphere.

Muriel Window, as the irrepressible Twinkle Toes, was always a pleasure in her songs and dancing numbers; Mr. Henderson roared his way through the three acts as the bombastic Javalan Man; Mr. Brainard, as the Prince, gave pleasure with an agreeable voice.

Keith's

Sallie Fisher, who will never wear out her welcome to Boston, is back at Keith's Theatre this week with Clare Kummer's one-act play, "The Choir Rehearsal." It has the pathos of the "Old Homestead" and the rustic comedy of "Way Down East." Miss Fisher is Esmerelda Tucker, hoopskirt and all, the girl who needs praying for. Then there is Abigail Hooper, the town gossip, other natives and, of course, the new minister. Miss Fisher is ably supported by Miss Stuart, John Hogan, John Keefe and John J. Ryan.

The second episode of the "Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras" portrays in motion the stern realities of war. The vast area of land strewn with German dead removes all doubt of the authenticity of the pictures.

Charles Lovenberg's six American dancers stepped their way into popularity and finished with a patriotic number which brought a shower of applause.

Earle Cavanaugh with Miss Ruth Tompkins and a quartet of pretty girls presents a "movie" musical comedy, "Mr. Inquisitive" and for once, at least, one is able to laugh heartily in a dental parlor.

Those who still whistle such old favorites as "My Little Persian Rose," "Hitchy Koo" and a host of other popular melodies will welcome Gilbert and Friedland, song writers.

Laven and Cross, "Roman Gladiators," start the evening right with a burlesque strong man act. Then there

is a skit and a dance, a comedy and an act. "A Witch's Day in England," and O'Neal and Cassidy, who make you laugh even if you can't tell why.

Oct " 1917

Again strong men rush into print in defence of the cat. Let us hear again from Dorchester.

As the World Wags:

A recent writer in the Herald facetiously dismisses the cat as a habit "like whiskey and must go." An expert at Washington in a magazine article on the "Rat Pest" also with a stroke of the pen, pronounces its value "exaggerated." Neither critic can have any idea of the role Grimalkin plays in preserving our pantries and our homes in all the great cities; in fact she is an absolute barrier against destruction of the most pronounced kind. This happy illustration appended can be duplicated all over the civilized world and every "Sir Thomas" will agree that the cat deserves better treatment for faithful service, although this cat caught only three rats. Judge M. of Dorchester evidently knows a good thing and holds on to it.

WILLIAM GILL.

Dear Mr. Gill: For some time previous to the year 1914 our house had been over-run by rats. They undermined the cellar walls to get into the house; they made nests in the attic and destroyed papers and bed clothing in their work; they gnawed holes in the pantry door and ate and destroyed our vegetables in the cellar and in the presence of the family, ran across the floor to the sideboard; they ate fruit from the sideboard and then gnawed their way into the sideboard. We caught many in traps, but their number was not perceptibly reduced.

On Jan. 10, 1914 we got, from the Animal Rescue League, a cat, a "rancy" specimen, of good looks, fine breeding and training, and with claws like fish-hooks. He caught two rats in the house during his first six weeks' stay and one which ventured into the house six months later. We have never since heard or seen any sign of a rat on the premises.

That cat daily makes the round of the house, from attic to cellar, stopping in front of a closet for the door to be opened for his inspection of each nook and corner of the closet; if the door be not promptly opened he stands on his hind legs and rattles the door knob with his front paws. We think a good deal of that cat.

If Mr. Hoover were to find out how much fresh haddock, of the very first quality, that cat demands for his sustenance, and which we buy for him, we might get ourselves into trouble, but, if only in consideration of inestimable value of the services rendered, the family will agree to fast, if necessary, that that cat may have his fish. M. Dorchester.

L. H. Southard.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me when and where Lucius H. Southard was born and when and where he died? N. H. ALLEN. Hartford, Ct.

"Bash" and "Freke."

As the World Wags:

"Bash" may be modern slang, but in "Troilus and Cressida" Shakespeare makes Ajax say (Act II, Sc. 3): "If I go to him with my armed fist, I'll bash him o'er the face." "Freke," I think, would strike some as latter day slang, but it is in the "Book of Courteyse" of 1430:

Go not forth as a domhe freke

Syn God hase left the tongue to speke.
By the way, who is this "M. J. C." I find held up in the paragraph "The Bucket"? He doesn't seem to be over and above accurate in his quotations. I assure you mine follow the original more closely. I can't get mixed up with that fellow. M. J. C.

Boston.
"Bash" is not a slang term. It is a sound and orthodox word, perhaps from the Scandinavian, possibly onomatopoeic. "To strike with a heavy blow that tends to beat or smash in the surface struck." It is not a variant of "bash." Note the queer meanings of "bash" in English dialect. Bash, the noun: The palm of the hand, a crash with a soft back, the matted roots of a tree, the front of a bull's or pig's head. The verb in dialect means, to abash, confuse, check; to lose flesh, to become sickly, to fall off in appetite. The adjective means shy, bashful. Bashy: Wet, rainy, muddy. "Freke" in the lines quoted by "M. J. C." is not the same word as "freak." It is an old English word, now obsolete, from "freca," a substantive use of "free." It properly meant one eager to fight, a warrior, a champion; but usually it was a poetic synonym for man. "M. J. C.'s" quotation is included under "freke" in the Oxford dictionary. "Basher" in English slang is a pugilist.—Ed.

Napoleon's Epitaph.

As the World Wags:

The editorial in this morning's Herald reminds me of a poem I learned over 60 years ago to recite at the Grand Prix. The few lines I send are all I

remember. Ose line I remember is "Earth is a large book of poetry and man is still in existence, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Carondelet, Mo. C. R. A.

Brookline, Oct. 2.
And who shall write thine epitaph, thou man of mystery and might?
Shall orphan hands inscribe it with their faith
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
channel it slowly mid the rugged rock
As the keen torture of the water drop doth
wear the sentenced banner?
Shall countless borders arise from Hades and
with shadowy finger
Trace thine epitaph, who sent them to their
sudit unsealed?

Oct 12 1917

"Mikros" of Lunenburg writes: "Some years ago you published a bit of verse in which a drunken sailor was singing as he staggered to the wharf, and 'A girl in the Galapagos Islands was the burden of his song.' The lady has got on my nerves lately and I wish you would tell us more about her. I thought turtles were the only inhabitants of those blessed isles so well known to Dampier and his friends."

The sailor was not drunk; he did not stagger. "Mikros" refers to "The Wharf Rat," by Fitz James O'Brien. Here is the poem:

The wharf is silent, and black and motionless
lie the ships;
The ebb tide sucks at the piles with its cold
and slimy lips;
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor
comes singing along,
And a girl in the Galapagos Isles is the bur-
den of his song.

Behind the white cotton hales a figure is
crouching low;
It listens with eager ears to the way that the
footsteps go.
And it follows the singing sailor, stealing upon
his track,
And when he reaches the river side, the wharf
rat is at his back.

A man is missing next day, and a paragraph
tells the fact:
But the way he went, or the road he took, will
never, never be tracked!
For the lips of the tide are dumb, and it keeps
such secrets well,
And the fate of the singing sailor boy the
wharf rat alone can tell.

The verses were published for the first time in Vanity Fair of April 13, 1861. The number included also the conclusion of a story, "The Primpenny Family" by Fitz-Hugh Ludlow; William Winter's poem, "Before the Palace"; an article, "Affairs in Italy" by McArone (George Arnold); a review of the play, "Henriette," an adaptation by E. G. P. Wilkins of Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche," brought out at Wallack's Lyceum that month, on March 27. (Mr. Jerome A. Hart in his elaborate study of Sardou's plays does not mention this early adaptation of the Frenchman's play known in this country as "A Scrap of Paper.") There is a review of Samuel Woodworth's poetical works, in two volumes, edited by his son. The reviewer begins: "The Woodworth in question left us many valuable bits of timber, and his son, like a chip of the old block, has, by collecting the whole, shown us that it was 'all oak,' the principal article, in fact, being 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' which has come up before the public a thousand times since it was kicked by the author into publicity." One of the many short articles referred to Boston: "The appointment of One Palfrey to the post-mastership of Boston may be looked upon as a very judicious measure, considering that a single hub city naturally classes as a One-Horse Town."

Long afterwards when Puck with the elder Keppler, Bunner, and Gilliam was a power in the land, A. E. Watrous wrote a poem in honor of O'Brien wishing that he could have thought of the haunting line quoted by our correspondent. O'Brien died on April 6, 1862, from a wound received in a cavalry skirmish in Virginia. Watrous, if we are not mistaken, killed himself, as did William North, who lampooned O'Brien in his posthumous novel, "The Slave of the Lamp," published in 1855. O'Brien there figures as "Fitzgammon O'Bouncer."

"The Slave of the Lamp" is a strange story of New York life, underground and in society. The hero might have stepped out of an early novel by Bulwer. In North's story there is talk of an Ocean Transit Company, which would leave railways and Mississippi schemes in the rear. "Steam will be discarded," says Mondel, "or used in an improved way, fuel reduced to a nominal outlay, and four or five days become the ordinary voyage to Europe, not to mention that aerial transit will be put into practice. The true principle has been known to a few men of science for years past. It is to rise and fall at angles produced by reversible inclined planes. We must return to the cheap and manageable means of ascent discovered by Montgolfier, more than 70 years ago, from the hydrogen gas of later invention. The whole theory and practice lies in a nutshell, and contains only two propositions. Firstly, by means of a hot air stove a balloon can be made to rise and fall at will. Secondly, by means of inclined planes it can be made to rise or fall at any angle, according to the law of pressure in fluids. Thus up and down lift the the Montagnes Russes, must be the

of the great California Air Line Company's balloons. Between each ascent and descent, the impetus will be a considerable motion in a direct line; and the velocity of the locomotion altogether, will render its ineffectiveness of no importance. The voyage to San Francisco will be made in two or three days. . . . Men of high education and profound studies do not like to go hat in hand to stupid merchants, who cannot even understand the proposition that twice two is four, except when the abstract number, two, is reduced to the concrete two dollars." O'Brien probably chose the word "Gallipagos" for its sonority. If "Mikros" wishes to read a romantic and delightful series of chapters about these islands let him enjoy "The Enamanted Isles" in Herman Melville's "Plaza Tales." The chapters appeared first in Putnam's Magazine of the Fifties. It is true that turtles have been the chief inhabitants, but marooned sailors, castaways, escaped convicts and even South American women have dwelt there for a time. According to the latest reports there is a convict settlement of between 200 and 400. Is the huge turtle, the "testudo elephantopus" still found? O'Brien, by the way, spelled the name of the islands "Gallipagos."

TOBER 13, 1917.

37TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The first concert of the 37th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Carl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, symphony No. 5; Berlioz, overture to "King Lear"; Liszt, "Prometheus," symphonic poem No. 5; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal."

Liszt's "Prometheus" was performed for the first time at these concerts. The symphonic poem and the choral music for Herder's play were performed here in 1876 at a Liszt-Wagner concert conducted by Theodore Thomas. Liszt composed the symphonic poem in 1850, about 20 years after Berlioz raved over "King Lear" in Florence and wrote his overture to the tragedy; yet in 1850 Liszt was still a romanticist of the Parisian '30's. This is seen in the explanatory preface of "Prometheus." This preface contains sentences that recall Thackeray's burlesque of Bulwer's earlier novels. "Fate, Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that harms, the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us still? Are not these the weapons of the Artist? the colors of his palette? the chords of his lyre?" This passage from "George De Barnwell" might easily find place in Liszt's preface. If the Hugo of "Hernani" and the Dumas of "Antony" had written music it would have been in the manner of Berlioz and Liszt, and in 1850 Liszt was still a man of the '30's.

The rhetorical eloquence of one generation may well be only extravagance, hifalutin to the generations that follow. Would the House of Commons hear patiently today the speech of a Burke or a Sheridan? Would a jury listen in rapt attention to the summing up of a Rufus Choate? Would the solemn sentences of Webster, spoken by a man of lesser fame and less commanding personality, impress the Senate of today? The wild enthusiasm of Liszt and Berlioz is not easily understood by lovers of delicate tints, elusive rhythms, vague melodies and impressionistic effects. Even the contemporaneous countrymen of the two men were often frightened or bored by the heaven-defying compositions. And some in this century are still perplexed, disturbed, and find the "grandeur" circus-pomp; the pathos, bathos.

Yet there is no denying the genius and the sincerity of the two. They were terribly in earnest. What would music be today if Berlioz and Liszt had not lived and worked in the face of discouragement that would have frozen the imagination of less heroic souls? Their greater works are more and more commanding as the years roll on, while compositions that for a month, a year, were hastily hailed as "epoch-making" are now dusty in libraries, or it dragged out into the concert hall and opera house are withered, wan, pitiable.

To Liszt the basic thought of the myth concerning Prometheus is that of misfortune and glory, and this thought must needs have a stormy, "fulgurant" expression. "Fulgurante" takes us back to the 30's, as the hero of poetry and drama was characterized as "fatal." The Prometheus of the symphonic poem is still chained to the crag, raging and defiant. Other composers, Goldmark and the more academic Bargiel, have attempted to express the scene in music. Has any one of them attained Aeschylean grandeur? Charles Lamb thought that the woe of King Lear could not be mimicked on the stage. Music may work a mightier spell than any display of acting. Do the Prometheus of Liszt and the Lear of Berlioz answer to the

heroes of the dramatists?

Neither of the two works is representative of the composer at the height of his power. Berlioz evidently was more obsessed by the thought of Cordelia—possibly on account of his love for Miss Smithson, the actress—than by the storm, Lear and his madness. Yet the overture was worth hearing yesterday if only for the sake of Mr. Longy's beautiful playing of the pathetic solo for oboe. Liszt of the "Prometheus" had this advantage: he had been able to study the music of Berlioz for 20 years; but how inferior is "Prometheus," how barren of ideas, in comparison with "Tasso," "Mazeppa," "The Preludes," the "Faust" symphony, the two piano concertos! Nor does the fugue console one, whether it typifies Epimetheus or apothor. The brilliant performance only emphasized the emptiness of the music.

The prelude to "Parsifal" suffers more than other orchestral pages from Wagner's music dramas when it is played in the concert hall. There is need, for full effect, of the darkened theatre, the unseen players, the consequent suggestion of mystery, the anticipation of the drama to come.

Dr. Muck was warmly greeted on his entrance, and he and the orchestra were vigorously applauded throughout the concert, which will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Scriabin, "Poem of Ecstasy"; Beethoven, concerto for violin, Mr. Zimballist, violinist; Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, No. 1.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A letter received by Mrs. Albert R. Kerr of Boston from her son at Plattsburg, N. Y., is of more than family interest; it shows the spirit of the men there.

"We have had a few men speak to us who have been across and they are all of the opinion that the United States has got to win this war. I see by the papers that they are to have two more training camps, so it looks to me as if the government was aware of the fact that we have got to get to work. But don't worry, mother, for I am sure that what all the boys are doing is for the sake of mankind, and I know that you realize this, although you feel deep down in your heart that I may be killed; why, it isn't worrying me a bit, for I am doing the right thing, and killed or not my work will be noble. It is twice as hard for those who have to wait, watch and worry. I am sure that a mother's position is harder than any one else's, but cheer up, for I hope to make you proud of me, and that is worth a great deal more than my safety."

Norman Howes Kerr, the writer of the letter, is a grandson of Capt. Howes, for many years connected with the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company. Capt. Howes, formerly of Chatham, now lives in Brookline, and would gladly be in active service during the war.

Time and Ingenuity.

As the World Wags:

Who can write a better sentence with the words beginning consecutively with the letters of the alphabet?

Albert, Belgium's champion, demands entire freedom granted her inhabitants. Judiciously kindies loyal men, never overtly practises questionable rights, scorns the Uhlans, vying with Xavier's youthful zouaves. S. E. A., Allston.

Deacon Ammi, Ox-Driver.

As the World Wags:

We had a man down home who uster be some ox-driver hisself, name was Ammi Bailey, Deacon Ammi, to give him his proper handle. Well, he was a meek little man with a low voice when speaking ordinary and always had a sorter hushed colloquial style in addressing prayer-meeting, but how he would yell at his oxen! On a quiet day I've heard him exhorting them from nigh half a mile off, and Cap'n Joe Wilson uster say: "You kin hear Ammi holler to them oxen furs you kin see it lighten." Uster call him the man with the deaf oxen and they got so that they wouldn't start fur anyone else. One day Ammi come to the village, hauling logs. Missa Bailey, she'd been sick fer a spell back and when Ammi pulled up by the store, Bill Dunning says: "Ammi, how's Miss Bailey gitting on." "Wal," says Ammi, "she ain't very well jest now; got a bile on WHOA HYSHE!" (The oxen had started just then.)

Now then, Mister, I claim that "Whoa Hyshe" is the right word to use to stop oxen with an in fact the only admissible phrase, for that's what Ammi said, and didn't he know?

If it hadn't been to settle (I say settle) this disputed point I don't believe that I'd have had the courage to pick up my ox-goad (who said whip?) at this late day and join the procession.

Your'n SI PRIME.

Brick Hollow, Oct. 8.

Ancient and Modern.

Mr. Fred Thompson, turning Sir Arthur Plagor's "The Magistrate" into a musical comedy, followed the old plot "fairly closely," but introduced "slangy modernisms" into the dialogue, as "fed

up," "little bit of fluff" and "screw." The equivalent of these latter terms in the "s" of "The Stage" is to be believed, were "crumbs" and "red jam." Yes, "crumbs" meant "a pretty woman," but "red jam" meant "a man," and the pink of perfect beauty was the "s" of "red jam" back to Juliet Hallburton (1855). "Camouflaged bliss, I alet, was real jam up." "Jam" in the '80's also meant a sweetheart. As the old song has it, And he made this young girl feel queer, When he called me his jam, His yet and his lamb.

Oct 14 1917

"Love o' Mike." Who was the original Mike? Where did the phrase come from? Was it from some Rabclaisian anecdote? Charles Hoyt named one or two of his farce comedies from wheezes and comparisons that might be described as "suitable for the smoking room." Who was Mike? Who was Hannah Cook? Who struck Billy Patterson? Who was Ann, whose age was for a time a subject of anxious inquiry?

Milko figures not only in countless Irish stories; he has made his way into dialect as well as into slang. Is there any relationship between Mike for Michael and the verb "to milke," to lurk, to skulk, to play truant, to hang about for alms or a job or a chance to steal? "You spongers milking round the pubs"—to quote Henley's line in "Villon's Good Night."

Is "to milke" or "shamrock" a cant phrase among American printers as it is among their English brethren? Then there is the noun "miker," a skulker, petty thief, beggar.

Some weeks ago we told the story on this page of Eugene Scribner's difficulty in choosing good titles for his plays. Did the man or woman, who gave names to sleeping-cars—"Insomnia" was forgotten—try a hand at plays. There is a fashion in all things. Take novels, for example. There was a time when novelists consulted the Bible and dictionaries of poetical quotations. Rhoda Broughton was a shocking example; her "Red as a Rose Is She" was parodied as "Red in the Nose Is She"; her "Cometh up Like a Flower" as "Cometh Down Like a Shower." Jane Austen's trick was followed by some. Mr. Frank E. Chase attributed hitherto unknown novels to her: "Seen and Obscene" was one; "Colic and Bucolic: a Summer Idyl" was another. If a man chose for a title the name of his hero, he did not escape. The Pall Mall Gazette in a shameful review, of Thomas Hardy's great novel, "Jude the Obscure," headed the article "Jude the Obscene." The brilliant journalist and inventor of an adding machine, who signed himself "John Paul," turned "Griffith Gaunt" into "Liffeth Lank." Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood" was burlesqued as "Gnaw-wood," which was obvious and not funny.

Looking over "The Stage Cyclopaedia," published in London eight years ago, one marvels at the ingenuity and also at the despair of dramatists. The only "Mike" is "Mike; or the Miller's Trials," by D. M. Pletts (London, 1876). There are four pages, double columns, of plays that begin with "Love," but few that begin with "Love of"—"Love of a Grecian Lady," "Love of a Life," "Love of a Prince," "Love of Arcadia," "Love of King David and Fair Bethsabel" (1599), "Love of Sin," "Love of the Princess," "Love of Woman." This cyclopaedia is curious reading. How "The Girl" figures! Comedies, comic operas, farces, dramas—and the melodramas! "The Girl Redeemed from Sin," "The Girl Who Lost Her Character," "The Girl Who Married for Money," "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning," "The Girl Who Went Astray," "The Girl Who Wrecked His Home," "The Girl with the Angel Face," "The Girl's False Step," "The Girl's Temptation."

We find no play with Illacs in the title; no "Red Clock"; but there is "Turn to the Right, or a Fica for a Simple Life," by two Stanleys (1905). The number "Seven" has been well worked from the time of "The Seven Against Thebes," by Aeschylus, but the only "Seven Days" is "Seven Days of the Week" (1595. Anon. No performance). "Seven Years' Secret," "Seven Ages of Woman," "Seven Champions of Christendom" (three plays thus entitled), "Seven Charmed Spuds," "Seven Clerks, or the Three Thieves and the De-nouncer," "Seven Days of the Week," "Seven Deadly Sins," "Seven Poor Travelers," "Seven Sins, or Passion's Paradise," "Seven Slaters of Munich," "Seven Wise Masters," "Seven Years Ago."

"Captain Kidd, Jr." is coming to the Park Square Theatre. There is Clare Kummer's "Capt. Kidd or the Bold Buccaneer," both comic operas, and there is "Capt. Kidd" by W. J. Mackay. A sketch, "Captain Kyd" (New York, 1829), was played with Charlotte Cushman as Elspie.—Was "Captain Kyd," performed in New York in 1856 and 1865, the same play?—the three are not noted in "The Stage Cyclopaedia."

Whatever "Mike" was the man in the familiar phrase, the "Mike" at Ye Wilbur Theatre is to be envied. Seldom is a stage young man openly courted by girls of so marked attractiveness. And

in this, young Mike, unlike Grosvenor, does not ask for the usual half-holiday. He is not a bit bored. The girls in the choruses of "Patience" during the early performances in this country were not all so seductive.

Was the butler so intent on criminal deeds that love never entered his heart? There was a suggestion at the beginning of the farce that he left the prize ring and became a butler for the sake of the maid. Possibly she was alarmed by his disguises; possibly she did not fully understand his speech; perhaps she was not romantic and avoided moving picture shows because they affected her eyes. Whatever the reason, the butler is not represented as an amoralist.

Mr. Hassell's speech, his twistings and tropical use of familiar words, his malapropisms, his slang—these alone are worth a pilgrimage to hear. We should like to see his lines as they stood when they were handed to him. How much of his business is his own invention? A most amusing performance, and wonder of wonders, Mr. Hassell does not become tiresome before the final fall of the curtain. There are few comedians in plays of this nature who can begin and end with a full head of comic steam.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that George Arliss's appearance as Alexander Hamilton at the Knickerbocker is not attended by success of a triumphant nature, otherwise the American stage would probably undergo a surfeit of historical plays representing statesmen and politicians of the early days of the republic. Despite Mr. Arliss's keen perception in his curtain speech that it is easy enough for our national heroes to be good after they have become steel engravings, it is in the impression of steel engravings that they are most impressive to the audience.

We dislike to be jarred from our position of idealization even though the process of jarring takes the form of a bewitching feminine intrigue. We would much prefer to believe that Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin and other great figures of the revolution were saints than merely human beings with defects common to all human beings. And while we admire Mr. Arliss's ambition for truth and accuracy of detail as it affects the life of our first secretary of the treasury, we cannot help feel that his stage portrait would have been more definite, more convincing, had it presented as a figure who "never told a lie" or flirted with a pretty woman during his wife's absence.—Dramatic Mirror.

Apropos of the appearance of Ellen Terry at the London Coliseum, Nov. 5, the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "The number of 'legitimate' star artists who have escaped the lure of 'variety' can now, indeed, be numbered on the fingers. Less than 20 years ago, to have even suggested to a popular actor or actress the appearance on the 'halls' would have been regarded as a scarcely veiled insult, but now all who are the highest and best in the profession gladly welcome the increased venue which the music-hall stage offers."

Napoleon Lambaet, composer of "Prince" Praps" does not know how to classify it. He told a London reporter that it cannot be a revue or a musical comedy, because the book and lyrics are by two men only and the music by only one—himself. It cannot be a comic opera because it has no intoxicated monarch with his crown a-tilt and a pawnticket for scepter. As there are some sensational sensations, it might be called a "dramusical comedy."

Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske, one of the most popular comedienne on the American stage, has at last come under the banner of the theatrical syndicate which is headed by the firm of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have for some years had a very able lieutenant in Mr. George C. Tyler, who, as a business man, has proved himself exceedingly efficient in theatrical circles. Certainly a contract with Mrs. Fiske seems somewhat of a coup, for it is only a few years ago when this universally popular actress was leading the banner ahead of the independents of that day—Henrietta Crossman, David Belasco, James K. Hackett, and the Shuberts—in defiance of Klaw and Erlanger, and all their allies. I remember well when Mrs. Fiske's defiance seemed more bold than wise, for popular and successful though she was, her company had to play in all sorts of improvised shelters as a consequence of having thrown down the gauntlet to the mighty firm. In the present day people seem to be convinced that the conflict that has passed has proved that no firm, however powerful, can monopolize theatrical business and subjugate the great numbers of powerful people who make it, and who are mutually interdependent. So, little comment has been made of the fact that Mrs. Fiske in her new play, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, "The Belle," will be "under the management of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler." She opens in that play in this city in November.—New York Correspondent of the Stage (London).

Has Capt. Basil Hood left any autobiographic data? If he has, and I notes tell of his association with Arthur Sullivan, the world would be

ing reading. Years ago he entered the present writer with story after story of the musical genius. The relation was a private one, so that they have never seen print, and their value has faded. But one thing does come back to mind: the extraordinary position of the composer, his horrid signs and omens, and quite a serious little illness which he experienced on finding that he had slept in a bedroom numbered 13. — London Daily Chronicle.

The first woman cathedral organist in London has been appointed at Rochester Cathedral. She is Miss Milvain, formerly the organist of St. Martin's Church, Scarborough.

In connection with the appointment of a woman as cathedral organist, it may perhaps not be out of place to mention the youthfulness of many of our church organists today. Emmanuel Church, Maida-hill, N. W. (large two-manual organ), age of organist, 14 years; Harcourt Church, Canonbury, N. W., age of organist, 15 years; Cockington Parish Church, age of organist, 12 years; the Temple, Great Yarmouth (two-manual organ), age of organist, 11 years; Chapel Royal, St. James's, assistant organist, aged 19 years. Mr. H. Moss, organist of Gravscend Parish Church, was appointed at the early age of 11 years. — London Daily Chronicle.

The London Times speaks of the pronunciation of singers singing English. "Negatively, we want to eradicate such words as 'atoul' (all), 'man' (man), 'lov' (love), 'girst' (ghost), 'layest' (late), 'Gum into the yard a more' (Come into the garden, Maud), but positively, to plant something much better. We do not as a nation articulate clearly or breathe properly. We apologize for these bad habits by attributing them to our reticent and undemonstrative nature; we could with more truth ascribe them to laziness and indecision. We do not find them in a man of energy and clear thought. A Frenchman opens his mouth to say 'Chose magnifique' and closes it to say 'Est-il possible!'; with us a circumflex grunt not seldom does duty for both 'How are you?' and 'Good morning!' Yet we have among us some whose ordinary conversation is a musical delight to listen to, and then for the first time we become aware how beautiful English really is. Towards the spread of this knowledge the Society of English Singers has been working of late; Dr. Alkin is the moving spirit, and it includes musicians like Stanford, teachers like Plunkett Greene, and singers like Gervase Elwes and Ben Davies. It does not spend time on prescription or prohibition of this or that method or practice, it eschews 'tips,' and smiles away that singing-master's phrase 'I tell all my pupils to—'; for it considers that pupils are interesting, not collectively but severally, as exemplifications of physical, or more often psychological, law to which it directs attention. This law is the law of breath—quite baldly, the art of blowing—taught and obeyed by the two peoples that have made in the past a real study of song—the Hindu, for whom it had such dignity as philosophy, if not theosophy, could lend it, and the Italian, who was willing to ennoble by its means even a trivial content."

The correspondent of Musical News, who points out that Gotha aeroplanes "drone" on the note A flat, while our own machines prefer E and F, has surely overlooked an important point when he suggests that anyone with the sense of absolute pitch should have no difficulty in identifying hostile raiders by their sound. The pitch of a sound depends on the number of vibrations reaching the ear in a given time, and the number varies according as to whether the source of the sound is moving towards or away from the listener. Given a Gotha hustling at 100 miles an hour, its A flat could vary as much as a perfect fourth, which is more than the difference between it and the British machines' E or F. If an express train sounds its whistle while approaching and passing through a station, the pitch of the whistle—though actually the same all the time—will appear to rise as the train comes into the station and fall as it passes out. In the first case, the sound waves reach the ear more frequently, as the source is approaching, and in the second less frequently as the source is retreating. It would be the same with the Gotha's A flat—if it is always that note, whatever the speed of the machine, which is highly improbable. — London Daily Chronicle.

An officer friend, "somewhere in Palestine," sends me an account of what he calls a "sing-song" which, he says, was rudely interrupted by a party of Turkish snipers. "One of our fellows was in

the middle of 'The Bedouin Love Song,' when about a score of bullets came through the roof and walls, and our little party broke up in disorder. All the same," he adds, "the Turk is a far cleaner fighter than the Hun—he doesn't poison the water, or that sort of thing. And the food here is quite good. We shoot a lot of rabbits, and put 'em in the stewpot." — Pall Mall Gazette.

"Ivan the Terrible" in the three years of almost continuous seasons of English Opera in English—we are not yet come quite to English opera—which Sir Thomas Beecham has vouchsafed to us in London he has done nothing quite so bold as his productions in our tongue of "Boris Godunov" and

new of "Ivan the Terrible"; with this he opened his new season of some 10 or 12 weeks before a house that was filled to every corner at Drury Lane on Saturday night. It is a hoary tradition among many of us that the opera is not so much the thing as the singers of it. For long Melba was the opera in which Mimi occurs; Caruso was the Puccini and Verdi in which he sang. No other singers were judged on their merits; they were compared with these and the like. The opera did not matter. Similarly with the Russian operas. At first they were Vox (Shalyapin) et præterea nihil. The artist, by far the finest operatic artist of his generation, almost swamped the ship of Russian opera here, at least for the many who saw him and heard him, or so it was thought. But now it has begun to seem, largely through the auspices of the present regime at Drury Lane, that a new generation of opera-goers has risen. The opera is becoming the thing, at least for the time being, and the singers of it are expected to be in the picture and of it, and no longer is it a case of "mol et cinq ou six poupees." This has come about in quite a natural fashion. The Beecham or any other management, no doubt, would gladly avail itself of any possible Melba or Caruso. But it has not gone into the highways and byways to find such "stars." It has gone directly for the primo essential of opera production, perfection of ensemble, which was impossible in the palmy days of the "poupees" and the "moi," and in consequence it can produce with perfect safety such operas as those mentioned (though, be it said, the Russians taught us an enormous amount in the matter of beauty of ensemble) without any fear of comparison, but with the rare pleasure of real beauty of collective performance. That must be, and is, the very foundation stone of the structure of English opera, for heaven forbid that any native operatic composer should take it unto himself to compose a prima-donna opera in the days to come!

True, in Rimsky's opera "Ivan" there is something of a prima donna part, so to say, in the title-role itself. But it is the role, not necessarily the singer of it, that gives it such tremendous prominence. Shalyapin was terrific as Ivan. So was Mr. Robert Parker on Saturday. Quite possibly Mr. Parker never saw his great Russian colleague. It matters not if he did or did not. For his Ivan was of a most impressive character. True, it might be easy to suggest that his Ivan is a little old and more decrepit than even the most dissolute would be at 40—the approximate age of Ivan at the time of Pskov—that not even Ivan could have been so sinister as Mr. Parker looked. But these are small affairs in a reading that towered yet was never out of the scheme. It was the triumph of a strong and genuine operatic temperament and personality, full of hideous subtlety, as when he, Machiavelli-like, made Tokmakov first "drink the cup," full of human sympathy and tenderness, in that wonderful closing scene when Olga is discovered to be dead. Ivan in Mr. Parker's hands towered because Ivan must ever tower over his surroundings, but there was an absolute lack of the towering of the "prima donna" species, and his was a veritable triumph. Then Mr. Powell Edwards's Tokmakov was full of the right kind of dignity, and Mr. Walter Hyde's Matuta was on a par with the best he has done; while Madame Brola's Olga and Miss Toms's Vlasieva were excellent in their respective ways. The chorus sang very well, but got a little out of hand in the climax of the first act, and the orchestra was unimpeachable as ever. If we are not in error, the fine scenery was at least largely that of the original production here. Mr. Eugene Goossens, Sr., conducted, and throughout the performance there was every show of general acceptance of the work by the enormous audience. It was a most auspicious opening night; the auguries clearly are good. — Daily Telegraph, Sept. 24.

There are things to admire and things to like in this opera, now for the first time undertaken by a wholly English company. Admirable was the conscientious work of the chorus, who wrestled with situations they did not feel with any real understanding, and by their wholehearted endeavor managed to present a realistic Soviet; and though no one who did not know the story would have guessed that they were in danger of their lives, it was clear that they were ill at ease about something and longing for the thing, whatever it was, to happen and get done. A fine climax was reached at the end of the first act, not an easy thing to accomplish when every one was moving about. One could admire the courage of the maidens singing their simple song without faltering in the presence of the Tsar, and could like the wild theme of their song in the forest.

The music stands the test of shutting the eyes for a while and listening. It takes its own line and, as far as it is possible for "applied" music to do so, draws its own conclusions. It is musician's music, resting its claim on nice balance rather than popular appeal. How far it is dramatic it is difficult to say without knowing a great deal more than a foreigner can about how Russians really feel and think. The introduction to the second act is a noble piece of writing. In the orchestra the violas and basses played in a distinctive way, but the brass did not seem

to be in very safe hands. Mr. Goossens, Sr., conducted.

The scope of the libretto does not admit of Ivan appearing as terrible only ill, tired, and cynical. This Mr. Parker presented excellently by voice and gesture and his admirable enunciation (Toucha (Mr. Hyde) and Olga (Miss Brola) enacted rather perfunctory to passages, but sang individually with good tone and some spirit. Miss Toms was the very juvenile "old nurse" and Mr. Edwards the prince who bore other people's burdens with dignity. — London Times, Sept. 24.

This opera is better known as "The Tsar's Bride," produced at Moscow Nov. 3, 1899. The overture has been performed here at Symphony concerts, first in 1902, for the first time in this country.

Oct-16 1917

Unlicensed Puss.

As the World Wags:

A lady writing in the Sunday Herald takes me severely to task for my recent letter in this column regarding the domestic cat as a bird catcher, in connection with the subject of licensing puss. Let me disclaim any idea of a propaganda for this latter object, since I know its uselessness. My own letter was written, in fact, in answer to one couched in the usual loose and illogical style characteristic of the alleged cat lover.

I suppose a man is always conscious of appearing at a disadvantage in meeting a feminine argument. With the ladies, it is a game; pretty fencing, one plink ear attuned to the gallery's applause, everything sacrificed to the attempt to catch one tripping, or to dissect a perfectly evident but perhaps carelessly phrased statement, or to drag an anise bag across the trail. Not too scrupulous, always, and with no real interest in arriving at a solution so long as a few clever points are scored, but always charming, even when most inconclusive.

The lady begins by casting suspicion upon me as a genuine lover of cats. "It presents the cat in the most unfavorable light." Not at all. It presents the cat as God made her. A most engaging pet, but with a good many thousand years of predaceous activity woven into her tissues, and not easily eradicated. Therefore, if we like to see our bird life preserved, an animal whose amazing fertility must be checked to some extent.

"I would never keep, as the writer has done, two cats that killed, one 87 and the other 122 birds in one season." Admirable sentiment! Nor shall I. The chief offender is marked for an early and painless death, based on her record. This is to be her only summer. The other, a beautiful half Angora, returns with me to the city, there to be presented to a family who dwell where the only local bird life is represented by the wary English sparrow, who may be trusted to watch his step.

I trust that this confession will dispose of the sharp thrust which follows: the statement that, under a system of cat license, these unhappily gifted hunters of mine "could go on hunting with no fear of prevention."

The most singular statement (I wish I might know the exact mental process by which the lady arrives at it) is contained in her own objection to cat licensing; she says, "it is the inevitable cruelty that would follow a license law for cats." Does she believe that cruelty has "inevitably" followed our dog licensing system? And would she vote for its repeal on this ground? I am able to see that it would eliminate the vast army of unhappy tramp cats, homeless wanderers and millions of kittens that are allowed to grow up with little care or feeding because there is no penalty attached, and it is easier than to drown them at birth; but I feel a lively curiosity regarding the cruelty involved, the more so because those I have known who have advocated a license system have been intelligent humanitarians, many of them officers of rescue, anti-cruelty and other leagues operated in the interest of dumb creatures.

But she consoles herself: "wherever it has been tried it has been a failure, because of the great difficulty of carrying it out." An old familiar argument this, a favorite of the opponents of state-wide prohibition in particular.

I am offered a long list "of men and women who will testify to the fact that cats have caught rats in their houses, barns and stores, and have proved themselves invaluable." Gently, dear lady! I accept this list in advance and without suspicion. But don't send it. I should be obliged to return an equally long list of men who have tried in vain to enthrone puss over their rat population. And there we should be a stalemate.

No intelligent man, with an establishment infested by rats, would turn to a cat for relief. I have seen rat experts at work in cities abroad, and I have had their methods in this country described by janitors of warehouses. I have also read of the campaigns carried on by seaport cities in our country. I have yet to note the cat as bearing any part whatever in the work. But I have never denied that some cats do catch some rats!

Any naturalist will explain patiently that feral creatures do not, save when driven to it, seek their prey among ani-

mals capable of putting up a battle. Lions, for instance, do not hunt the little leopard. Now rats, flightless (as they are accustomed to) in company, can easily kill a cat, and single rats, full grown, will give her a grand fight. I have personally known of quite a number of cats killed by rats, and others severely wounded. I have read and heard of very many such cases, but can only speak authoritatively concerning those which I have seen. There are so many more efficient ways to defeat the wily rat than by buying a cat, that no one could possibly be so fatuous as to set puss on the job, save as a sort of avocation. A pair of ferrets, for example, if domesticated on the premises, will drive off every rodent within a short time. But this is merely passing the buck; the rats move from my house to yours. They still exist intact. The plain wire "catch-em-alive" trap will do a good deal. In a southern store where I worked for some time we caught from four to nine every night. Now would my gentle critic wish to state that she has ever known a cat to catch as many as nine rats, not in one night, but even in one week? Yet even the trap, taking scores, failed ultimately to capture them as fast as they increased, and we had to employ an expert. I regret that I cannot say what he did, as he was very secretive about his work. But I know that no cat figured in it! Nor did he pipe to them. For I listened.

"If, as the writer says, the well fed cat is of all cats the bird hunter, is licensing cats going to help the birds?" thrusts the lady; and I can see one eye and one ear cocked at the gallery. I claim a foul, because I did not say this; and the quite different statement I did make clearly referred to the two cats indicated.

Now that our summer colony has flitted, I have counted so far five felines left behind to range the bitter winter fields, left by kindly souls, lovers of cats all, unanimous in their opposition to a cat license, and too tender hearted to kill the pretty things before closing up their cottages. J. C.

Plymouth, N. H.

The Old Music Book.

As the World Wags:

There are some old-timers left, who by brushing some cobwebs from their memories, may bring to mind events or matters of which they were a part, as far back as the year 1847. At that period it fell to my lot to be the boy who pumped the bellows of an organ in an Episcopal church, where my father and my sisters were singers. While thus employed a notebook in use by the choir attracted my attention, not by any music contained in it, but by the curious question printed on the front cover of the book. The same was a good sized volume, of a gray color, and contained what was known in those days as "set pieces" for the choir's special efforts. It was used as a sort of prelude to the church service and also at the offertory. The book was published by Ives & Co. of Boston, and the curious question to which I have alluded above was: "How do people learn to sing? Answer—by singing." In these days some one might well deem such a question and answer as a very quaint way of getting people interested in the art of singing. Imagine it, if you can. HEBER WELLS.

Malden.

M'CORMACK AT

John McCormack gave the first in a series of song recitals at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. As was to be expected, the vast auditorium was filled and the immense stage held an overflow of several hundred.

The wondrously popular tenor presented a characteristic program, comprising excerpts from works by Handel, Schubert, Brahms, Arthur Foote, Fritz Kreisler, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and a new composer in his gifted accompanist, Edwin Schneider. There also was a group of Irish songs, without which a McCormack program would be woefully deficient.

Generous with Extra Numbers.

Throughout the afternoon the singer gave generously of extra numbers, as

is his wont. After the last of the Irish songs he faced the audience on the stage and sang "Mother Machree." This repaid that section for the monotony of the sight of his broad back during the rest of the concert. He also introduced a patriotic element, not strictly novel, but sufficiently stirring, when he sang one stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner," with the audience standing, to begin the feast of song. Throughout he was in splendid voice and in fine dramatic, emotional or whimsical mood, as the moment demanded.

The afternoon brought out a violinist new to Boston in Andre Polah, who gave pieces by Redfield, Saint-Saens, Hubay, Schumann and Dvorak-Kreisler. Of dapper appearance and fervid style, Mr.

colan yet enjoyed a busy technique and an aptitude etting for nord fir- ing or for sustained beauty of tone and expression.

Lastly, many thanks to Mr. McCormack for bringing once again Mr. Schneider as accompanist. Here is a pianist of remarkable powers, at once sympathetic and individual, never intrusively to the fore, invariably as one with the singer or player. His interpretation of his own work, "The Cave," was exquisite and he deserved the rich applause which Mr. McCormack forced him to acknowledge.

PASSING SHOW

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of the Winter Garden Annual Review, "The Passing Show of 1917," in two acts and 21 scenes; dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge, music by Sigmund Romberg and Otto K. Foster, produced by J. J. Shubert. Samuel Lehman, musical director. Pro-April 26, 1917.

There is a great deal to enjoy in this

show. While the lines given to the comedians by Mr. Atteridge are not blindingly brilliant in themselves, there are many comedians, and some of them are very funny. There are girls galore, young, fresh, pretty, and not brazen in the display of their figures. Indeed, it might be said that the less they are dressed, the more modest they are in their unconscionousness. On the stage or on the runway they have the aplomb of an undraped statue. The costumes show untiring invention; many are tasteful; some are grotesque, as those worn by the Love Letter girls, who formed the chorus for Miss Rosie Quinn. There were effective scenes, as that of New York seen from an airplane; the Harem, which was gorgeous in stage setting and in grouping; the remarkable representation of the Yale Bowl; although the business outside did not include a thrill; the Japanese scene; the dining car, and the fountain. Fortunately there were only a few burlesques of plays. As plays burlesqued in these shows seldom come to Boston until a year after the burlesque, the humor is unintelligible to the great majority of the audience. The dialogue at the beginning of "The Willow Tree," with the stupid jokes about Buddha, is in extremely bad taste. It is offensive. A religion that is revered by millions of worshippers is not a subject for rapid jesting.

The funniest portions of the show came straight from vaudeville. "Chic" Sale in "The Rural Sunday School Benefit" was irresistibly amusing as ever. The announcements of the pastor, his sermon on ambition as exemplified in the case of Old Mother Hubbard, his facial expression, were even more amusing than the different characters he portrayed at the Sunday school exhibition. Then there was Mr. Dooley, angularly astle, and surprising in speech and tumbling. There were our old friends, De Wolf Hopper and Jefferson De Angelis, but Mr. Atteridge and the stage manager had not been kind to them. Mr. Hopper had a few delightful turns of speech. He recited "Casey at the Bat" to the delight of the great audience listening as if the recitation were given for the first time. He did not, however, recite Marc Antony's speech in the forum. William Philbrick as Sam, the waiter, in the dining car, was as unctuous as Unsworth, Nelse Seymour or Johnny Wild, in the good old days of negro minstrelsy. It should be stated as a matter of record that the slap-stick business of the three painters in the drug store, old-fashioned clowning, provoked hysterical laughter. George Schiller was seen in many scenes, best of all as the stage director.

There were many songs with and without a chorus, but there were very few that had a haunting melody. The songs were sung without undue pretension to vocal art by Irene Franklin, Rosie Quinn, Yvette Rage, Nell Carrington, Emily Miles and several men. There was music to Mr. Hopper's touching apostrophe to the trusty but tired sandwich that had accompanied Sunday beer for many years. Miss Franklin was individual again with her peculiarly individual voice. Miss Quinn sang girlish songs girlishly. When the number of scenes, many of them elaborately set, are taken into consideration, there was a surprising speed in the performance. The one wait was short. Yet the show could easily be cut without loss so that the final curtain would fall by 10.45 o'clock.

The "Passing Show of 1917" should, and undoubtedly will, pack the Shubert Theatre during the engagement.

It was Parson Adams, it will be remembered, who was so immersed in the study of the Pillars of Hercules, that he had never heard of the Levant. Lamb, for himself in a very similar situation when a fellow passenger on a coach asked him what he thought might be the value of the Pillars in Cheapside. "If," said Lamb, pensively, "it is Mr. Dobson who tells the story, the man had asked me what song the Sirens sang, or by what name Achilles went when he hid himself among women. I might have hazarded a solution." Just as some men call themselves "matters of fact," Lamb called himself a "matter of fiction" man, because fiction was to him much more real than historical fact. His interpretation of life was to a large extent based on what he gathered from books.

An Humble Disclaimer

As the World Wags:

To Mme. D'Orval's letter today I have only to say I never thought and never said her people were "a nation of thieves—" very far from it, as Madame in calmer moments will observe. And I venture this note: Madame's trunk—wardrobe or Saratoga—lying locked and strapped, would in my humble opinion, have been perfectly safe in a German railway station. I think Madame knows this as well as I. It would have been safer in a French or English railway station than it would be in one of our own. One must discriminate. Must not one also avoid too sweeping statements? Without wishing to be contrary or perverse, may I not hope still, notwithstanding Madame's indignation, to be permitted to call myself an intense admirer—possibly not so intense as is Madame—of chivalrous France and all the thousand grand and noble deeds with which her name stands forever glorified? WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Brookline, Oct. 9.

"Nodust."

As the World Wags:

If you do not think it would overtax Mr. Herkimer Johnson after his illness, would you ask him to answer this question: What do the letters NODUST mean on boxes of stove blacking? Did they ever have any meaning? Would it not be a conservation of paper and ink if the custom of printing these six letters on the labels were to be abolished? KITCHEN MECHANIC.

"Robins" and Oxen.

As the World Wags:

No longer ago than 1878 I was told by a schoolmate, who wore no underwear, that the reason city folks are so sickly is because they wear "robins" and sick like. This was at a Massachusetts grammar school before the fuel-question was acute.

I have waited as patiently as possible for some one with a better memory than mine to recall the fact that in some parts of New England oxen were shod on four feet; in others, two only (which two my memory is hazy about). As recently as 1890 "britching" was used on oxen in western Connecticut. Was not the command "Whoa-hish" equivalent to "Column lift" with the driver as a pivot? I have heard "Whoa-hish-habroadover" shouted in derision as an intimation that the driver was "rat-tled." ITINERANT.

Biddeford, Me.

"The Labour'd Ox."

As the World Wags:

"Local customs may differ" was, on Oct. 8, properly called to attention of correspondents, but the chief reason for such differences was not mentioned, viz., that the early immigrants to New England came from different parts of the British Isles, and brought their peculiar local customs, including ox commands. These have often survived here when they have become obsolete in the old country; thus a London correspondent (interested in such matters, and to whom the letters in this column had been sent) commented: "It seems strange to have to cross the Atlantic in order to hear 'Whoa-hish' and 'Her-Duke.' You seem to preserve . . . much of what we have lost"; and, again: "Curiously, the war does not seem to have called forth ox labour so far, even in Sussex, where the custom held so long." It is disregarding what were the local customs at the time of emigration that led to the interminable discussions as to why we keep to the right, the latest recrudescence of which led to an elaborate but erroneous opinion that our rule of the road arose from ox driving. Those interested in ox labor can well examine the section thereon (headed as is this note) in "Byways in British Archaeology" (by Walter Johnson, 1912), which is in the Boston Public Library.

Boston, Oct. 11.

C. E. AAB.

BILL AT KEITH'S

The Greater Morgan Dancers in an historical Roman ballet in three episodes is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a highly pleased audience that filled the theatre.

The piece is easily one of the most pretentious acts of the kind ever seen at this theatre, and, with the single exception of one number, the entire program is new. Miss Morgan has provided an ensemble that is conspicuous for its high spirits and youthfulness, and there is an enchanting fleetness and rhythm to the whole performance. The act is interesting too, in the interpretative sense, though there are isolated

bits in the ensemble, and there is a case to be made for the opinion that the act is lacking in technical proficiency that will only be corrected by maturity.

One of the most interesting features of this week's bill from the viewpoint of the true lover of vaudeville is the appearance of Fox and Ward, black-face comedians, who are now celebrating 50 years of happy co-partnership on the vaudeville and minstrel stage. What pleasant memories are conjured up at the sight of this pair! Where are their associates on the bills of yesteryear? Billy Courtright, J. W. McAndrews, Sheridan and Flynn, Ward and Curran. Many, no doubt, have passed on. And what pleasure their act afforded. There was the finesse of the comedians that is now only a pleasant memory. What a pathetic touch, with its delicate tricks of harmony and his truancy to honest disregard for the intentions of the composer, was Mr. Ward's singing of old Uncle Ned! And then there was the interesting dance that aroused the enthusiasms of two generations of theatre-goers.

Other acts on the bill were Wellington Cross, in a delightful singing act; James Watts, in an uproarious travesty; Juliette Dika, in songs; Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, in one of the best sketches in Mr. Cressy's extensive repertory; Arnold and Taylor, in a neat comedy sketch; Emily Frances Hopper and Herbert Marbury, in a singing and dancing act, and the third picture episode of the "Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras."

Oct 17 1917

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill side beech,
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, twinkling,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.
Yes, ycs. But it is not easy in Brookline to obtain fire wood. One prominent citizen is shivering on account of the inexorable refusal of the dealers' another, ordering a half cord, was grudgingly allowed half that. So in Brookline there is hard thinking without sweet music, and what drinking there is takes place near a cool radiator.

By the way, was Robert Hinckley Messenger, who, born in Boston about 1807, wrote the familiar verses, "Give me the Old," a man of only one poem? Was he in this respect like Guy Humphrey McMaster of Bath, N. Y., who is known to the world by his "Carmen Bellicosum"?

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals
Yielding not
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot.

Husking in Vermont.

As the World Wags:

Since Vermont is considered the state wherein husking bees are most cherished, I have been waiting to hear some tribute or recital from that state, and my pride in my native state has been somewhat chagrined at it being left to me to bring tidings from the Green mountains.

There, indeed, our country festivals, from "sugaring off" our "kitchen waxes" and husking bees—all are cherished in memory. As it happened in those favored years before I got my freedom suit, I was often away from home on an uncle's farm some miles distant, and it was not always that I could borrow the old white mare to cross the mountains. But, at my age, I can be frank and recite a personal incident which I have always cherished.

Once, in late September, I received a note on a dainty pink sheet—gilt-edged, written in the hand which the home writing master prescribed, telling me of a husking bee on the succeeding day and timidly hoping that I would be there. In a postscript (always the most important part of a letter) appeared these words: "If you do not get here in time to find a red ear, look under my apron."

That husking bee I would attend if I had to walk across the mountains. As anticipated, I was late. But I knew the particular apron and sought it. I was greeted with that coy affectation of indifference which promised well, and cautiously, not to be seen, I found under that apron—the red ear. Huldah was as surprised as I (and no more), and the ceremony was performed. I venture to say, with as much, if not more, gusto than any of the evening. I had time to whisper: "What would have become of the red ear if I hadn't come?" and quietly came the reply: "I should have kept it until you came next week." Well—I came next week, but I didn't need the red ear—then or ever since. Huldah, now at my elbow, remembers the red ear, only stipulating, because she has daughters at the husking bees of the present, that I mustn't give the name of the village.

Your readers must not offer me too much sympathy at my only occasional attendance at husking bees, for there were other occasions, and where there's a will, a red ear is not necessary.

GREEN MT. LIBERTY FARMER.

P. S.—Far be it from me to boast, except in gratitude, but it may be worth recalling that—as sometimes happens in Vermont—I was one of twin brothers, who closely resembled each other. As

as being a twin brother, I have often been asked, but, by their favor, I have never

"Battle of the Battle"

As the World Wags:

Did not somebody ask the other one

for a setting, as a song, of "The Battle of the Battle"? Perhaps what is wanted is that by Francis Boott, circa 1870. It was very popular. THE LAST LEAF. Boston.

English War Notes.

Only two things have not gone up in price in London—grape-nuts and dress cravats.

A new society in England, the Ivory Cross, is caring for the teeth of the Army, Navy and the needy. The War office provides artificial teeth only for the home army. Are the complete sets, upper and lower, of ivory? On Cape Cod a neat porcelain set is a favorite wedding present to the bride.

RAYMOND WILSON GIVES HIS FIRST RECITAL HERE

Playing as a Whole Is Honest, Literal and Academic.

Raymond Wilson gave his first piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert-Godowsky, minuet; Rameau Godowsky, Tambourine; Dandrieu-Godowsky, Capriccio; Chopin, sonata in B flat minor, op. 35; Schumann, Scenes from Childhood; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Solree dans Grenade, Jardins sous la Pluie; Liszt, Two etudes, Ricordanza and Mazeppa.

There are pianists fiery and anaemic, gorgeous colorists or drawers in black and white, but Mr. Wilson is not among them. Yesterday he played familiar notes with no particular significance, without originality or the divine fire of interpretative inspiration that makes a mediocre technic more easily excusable. Mr. Wilson's tone is not remarkable. When he wished to be emotional he was inclined to be noisy. As a whole his playing was honest, literal, academic.

Oct 18 1917

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then he kept her very well.

A Pumpkin Luncheon.

Yet on Sept. 20, Englishmen, heedless of Peter's fate—we are inclined to think that the nursery rhyme is purely American—ate a luncheon at a London restaurant where a pumpkin, originally weighing 55 pounds, figured gloriously on the bill of fare. There was pumpkin soup, pumpkin omelette, boiled fowl and mashed pumpkin, fried pumpkins and tomato sauce, stewed plums and pumpkin with rice. The luncheon was for the purpose of demonstrating the value of the pumpkin as an article of food. No flour was used in the composition of all these dishes, and very little sugar.

Pumpkin soup—Yes, indeed, we learned in Paris, as a student, to clamor for it. There is a good recipe in "Le Parfait Cuisinier, ou le Breviaire des Gourmands," by A. T. Raimbault, "Homme de Bouche" (not "Boche") Paris, 1822. Note the frontispiece showing a middle-aged woman in an exceedingly low necked dress, at a table bountifully spread; her right hand is conveying food to her thick lipped mouth; her left grasps a wine cup. Behind her a man in clerical costume looks on wistfully, with two fingers close to his mouth. M. Raimbault says that pumpkins are used only for soup in France.

The English apparently have not appreciated the pumpkin or pompon. Remember Carlyle's sneers at the Negro with his pumpkin. Yet old Thomas Tusser in his list of herbs and roots to boil or to butter speaks of pompons to be planted in May. William Mayor, annotating Tusser in 1812, wrote that the herbs and roots mentioned "are now of them obsolete in their application."

It will be observed that no pumpkin pie was served at the London luncheon. One Palmer journeying in the United States a hundred years ago remarked that two dishes were peculiar to New England, toast dipped in cream and pumpkin pie. Ah, how long it is since we have eaten cream toast worthy the name! There was no separator when we were young; the cream did not have the taste that comes from the machine; strong-stomached, we poured black New Orleans molasses on the cream and rejoiced in the rich coloring.

Here is a recipe for pumpkin pie taken from "The Cook Not Made a Rational Cookery," bearing for

One quart of milk or cream
 and add ginger and sweeten to your
 N. B. We have seen excellent
 pumpkin pie made by nicely paring the
 pumpkin before stewing and straining
 through a colander in lieu of a sieve.
 We doubt whether the English would
 appreciate the pie. As late as 1894 the
 Boston News made this astonishing
 statement: "A very favorite dish, espe-
 cially among the poorer classes of
 America, is pumpkin pie—pronounced
 'pumpkin'." O invincible insular igno-
 rance!

Where did Capt. Grose, the author of
 "A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar
 Tongue," obtain this curious informa-
 tion? We quote from the edition of
 1838. "Pumpkin. A man or woman of
 Boston in America: from the number
 of pumpkins raised and eaten by the
 people of that country. Pumpkinshire;
 Boston and its dependencies." In the
 edition of 1783—"Pumpkins Ilive" stood
 for "Pumpkinshire."

Again we seek information. What did
 De Vere have in mind when he wrote
 in his "Americanisms": "Bostonians are
 said to have derived, from their attach-
 ment to this vegetable, and the esteem
 in which it is universally held among
 them, the phrase 'some pumpkins,' ex-
 pressive of high appreciation. . . . It
 is stated, however, by one high in au-
 thority among New Englanders, that
 this explanation of the term is not the
 true one, although the latter cannot
 well be stated, because it would offend
 ears polite."

From pumpkin we have the words
 pumpkinish, pumpkinism, pumpkinity,
 pumpkinification, and the verbs pump-
 kunify and pumpkinize, "a term for ex-
 travagant or absurdly uncritical glori-
 fication." Was there ever more pump-
 kunish in literature, art and music
 than in this year of our Lord, 1917?

Another Alphabet Sentence.

As the World Wags:

A bubble catches delicate effervescence,
 flying gaily higher, its joyous kaleido-
 scope like many nameless opalescent
 pearls—quietly resting, serenely trem-
 bling, until vanishing with xylophone
 yearnings Zeusward. E. W. W.
 Beverly.

But what are the yearnings of a xylo-
 phone? And can even a bubble tremble
 serenely?—Ed.

All up for Mr. Davis.

We have received from Santa Cruz,
 Cal., a circular headed "Facts Worthy
 Your Consideration." It is worth re-
 printing.

"America has no wholly original ac-
 cepted national air. We have only ad-
 apted (sic) verses to the melodies of
 England, France, Germany, etc. 'The
 New America' is wholly original with
 American citizens. The Verse and Mel-
 ody by William E. Davis, corrected and
 arranged by Prof. Henry Bossert. Wil-
 liam E. Davis was born in Salem, Mass.,
 Oct. 24, 1864, descending directly from
 Gen. Putnam thru (sic) the parents of
 both father and mother. Nephew of the
 late Rev. P. E. Davis of Boston. See
 records. Why not help a New England
 boy, and add another laurel (sic) to
 New England's patriotic crown. If you
 will read over the verse and hear the
 melody played you will find that they
 possess the three great essentials for
 the purpose written. Concise poetry,
 powerful and singable music of easy
 range."

MME. HOLESKO

Mme. Mona Holesco, soprano, gave a
 recital at Jordan Hall yesterday after-
 noon. Richard Epstein was the accom-
 panist. The program was as follows:
 Meyerbeer, aria, "Nobles Seigneurs,"
 from "Les Huguenots"; Gretchaninow, "Il
 S'est Tu, le Charnant Rossignol," "Mon
 Pays," "Triste est le Steppe"; Debussy,
 "Mandoline"; Bourgaunt - Ducoudray,
 "L'Angelus"; D'Ozanne, Chanson Pro-
 vençale; Grieg, "Forste Mode," "Jonsols-
 nat; Heise, "Dyveke's Dreams," "Dyve-
 ke's Despair"; Dell'Acqua, "Villanelle";
 Souther, "There's a Lily Field"; La
 Forge, "Longing"; Backer-Grondahl,
 "Eventide"; Holesco, "Flirt," "Stumbling
 Youth"; D'Albert, "Maiden and Butter-
 fly."

Mme. Holesco sang here not long ago
 at a choral concert in Symphony Hall.
 She gave her first recital yesterday after-
 noon. The Danish soprano has a light
 voice. Her range is good, if not remark-
 able. This voice is hampered in the full
 display of its possibilities by an uncer-
 tain technic, and a rigidity which in
 dramatic outbursts becomes mere strain-
 ing for effect. The color of her voice is
 pale rather than opulent, nor has she
 as yet the ability given to experienced
 singers of suggesting warmer tints.

The singer is undoubtedly emotional,
 yet in such songs as Gretchaninow's
 "Triste est le steppe," in his dramatic
 "Mon Pays" and in Grieg's "First Meet-
 ing" her limited vocal resources failed
 to match her sincerity. There was lit-
 tle subtlety or imagination displayed in
 Debussy's "Mandoline." The aria from
 "Les Huguenots" and Dell'Acqua's florid
 "Villanelle" were sung intelligently, but
 without brilliance.

One or two of the songs were new
 to Boston. Those by Heise voiced two
 moods of Dyveke or Coluinbelle, the
 favorite of Christian II., King of Den-
 mark. Born about 1490. Dyveke was
 the daughter of a Dutchman who kept
 an inn at Bergen. King Christian saw
 her, found her fair and took her to
 Denmark with her mother. He remained
 faithful even after his marriage to Is-
 abelle, daughter of Charles Quint. The
 beauty's sudden death in 1517 was fol-
 lowed by the beheading of Torben-Oxe,
 who was accused of having loved, then
 poisoned her. Heise is more fortunate
 in his picturing of her dreams of great-
 ness as a simple country girl than in
 his version of her despair as a world-
 weary courtesan. Mrs. Souther's "Lily
 Field," dedicated "to the brave soldiers of
 France," effective, well written, a song
 of infinite possibilities, lost in signifi-
 cance by reason of Mme. Holesco's dic-
 tion, which, fair in French, was slovenly
 in English.

Mme. Holesco was at her best in
 songs of a simple, straightforward na-
 ture, as Bourgaunt-Ducoudray's "L'An-
 gelus," Backer-Grondahl's "Eventide,"
 her own "Flirt," which will no doubt
 have a future as a cunning trap for ap-
 plause. Mr. Epstein, as ever, velvet-
 pawed, played delightful accompani-
 ments.

Oct-19 1917

The London Daily Chronicle, quoting
 the advice given to a rising politician,
 "choose a special collar at the be-
 ginning of your career," says the ad-
 viser might have added, "select a
 special hat." The writer recalls famous
 hats of famous men. Tennyson's, fine
 and ample, a poet's hat; Gladstone's—
 but Gladstone's collar was also individ-
 ual, as was that of Sibthorp as carica-
 tured years ago in Punch; Henry Ir-
 ving's, Keir Hardie's cap; Lord Salls-
 bury's, brushed the wrong way. Today
 there are individual hats in London; Sir
 Squire Bancroft's, Mr. Churchill's,
 "Lord Courtney's ancient style, Sir
 Frederick Banbury's splendid silk hat.

Some one in the Portland Press de-
 clared that if an Englishman's house
 was his castle, an Englishman's hat was
 his crown. The parody of "Atalanta
 in Calydon" was written apropos of Swin-
 burne, heavy with wine, dancing with
 fiendish glee on the hats of fellow club-
 men. George Augustus Sala in his
 entertaining "The Hats of Humanity,"
 written for a Manchester hatter, wished
 that the Tower of London or the South
 Kensington Museum possessed a collec-
 tion chronologically arranged of hats
 worn by the great Duke of Wellington.
 By their hats ye shall know them.

What are the famous American hats?
 Daniel Webster's surely. The late Mr.
 Hadlock, the lawyer, who prided him-
 self on his resemblance to the godlike
 Daniel, wore a Websterian silken.
 Senator Evarts was known by his
 "shocking bad hat." He gloried in it.
 There was the hat of Buffalo Bill, worn
 professionally and in private. Walt
 Whitman's hat had significance as far
 back as 1855, when he wrote: "I pass
 death with the dying, and birth with
 the new-washed babe, and am not
 contain'd between my hat and hoots,"
 and again:

Whimpering and truckling fold with
 powders for invalids—conformity goes to
 the fourth remove!
 I wear my hat as I please, indoors or
 out.

Belated Appreciation.

As The World Wags:

Kindness of heart and consideration
 for others are too uncommon traits to
 permit any instance to remain unre-
 corded. A phenomenon of this sort ar-
 rived the other day at the counter of a
 bookseller, the immediate purpose be-
 ing the acquisition of certain plays of
 the sort approved by the Drama League
 and Workshop 47. It was explained to
 the embodiment of these high qualities,
 a lady, that was a matter of regret
 with the bookseller that plays man-
 ifesting a high literary quality still rep-
 resented only a small minority of the
 total of printed drama, despite the ef-
 forts of the uplifters of this sort of
 thing, but that as a joint matter of
 conscience and convenience an effort
 had been made by the particular pub-
 lisher with whom she was then in de-
 bate to separate the sheep from the
 goats by the employment of a special
 cover on plays that had any claim to
 literary kudos, which plays the publish-
 er, in a moment of forgetfulness of the
 proprieties had described as "high-brow
 plays."

By one of those accidents that are
 prone to happen, the lady held in her
 hand at the time a play in this precise
 cover—the only one whose right to it
 was debatable. "And is this," said she
 in a high, clear, well-bred voice, "a
 high-brow play?"

"Well," said the baffled bookseller, in-
 tent upon saving the situation with a
 jest, "at any rate the author's name is
 here," pointing as he said it to his own
 head covering by way of enforcing the
 pun.

"Oh, indeed," said the lady, and the
 jester sadly entered the effort in his
 memory as a bad miscue.

Three hours later, after the humorist
 had returned from lunch, seated at his
 desk he heard the unmistakable voice
 of the lady asking for him. With pro-
 fessional courage he again adventured
 the encounter.

Said the lady beaming, "I know what
 you meant—that was very good." And
 departed.
 GAYLORD QUEX.
 Boston.

Bayonets and Films.

As the World Wags:

I see that the authorities in Washing-
 ton propose to adopt the method of in-
 struction that I suggested in my ar-
 ticle on the subject a few weeks ago
 as published in the World Wags column.
 They are to put on the "movie" screen
 the movements of the bayonet drill and
 the movements used in boxing. A word
 of caution and of explanation: In my
 former article I made the statement
 that the parties mentioned as being
 called to act as instructors were in-
 competent. The reason why: All the
 parties named, with one exception, are
 men of the new school of boxing. This
 is not what the government desires.
 What the new method is, everybody
 knows. The old method, in other words,
 the English Prize Ring rules, are known
 to but few. I think I am correct when
 I state it is the object desired to teach
 the soldier how to defend himself. The
 old style of boxing was called, and cor-
 rectly so, the many art of self-defence.
 The present rules of boxing prohibit
 clinches, wrestling and many moves
 that were taught in the old rules, and
 restrict that which to the soldier in
 combat is most needed. Put the les-
 sons on the "movies" screen by all
 means; but put them there correctly.
 To pose two boxers in a modern set-
 ting would be far from instructive in the
 time needed. Also, pose the act in open
 order, that the attack and defence may
 be clearly seen and understood. And
 give those pictures to the public at
 large; they will be information to all
 and a stimulant to enthusiasm for the
 cause.
 W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

In Sir Richard F. Burton's "Book of
 the Sword," completed in 1881 and pub-
 lished in 1884, is this note: "I can see
 no improvement upon the old-fashioned
 triangular bayonet, which amongst us
 has been superseded by the short En-
 field Sword-bayonet. To the latter I
 should prefer even the bowie-knife
 bayonet, of which the Washington Ar-
 senal was once full, and which has been
 used even lately in the United States.
 None but practical soldiers realize the
 fact that the bayonet is meant to be a
 bayonet, not a sword, nor a dagger;
 nor a chopper, nor a saw." "The
 Psychology of the Bayonet" is the title
 of Lt. L. H. Drennan's article pub-
 lished in the Journal of the United
 States Infantry Association of Septem-
 ber, 1914. In it the Lieutenant urged
 bayonet training for our troops, saying
 that the dread of cold steel bred in
 Americans must be overcome.—Ed.

Oct-20 1917

"Finlandia," "Poem of Ecstasy" and Violin Concerto on Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Boston Sym-
 phony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor,
 took place yesterday afternoon in Sym-
 phony Hall. The program was as fol-
 lows: Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Scriabin,
 "The Poem of Ecstasy"; Beethoven,
 violin concerto (Mr. Zimbalist, violin-
 ist); Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody,
 No. 1.

Last week we heard the overture to
 "King Lear," by Berlioz, and Liszt's
 "Prometheus," inferior works of great
 composers. Yesterday the "Finlandia"
 of Sibelius was performed. Is it wise,
 is it reverential to put the lesser, the
 mediocre or poor works of celebrated
 men on the programs? No lover of
 Coleridge, Keats, De Quincey, Byron,
 Balzac—the list might be indefinitely
 extended—wishes to possess the com-
 plete works of any one of them. Curio-
 sity was gratified when "Prometheus"
 was played, for there had been only one
 performance of the symphonic poem,
 and that was some years before the
 Boston Symphony Orchestra came into
 being. "Prometheus" was as unknown
 to the audience as Liszt's "Hamlet,"
 "Herode funebre" or "Von der Wiege
 bis zum Grabe." But the "Finlandia"
 of Sibelius had been performed at these
 concerts at three public rehearsals and
 three concerts during the last nine
 years. The interest in the music was
 political rather than musical, for, as we
 are informed, it evoked such enthusi-
 asm in Finland by reason of its "national
 sentiment" that its performance
 was prohibited at the time of a conflict
 between the Russian empire and Fin-
 land. Well, the Tsar is now in Siberia
 pondering the vanity of life, and Fin-
 land has behaved badly since the revolu-
 tion. The symphonic poem, as the
 music of an oppressed and outraged
 nation, has now, perhaps, an ironical
 significance. Meanwhile more important
 works of Sibelius, works more charac-
 teristic of him, which have been heard
 in other American cities, are still un-
 known in Boston.

Enesco's first Roumanian Rhapsody
 has been performed here at three sets
 of concerts within five years. It is

pleasant music, not without a certain mon-
 otony; it is, as the London Times re-
 marked a few years ago, "an attractive
 work for a miscellaneous program on a
 warm evening," but does the familiarity
 with it repay the hearer? Are the other
 rhapsodies of the composer not worthy
 of performance? Are there not com-
 positions by native Frenchmen, as yet
 unknown here, but performed in New
 York and Chicago, that might please
 Bostonians?

Is it necessary to hear Beethoven's
 violin concerto every year? It was
 played at these concerts in 1910, 1912,
 1914, 1915, early in 1917, not to mention
 the many performances before 1910.
 Should the concerto be regarded as a
 hardy annual? No doubt violinists con-
 sider the performance a solemn duty.
 They wish to show what they can do
 with it—or what they can do to it.
 They wish to show that they are not
 afraid of it; that they are serious
 minded, not mere fiddlers, eager to
 tickle easy ears. Any great work suf-
 fers from undue familiarity. Dwellers
 at the foot or on the flanks of moun-
 tains do not realize the dignity, the
 majesty of the eternal hills. Old Moritz
 Hauptmann, a conservative of the con-
 servatives, protested years ago at the
 too frequent performances of Beet-
 hoven's symphonies at the Gewandhaus
 concerts. Mr. Zimbalist gave a pleas-
 ingly lyrical performance, not a highly
 imaginative, re-creative interpretation.

Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" was
 brought out here seven years ago. Mr.
 Fiedler than gave a hap-hazard, slam-
 bang performance of the singular and
 at times interesting composition. Victor
 Hugo has said that agony when at its
 height is mute. Some yesterday wished
 no doubt that this were true of ecstasy.
 Is the music really ecstatic? There
 are anthropological sociologists who
 find extreme voluptuousness in physical
 pain. Mantegazza has a chapter on this
 subject, a chapter that is not for the
 "Jeune fille." We are told that Scriabin
 in this music wished to express the
 ecstasy of untrammelled action, the joy
 in creative activity. Many pages, how-
 ever, show that his creative activity
 brought to him yearnings, fits of de-
 spondency; that he tolled in anguish;
 at least, so the music sounded to us,
 and the title seemed a misnomer; for a
 few minutes of hullabaloo at the end
 did not flatly contradict all that had
 gone before. Biographers of Scriabin
 discuss solemnly the question whether
 his music grew out of his theosophy—
 for he was a theosophist, in spite of
 Mr. Altschuler's letter—or whether his
 theosophical views were inspired by his
 music. This question is not a moment-
 ous one. Let the poem be wrote, and
 the title, be put aside; there are fine
 and original passages in the composi-
 tion, and there is certainly untram-
 melled action. The themes themselves
 are not important, not expressive, not
 significant enough to warrant the ex-
 travagant development and the poly-
 phonic complexity. There is also irritat-
 ing repetition.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a
 remarkable reading of the work. It
 may here be said that Dr. Muck, even
 when he conducts music that is too
 familiar, common—one is tempted to
 add "and unclear"—gives freshness to
 that which is shopworn and glorifies
 that which is inherently ordinary by
 his interpretative genius.

The concert will be repeated tonight.
 The program of the concerts next week
 is as follows: Brahms, Symphony, No.
 4; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the
 Dead"; Debussy, Symphonic Suite,
 "Printemps."

Some time ago "Liberty War Farmer"
 of Medfield asked about the folk lore of
 the red ear at a husking bee. The folk
 lorists of New England, professional and
 amateur, have been dumb to his Macedo-
 nian cry. At last we found, only by
 accident, when we were in search of
 pumpkin lore, a passage in George Ly-
 man Kittredge's entertaining book, "The
 Old Farmer and His Almanack," a page
 that should please "Liberty War Farm-
 er," if it does not wholly satisfy him:
 "The origin of the pleasant custom at-
 taching to the red ear is lost in obscuri-
 ty. A curious passage from Col. James
 Smith's narrative is here offered for
 what it may be worth. There is no doubt
 of Smith's good faith. He was a captive
 among the Caughnawaga Indians from
 1755 to 1769, was adopted into their nation
 and spoke three Indian languages, so
 that he had good opportunities to inform
 himself. He says: 'Before I was taken
 by the Indians, I had often heard that in
 the ceremony of marriage, the man gave
 the woman a deer's leg, and she gave
 him a red ear of corn, signifying that
 she was to keep him in bread, and he
 was to keep her in meat. I inquired of
 them concerning the truth of this, and
 they said they knew nothing of it,
 further than that they had heard it was
 the ancient custom among some na-
 tions.'

Mr. Thomas looked coldly on husking
 bees. Various remarks in his Farmer's
 Almanack show it. Thus in 1828: "Capt.
 Husky, old Busky, Tom Bluenose and
 about 20 good-for-nothing boys began the

Oct 21 '17

operations. Red ears and smutty, new rum and slack-jaw was the business of the evening." Before him Cotton Mather remarked that "the riots that have too often accustomed our huskings have carried in them fearful ingratitude and provocation unto the glorious God. . . . May the joy of harvest no longer be prostituted unto vicious purposes. Husbandmen and householders: Let the night of your pleasure be turned into fear; a jealous fear, lest your children take their leave of God and of piety."

We are indebted to Prof. Kittredge for this extract from the diary of Dr. Nathaniel Ames of Dedham, Oct. 14, 1767:

"Made an husking Entertainment. Possibly this leaf may last a Century & fall into the hands of some inquisitive Person for Whose Entertainment I will inform him that now there is a Custom amongst us of making an Entertainment at husking of Indian Corn wherto all the neighboring Swains are invited and after the Corn is finished they like the Hot-tentots give three Cheers or huzzas but cannot carry in the husks without a Rhum bottle. They feign great Exertion but do nothing till Rhum enlivens them, when all is done in a trice, then after a hearty Meal about 10 at Night they go to their pastimes."

We hope that the husking at Medfield will be a sober, righteous and godly affair, that the red ear will provoke decorous, not Swinburnian kisses.

First Steps in Sociology.

As the World Wags:

The recent return of Mr. Herklmer Johnson to the field of his kaleidoscopic activities as per usual, and the news that he has passed an on the whole happy summer with the clams, is as gratifying as it is inspiring to his admiring friends.

"The humblest of thy followers,
Passing by,
Would gladly woo thine echoes
With his string," etc.

I, too, have not been idle, as the Crusader's wife said to her returning husband as she showed him a row of six children. I took first a rest cure at Atlantic City in connexion with the virgin solitude (or solitary virginity—which is the proper wording, anyway?—I leave it to Mr. Johnson)—which forms its chief charm. This was followed by an after-cure in New York for a couple of weeks utilized in gathering material for my forthcoming Primer of Sociology, which will bear the title of "Little Steps for Little Feet on the Great White Way," and which I hope to get into every Sunday school library in the country. It in no sense competes with Mr. Johnson's monumental work, but is merely a kind of a modest little John-the-Baptist of a book to prepare the way for its great successor. And by the way, a man sitting behind me at the Folies last night remarked that "beauty is only knee-deep"; and I cannot make out what he meant. Can Mr. Johnson help?

Boston.

OBADIAH.

The Cat Catchers.

As the World Wags:

I should like to call the attention of "J. C." of Plymouth, N. H., (why doesn't he sign his name and let us know who's talking!) to the fact that the lady of whom he writes with such sarcastic condescension, Mrs. Huntington Smith, has had nearly 20 years' experience in capturing and disposing of unwanted homeless cats and has made it her life work. One who has had such experience knows that to compare the enforcing of the dog license law or prohibition is utter folly. I have tried for hours, days and weeks to catch one miserable cat in a trap and I do it with experience, patience and humanity: What method would "J. C." employ for the thousands? Poison? Dangerous to other animals—and cruel. Shooting? Impossible without a rifle which would be dangerous and is not allowed in cities and always with the great chance of only maiming the cat. Netting? Impracticable and inhumane. A box trap is the best method, but cats who "live on their own" grow to be wary and suspicious and there would be the danger of catching a cat that was licensed and—if it were mine—certainly there would be trouble.

I know that no one deprecates the multiplicity of unwanted, neglected, predatory cats, or is a greater lover of them than is Mrs. Smith and when one considers that the Boston Animal Rescue League disposes of over 4000 cats in some of the summer months, she may be granted some knowledge of what she is talking about.

Anyone who knows, knows of the cruelty that is practised by the ignorant, inhuman men who are often employed by cities as dogcatchers and with cats it would be infinitely worse from the nature of the case. As for many reforms, what is needed is education. People should be taught that it is not kind hearted but weak and cowardly to prefer to turn cats out to shift for themselves rather than have them humanely killed, or to keep whole litters of kittens because it "seems a shame to kill them."

ANNA FESSENDEN,

Secretary and treasurer of the Salem Animal Rescue League.

"Captain Kidd, Jr." a farce in three acts, by Rida Johnson Young, will begin an engagement at the Park Square Theatre tomorrow night. The farce was produced at the Colan and Harris Theatre, New York, Nov. 13, 1916.

Entitled "Bridal Treasure," it was produced at Atlantic City, June 19, 1916.

Captain Kidd—"I see him now on his low, black, rakish craft"—of course does not appear although his shade is invoked in the present title. The captain has figured in several plays. In England there was a sketch, "Capt. Kidd," by W. J. Mackay. A comic opera, "Captain Kidd, or the Bold Buccaneer," book by G. H. Abbott, music by Fred Solomon, was produced at Liverpool Sept. 10, 1883. There is a comic opera, also in three acts, "Captain Kidd, or the Buccaneers," by Clare Kummer, produced at the Duke of York's, London, July 11, 1888.

"Captain Kidd," a musical play, by Seymour Hicks, with music by Leslie Stuart (Wyndham's, London, Jan. 12, 1890), has nothing to do with the pirate. The play is founded on Richard Harding Davis's play, "The Dictator." Young Viscount Albany, having knocked down a cabman in New York and left him for dead, takes the name, "Captain Kidd," and embarks on a ship bound for a Central American port.

But there is a fine old crusted melodrama in four acts, "Captain Kyd: or the Wizard of the Sea," which some of our readers may have seen, although no one probably remembers the first performance in Boston in the thirties when J. H. Kirby took the part of the hero, G. G. Spear that of Horsebean Hemlock, a Connecticut fisherman, Mrs. H. Cramer that of Kate of Bellefont, and Mrs. Pelby played Elpsy, the witch of Hell Gate.

This Kirby was a famous man in his day, so famous that at the Chatham Theatre in New York when he played in "The Carpenter of Rouen" his salary was raised to \$20 a week. It is said that while he was of medium height and slight build, his voice was strong and ringing. He was a favorite of the gallery: "Wake me up when Kirby dies." It was in plays like "Six Degrees of Crime," that he shone. The stern moralist records that Kirby died at the age of 38: "Early excesses had told upon a naturally fine constitution."

When "Captain Kyd" was first performed in New York at the Park Theatre, May 23, 1839—Charlotte Cushman took the part of Elpsy. Her biographers, Mrs. Clement and Emma Stebbins do not mention this fact, although the former gives a long list of parts played by Miss Cushman during her engagement at the Park, and does not hesitate to speak of "The Friend of Eddystone" and "The Hut of the Red Mountain."

There were many revivals of this drama, "Captain Kyd," by J. S. Jones, Esq. W. G. Jones often played the part of the captain. J. B. Booth played it. G. G. Spear was the Connecticut fisherman. George L. Fox of joyful memory played the part in New York in the fifties.

Perhaps the latest performance of Jones's melodrama in Boston was at the Boston Theatre on May 13, 1871, for the benefit of John M. Ward, treasurer. R. S. Meldrum played Robert of Lester, afterwards Capt. Kyd. Yankee Locke took the part of Hemlock, Mrs. J. B. Booth that of Kate, Mrs. Charles Pople that of Elpsy, the witch. There was new scenery; the "original music"—it was by J. Friedham—was performed; there was a full chorus. One of the features was a great naval fight. Mr. Meldrum later in the evening recited "The Maniac's Tear," after which "A Wife for a Day" was performed with Yankee Locke as Nathan Tucker.

In Jones's drama Robert of Lester, portrayed by Kate of Bellefont and struck by Mark Meredith on the Field of Archery, learns from Elpsy that he is base born. He turns pirate. As pirate he wears a short Flemish frock of green cloth, richly embroidered, breeches of green velvet, Spanish hat looped up in front, and sable plume, short Spanish sword with jewelled hilt, black high boots, disguise cloak, two ornamented pistols. Here are specimens of the dialogue:

"Peasant, if you betake not yourself speedily away to your hovel, I will hurl you with mine own hand from the cliff upon its roof."

"And is this the end of my wooing? For a slave, and I the lord of Castle Mare? Thus insulted, disgraced, and struck! a blow from the vile hand of a base-born lund! I will be revenged! Curses light on thee, hag! Stand out of my way!"

Mark: "The sea on which I have been cradled is open to me, like a mother's bosom, welcoming me to its embrace; and on it I will win a name that shall hide the one I wear, and lay it at the feet of her who would scorn me."

Lester: "Would you have a chief who fears neither hell nor hereafter, he stands before you. Your black flag shall be my banner. Men shall know me as

father in heaven and I shall be as bold as lion as I have been as lamb. I have as rightly spoken. My mother that I have loved is not my mother. The maiden that was to be my bride is not my bride. I am vowed now to deeds of rickness. Through life I wade in blood." Hot stuff! Act 2 shows New York bay. Elpsy and Kyd are there: Kate also. Elpsy has a witch's hut with cauldron, a skull with a thigh bone for a ladle. Other furniture consists of a crocodile, skeletons and three scents. Act 3, the fight between the Ger Falcon and Kyd's ship, the Silver Arrow. The pirates conquer. Act 4, "water landscape." Hemlock sings a version of the famous ballad. Kyd is captured. Elpsy shouts: "Robert, I am thy mother! the fisher's daughter, the demon of Hurler of the Red Hand. I disown you." (Music.)

Who wrote the grand old ballad of Capt. Kydd? It is probably of English origin. The ballad was at first in 25 verses. Here are four of them:

You captains bold and brave, hear our cries,
Hear our cries,
You captains bold and brave, hear our cries,
You captains, brave and bold, tho' you seem
uncontrolled,
Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls.

My name was Robert Kyd, when I sailed, when I sailed,
My name was Robert Kyd, when I sailed,
My name was Robert Kyd, God's laws I did
forbid,
And so wickedly I did, when I sailed.

I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed, when I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sailed,
I'd a Bible in my hand, by my father's great
command,
And sunk it in the sand, when I sailed.

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore and left him in his
grave,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sailed.

The version that was sung at Father Kemp's Old Folks' Concerts was shorter there were only seven verses—and to our mind far inferior. Compare, for instance, the verse about Moore.

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
And left him in his grave, as I sailed,
And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill,
And much precious blood did spill, as I sailed,
as I sailed.

And much precious blood did spill, as I sailed,
Now William Moore, or Moor, was
Kidd's gunner.

Why in the old ballad and in "The Pirates Own Book" (Portland, Me., 1859) is Kidd's Christian name given as Robert? According to the National Dictionary of Biography his name was

William; but when William III., King of England, gave him his commission as commander of the Adventure galley to drive pirates out of the colonies, he called him Robert. In Jones's melodrama he is Robert. William Kidd was of Greenock, Boston was well known to him, and it was here, in 1699, that he was jailed. The National Dictionary of Biography thinks that he did not have a fair trial in London. It also says that the account of Kidd's career given in Macaulay's History of England is uncommonly inaccurate even for Macaulay.

The story in "The Pirates Own Book" is good reading, and the wood cuts of Kidd burying his Bible and hanging in chains are marvels of horror. The author was probably indebted to Charles Johnson. The illustrator is, unfortunately, unknown—pictor ignotus.

But the most fascinating story of Capt. Kidd's career is that related by Marcel Schwob in his "Vies Imaginaires," a golden book, published in Paris 21 years ago. In the preface Schwob complained of biographers that they took themselves for historians and thus deprived us of admirable portraits. "They have supposed that only the lives of great men could interest us. Art is a stranger to these considerations. In the eyes of the painter the portrait of an unknown man by Cranach has as much value as the portrait of Erasmus. The art of biography would be to give as much value to the life of a poor actor as to the life of Shakespeare." Let us see what Schwob found in the life of Kidd, to whom he gives the Christian name of William. This book has not been translated into English.

"There is disagreement over the reason why the name Kid was given to this pirate. The act by which William III., King of England, invested him with a commission in 1695 on the Adventure galley begins with these words: 'To our trusty and well-beloved Capt. William Kidd, etc., greeting.' Here Schwob substitutes William for Robert. 'But it is certain that it was henceforth an assumed name. Some say that as he was elegant and super-refined, it was his custom always to wear in battle or, manoeuvring, delicate kid gloves faced with lace of Flanders; others assure us that in his worst butcheries he cried out: 'I, who am as gentle and good as a new-born kid.' Still others pretend that he put gold and jewels in very flexible bags made of young goat skin, and that this practice came to him one day when he pillaged a vessel loaded with quicksilver, which he put into a thousand leather pockets; they are still buried in the flank of a little hill in Barbados. It is enough to know that his black silk flag was embroidered with a skull and the head of a kid, and that his seal was engraved in like man-

ner. . . . treasure which he hid in the caves of the Asiatic and American continents, make a little black kid was . . . them; he should bleed at the . . . the captain buried his booty; but no one has been successful. Blackbeard himself, who had been instructed by one of Kidd's old sailors, Gabriel Loff, found in the dunes on which Fort Providence is built today, only scattered drops of quicksilver oozing through the sand. And all this searching is useless; for Capt. Kidd declared that his hiding places would be eternally unknown by reason of 'the man with the bloody bucket.' Kidd, indeed, was haunted by this man his whole life, and Kidd's treasures are haunted and defended by him since his death.

"Lord Bellamont, Governor of Barbados, vexed by the enormous plunder of pirates in the West Indies, fitted out the galley Adventure, and obtained from the King for Capt. Kidd the commission of commander. For a long time Kidd had been jealous of the famous Ireland, who pillaged all the convoys; he promised Lord Bellamont to capture Ireland's sloop and to bring him and his companions back for execution. The Adventure carried 30 cannon and 150 men. At first Kidd touched Madeira and there laid in a stock of wine; then Bonavista, to take on salt; at last Salto Jago, where he completely provisioned the galley. Thence he set sail for the entrance of the Red Sea, where, in the Persian gulf, is a spot on a little island called the Key of Bab.

"There Capt. Kidd reunited his companions and made them hoist the Jolly Roger. They all swore, on the axe, absolute obedience to pirates' rules. Each man had the right to vote, and there was an equal claim to fresh provisions and strong liquors. Cards and dice were forbidden. Lights and candles should be extinguished at 8 o'clock at night. If a man wished to drink later, he drank on the bridge, at night, under the sky. No woman, no young boy was allowed on board. Anyone introducing one disguised should be punished by death. Cannons, pistols, cutlasses should be well taken care of and kept polished. Quarrels were to be settled on land with sabre and pistol. The captain and the quartermaster should have a right to two shares; the mate, the boatswain and the gunner, one and a half; the other officers one and a quarter. Rest for the musicians on Sunday.

"The first ship that they met was a Dutch vessel commanded by the skipper Mitchell. Kidd hoisted the French flag and gave chase. The ship showed immediately the French colors on which the pirate hailed it in French. The skipper had a Frenchman on board who replied. Kidd asked him if he had a passport. The Frenchman answered 'Yes.' 'Well, by God,' replied Kidd, 'on account of your passport I hold you for the captain of this vessel.' And at once he strung him from the yard-arm. Then he made the Dutchman approach one by one. He questioned them, and pretending not to understand Flemish, gave the order for each prisoner: 'French—the plank!' A plank was extended. All the Dutchmen ran down it, naked, before the cutlass of the boatswain, and jumped into the sea.

"At that moment Capt. Kidd's gunner Moor, raised his voice. 'Captain,' he cried, 'why do you kill these men?' Moor was drunk. The captain turned and seizing a bucket, dashed his head with it. Moor fell; his skull was broken. Capt. Kidd had the bucket washed. Hairs were glued to it with clotted blood. No man on the ship was longer willing to dip the mop in it. The bucket was left fastened to the netting.

"From that day Capt. Kidd was haunted by the man with the bucket. When he captured the Moorish vessel Queda, manned by Hindus and Armenians, with 10,000 pounds of gold, at the allotment of the plunder the man with the bloody bucket was seated on the ducats. Kidd saw him clearly and swore. He went down to his cabin and emptied a glass of bombou. Then, returning to the bridge, he threw the old bucket into the ocean. Boarding the rich merchant ship Mocco, they could not find anything to measure the captain's share of the gold dust. 'A bucket full,' said a voice behind Kidd's shoulder. He cut the air with his cutlass and wiped his foaming lips. Then he hanged the Armenian. The crew appeared to hear nothing. When Kidd attacked the Hironelle, he stretched himself in his berth after the distribution. When he woke up he felt himself dripping with sweat. He called a sailor and asked for something to wash himself. The man brought him water in a tin basin. Kidd stared at him and howled: 'Is that the way to behave like a gentleman of fortune?' 'Wretch, you bring me a bucket full of blood!' The sailor fled. Kidd made him disembark; he marooned him with a musket a powder flask and a bottle of water. The only reason why he buried his booty in different and lonely places, in the sand, was because he believed that, wherever he might be, every night the

murdered gunner would empty the store-room of gold with his bucket and throw the treasure into the sea.

"Kidd was captured at large in New York. Lord Bellamont sent him to London. He was sentenced to the gallows, and hanged with his red coat and gloves at Execution dock. At the moment when the hangman put the black cap over his

yes, Cap. Kidd struck and killed. Holy Lord! I knew well that he would put his bucket on my head. The blackened corpse remained hanging in chains for more than 20 years."

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

"The Parnell-ite," a play in three acts by Seumas O'Kelly, was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Sept. 24. The chief parts were taken by Fred O'Donovan, Arthur Shields, Peter Nolan, Maureen Delany and Irene Kelly. The play opens in the west of Ireland in 1881 and concludes in 1890. Stephen O'Moore, a strong, silent man, is a farmer who has been sentenced for his part in a No-Rent campaign. He will not plead in court, the people worship him, but his friends desert him and the "cause"; his brother becomes a place-hunter. For in the third act, Parnell, who has become "dust for Mrs. O'Shea's desire," is declared an outlaw. The priest, whose sister loves Stephen, tries vainly to convince him that Parnellism is wickedness. A mob attacks Stephen's cabin and kills him. "Stephen's sister, a wreck amid all the petty factions and feuds of the menfolk within and without the cabin, was a true and beautiful conception. The conflict of the priest and the ever young idealism of Ireland as portrayed in Stephen's own martyrdom for Parnell's sake was the story of the nation in parable. But one had the constant feeling that Mr. O'Kelly had acted it too much. It became an attempted pageant of character, a sort of Greek tragedy with big boots, and masks, and mighty audience. The balance between the human and the heroic was not kept. So the play missed a full success. If the second act were omitted, and some of the prolonged rhetoric cut out of act three, the play should survive as a sincere and striking attempt at a drama of recent history."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 29 states that the touring success of "Damaged Goods" is beyond question. In the same column we read: "As an example of cool assurance commend me to the following: At about 8:10 on Monday evening last a messenger presented himself at the box office of the Palace Theatre with a letter from a lady returning two stalls and asking that they might kindly be sold for her, 'as there is a raid on.'"

Henry Arthur Jones' "Liars" was revived in London Sept. 30. "The comedy as pure comedy (in which aspect its love interest and its homiletics pass into the background) is as fresh and true and delightful as ever. The cardinal scene of co-operative lying is one of the choicest manifestations of the comic spirit our stage can show; if you came across it in any hand book alongside bits of Congreve and Sheridan, you would feel it was in its natural place."

H. V. Esmond's new play, "A Kiss or Two," was produced at the London Pavillion Oct. 1. The Times said: "This is indeed a topsy-turvy world. Theatres are changing into cinema palaces, and music halls into theatres. The Pavillion Music Hall is devoted for the time being not only to the presentation of drama but to that modernest kind of drama which in Shavian lingo is called a 'conversation.' People talk and crack jokes in pairs, and some of them go out to play golf in pairs, while others left behind kiss in pairs. It is the last occupation which furnishes the theme of the present entertainment. Some one has bet that gallant captain of Highlanders, H. V. Esmond, whose kilt is Scotch, but whose heart and brogue are Irish, that he won't win a kiss from certain ladies within a certain time, and as the captain has a way with him his brilliant success is foreseen from the first. That one of the ladies of the bet should be a duke's niece masquerading as a barmaid also need surprise no one, though the actress concerned was perhaps a trifle too conscientious in concealing the ducal strain. It is not, however, for its thread of story so much as for its pearls of conversation that Mr. Esmond's little play amuses—particularly the talk between two elderly golfers, played with infinite humor by Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. Nigel Playfair."

The Herald and Journal spoke last Sunday of Mr. Carton's new play, "The Off Chance." The London Times, which arrived later, had this to say: "The world of Mr. Carton is very much the world of M. Capus. By all means let us make the best of both worlds. You won't find good or bad people there, only good fellows or bad losers. The ethical code is simple: play the game, and anyhow be cheery. If, into the bargain, you can take a hand at poker, spot a winner at Kempton, and talk American slang, all shall be forgiven you. But Mr. Carton has one advantage over M. Capus; he has Miss Compton. Of all his good fellows she is the chief. She knows more slang than any of the others. She outdoes them all in cheeriness. She goes steadily over all obstacles like a tank on the west front. Imperturbability, thy name is—whatever Miss Compton's baptismal

name happens to be. (No theatrical program has ever revealed the secret.) You need pay no particular attention to what she does in regard to the plot; be content with what she is. In this play she enters the plot (charges into it, would probably be her own expression) rather absurdly, when you come to think of it. Listen to her discussing the duke's amour with the dancer. Is she shocked? Not a bit. You can tell her anything, and she won't turn a hair. She accepts all the facts of life with indulgence, particularly the shady ones, like a Montaigne or a Renan. For how many years have we seen her doing this sort of thing? Anyhow, she is not tired of it yet; no more are we. Indeed, we think she did it better than ever last night, more imperturbably, more cheerily. All her comrades take their note from her and help to lull you into the proper mood for the Carton world, where good humor and sportsmanship are the cardinal virtues and your austere precisian would be a tiresome intruder. He did not intrude at the Queen's last night. It was an evening of Renanism in practice."

Charles B. Cochrane of London has acquired the English and American rights of "L'illusioniste," a comedy by Sacha Guitry. Mr. Cochrane has also bought a French operetta, "Afgar," by Barde and Carre, music by Charles Cuvillier. Sacha Guitry will play a repertoire season in London on the termination of the war.

Films new in London: "A Munition Girl's Romance," with risky evolutions of an aeroplane; "Trelawny of the Wells," and "The Profligate"; "The Fortunes of Fifi," with Marguerite Clarke. Raemaker's cartoons are shown.

Harold Chapin's sketch, "Augustus in Search of a Father," was revived at the Kingsway, London, Sept. 17. "The author's name will long be remembered, not only for the fine work he did during his short career as a dramatist, but for the heroic manner in which he, an American, gave his life for this country. A keen observer, he contrived to saturate himself with the ways and manners of dwellers in the East end, toward whom his sympathies went out readily and unflinching. 'Augustus in

Search of a Father' is little more than a fragment, but it is touched throughout with a very tender sense of human nature. After a roving and not too creditable career in the States the boy returns to find the man who still trusts and believes in him, and rather than disillusion him quietly disappears again into the night without a hint to suggest his identity. It is all very beautifully done."

Is the Gladys Morris who played Desdemona and Mrs. Page at Birmingham, Eng., last week, the Miss Morris of the Copley Theatre?

Elsie Clarke, an actress 19 years old, who had played in provincial theatres and was to fill an engagement at the Duke of York's, London, was killed outside her apartments in a recent air raid.

R. G. Knowles was announced to give the first lecture of the Birmingham (Eng.) Sunday Lecture Society on the 14th ult. His subject was America's part in the war.

H. B. Irving promised to speak in the City Temple, London, at a Thursday morning service this month. "Dr. Parker used to attract many actors and actresses to the City Temple, and it has been often said that if he had not been a great preacher he would have been a great actor. I remember a distinguished actor telling me that he regarded Dr. Parker's eloquent tribute to Gladstone's memory as the greatest exposition of the actor's art he had ever witnessed, and this quite apart from its moving solemnity of thought and diction."

"When Knights Were Bold" has been played by British officers at Magil, Mesopotamia.

C. Haddon Chambers' new comedy, "The Saving Grace," was produced at Manchester (Eng.), Oct. 1. Blinn Corbett, the central figure in the comedy, is a sort of Micawber. He injured his career in the army by running away with his colonel's wife. His niece, Susan, is courted by Ripley Guilford, who has a rich mother and offers marriage to every girl that gives him encouragement. The impetuous Corbett family invite him to dinner; and there is plenty of wine, for Corbett has accepted a commission to sell for wine merchants. He is vexed because his offer to serve in the war has been rejected; but Mrs. Corbett idolizes him; "he is such a wonderful man, and is always surmounting financial difficulties"—by borrowing and subterfuges. Susan has made up her mind to wed Guilford for his money; but she finds out that she really loves him when the young man's austere mother appears on the scene, and the lovers quarrel and part. Corbett tells his wife he will enlist and hide her up a card in the window for paying guests. As Mrs. Corbett was once a favorite of Gen. Farier, she telegraphs him on her husband's behalf. Guilford takes the rooms, for he has joined the flying corps and thrown over his mother. She calls and asks forgiveness for her rudeness, also asks Corbett to give his niece to her son. A telegram informs Corbett that his commission in his old regiment is on the way.

"The Wise Virgin," a comedy freely adapted by William A. Page from Edouard Bourdet's "Rubicon" will be produced at Philadelphia Nov. 14.

Frederick Warde celebrated his 60th anniversary on the stage on Oct. 4 near Brooklyn. He made his first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, England, on Oct. 4, 1867, as the second Murderer in "Macbeth." His first appearance in this country was at Booth's Theatre, New York, as Marston Pike in "Belle Lamar."

Elizabeth Marbury and Frederic McKay will produce musical comedies. Their first will be "We Should Worry," based by Henry Blossom on Charles H. Hoyt's "A Texas Steer." Music by A. B. Sloane.

Sigmund Romberg, composer, has been drafted for the national army. William Harris left a net estate of \$485,891.

Edward F. Rice will have a "testimonial" in New York Oct. 28, when the program will include scenes from "Evangeline," "Adonis," "1432" and other pieces.

"Drafted," a new patriotic American drama by James Montgomery, was produced at Albany, N. Y., Oct. 8. There is a realistic trench scene. Pauline Lord, Emmett Corrigan and William H. Thompson are in the company.

Sydney Rosenfeld's new comedy, "Under Pressure," was produced at Baltimore Oct. 1. "Local critics gave widely divergent opinions as to the merits of the play."

"The Grass Widow," by Renold Wolf and Channing Pollock, music by Louis A. Hirsch, was produced at Atlantic City, Oct. 8.

A new organ sonata, op. 149, by Sir C. V. Stanford, has been published by Augener & Co., London. "Seeing how great is his skill upon this instrument, it is rather surprising that Sir Charles has written comparatively little for it. This sonata will certainly whet the appetite for more, for it is strong, vigorous, virile music and, of course, most admirably written with a view to organist's requirements."

I wonder if the Kaiser realized that he talked the most august bosh to that egregious person Max Bauer the other day at German headquarters. He is reported to have said to Michaelis that "we must grow together organically, like Hindenburg and Ludendorff," and then to have cited other instances of historic German partnerships, such, he said, as Beethoven and Mozart, Hindenburg (as Wotan) and Ludendorff (as Siegfried). Incidentally, Mozart was not

German; but even if he had been he died when Beethoven was little more than a mere boy. And what of Wotan and Siegfried? How exactly did they grow up organically or otherwise together? If my memory serves, they met but once, and even then things were of a rather unpleasant nature between them. For the stripling, if I remember rightly, broke the prop of his grandfather's old age, otherwise his stalking-stick, in a bit of a brawl, and for the then equivalent of twopence would have kicked him physically downstairs, so to say.—London Daily Telegraph.

T. Waldo Warner's "Three Elf Dances," were produced at a promenade concert in London, Sept. 15. "Dainty without being elusive, and catchy without being vulgar, they were at once successful. The scoring errs a little on the side of being disproportionately ambitious for the material, which is of modest pretensions, but it contrives to be skilful without dragging in far-fetched effects." At a concert on Sept. 29, the music of Norman O'Neill's Swinburne Ballet, "Before Dawn" which had been heard at the Coliseum was performed. At a previous concert, Sept. 19, a symphonic fragment "After Shelley," by the Russian Gnossin was played. "The music is saturated with Teutonisms, but if this be allowed to pass there was a good deal to interest. It is nebulous, but, as the analyst suggests, this may well have been intentional. Rather would we be inclined to quarrel with its vagueness of thematic outline." The Times said of this and other Russian pieces, one of them Liadoff's "Kikimora": "The former would do as a lengthy introduction to the first movement of a symphony, suggesting points that were to be worked out later on and generally raising expectations. The Liadoff is self-conscious music, made with the head, breaking a settled gloom only to play an evlish prank here and there in a kind of deliberate way. Scriabin's concerto in F sharp, though dating from his imitative days, is a refreshing change from the conventional form by its treatment of the piano as an orchestral instrument, even if that shows its inferiority to them all."

Several correspondents have pointed out that the late Lt. Butterworth's "A Shropshire Lad" was not given its first performance in London at the Prom. the other day, as stated. As a fact, it was played in Queen's Hall in March, 1914, at one of the Ellis concerts. Really we ought to have an official recorder of first performances; as things are now, the legend proves on examination to be far more often incorrect than correct, and is very misleading. I should not be surprised to hear of this work being in the Bournemouth orchestra's repertory. I'll warrant it soon will be, if it has been by any mischance overlooked.—London Daily Telegraph.

On! for an hour of Francis Galton when the shells are flying. Galton with his graduated whistle. He could have fixed for us, not indeed the organ, notes of the battle-planes' "solemn musique," but certainly the note of our projectiles. Men at the front speak of them as whining and screaming, but does that not suggest too high a pitch? A human voice perfectly imitated the sound when the firing died down on Tuesday night. It was rather howl than scream or whine; the head note of a tenor suffering from catarrh and mental depression, poor man.—London Daily Chronicle.

Chabrier's "Divertissement," played at a Promenade concert in London, Sept. 20, "written long before he became successful, proved that the musical judgment of our neighbors was not so acute as it has since become, not that it would create a stir if produced by a composer of today, but because of its superiority to so much French music of its own day. Even now it is very welcome, and of one section one might say much more than that."

From a cutting forwarded to me I see that of all people Mr. Gervase Elwes is invited to "drop the ballad habit and really sing for art's sake"! Ye gods! save us from our friends! One would like to know the name of any singer of any nationality who has done more for art's sake than this eminent singer, and perhaps less for ballads (of the royalty type)! It seems to me a very odd accusation. But perhaps it is to be attributable to the war. One can never tell.—London Daily Telegraph.

The London Times said of "Boris Godunoff," revived at Drury Lane Sept. 27: "There is in this opera the unfortunate state of things that, while the different scenes are each worth having for their own sake, and while we regret, chiefly from the point of view of the music, others that have been cut out, one of them, that of the populace being drilled by the knout into the proper attitude toward the Tsar, and another, possibly, that between Dmitri and Marina, do not materially contribute to the action." The Daily Telegraph complained of the abbreviated version. "For, dramatically, it is like one of those trying pages in 'Bradshaw' which are chiefly composed of trains that start without stopping or stop without starting. There are many points which one would very much like to see cleared up. . . . 'Boris' is another instance of that all too familiar a thing, wonderful music handicapped by a poor libretto."

In Waldo Warner's "Three Elf Dances" we seem to get the right point of departure for composition that is to help to build a school of music in this country—it must first please, and afterwards may instruct, or uplift, or express, or do anything else that music is supposed to do. . . . It is something to write the sort of music people want to hear; there will be time enough afterwards to make them want to hear the right sort of music.—London Times.

I saw Mme. Patti in a box at Daly's Theatre on Saturday afternoon thoroughly enjoying "The Maid of the Mountains." It was, I understand, the great songstress's first appearance in a theatre audience for about four years.—Pall Mall Gazette, Sept. 24.

During Saturday night's air raid the special constables on duty on Harrow Hill were watching the reception given to the invaders over northeast London while the boys in the head master's house near by were assembled for evening prayers. The specials smiled when they heard the hymn being sung. It was "Hark, hark, my soul!" with the refrain: "Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."—London Daily Chronicle.

John Ireland's prelude for orchestra, "A Forgotten Rite," was produced at a promenade concert, London, Sept. 13. "Here Mr. Ireland," says the Daily Telegraph, "is in quite other mood than that of the fine violin sonata which was his previously last performed work. Here we have all the same sincerity, nearly all the same mastery of means (as colorist, all the same mastery) the same freedom from triteness, and the same facile freedom of utterance. What we do not find, however, is precisely the same virility, a fact which may be partly due to the suggestion of the program-mist that the music 'deals with certain mystical aspects of nature, the details of which the composer leaves to the imagination of his hearers.' Frankly, it has defeated one hearer at least, for though the music is sufficiently 'mystical,' it is very decidedly vague at a first hearing, and seems to suggest that it may be an early work freshened up with a coat of new paint, as it were. Vagueness, at least, was not a fault of the previous John Ireland. However, the work has distinct interest for the musician, and that is, indeed, something to be grateful for."

"Mignon Nevada played Nodda (Drury Lane, Sept. 29) uncommonly well. She suggested not so much an overwhelming passion as a sort of frivolous frailty which one does not often get

from those who play this part, and which is certainly most effective."

"The oldest permanent opera in London is that at the old Vic., where opera has been in being for 30 years. There

of operas in English begins on Oct. 4 with "Faust." Similar performances of opera will be given each week on Thursdays and Saturdays at 7.45 and on alternate Saturdays at 2.30.

An Exchange special correspondent at Lausanne states that the death has taken place in a military hospital at Vienna of Karl Julius Maria Beethoven, grand-nephew of the great musician and the last of the Beethoven family.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Sept. 28.

The new permanent orchestra for Birmingham, Eng., provided by the generosity of Sir Thomas Beecham, gave its first concert Sept. 29. Nearly a score of women were in the string section.

Mr. Townsend Walsh, the dramatic critic of the *Traveler*, who enters today into service, was born and reared in Albany, N. Y. At Harvard University, where he was graduated in 1895, he was an editor of the *Advocate*. For many years he has been intimately associated with the theatre, making New York his home. Writing the life of Dion Boucicault for the Dunlap Society, he succeeded admirably in a difficult task. This biography is entertaining, eminently readable, not too anecdotal; it is also valuable to the student and the historian of the drama. The labor of research is hidden, there is no extravagance in praise or censure. A man of engaging personality and high character, Mr. Walsh should quickly add to his list of friends in the city and command the respect of all those interested in the theatre.

Boxers at the Front.

As the World Wags:
Let us hasten to adopt the plan of Dr. W. E. Crockett. In the mind's eye I see a battalion of Benicia Boys rush ruthlessly on a regiment of Uhlans, tear them from their saddles, and toss them hither and thither. J. D. K. Boston.

Shall and Will.

As the World Wags:
Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in our veins? Is grammar a thing of the past?

Here is something from a return postcard attached to the notice of a meeting of a church club, club and church both being the triple extract of Boston respectability, and the notice being signed by a State street magnate:

"I will not be present
I will bring — guests."
Think of that—and weep!
It begins in the nursery. I heard a 5-year-old California boy say in reciting "Mother Goose":

"Stik won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get ov a stile,
And I won't get home tonight."
The text is, "I Shan't get home."

In a column of the *Herald* and *Journal* I find this line: "Mother is dead and won't be back until Monday." "Shan't be back till Monday" would be quite explicit. Probably the "and" is an interpolation.

But in a letter box "dodger" inviting me to see a comedy at a theatre in Boston the limit is reached. "Where will we go now?"

Every child used to know, the story of the drowning Frenchman who shrieked, "I will drown—nobody shall help me!" And only the other day I received a circular about some war charity from a New York society queen distinguished alike for beauty and benevolence, which contained the following: "It is ordered that members will go," etc.

Had we not better teach in our schools the Rubric of the Sun-worshippers (the N. Y. Sun, I mean)?

"In the first person simply 'shall' foretells, in 'will' a threat, or else a promise dwells, in 'shall' in the second and the third both threat and promise."

WHY simply then foretells the future feat.
Boston.

OLD FOGY.

Overworked.

As the World Wags:
Is there not an abuse of our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner?" Is there any fitness in the playing of the tune in a theatre immediately before a "farce comedy," musical comedy, vaudeville show, revue, what you will? And what is to be said of the tune serving as a hat-and-overcoat-rushing-for-the-subway piece? The other night I was at a theatre in Boston. After the last curtain the musicians struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." Young officers, soldiers and sailors, manly fellows, stood and saluted. The rest of the audience scrambled by them regardless of the anthem. Is there not a law concerning the proper times and occasions for performing it? To my mind there should not be this undue familiarity with the musical expression of patriotism. The respect shown may easily become perfunctory. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR. Beverly.

Safety First

The London General Omnibus Company has issued monitory nursery rhymes. Here are some of them:

Little Miss Muffet instead of a tuft,
Sat on the kerb one day
Along came a lorry, and now she is sorry,
Her feet having got in the way.
So, children, when you take a risk,
Remember that you oughtn't;
It's nice to race a motor-bus,
But safety's more important.

"Seek safety when 'tis dark," say the bells of St. Mark;
"And beware of motor-cars," peals St. Alban, Holborn Bars.
"They go by in heedless fury," clang out St. Lawrence Jewry;
"So be as careful as you can," ring St. Agnes and St. Anno.

Advice for October.

From the Farmer's Calendar in the Farmer's Almanac of October, 1890:
"Indulge not your children in eating too much fruit, and especially that which is hard and unmellow, if you would save the doctor a visit."

"Kitchen Wang."

Our correspondent, "Green Mt. Liberty Farmer" (Oct. 17) used the term "Kitchen Wang." Will he kindly explain the nature of the ceremony or entertainment? Was "Wang" brought from England? We do not find any use of the word with the supposable meaning in the Great English Dialect Dictionary.

KREISLER GIVES

Fritz Kreisler gave his first recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Carl Lamson was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Bach, Sarabande, Double and Bourree in B minor; Bruch, Scotch Fantasy; F. Bach, Grave in C minor; Beethoven, Cavatina in E flat major; Haydn-Friedberg, Minuet in D major; Schubert-Friedberg, Rondo in D major; Grasse, song without words, Waves at Play; Kreisler, La Gitana, Polichinelle; Smetana, Slavonic Fantasy.

The customary large audience welcomed the celebrated violinist. The standing room was crowded. Many sat upon the stage. There was spontaneous, hearty and continued applause throughout the afternoon and at the close of the concert the usual scenes of enthusiasm.

Mr. Kreisler's genius, which for many years has delighted audiences throughout the world, once more worked its potent spell. His art was never more nobly displayed, his tone never richer, smoother, more eloquently emotional. The program, too, was interesting, less ancient in character than those frequently played by Mr. Kreisler. There were not too familiar pieces by Bach, Haydn, Schubert and pieces by modern composers. Grasse's "Waves at Play" and Mr. Kreisler's "La Gitana," an arrangement of an Arab-Spanish Gypsy song, fascinating with a rhythmic and sensuous charm, were among the most effective of the later pieces.

The violinist gave an inspired performance of Bruch's Scotch Fantasy, a by no means inspired work. Yet as played by Mr. Kreisler the Scotch tunes, in themselves beautiful, now sad and tender, now bellicose and sharply rhythmic, took on a new and imposing significance and in spite of Bruch's elaborate and often meretricious embroidery the music seemed to voice with hitherto unrevealed directness the joys and sorrows of an ancient people.

Mr. Kreisler was generous in adding to the program.

Next Sunday afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, will give a concert in aid of the pension fund. Mme. Geraldine Farrar will be the soloist.

'CAPT. KIDD, JR.'

By PHILIP HALE.

Park Square Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Capt. Kidd, Jr.," a "farclical adventure" in three acts by Rida Johnson Young. Produced by Cohen and Harris.

Andrew MacTavish..... Robert Vivian
An Expressman..... Alf. De Coursey
May MacTavish..... Mona Bruns
Jim Anderson..... Wilfred Lytell
George Brent..... Lincoln Plumer
William Fenton..... Adele Rolland
William Carleton..... Charles Brown
Emmett Bush..... Thomas Williams
Julia Bush..... Laura Bennett
Samuel Dickens..... Charles Dow Clark
Greyson..... Lee Sterrett
Green..... George Flint
Brown..... Danby Dillon
Sommer Shears..... John Harbin
John Long..... Louis De Brauwere

This farce, entitled "Buried Treasure," was produced at Atlantic City, June 19.

and the "Cape Codder" was produced at the Boston and Harris Theatre, New York Nov. 13, 1900, when the chief characters were taken by Ed. J. Tallafiero, Zella Sears, Adele Rolland, Ernest Stallard, Otto Kruger, Charles Brown and Charles Dow Clark.

Alas there is no Capt. Kidd in the play, no talk or thought of pirates, no maniac who is obsessed by the thought of Capt. Kidd in his low, black, rakish craft. There is a chart, to be sure, showing where money that once belonged to the church in Mexico is buried on Cape Cod, but this chart with the report of the treasure is only an old fellow's grin joke to stir a sissy grandson, afraid of germs, to dig that he may become a man by open air exercise. The letter found in the chest is a copy of the one that enriches many ancient improving anecdotes in books for the young.

But young Jim Anderson in a second hand bookstore buys a lot of volumes at auction, "slight unseen." These books belonging to the jesting grandfather should not have been sold. Jim, having a wild imagination, so that his novel has been rejected by publishers, picks out a volume about buried treasures, finds a chart, and at once sees himself, his sweetheart, and the old Scotch bookseller rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He is confirmed in his purpose to dig on the Cape by the extraordinary desire of two other men and a woman to buy this volume.

Old Andrew, Mary, Jim and the grandson close the shop, take what money is in the till, go to the Cape, pretend to be geologists, are suspected by a comic constable of burglary, and finally, when the chest is dug up, learn the worst. Before they read the grandfather's letter, May buys the farm for \$2000, which her m-m-mother had left her.

In the last act the three of the book shop are in doleful dumps. They have no money. The rent has been raised. Young Jim has lost his job as a syndicate writer, and his novel has been returned. But as they say in unison at different stages of the farce, every cloud has a silver lining. A Cape Codder buys the farm at an absurdly high price because he wishes to run a railway through it for his factory. Jim's novel is accepted. The silly grandson vows that he will henceforth be a sport. He says "damn" and cocks his hat.

It is a simple story, one of the sort that is often dismissed with the remark "wholesome" and at times "entertaining." The first act is for the most part tiresome; it is tiresome in itself, and the comedians did not save it. In the second act Mr. Clark as the constable is very droll. A lazy Cape Codder and his shrewish wife are introduced, familiar characters from our childhood, furnished with familiar dialogue. In the third act Mr. Clark as the constable visiting New York, bent on obtaining the farm, gives the air of vaudeville to the play; a welcome relief, after the rank sentimentalism of the lines written for the old bookseller.

Messrs. Brown and Clark, frankly farclical, amusing caricaturists, gave life to an otherwise mediocre performance; though Mr. Williams as the lazy

countryman, Mr. Sterrett as Greyson and Mr. Plumer as Brent, the lawyer, were adequate in small parts. Nor should one forget Mr. De Coursey as the expressman. Unfortunately the important parts of MacTavish, May and Jim were not so well performed that one could forget the triteness of the dialogue, and the wordiness and lack of action in the greater portion of the first act. More than once there was the thought of an amateurish play performed by amateurs. But Messrs. Brown and Clark excelled honest and hearty laughter.

"The Grass Widow," a new musical comedy by Rennold Wolf and Channing Pollock, with music by Louis A. Hirsch, will begin an engagement Nov. 5. Natalie Alt, Jess Dandy, Otis Harlan, Victor Morley, Howard Marsh and Rose Keasnow are in the company. Seats will go on sale Tuesday, Oct. 30.

This poet was politely asked whether he would be so kind as to propose the toast of "The Press." Dr. George Bird, knowing Swinburne's invincible objection to public speaking, declined the honor for him, but, on the request being repeated, was petrified to see Swinburne rise to his feet and shriek out the words: "The Press is a damnable institution, a horrible institution, a beastly institution," and then sink back into his seat, and close his eyes.

Sheep, Not Worm.

As the World Wags:
Speaking of the price of coal and the heating problem, why don't the intelligent people this winter turn their attention to warm clothes instead of warm stoves? Has not Georgette crepe and spun silk had its day? Remembering the rosy vertebrae and the chilly wish-bones of our maidens, so thinly veiled with the popular chiffons of the mode and hour, one asks, "Why not patronize the sheep instead of the worm today?"

Won't Gladys and Irma and Katherine and Helen help us out by buying wool instead of gauze this year? They will be just as pretty and young and desirable in a warm colored hall's, we think, as in the pale painted whips of lace and

credit so much sought after in the sandwich.

Pumpkin and Quince.

As the World Wags:

I am surprised that in your otherwise masterly essay on the pumpkin, pom-pion, or pumpon, published in the *Herald* and *Journal* of the 18th, you did not quote the superb lines of stern New England's bard—is it necessary for me to say that I allude to the late John Greenleaf Whittier? Turning to his thrilling poem, "The Pumpkin," which first startled Boston, Amesbury and adjoining towns and villages in 1844, we find these lines:

What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

Let me add to your pumpkin lore. This sentence—"pumpions strangely hate oil, and love water" is to be found in "Hortus Sanitatis," of which there were five dated editions between 1490 and 1517. I am unable to explain the precise significance of the sentence.

There is no trouble in ascertaining the meaning of this passage in Gerard's "Herbal" (1596; also enlarged and amended in 1633): "The fruit of pumpions or melons boiled in milk and buttered is a good wholesome meat for man's body. The flesh or pulp of the same sliced and fried in a pan with butter is also a good and wholesome meat, but baked with apples in an oven, it is food utterly unwholesome for such as live idly, but unto robustious and rustic people nothing hurteth that filth the belly." O admirable Gerard, John Gerard of London, "Master in Chirurgie!"

The dramatist thought meanly of the pumpkin. The line "This unwholesome humidity, this gross, watery pumpkin" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is not the only fling at the cucurbitaceous plant. Witness this dialogue in Brome's "Antipodes":

Courtesy—A great. My ordinary in pompons baked with onions.

Peregrine—Do such eat pompons?

Doctor—Yes, and clowns must melons.

From the same dramatist's "Spesagus Garden": "For ought I see pompons are as good meat (as asparagus) for such a hogish thing as thou art."

If you are tempted to sneer at these homely lines remember that Swinburne characterized "The Antipodes" as admirable, and praised Brome's "original vein of broad humor and farcical fancy."

Last night my friend the Judge put to my nose a beautiful quince grown on a tree in his Brookline lot. The delicious odor brought to my mind the quince preserves of my youth. There are no preserves today like them. I remember the suppers at which they were served. Fresh biscuit with honey, shaved beef waffles with cinnamon and cream, pound cake, angel cake, chocolate cake, coconut cake, cold tongue, seed cake, etc.

"Many use syrup of quinces at the second course after wine, and it prevents drunkenness," says "Hortus Sanitatis." The experiment is worth trying, while wine is still to be poured, and the evil days are yet afar off. As I held the quince to my nose I saw again the bounteous table with Aunt Abigail anxious that the children should have enough; Grandmother Lucinda smiling, and little Cousin Susan violently sick from immoderate indulgence in honey in the comb. And I also thought of a line in the "Archaeologiae Atticae" of 1844, a sound Merton scholar Francis Rous (the fourth edition, 1854). Describing nuptial ceremonies among the Greeks, Rous says: "When the Man and the Woman were both in [the chamber] for the Woman was in first, as the fashion is with us—according to Solon's own order they were to take a Quince-apple and eat it between them, . . . to signify the pleasantness and harmony which should be in their talk at first." Rous refers to Plutarch's life of Solon; but in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch I find that the reference is to a man that weds an heiress; all that North says is: "This also confirmed the same that such a new married wife should be shut up with her husband and eat a quince with him." So, this couple would be more agreeable to the congratulating friends and neighbors than George Meredith's man and wife defying the world "with mutual onion."

BLOSSOM COURT, BOSTON.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Andrew Mack in "Molly Dear," a romantic play in four acts by Cecil B. De Mille. Incidental songs by Mr. Mack. The cast: Dan O'Brian, Andrew Mack; Mal. Andrews, Thomas McGowan; Head Constable Radley, John Owens; Constable Riley, H. C. Callahan; Terence Kacrago, Verne La-ton; Joe Hurley, W. J. Townshend; Mickey Flynn, Alvin Lewis; Molly Kavanagh, Mary Morris; Ming Lashan, Mary Morris.

This is the best thing Mr. Mack has done—the best because he has confined himself principally to the role of the comedian and subordinated his singing. Mr. De Mille's play is far removed from the conventional form of Irish play that employs the singing comedians as its chief characters. To be sure the character of Mickey Flynn provided in the first act to be another Mickey Flynn, but happily to a lot of

...and too long by reason of obvious padding; the third act is compelling in its melodramatic turn and the opportunity it affords the principal actor to reveal himself on the serious side. There is abundant humor through the four acts, the dialogue is often uproariously funny in its sharp retorts. In the inevitable blarney. The ending is inexcusable in its attempt to provide a happy termination. The setting of the second act, Darragh Gap, was picturesque and there were the bay and mountains in alluring perspective. Mr. Mack sang two songs, "It's a Long, Long Way to My Old Home Town," and "You, Only You, That I Love."

Dan O'Brian of the American secret service, is sent to the fishermen's camp at Darragh Gap to seek the murderer of Joe Kelly. O'Brian is immediately taken up with Molly Kavanagh, who turns out to be the sister of the murderer. Pleading for the hand of Molly, O'Brian is told by the confiding girl of her unfortunate brother. The brother is arrested by O'Brian, and the latter offers as his defence that he shot Kelly to protect the name of his sister. O'Brian releases Molly's brother only to be arrested by his own subordinate who had been masquerading as one of the fishermen. A plan is then deliberately conjured up to prove that there was a price on Kelly's head and the law has been satisfied.

Mr. Mack gave the character of O'Brian a nice light touch and always excelled as the comedian. His bits of blarney were always interesting in their off-handedness—without the suggestion of studious preparation. His few serious moments after his arrest of Molly's brother were effective by way of contrast to his earlier exuberance. As a singer, Mr. Mack has never excelled within the meaning of the word. His voice, often interesting in the middle and lower tones, was patchy in the upper register, and there was the laborious striving and jerking of the vocal to reach this or that note.

One of the chief delights of the performance was the Molly Kavanagh of Peggy Allen. Pretty of face and with a retreating sweetness, she played with delightful simplicity, and there was small wonder that the men folks of the village looked her way.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Conroy and Le Maire, late stars of the Winter Garden, head a delightful bill at Keith's Theatre this week which fairly over runs with song. There is everything that possibly could appeal to music lovers, from syncopated melodies to dreamy Hawaiian selections and even a touch of operatic numbers.

Of course, Conroy and Le Maire literally walk away with the comedy end. They present a new skit, with a laugh in every line, entitled "The New Physician." While their act tinges on the minstrel skit of old, there are no reminiscences in their joke vocabulary. A physician's office with proverbial doctor's table, a surgeon's outfit which might be found in any carpenter's chest and a frightened colored patient cannot well be connected without provoking laughter.

Revue Proves Pleasing.

The Futuristic Revue, European musical festival, is one of the best operatic pumberes that has been seen at Keith's for many weeks. These singers were content to rest on their able execution and did not resort to ragtime numbers.

Truly Shattuck and Emma O'Neill, both well known to theatregoers, please with a song and chatter number. Miss Shattuck's voice sounds as sweet as in the days of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" in which she starred.

Garry McGarry and company prove favorites in a dramatic Hawaiian Dance pantomime, "The Garden of Aloha." Libuse Bartusek, a native of the islands, dances convincingly and her Loyal Hawaiians play the steel guitar and do not abuse the ukulele. The setting is truly tropical.

Lydia Barry is heard in a repertoire of songs and Gene Greene sings syncopated selections and offers dialect numbers. The Morin Sisters start the show with a variety of dances. Herman and Shirely give a grotesque skit, "The Mysterious Masquerader," in which Herman does a skeleton dance. Rusee Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent were applauded for their dainty planologue.

'THE WOLF'

"The Wolf," a melodrama by Eugene Walter, was presented by the resident stock company at the Globe Theatre yesterday. This play is a fine example of vigorous writing by this master of dramaturgy.

The play is in three acts with the locale in the Canadian Hudson Bay country, the three scenes showing the exterior and interior of Andrew McTavish's cabin on the banks of the Wind river and the portage of Little Bear river. McTavish is a hard self-

ishous and Scotchman who, with his wife, a Swede, had "a fair head and black heart," has reared his daughter Hilda, in the woods that she might, if possible, be kept unspotted from the world and escape her mother's fate.

But into even her secluded life man's influence has come in the presence of Jules Beaubien, a young French-Canadian. Beaubien has long been searching for the villain who wronged his sister, the wife of Baptiste Le Grand, a trader, who accompanies him. They find their man in William McDonald, an American engineer, who is surveying for a railroad through the woods and is boarding at McTavish's house while he seeks to persuade Hilda to go away with him.

The girl's father encourages him, believing his intentions to be honorable and for his daughter's good. Beaubien's efforts to save Hilda from the man's wolf results in a fight in which the villain is killed.

There is only one feminine character in the play, which was ably played by Mary Frey. Robert Le Sucre was vigorous Beaubien, and the other characters were in capable hands.

The play announced for the week of Oct. 29 will be "A Little of Silk Stockings."

BEACON HILL.

(A psalm of Boston.)
Here where America first felt
The thrill of freedom's passion cry,
Here where in spirit peoples knelt
To hail at length the day-star nigh:
Where steel-true hearts and humble hands
Wrought homes beyond oppression's fear—
Where consecrated conscience reared
The base—a new world's might to bear:
Where, first-fruits of our newer time
From out the dawn of freedom sprung
The sages and the singers came
New genius to our common tongue:

Here yet doth glow the humble faith:
Here yet the shrine is lighted; still
Home-keeping ways and household fears
Crown as of old the sacred hill.

Old Boston! beacon of our race,
The torch in thy mighty veins
Shall call to men who seek thy light
Till o'er the whole world freedom reigns.

Thy spirit is our house of prayer,
And where thine altars clear arise
We bless God in our contrite hearts,
Who read the mandate of the skies.

Shall shine the faith that keeps thee pure,
The faith that turns men to thee; still
Shall shine undimmed; as there shone
The torch of old on Beacon Hill!

—JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

Old Times and New.

As the World Wags:

The high cost of living at the present time is a perpetual worryment to many people, but it is hardly fair to contrast current prices for food with those which existed in our fathers' or grandfathers' days, when incomes were comparatively low. I cannot remember when you could buy beefsteak at 7 cents a pound, but when I was a small boy in the 40s of the last century, it could be obtained for ninepence (12½ cents) and fresh eggs were about the same price per dozen. There was no cold storage then. Liver, which was then the main edible at free lunches, was 2 cents a pound, and salt pork of the same amount was 10 cents or less. We did not, as a general thing, eat cereals for breakfast, but old country people who liked oat meal served in a porridge for the first meal of the day could buy it for almost a song, and Indian meal for mush was equally cheap. Milk was 5 cents a quart and sometimes lower, and those who wanted alcoholic drinks could get the best whiskey and gin for 6 cents a glass, with 4 cents advance for brandy of the same quantity and quality. Imported cigars were 3 cents apiece and it cost the smoker only a cent to puff a "short six" or a "long nine" with his beer at 3 cents a half-pint.

All this is redolent, so to speak, of what we call the good old times, but it should be remembered that in those far-off days the bookkeeper who got \$1000 a year was thought to be the recipient of a princely salary. Mechanics received about two dollars a day, and laborers in the neighborhood of six dollars a week, while domestic servants could be hired for one dollar and a half for the same period. The last mentioned seem to fare more happily than the general run of wage-earners now, for they got about five or six times as much remuneration in cash as their predecessors in the same line of work, with bed and board thrown in, so that they are at little expense except for their clothing. House rent was much cheaper in the forties than it is today, but the accommodations and comforts were fewer. The convenient flat system had not come in for the benefit of small families, and few houses had bathrooms or accompanying conveniences. The hours of labor were longer than they are at present. In some instances they extended from sunrise to sunset, and in winter many wage-earners, clerks and salesmen, returned to their daily toil after supper.

During the civil war, however, there was a great advance in the cost of living, and many veteran patrons of the minstrel halls will recall the old joke at Morris Brothers', which set forth that before the war one could go down to the Quincy market with a dollar in his vest pocket and exchange it for a bushel basket of provisions, but after the conflict began one could carry in his watch receptacle the edibles that a bushel measure of money would buy.

Postal currency and not coin was in circulation part of the time, and before that we were making change with greasy postage stamps and "shin plasters" issued by mercantile houses and hotels.

Well, what's the use of repining! We lived through that era with gold going up like a rocket.

BUY A BOND.

A BIG ONE FOR THE LADY.
A SMALL ONE FOR THE BABY.
BUY A BOND;

and we will soon put the crazy Kaleer out of business and arrive at a period when we can afford to eat fresh eggs for breakfast once again, and look a bit of bacon fully in the face.

Dorchester.

There has hardly been a generation that did not look back regretfully on the cheap and sane living of earlier years. From the satires of Juvenal to Henri Estienne's "Apologie pour Herodote," from the Israelites in the Wilderness to the New England villager of today, there is the mournful cry: "The world went very well then." Macaulay, though proud of his era and comparing English life with the life in the 17th century to the great advantage of the former, looked ahead: "It may well be in the 20th century that we ourselves shall be outstripped, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with 20s. a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive 10s. a day; that laboring men may be * * * little used to dine without meat." And so the bad old days are now envied in these years of war.—Ed.

MAIER AND PATTISON GIVE TWO-PIANO RECITAL

Performance in Jordan Hall Meets All Requirements.

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison gave a recital of music for two pianos last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Von Wilm, Variations; Raff, Gavotte and Musette; Ropartz, Piece in B-Minor; Debussy, three pieces "In Black and White"; Saint-Saens, Symphonic Poem, "Spinning Wheel of Omphale"; Glere, Danse Populaire, Chant Populaire; Iljinsky, "The Orgy."

Last week these young men played with success in New York. They are individually well trained, skilful, accomplished. Their ensemble playing is irreplaceable, intelligent, finished, musically. Last evening their performance met every requirement of a program which ranged from the commonplace, as represented by Von Wilm's Variations, to the ultra-modern, Debussy's three curious pieces dedicated successively to Igor Stravinsky, Lt. Jacques Charlot, killed in March, 1915, and O. Kussewitsky, the Russian double-bass player and conductor.

Hazlitt, who wrote "The Flight," and Henley, who trumpeted the praise of champions during the Regency, should have lived to bury Robert Fitzsimmons with fitting literary honors. Nor would they have forgotten his beautiful and devoted wife, Rose Julian, who, when her man was battling with Pompadour Jim, spurred him on to victory by shouting: "In the slats, Bob, poke him in the slats!"

Would that Maginn, who wrote the "Luctus" on the Death of Sir Daniel Donnelly, were alive, for Donnelly was a feeble man in comparison with Fitzsimmons. Yet when Donnelly returned to Ireland after his fight with Oliver, 20,000 persons assembled at Dunleary to welcome him, and, mounting him on a white horse, escorted him to his house. Perhaps Donnelly's ending was even more heroic than his conduct in the ring, for he was not a straight, not a quick hitter; and he was reproached for feigning in his style. "But in February, 1820, having drank an almost incredible number of tumblers of punch at one sitting (out of mere bravado) and swallowed half a bucket of cold water, while in a state of profuse perspiration, after the aforesaid tumblers, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life in the 44th year of his age."

Mr. Fitzsimmons was a virtuoso with the grand style. Cribb, Spring, Belcher, Byron's friend Jackson, Heenan, Jim Mace would gladly have recognized his worth. He was not merely a posturer for moving pictures.

With Caraway Seeds.

As the World Wags:

Yesterday I asked in a bakery for a tick of rye bread with caraway seeds. The woman smiled scornfully and said: "You can't find any bread with caraway seeds in the city. They cost too much." In my confusion I accepted a loaf of whole wheat bread for rye and made a clumsy, foolish exit. Thus does war deprive us already of necessities. Some perhaps do not appreciate the seeds of the umbelliferous plant. Who today follows the example of Justice Shallow: "We will eat a last year's pipkin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth." Yet learned commentators have disputed whether Shallow by "caraway" referred to a kind of apple.

In Chaucer's "House of Health," written before Shallow met Falstaff on the stage, we read: "For the same purpose (the cure of flatulence) Caraway seedes are used to be made in Cumflites, and to be eaten with Apples." Gerard in his "Herbal" tells us that the seeds are very good for the stomach, help digestion, assuage and dissolve all windiness. In Heywood's play "The Fair Maid of the West," Clem, invited to banquet at the court of Mullisheg, King of Fez, replies: "I will make bold to march in towards your banquet, and there comit myself, and cast all caraways down my throat, the best way I have to conserve myself in health." Did not Sir John Neville at the marriage of his daughter in 1530 provide among a quantity of spices a pound of caraways for one shilling? Justice Shallow undoubtedly ate caraways as a corrective of the pipkin, for although Laureolus commends sweetmeats, pears, maines and pippins as good against melancholy, the equally learned Nicholas Piso condemns all fruits, as windy, or to be eaten sparingly, and not raw.

But enough of distracting and vain learning, saws of men long turned to dust. I have a sentimental reason for preferring rye bread with caraway seeds to bread without them.

I see now the old church, with the high pulpit and the high side galleries, the pews with doors that could be fastened. I hear the full choir roaring "Denmark" or the sweet-voiced man, who on week days was in a grain and feed store, singing "Flee as a Bird," while the contribution boxes were being passed by the white-haired deacons. I, a little boy, wondered why Mr. Tucker should say that any one of the congregation was "weary of sin," and who the "avenger" was. But in the pew directly in front was a dear old lady in crepe. When I grew restless during the long prayer before the minister began to invoke blessings on the sister churches, or during the endless sermon she would hand me a sprig of caraway, sometimes a lozenge; but I associate her with caraway. And the word "caraway" brings the thought of the boys and girls in that church, especially the girls, who are now dead, or grandmothers, or still withering on the stalk. Again I walk down the broad aisle with Kitty, while the old lady of the caraways smiles on us, and George Kingsley, the organist, plays the "Orgie" from "The Huguenots" as a postlude.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Blossom Court, Boston.

Sic Patribus, Sic Deus Nobis.

As the World Wags:

The Armada (Liberty) loan, 24 April, 1588. "A Memorandum * * * of sums of money as of Lonte (sic) by divers persons in Exeter towards furnishing and setting out of two ships, and a pynnas: by virtue of letters from the Lordes of the Counsell for the defence of her Majestic and the realme." Hist. Ms. Com. Records of City of Exeter, pub. 1916, page 316. Ships, Bartholomew, and Rose, page 388-9, of "Apsam," Pinnace, Guyte i. e. Topsham, "seruling her highnes againste the Spanayardes as Coste Shippes for the Citie of Excester by the space of two monthes in Anno 1588." Boston. M. B.

Miss Rosita Renard Does Well

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Rosita Renard, pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program, differing from the one previously announced, read as follows: Bach-Busoni, organ prelude and Fugue in D major; Brahms, Sonata in F major, op. 5; Chopin, Mazurkas, op. 30, No. 4; op. 59, No. 3; Nocturne, op. 9, No. 3; Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 5 and 11; Liszt, Feu Follets, Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 104; "Don Juan" fantasia.

Miss Renard, born at Santiago, Chili, studied in that city and later in Berlin, where at the end of five years she gave a few recitals. Having played in South American cities, she gave her first concert in New York last March. The circular, which begins "Twenty-two and a genius," assures us that she is "eclectic in music and literature"; that she is "deeply attached to her family, and when she is not practicing or out for a walk with her sister, one is certain to find her reading a serious book." "For her age," says the press agent, "she is remarkably well-read, and she is able to discuss literature, as well as music, in four or five languages." Who is your favorite author, Miss Renard? Do you prefer Thickens to Dackeray, or do you revel in Dackens and find no pleasure in Thickery?

After all the literary taste of Miss Renard is not now in question; nor are her linguistic accomplishments at stake; nor need there be curious inquiry into her deportment in the family circle. Many pianists, singers and fiddlers might say of their over-zealous managers and press agents what Paul wrote

to Timothy. "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil, the Lord reward him according to his works."

Miss Renard does not require the lure of anecdote. She is an interesting pianist, whose program yesterday was not well planned to show her ability as an interpreter. She was so unfortunate as to choose Busoni's mal-treatment of a virtuoso Prelude and Fugue of Bach, which show in general scheme and the florid passages the influence of Buxtehude. The Fugue is of little worth except as a means of displaying proficiency with the organ pedals. The most vigorous hands and arms of a pianist cannot reproduce the roaring and the thundering of the pedals, even if she could appear in a becoming sweater and drop exhausted to the floor after the final chord. Miss Renard might have declaimed the Prelude with more breadth and more dramatic contrasts. She played the Fugue swiftly, but there were moments when the pace was irregular and ends of phrases were disturbingly clipped.

On the other hand she gave a thoughtful and impressive interpretation of Brahms's sonata. The Andante and Intermezzo were played with fine feeling, in a truly poetic spirit. Her performance of Chopin's Mazurkas was captivating by reason of tonal beauty and rhythmic capriciousness. Her reading of the Nocturne was characterized by elegance, but there was superficial sentiment, not genuine emotion, in the purely lyric measures. Of the two Etudes, the first was the more effective as she played them.

Statisticians, amateur and professional, have a right to complain of us. Hastening to gratify those who are fond of figures, we quote from Gabriel Peignot's "Amusements Philologiques" (1508):

PICTURE OF THE CONJUGAL KNOT.

Out of 872,564 marriages, 191,023 couples are at war under the same roof; 162,320 couples hate each other cordially, but hide their hatred with feigned politeness; 510,132 couples live together with marked indifference, 1102 couples reputed happy abroad would not admit their happiness at home; 135 couples are happy in comparison with many others more unhappy; nine couples are truly happy.

In the edition of 1842, the third, Peignot added 1362 women who left their husbands to follow their lovers; 2361 husbands who fled from their wives; 4120 couples who voluntarily separated.

These additions are also in the second edition, 1824. In the second, Peignot asks in what class Elie Benoit, a patient, gentle, timid, learned Frenchman, who died in Holland in 1728, should be placed. Poor Elie left a description of his wife in Latin. Translated, it reads as follows: "I have married a woman that has all the most unbearable faults for a peace-loving husband. Miserly, insolent, cross, inconsistent, skilled in varying her untiring pleasure in contradiction, she has for 17 years loaded down her husband with all imaginable evils." This Benoit, a clergyman of the reformed church, a Parisian by birth, fled to Holland after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Why did he not run away from his wife? At any rate he found time to write ponderous books, among them a "Histoire de l'edit de Nantes" in five volumes, quarto.

All Up for Dr. Crockett.

As the World Wags:

Don't get wozzey, "J. D. K." Dr. Crockett does not claim to be the originator of the Boxers to the front. Read the papers, post yourself, and then write and when you write try to inform the public, and above all do not try to be entertaining as a humorist. Now for the facts. It was announced in the Boston Herald that the United States government was to call on J. J. Corbett and others to act as instructors of boxing for the army, because of the similarity in the movements to those of the bayonet drill. Your mind's eye needs restraining. Use goggles: when you have had experience you will see better.

I am not too modest to claim, and inform you, that Dr. Crockett has some of the blood of the famous Davy, who never had to be roped and dragged into a fight. I never ran away from anyone. In 1911 I left home, wife, child and business, and was first to sign the roll of my regiment. I begged the chance to be among the first skirmishers and I captured the first prisoner of the war. I was an expert in bayonet drill and knew something about boxing, having fought the first glove fight ever fought in Boston, and I think in the United

States. I have written on the subject of bayonet drill and boxing. Write me at once. D. W. E. Crockett, Boston.

Loti on Cats

As the World Wags.

It seems to me that "J. C." of Plymouth, N. H., is getting some rather harsh criticism for his attitude toward the cat; in a more friendly spirit I would suggest that he read Pierre Loti's short paper on dogs and cats in his book, "Reflets sur la sombre route." He has many good things to say of the cat; and when one recalls that he has traveled much, that he is a keen observer as well as a deep thinker, his words should be given consideration. He speaks of the cat as "elegant and patrician, contemplative and enigmatic." He writes that Mahomet, when called to prayer, cuts a piece from his robe rather than disturb his cat which is asleep on it. Under the head of "Meeting of Cats" he comments on the silence and dignity with which they approach. Parenthetically, however, he says the cats are friendly and have met before, and calls attention to the solemn mystery of the place wherein they meet, and the lapsing of each into profound thought after their cabalistic greeting. Compare this with the "Meeting of Dogs" which immediately follows! But as my remarks have to do with cats I will not digress; besides the graphic realism is best read in the original; no terse translation will do it justice.

In conclusion, he writes he is inclined to share the opinion of the Orientals, who hold the dog in slight esteem as stained with unclean instincts, whereas the cat they respect and fear as a kind of lesser sphinx. Loti's words are convincing. I want "J. C." to read them, feeling certain that they will soften and modify his opinion of the cat in the future. G. S. W. K.

Newtonville.

The story of Mahomet and his cat has been told in the Herald and Journal. Strange to say, she was not admitted to paradise. The seven animals that enjoy this favor are Kiltmir, the dog of the Seven Sleepers; the hoopoe of Solomon, the she camel of Salih, the cow of Moses, the fish of Jonah, the serpent of Eve, and the peacock of paradise.—Ed.

An English Grace

War economy has evidently made its need felt in the vicarage as well as in the private house. A clergyman's little son went to stay at a friend's house. The next morning he was asked to say grace. As he hesitated, his host endeavoring to help, said "Say what father says before breakfast." Thus encouraged, the boy began: "Go easy on the bacon; it's eighteenpence a pound!"—London Daily Chronicle.

MISS MILLER SINGS IN JORDAN HALL CONCERT

Miss Christine Miller, mezzo-contralto, gave a recital at Jordan Hall last evening. Miss Katherine Pike was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Wathall, Five English Songs in Olden Style; Saar, Three Persian Love Songs; Arensky, "Autumn"; Fouldral, "Marins d'Islande," "La-Bas," "Carnaval"; Burleigh, "The Sailor's Wife"; Lester, "Out Among the Heather"; Foote, "Tranquillity"; Fisher, "I Heard a Cry"; Homer, "Cuddle Doon"; Speaks, "The Bells of Youth."

This might have been called a patriotic concert, for Miss Miller sang "La Marseillaise" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Was this necessary at a recital?

The program, which lacked distinction, fairly bristled with songs written for and dedicated to the singer. Wathall's "Five English Songs in Olden Style" are lame and trivial imitations. Wishing to sing songs of this character Miss Miller might better have devoted her attention to "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and others more familiar but of genuine beauty.

Saar's Persian love songs had little character or sensuous charm. Fouldral's "Marins d'Islande," tragic and compelling, a striking description of the sailors of Islande, and Foote's "Tranquillity" were conspicuous for their excellence and a relief from the commonplace.

It would be a pleasure to hear Miss Miller in a program worthy of her musical attainments. She has an unusually fine voice, rich, womanly, passionate, and she sings with skill, intelligence and dramatic intensity. It was greatly to her credit that the listener, in spite of the uninteresting character of the program, was loath to leave the hall. How would Miss Miller interpret songs by Schubert, Schumann, Hugo Wolf, by the modern Russians or by Claude Achille Debussy and other French composers of today?

The singer's diction was excellent in English and the clarity of her enunciation in French such as to make her preliminary explanations of the French songs superfluous. But it was a pleasure to listen to her well trained speaking voice.

A large audience was justly enthusiastic.

SYMPHONY GIVES THIRD CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead"; Debussy, symphonic suite, "Spring."

Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem seeks to express in music the picture of the same name by Arnold Boecklin. The mood of this picture is one of awful quiet; a stillness, like that found by Swinburne in the garden of Proserpine:

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken.
Nor any sound or sight;
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

But this Russian composer saw other things in the picture that the idle spectator does not see; probably they escaped the painter himself.

For in Rachmaninoff's music there is the suggestion of the last great day, the Day of Wrath, with the dead before the Judgment Seat. And on this island are despairing, tormented, shrieking souls, miserable and infinite wailing, hands outstretched in defiant and impotent rage. Puccini might envy certain pages of this music for the second act of his "Tosca."

Could Rachmaninoff have succeeded in a symphonic poem "to Boecklin's picture" without a betrayal of the painter? No composer of ordinary sense and controlled imagination would attempt to write music for Poe's prose poem "Silence." It is true that a French musician, Cabaner, once said: "To express silence in music I should need three brass bands," but from his music that we have seen it is safe to believe that Cabaner was more brilliant and original in paradox than in composition. Any piece truly illustrative of Boecklin's picture would necessarily be very short, for the imitative monotony would soon vex the hearer. No, there was need of a strong contrast, of a tumultuous middle section. To excuse this on aesthetic grounds the fancy of the composer outstripped that of the painter.

When Rachmaninoff conducted this symphonic poem in Boston, the reading of the whole was more subdued. The lamentation was less poignant; the entrance of the "Dies Irae" was a hint of the burial, not of the terrible day beyond the grave. Nor was the general effect of the music lessened thereby; on the contrary, the mood of the picture was strongly reproduced by what might paradoxically be called the stillness of the performance. The ferryman rowed noiselessly; the sea was calm; no shriek of woe came from the white figure near the coffin. Dr. Muck's rendering, on the other hand, was intensely emotional and dramatic.

While the second movement of Brahms' fourth symphony is among the most beautiful and human of his works, the other movements are autumnal and austere, at times granitic. There is nothing in this symphony so demoniacal in energy and compelling in appeal as the first movement of Brahms' first symphony and the first of the third; nothing so noble and inspiring as the introduction to the final of the first. Too many pages in this fourth symphony show the composer the slave of formalism. As Ernest Newman well says: "The danger of a transmitted classical technique in any art is that now and then it tempts its practitioners to talk—and allows them to talk quite fluently—when they have really nothing of vital importance to say."

The concert would have been complete if it had ended with the music of Rachmaninoff. Two compositions of the length and importance of the symphony and the symphonic poem are enough. Debussy's suite, though an early work, is hardly a hat and overcoat piece.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 4; Saint-Saens, Concerto No. 2 for the piano (Frances Nash, pianist); Beethoven, overture, Lenore, No. 3.

"The World and Thomas Kelly," by Arthur Train, is finished at last. We refer to the story of Harvard, Newport, New York and Boston life that has been running in the Saturday Evening Post, a story that we have read eagerly, looking forward impatiently to the successive Thursdays. Now it is all over and Tom will marry Evelyn. We had hoped that he would wed Pauline with her million of dollars, for Evelyn is the daughter of a Harvard professor and we foresee hard sledding for the young couple; but Pauline once showed drops of sweat on her face after she had climbed a hill and Thomas, too fastidious, was afraid that in the years to come she would look like her mother.

and brave girl, and if she had been a little more worthy, eminently deserving, with Thomas it was "Nat. and Pauline."

We were deeply interested in the account of Tom's visit in the house of a rich classmate at Newport. We do not know the town well. Years ago, when the United States Naval Academy was located there, we stopped for a day and night at the Aquidneck, then famous for its apple pie, but Newport was then without Sardanapallan cottage life, and we were too young to "go into society." Reading Mr. Train's novel, we stopped with Thomas in the luxurious guest room, which, by the way, is not so much to our taste, as the room described by Charles Reade in his "Woman Hater." We were glad to know what a Newport hostess gives her guests for breakfast. Tom took it in his room, after the valet had asked him if he should wash his face for him. The valet neglected to ask him if he preferred scented soap, but we know that there were "French soaps in sealed packages" in the bathroom, which was thoughtfully provided with shower, sitz and needle baths—the porcelain stood on silver claws—Turkish towels as big as tablecloths, while the living room sported cerise silk curtains; easy chairs of leather; chairs upholstered, and wicker; a polar bear rug, an Indian rug; a row of decanters with a bucket of cracked ice—not a saucer, but a bucket—aerated waters; also a steel engraving of a Grecian lady coyly emerging from the Ionian sea; there were boxes of cigars and cigarettes—Mr. Train tells us later in the story that the hostess counted them and knew how many were smoked daily; there were the monthly and weekly magazines. We forgot to mention the fact that the valet helped Tom on with his trousers.

To go back to the breakfast. It consisted of hothouse melon—Mr. Train assures us that these melons cost \$3 a piece; orange juice; cereal—we are not told whether it was of the pocketbook, whiskers or dandruff brand; scrambled eggs stuffed with truffles, mushrooms, chicken livers; sausages no bigger than cigarettes; rolls of sweet butter, corn muffins, crisp bacon in a silver dish; a box of Turkish, not Sweet Caporal, cigarettes with a silver alcohol lamp already lighted, so that it was not necessary to scratch a match. But there was a serious omission. Leigh Hunt, describing an ideal breakfast, ended by saying "And something potted." Nothing potted was set before Thomas in that Newport house, nor is there mention of marmalade, toast dry, dipped, or buttered, honey, waffles with maple syrup. Probably the valet and his associates down stairs had eaten them all up, for Thomas was a late riser.

Daphne, Young and Fair.

As the World Wags:

If your Medfield correspondent has not done all his husking yet, he may be interested to know that when I went to husking bees, not very many miles from Medfield, the young men did not use a fresh red ear each time they wanted an excuse for a "thimble," as Peter Pan said. They put a red ear in their pockets to provide for the emergency. One of the jolliest times I ever had was at a husking party where I sat between twin brothers; you know twins always do the same things. I don't know what you mean by Swinburnian kisses. The twigs were good sports and contented

with a cheek, and the cheeks that blushed the rosiest were the ones that suffered, so to speak, the most. Legend had it that one jovial husker, who huzzed at bees before my time, always removed his store teeth before entering the fray, which neither improved his appearance nor added to his popularity. There isn't any rule for red ears, or, if there is, no one ever followed it.

Malden.

DAPHNE.

Hoover Anticipated.

As the World Wags:

It appears from the enclosed selection from the poets that the esteemed Mr. Hoover, whose interference with our accustomed diet makes daily drafts upon our limited balance of patience as I suppose, is hardly as original as I had supposed. The poem that I offer you contains all the essentials of the gospel that he is preaching, and may be offered as a kind of Boxov of his doctrine:

I must not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat,
For many a poor and hungry child
Would think it quits a treat.

For wilful waste makes woeful want
And I may live to say,
Oh! had I but that crust of bread
Which once I threw away.

Boston.

MARY ELLEN RYAN.

04-28197

"Contemporary Russian Composers" by M. Montagu-Nathan, is published in this country by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. After a chapter entitled "A Survey of Russian Musical History" come 10 chapters—nine devoted to Scriabin, Glazunoff, Stravinsky, Rachmaninoff, Rebikov, Taneiev, Medtner, Tcherenpin, Grechaninoff. The 11th chapter deals with the younger generation—Gilev, Vassiliev, Aliev.

ko, Chudov, Semyon, Prokoffiev, Myaskovsky, Gnolsson, Guust, Steinberg, the Krein brothers, Sabaneyeff, Roslavets, Stachinsky. A few of these names show German-Jewish origin. As for the Russian names, they are not like that. Swinburne's Atalanta, "whose name is as blessing to speak." Perhaps no one reads Byron's "Don Juan" today, yet a list of Russian composers recalls lines in the seventh canto.

The Russians now were ready to attack; But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory! How shall I spell the names of each Cossaque Who were immortal, could one tell their story? Alas! What to their memory can I do? Achilles' self was not more grim and gory Than thousands of this new and polished nation. Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase Our euphony; there was Strongoff, and Strokonoff,

Meknoff, Sekce Low, Arsnew of modern Greece, Aul Tschisschikoff, and Roguenoff, and Chobekoff, And others of twelve cousins apiece; And more might be found out, if I could poke enough

Into g-zettes, but Fame (capricious trumpet), It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet.

And cannot time those discords of narration, Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme; Yet there were several worth commemoration, As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime; Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration Of London-derry drawing against time, Ending in "isechkin," "onschkin," "ifschky," "ouski!"

Of whom we can insert by Rousanovski, Schereznoff and Chrematoff, Kokipoff, Kiolobski, Kourakoff, and Mouskin Pouskin, All proper men of weapons, as e'er scold'd high Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin; Little need they for Mahomet or Mufti, Unless to make their kettle drums a new skin Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear, And no more haudy substitute been near.

Edward MacDowell used to say that Russian composers had a great advantage in their names; that an audience would applaud a piece by some one ending in "off" or "sky" when it were signed Thompson or Smith they would yawn.

Mr. Montagu Nathan is indefatigable in writing about Russian musicians. He is the author of "A History of Russian Music," "An Introduction to Russian Music," "The Piano Music of Scriabin" and he has taken the lives of Glinka, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, with predecessors in this field as accomplices. He contributes articles about Russian music to various periodicals.

Unfortunately, he attempts so much that he is not always accurate. Thus, in his study of Rachmaninoff, in the latest volume (page 163) he states that after Rachmaninoff returned to Russia from the United States "he wrote the celebrated symphonic suite inspired by Beethoven's picture, 'The Island of Death'." Now Rachmaninoff composed this piece before he came to the United States. He conducted a performance of it in this country. The piece is not a "suite"; it is a symphonic poem, a very different thing; its title is "The Island of the Dead," not "The Island of Death."

Then the reader is left in doubt about the dates of the month and day as given by this author; whether they are according to the Russian calendar or according to our own.

The interest of the English in Russian music began with Sir Henry Wood, whose first wife was a Russian lady, Olga, daughter of Princess Sofie Ouroussoff. She sang—it is said she sang well—and for a time she was a pupil of her husband. No doubt she influenced him in producing many Russian orchestral compositions in London; some were worth while; many were of slight importance. After Germany began the war, in 1914, there was a revival in the interest for Russian music; the interest became an enthusiasm. Mr. Montagu Nathan has acted as guide, philosopher, friend to the London concert goer and amateur by discoursing on the characteristics of Russian music and the works of Russian composers.

In speaking of Scriabin—he prefers to spell the name Skryabin—he does not blame the London public for its cool, if not hostile, attitude toward him when he visited London in 1914. "While his curious artistic outlook was viewed with a certain uneasiness, there was entire unanimity as to his wonderful executive powers." No, the public was not wholly to blame. "Encouraged by concert-givers in his determination to regard the unfamiliar as a thing to be shunned, the concert-goer has developed the habit of bestowing approval only upon the established work—without any profound appreciation of its architectonic qualities or merits—and of eschewing the strange." When Scriabin's "Prometheus" was produced for the first time at Queen's Hall, rumor was concerned with the composer's revolutionary idea, "and to such an extent was expectation aroused that probably for the first time in musical history an evening paper arranged to 'report' the production on the day of the event itself. The audience discovered in due course that it had not been misled, and eventually divided itself into two sections: those who claimed to be accessible to a new idea on reflection, and those who were convinced that they were not. The latter left the hall after vigorously hissing the first performance, naturally considering that to listen to a second would for them be a grievous waste of time." Is Mr. Montagu Nathan correct in saying: "The labors of several disciples of the composer are beginning to bear fruit, and it is no exaggeration to say that Scriabin's output,

being entered from the committee, being the most discussed, is now the most performed music of the day"? It is nearer the truth when he remarks: "The lesson that has yet to be learned by the majority of those who participate in the world's musical activities is that progress is not merely the prerogative of music, but its main function; that it is the essential nature of music to go forward, hand in hand with social and mental evolution. The man whose obvious intention is to gaze into the future should be regarded at least as a would-be savior, and not, at any rate, as a wilful destroyer of his art."

The music of the future should concern us more, since it is that music which is to be associated with our immediate progeny." The author divides Scriabin's musical life into four periods. At first he worshipped Chopin and slept with a volume of his compositions under his pillow. Next he was influenced by Wagner, Liszt, Tschalkowsky. Then he broke with the "fettered past." In the fourth period he made "such a rapid advance as to draw his music beyond the comprehension of most of his contemporaries and even of some of his

warmest advocates." This chapter contains, as do the others, not only biographical details, but a study of the compositions, now analytical, now aesthetic, often elaborate.

Glazounoff has not known poverty, social isolation, artistic antagonism. "External circumstances appear to justify our styling him the Mendelssohn of Russian music. He has been called a musical Janus, who contrives to face both the past and the future of his art." The author might have said that Glazounoff did not fulfil the promise given in his "Stenka Razin." Thoroughly Germanized, he writes in academic vein, without poetic invention, without imagination, as an accomplished, fluent, too fluent man of routine. He may think "in orchestral and not in instrumental terms"; he may have said that "a piece well orchestrated needs little or no rehearsal"; the fact remains that the great majority of his pages are notes, notes, notes, no doubt correctly strung together. Yet in this chapter we find two digressions of value. Speaking of "Stenka Razin" turned into a ballet, Mr. Montagu-Nathan remarks: "In the case of Shechrazade (Rimsky-Korsakoff's), a symphonic suite which is not intended, despite its printed synopsis, to describe in detail the narratives told her terrible liege by the sultana, we have, when witnessing the ballet, to bear in mind that the dramatic action has but the slenderest relation to the story which inspired the music; the designer of the ballet has fitted one particular story to a piece of music that was associated in the composer's mind with the weaving of numberless tales. And so, if we discover a want of agreement between the stage occurrences and the symphonic commentary, it is often the producer and not the composer that is to blame."

Here is the other digression: "Turning in despair from a contemplation of the British 'graveyard' school of composition, an epithet bestowed, toward the close of the 19th century, upon the composers of interminable and dreary symphonic works, an English critic expressed his opinion that the British musical gift was more apparent in comic than in serious music. He averred that the British clown had never been equalled, that our music hall comedians were in demand the world over, and that the British composer would never 'find himself' until he realized that his true métier was the 'vaudeville.'"

As for Glazounoff's songs, "they rarely rise above an ordinary level and are sometimes positively banal."

The consideration of Stravinsky's ballets naturally leads Mr. Montagu-Nathan to speak of Russian art as shown in this form. "In the sphere of art dancing we have learned a great deal from its Russian exponents, but their treatment of music as an allied art rather painfully recalls the older form of ballet from which one would have thought that the Slavs would try to dissociate themselves." He cites as shocking examples of this misuse of music, "Shechrazade," "Antar," "Tamara," the Chopin ballet and "The Spectre of the Rose." All this to the following glorification of Stravinsky.

"In Rachmaninoff we find the quality of all-round musicianship developed in a degree apparently unexampled in Russian musical history." There is a very interesting study of Rebikoff, whose music is too little known in Boston. Taneiev, whose music heard in Boston, seemed orthodox and dry, is treated with marked respect and at a length that seems immoderate. Of Medtner, whom Mr. Montagu-Nathan takes very seriously, we know nothing in Boston. Grechoniinoff's music is a little better known, better than Echerppin's. As for the wholly unfamiliar names in the final chapter, may not some of the swans turn out to be geese? There is Russian music that, heralded as exotic and uncommon, turns out to be inoffensive, dull, rather amateurish.

There are portraits of 15 composers and one of Belaiev, the philanthropic publisher. There is also a full index. The book is well printed and is comparatively light in the hand. Containing much that is valuable, it should interest students and all those that wish to be acquainted with contemporaneous music.

"The Gay Lord Quex," which will be an engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, with John Drew, Margaret Hillington and a capable company, was first played in Boston at the same theatre Jan. 28, 1901. The cast was as follows:

The Marquess of Quex	John Harr
Sir Chichester Krayne	Gilbert Hare
Captain Bastling	Frederick Dawson
Valm	Arthur Grenville
The Duchess of Strood	Ada Fern
Julia Countess of Owhridge	Louise Moodie
Mrs. Jack Eden	Mona K. Oran
Muriel Eden	Mary Mayfren
Sophy Fulkarnay	Erene Vanhugh
Miss Moon	Florence Jackson
Miss Huddle	Beatrice Coleman
Miss Claridge	Dora Rignold
Miss Limbird	Marjorie Griffiths

The comedy was produced in London, April 8, 1899.

So Miss Alice Nielsen has returned to light opera. She will come to the Majestic Theatre tomorrow night in "Kitty Darlin'," founded on David Belasco's comedy, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which in turn was based on Egerton Castle's novel, "The Bath Comedy." Mr. Belasco's comedy was produced with Henrietta Crossman as the heroine at the Lafayette Square Opera House, Washington, D. C., Nov. 25, 1903. That performance did not end until 1:35 A. M., for there were extraordinarily long waits, as the chief stage carpenter had been

suddenly employed by Mr. Belasco's opponents in the business.

It was said at the time that little was left of the story by Castle—did not Agnes Castle collaborate?—except some of the characters, a few lines and episodes, and a suggestion of the plot.

When the play was produced in Boston at the Tremont Theatre in 1904, the cast was as follows:

Col. the Hon. Henry Villiers	Edwin Stevens
Captain Splere	Frank H. Westerton
Mr. Lord Verney	Charles Hammond
Mr. Tom Stafford	Clyde Fogel
Mr. Ed. Chichester	John Vaughan
Mr. Jasper Standish	Herbert Bostwick
Mistress Kitty Bellairs	Henrietta Crossman
Lady Standish	Fanchon Campbell
Lady Mary Prideaux	Fanny Burt
Lady Bab Flyte	Allita Corleyn

When the play was brought out in London, Oct. 5, 1907, at the Haymarket, with Eva Moore as Kitty and Louis Calvert playing Villiers, the Times saw in it material for a musical comedy. "For all we know, the novel may be absolutely devoid of silliness; may even be a masterpiece of sense and the comic spirit. Bath may have every reason to be proud of it. But about Mr. Belasco's play we cannot preserve this open mind, for we have seen it—and wondered why, on Figaro's principle that what is too silly to be said may be sung, it was not set to music. Perhaps that was the original intention, for it is to be noted that the play is already provided with choruses. There are two male choruses—the Inniskillings and the 56th regiment—and one female chorus—the ladies of Bath. The earlier author who made Bath famous on the stage would have said of them that their unanimity is wonderful. When Bath is shocked at the supposed conduct of Kitty Bellairs and Kitty is unable to explain her conduct away, the chorus of Inniskillings (she is the pet of that regiment) all hang their heads at the same angle, while the chorus of the 56th regiment all set their countenances to the same grimace of gentlemanly consternation. When Kitty has to be expelled in disgrace from the ballroom, it is the turn of the Bath ladies' chorus to take the stage. At one time the two male choruses unite in a drinking bout; at another all three choruses execute a combined dance. Decidedly the play ought to be served up with music by Donizetti, and might appropriately borrow one of his titles, 'La Figlia del Reggimento.'"

Thus Mr. Wakley made the most of his little joke, and, for a wonder, without dropping into French, or mentioning Moliere. But "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" was a favorite play in this country, owing largely to the brilliant impersonation of Miss Crossman. That the comedy was popular was shown by the burlesque, "Sweet Kitty Swallows," written by J. Cheever Goodwin for Marie Dressler and produced at the Circle Theatre, New York, March 1, 1904.

The operetta, "Kitty Darlin'," made for Miss Nielsen by Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse, who built on Mr. Belasco's play, was produced at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1917.

Many will welcome Miss Nielsen's return to a form of entertainment that gave pleasure to thousands when they saw her in "Robin Hood," "The Serenade," "The Singing Girl" and "The Fortune Teller."

Mr. Barnabee in his volume of reminiscences tells how Miss Nielsen was found at the Tivoli Theatre in San Francisco, and was engaged to take a part in Oscar Weil's "In Mexico," afterward known as "A Wartime Wedding"; how she later replaced Helen Bertram. The company of the Bostonians was then made up of Miss Nielsen, Hilda Clark, Graco Van Studdiford, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Marla Van Dresser, Messrs. Philip, MacDonald, Hanley, Barnabee,

Cowles, Merrill, Frothingham, Fitzgerald, Harry Brown. At least, this is Mr. Barnabee's list.

When she returned from Europe to sing in grand opera her Norma in "Don Pasquale," and her Suzanne in "Wolf-Ferrari's" opera showed that she had the vivacity of operetta in works of a larger calibre than those in which she gained an enviable reputation.

It is a pity that critics with perfectly sound theories will continue admiring and pointing out as admirable examples of art partially unsound productions. An American landscape painter of considerable standing once remarked that he had been an ardent follower of Ruskin—until he had the misfortune to look at one of Ruskin's own works, when he was at once cured of his adulation. In the same way, Clayton Hamilton, who just brings out a new book of critical essays entitled "Problems of the Playwright" (Holt), develops some excellent hypotheses of the stage—and yet he continually insists on telling you that Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones are the greatest English dramatists of our age, when everybody knows that they were the dying echo of a stage that had been dead for almost a century, a stage which Oscar Wilde resuscitated to a semblance of life, for a few years, and which, after him, steadily decayed, in slavishly imitative hands, until Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, Barrie, Strindberg, the Russians, Galsworthy and Brieux woke it to consciousness of a real mission once more. Even from the point of view of technique, there has been, recently, considerable doubt about Pinero's supreme success. To unprejudiced observers, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" falls short in workmanship; the author has shown such a feeble vacillation between his chief characters, between the wife and the husband, that in the end the audience must be at a loss where to place its sympathies.

But, even admitting his success at composition, is that any particular credit to him, when his content is quite conventional, stagey, and irrelevant to life? Naturally teachers always write better harmony exercises than master-composers, because they don't have to worry about their message to mankind. But who ever plays these exercises over after they have been written? The English-speaking world can't be fooled at this late date by the high-life, shrill-voiced lay figures that, Pinero jingled about on his "eternal triangle." They never carried very much conviction, even when people had nothing better; today they seem like the veriest puppets pulled by silly, mean and petty strings visible to an audience, that has been trained to Shaw, Barrie, Ibsen and Strindberg, from every part of the house. Young men may have fallen for the artificial melodramatic thrills of Pinero and Jones, but grown-up critics ought to bethink themselves of their position. The Pinero period, when the crisis of a drama was centred in the moment when the hero bent over the heroine and lit her cigarette for her, has passed, heaven be praised, forever.—New York Evening Post, Oct. 23.

Notes About Ernest Bloch's "Poeme d'Autonne," for orchestra, with soprano solo (Mme. Povia Frisch), will be performed in New York by the Society of the Friends of Music on Nov. 4.

Replete with fine ethereally beautiful melody and graceful embellishments, it represents Mozart at his best, expressing in a form as clear and finely finished as a delicate ivory carving that mood of restful, sunny, impersonal optimism which is the essence of most of his musical creations. It is like some finely wrought Greek idyl, the apotheosis of the pastoral, perfect in detail, without apparent effort, gently, tenderly emotional, without a trace of passionate intensity or restless agitation, innocent and depending, as a mere babe. It is the mood of a bright, cloudless day on the upland pastures, where happy shepherds watch their peaceful flocks, untroubled by the storm and stress of our modern life, a mood so foreign to the hearts and environment of most present day human beings, that it is rarely understood by player or hearer, and still more rarely enjoyed. It seems flat and insipid as tepid water to the fevered lips of the young passion driven, ambition goaded soul in its first stormy period of struggle and achievement; but later, it is welcomed as the answer to that inarticulate, but ever increasingly frequent, sigh for peace and tranquil beauty.—Sheridan (Wyoming) Enterprise.

John A. Carpenter's symphony was performed at concerts of the Chicago Symphony orchestra Oct. 19, 20. It was first performed at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union festival, June 5 of this year. The score bears the motto: "Sermons in Stones."

During the luncheon hour in a West end thoroughfare I listened (writes a correspondent) to a really clever rendering of some popular classical airs which a street manu-musician was whistling by simply inserting two of his fingers between his lips. Several years ago there was, I remember in the streets of London a blind Austrian who got a living by playing operatic music on his hands. By arching the palms until they were rigid and then striking them together he produced a by no means tuneless note. Sir Harry Johnston and other travellers in the Congo region have come across tribes who produce music in this way with considerable dexterity.—Pall Mall Gazette.

At the first concert for the season of the Symphony orchestra in aid of its pension fund given in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, Geraldine Farrar was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 6, "Pathetic," Tchaikowsky; Aria, "Dich, theure Halle," from "Tannhaeuser," act II, Wagner; Good Friday Magic from "Parsifal," Wagner; Songs, with piano, "Stille Sicherheit," Franz; "Volksliedchen," Schumann; "Sternlein, Mousorgsky; "Erstes Begegnen," Grieg; "Schneeglockchen," Gretschaninov; Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods," Wagner; "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen," "Traume," Wagner.

This concert was announced as the only appearance of Miss Farrar in Boston this year, so her admirers were out in full force. The hall was filled. The audience gave Dr. Muck and the Symphony players hearty greeting and applauded their numbers with vigor, but it seemed determined to make the occasion one of personal triumph for Miss Farrar and fairly showered her with the tribute of acclaim. Repetition of each of her numbers was insistently demanded, but, as Symphony rules forbade this, she could only acknowledge the calls with abundant repetition of her customary bows.

Program of Solemnity.

Her singing differed in no marked degree from its usual characteristics and that it mightily pleased her hearers was evident, though there were those present who wished that she had chosen a few lighter songs for some of her numbers. For with the exception of the Tannhaeuser aria and Schumann's "In My Garden in Hat So Green" her songs were heavy, even doleful. Her costume, as usual, what there was of it, deserved description, but this is not the place for it.

If Miss Farrar's selections might be called doleful, what shall be said of the rest of the program? It was a consistent procession of overpowering solemnity. It was pervasively lugubrious. Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, with its unutterable despair, began it and one naturally thought of it as vividly expressing the woe and chaos now afflicting the composer's native land. The "Parsifal" music continued the strain of solemnity and the music from the "Dusk of the Gods" made a fittingly funeral close.

ALICE NIELSEN

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Kitty Darlin'," a musical romance based on David Belasco's play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"; book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse; music by Rudolf Friml. Produced by William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest. William Axt, musical director.

Sir Jasper Standish..... Jackson Hines
Col. Hon. Henry Villiers..... Edwin Stevens
Captain Spicer..... Frank Westerton
Lieut. Lord Verney..... Glen Hall
Gandy..... H. Jess Smith
Col. Kimby McFinton..... George Callahan
Captain Dennis O'Hara..... Worthe Faulkner
Mallow..... Frank Bradley
Lady Julia Standish..... Juanita Fletcher
Lady Bab Flyte..... Sidonie Esporo
Lydie..... Eleanor Daniels
Lady Beaufort..... Patricia Frewen
Miss Kitty Bellairs..... Alice Nielsen

This operetta was produced at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1917. After a few performances in that city and in two or three other cities of the state, it was withdrawn. The first act was rewritten. The performance last night was the first of the revised version.

A large audience welcomed the return of Miss Nielsen to the operetta stage. Many remembered her triumphs in this field before she went to Italy, after her success in London to prepare herself for grand opera. The years pass quickly. As time is only a moment in the history of the universe, deep thinkers have asserted that the battle of Marathon is practically synchronous with that of the Marne; that Julius Caesar, Napoleon and Joffre, Delilah, Cleopatra, and Cora Pearl, Cuzzoni, Jenny Lind and Galli-Curci are contemporaries.

The plot of Mr. Belasco's comedy is familiar to many who were charmed by the brilliant performance of Miss Henrietta Crosman as the heroine. For those who had not the pleasure of seeing her, it may be said that Kitty, a widow, excites the jealousy of Lady Bab, who was the belle of Bath before Kitty's arrival. She with the help of Spicer contrives to damage Kitty's reputation; but Kitty's wit reinstates her and she weds Verney, for whose sake—to save him from a duel and a silly woman, Lady Standish, from her husband's wrath—she had compromised her

reputation. It is a story that has on a dramatic situation, one that, although it had been often used before Mr. Belasco planned it, still furnishes a reasonable amount of excitement. The librettists may yet improve the first act, in which there is little action, nor is the dialogue so brisk that this lack is unnoticed. In the first act the interest is chiefly in the music. The second act is more firmly knit; the dramatic interest is maintained after the comic episode of valet and maid, and the ending with the lovers leaving the stage after the manner of Rodolfo and Mimi in "La Boheme," even to the final high notes in the duet, is effective. There is an excellent contrast between this sentimental scene and the boisterous songs of the officers heated with wine and the dumb and reproachful silence when Kitty steps down from the bed. The last act is one of Lady Bab's spitefulness and Kitty's rehabilitation.

Mr. Friml's music is constantly melodious, not too sentimental, never vulgar. It is often rhythmically piquant—the dance music is especially delightful in this respect; it is deftly orchestrated. The success of the operetta will be due largely to the music, which might save a duller libretto. Mr. Axt conducted efficiently a capable orchestra. The chorus, male and female, was uncommonly good. The voices were fresh and agreeable; the singers had been carefully trained. The operetta was handsomely mounted; the costumes showed taste in design and color.

It was evident that Miss Nielsen was nervous on her entrance, nervous vocally and dramatically. Her entrance song suffered in consequence. The song itself is not one of Mr. Friml's happiest inspirations. Miss Nielsen, however, quickly recovered herself as far as her voice was concerned, and the pretty, simple "When she gives him a sham-rock bloom" was sung with tonal beauty and genuine feeling. In the second act, the one that made the most serious demands on her dramatic ability, she played with her wonted vivacity and with true sentiment. There are few like her today in operetta, few so well qualified to sing the music that is worth while; music that is now sparkling, now appealing; music that pleases the musician and the general public.

Miss Esporo, as the jealous belle, a woman of attractive personality and a well-schooled voice; Miss Fletcher, as the silly wife of Standish, and Miss Daniels, the pert maid, gave pleasure to the audience. Mr. Stevens, who took the part he played in Mr. Belasco's comedy, repeated his success in the drunken scene. Mr. Hall acted and sang with understanding; Mr. Westerton was sufficiently contemptible as Spicer; the other officers were well enough represented, and Mr. Bradley gave a certain character to the valet. The concerted music was capably sung. Some of Mr. Friml's best pages are in light and tripping conversational vein. Mr. Axt prolonged the performance by too ready acquiescence in the demand for repetitions of songs and dances. The demands were many.

MISS ROACH MAKES DEBUT AT THE COPLEY THEATRE

Miss Viola Roach made her debut in the leading female role in "The Man Who Stayed at Home" last evening at the Copley Theatre, and her clear enunciation, smooth reading of her lines and excellent portrayal of Miriam Lee, a widow, at once made her a favorite. The part was played until last evening by Miss Rosalind Ivan. The Henry Jewett players were again greeted by a full house and the young leading woman was given a splendid reception. The English war play continued to inspire great enthusiasm.

The July part—"Verificatory-Visor"—of the Oxford English Dictionary arrived here a few days ago. Let us consider some words to be found in it.

There are Bostonians who pride themselves on saying "waistcoat." They associate "vest" with "pants," "phone," "wire," "photo"; but "vest" is a good, sound word. It was a gay monarch that first wore one; not the loose outer and Eastern garment, but the sleeveless garment worn by men beneath the coat. Mr. Pepys recorded a speech of Charles II. on Oct. 8, 1666: "The King hath yesterday, in Council, declared in resolution of setting a fashion for clothes... It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift." On Oct. 15, 1666, Mr. Pepys wrote: "This day the King begins to put on his vest; being a long cassock close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg." A character in one of Etheredge's comedies speaks of a rich vest and a perruque as necessary to a man that aims at women's favors. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" informs us that about the time of Waterloo splendid vests came from Calcutta. The Daily News (London) of Sept. 3, 1907, gave this important information: "Lightish striped cashmere trousers would not be correct... If worn with

dark blue coat and vest." Yet in the face of Charles II. and other prodigious swells, Dr. Holmes wrote in 1848: "I leave the broadcloth-coat and all the rest—the dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys 'vest'."

These lines of Dr. Holmes are not cited in the Oxford Dictionary. So Charles II. was a cockney. The dictionary does not quote the phrase "Pull down your vest." "To lose one's vest"—to lose one's temper, English slang, is also ignored.

"Victuals" is a word that is now considered by prigs as low, but over two pages are given to victuals and words compounded with it. "Victual" goes back to about 1303. Coverdale in his translation of Psalm 131 did not despise the word "victuals"; nor did the translators of King James version shy at it. We like to think of Bailey junior at the boarding house announcing dinner: "The vittles is up!" We see Capt. Lemuel Gulliver with 300 cooks to dress his victuals. We read devoutly Bishop Watson's "Seven Sacraments": "This heavenly food is... a strong victual making us able to endure the painful journey to the kingdom of heaven." Tennyson did not shun the word.

A fair-haired youth, that in his hand
Bore victual for the mowers.

There is an earlier but unknown poet, dear to our childhood:

There was an old woman, and what do you think?

She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet.
This plucky old woman could never be quiet.

"Victuals" and "victualier" are also in dialect and slang. To be "in one's victuals" is to be petted, as a child. The "victualing department" is the stomach; the bread basket, the dumpling depot; French, panier au pain; Italian, fagiana (bean box). There is no room for these meanings in the Oxford Dictionary; nor do we find the definition "pander" under "victualier"—see Shakespeare's "2 Henry IV., ii. 4."

"Victualing office"—stomach, is in the Oxford Dictionary with the first quotation from Smollett: "He found it impracticable to smite his antagonist upon the victualing office." The sign "licensed victualier" is still seen in Boston.

How many things were named after Queen Victoria: a carriage—the French gave this name to a caleche in 1844; a gigantic water lily; a minor planet; a domestic pigeon; a variety of plum; a kind of woollen dress material. Then there are Victoria black, blue, court, crape, frilling, lawn. Victoria erape was hardly a compliment, for the imitation stuff was made of cotton yarn. There is Victoria day, known also as Empire day. Above all, there is the Victoria cross. On Feb. 5, 1856, this royal warrant was published in the London Gazette: "The distinction shall be styled and designated 'The Victoria Cross,' and shall consist of a Maltese Cross of Bronze, with Our Royal Crest in the centre, and underneath which an scroll bearing this inscription: 'For Valor.' Victorine, a kind of fur tippet, came into fashion in 1849.

How long is it since any bee-master has spoken the word "vindemy"—the taking of honey from the hives? Does any one today use "vindemiation" for the gathering of grapes or other fruits?

See how seriously older dictionary makers exercised their duties. Turn to John Walker's "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" (1791). There is the word "Victual (vit-tl)." Now read Walker's note: "This corruption, like most others, has terminated in the generation of a new word; for no solemnity will allow of pronouncing this word as it is written. 'Victuals' appeared to Swift so contrary to the real sound, that in some of his manuscript remarks which I have seen, he spells the word 'vittles.' This compliance with sound, however, is full of mischief to language, and ought not to be indulged."

Terms of Trade.

A London newspaper publishes "vacant situations." What is a "consol operator"? one that operates in leather on a boot-bench. A "commons hanger" is a wall-paperer; a "budget trimmer" a workman in the coach making trade. Our friend, the Intelligent Foreigner, might easily conclude that consol operators and budget trimmers had something to do with financial matters; that a "commons hanger" was a dangerous fellow, a wild-eyed anarchist.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—John Drew and Margaret Illington in "The Gay Lord Quex," a comedy in four acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

The Marquis of Quex..... John Drew
Sir Chester Frayne..... George Pounceford
Captain Bastling..... Leonard Wiley
"Valma," otherwise Frank Pollitt..... Rexford Kendrick

The Duchess of Strood..... Irby Marshall
Julia, Countess of Owbridge..... Helen Beaumont

Mrs. Jack Eden..... Louise Drew
Muriel Eden..... Violet Kemble Cooper
Sophy Fulgarny..... Margaret Illington

When Pinero's play was first produced many found it offensive. Vials of righteous indignation were emptied upon the author's head. Having deserted "the ideals of 'The Squire and Sweet Lavender,'" he was accused of calling to mind Dr. Johnson's saying that "a man who wants to make himself conspicuous will tumble in a hogsty, if people will only look at him and call him to come out."

As played by Mr. Drew last evening the Marquis of Quex was by no means such a blackguard, but rather a man of the world, a connoisseur of women, who, having seen life, proposed to end his days as a model husband. Nor was there anything particularly revolting in his courting of Muriel, despite his experience and her youth, sometimes a successful combination.

But is it necessary in these days to regard the play with such seriousness? If the dialogue is frank it is thus perhaps truer to life. All men have a past, most of them a present, some a future. Given a romantic, impressionable and adventurous nature, the rest depends upon a fondness and ability for intrigue.

Mr. Drew as "the wickedest man in all London" was successful in creating a certain illusion, although his eyes were rather knowing than wicked as they were described by certain characters on the stage. He played with unfailing distinction. He was suave, polished, disquieting if not irresistible. His portrayal of the boredom of the pursuer pursued in the scenes with the sentimental duchess was skilful and realistic. He played with artistic restraint in the first act while the impersonation gradually gained in force and reached an effective climax in the celebrated third act.

Miss Illington's Sophy was in certain respects crude. In the first act she was inclined to be affected, mannered, spasmodic. In the garden scene she was kittenish rather than truly seductive. She reached her greatest heights in the third act when she displayed sincerity in emotional moments.

The supporting company was not conspicuous for its excellence. Miss Mar. all, comedy and statuesque, exaggerated the Duchess of Strood's sentimentality to the point of unreality. She was often restless and unconvincing. Miss Drew, a clever and delightful comedienne, is wasted in an ungenial role. Miss Cooper was maidenly and demure as became the guileless Muriel. Mr. Pounceford's "Chic" Frayne, a hardened sensualist and perhaps the most offending character in the piece, was capably presented.

COLONIAL THEATRE—David Belasco presents David Warfield in "The Music Master," a comedy drama in three acts, by Charles Klein. The cast:

Herr Anton von Barwig..... David Warfield
Signor Tagliano..... Auguste Aramini
Mons. Louis Pinac..... Francis Gallard
Herr August Poois..... Howard Taylor
Henry A. Stanton..... Charles Mason
Andrew Cruger..... William Boag
Beverly Cruger..... Griffith Lusk
Mr. Schwarz..... William H. Barwald
Mr. Ryan..... Tony Bevan
Al Costello..... Louis Hendricks
Mrs. Andrew Cruger..... Eleanor Barrs
Helen Stanton..... Hazel Lowry
Miss Houston..... Marie Bates
Jenny..... Helen Weer

Mr. Warfield made his reappearance in the role of Herr Anton von Barwig last evening after a lapse of many years. Of the cast with him when the piece was first produced 13 years ago, Marie Bates, William Boag, Louis Hendricks and Tony Bevan were again seen in their respective roles last evening. There was a fair-sized audience and many curtain calls, and there were repeated requests for a speech, but Mr. Warfield discreetly preferred to remain in the picture.

The performance last night, which again revealed the actor in all the subtlety of his art, put many in a reminiscent mood. Were there those present last evening who remembered the comedian, when, as a member of the old Russell's "City Directory" company, he had as associates on the bill Dan Daly, Charlie Read, Ignacio Martinetti, Willie (now William) Collier, and Amelia Glover, the "little fawn," at the old Tremont Theatre? This was 25 years ago, when already a comedian of much promise, he stepped to the footlights, and held the audience expectantly, as he proudly announced: "My next imitation," etc.

And so, after all these years, the actor has contributed to the American stage several characterizations that will live in the history of the theatre, even as the plays of which they were a part will long have been forgotten. Nor is there a more interesting character in all Mr. Warfield's gallery than that of the jovial old music master. To miss seeing the actor in the role of Herr von Barwig is to miss the opportunity of seeing one of the greatest characterizations of the contemporary stage.

The story is already familiar. Engrossing in its simplicity, in its intensively human touch, it never fails in its appeal. And then there are the many finely individualized characters—characters who one feels sure have walked the earth, even as ourselves.

Of Mr. Warfield's von Barwig little can be added to what has already been said. Indeed, to give the comedian full measure, one's praise might be seemingly dithyrambic. And yet time has but mellowed the art of the actor. Everything he now touches speaks with the character. His "business," always pertinent and well timed, is worthy of the attention of all students of the stage. Seldom is given to an actor the unmistakable authority with which he clothes the part, the potency of his repose the

signancy of his despair—their at-
tention so much. To think of another in
this part is nothing short of sacrilegious!
Others in the cast gave pleasure.
Marle Bates as the kindly old landlady
played with a delightful sense of the
humorous possibilities of the role. Helen
Wear, pretty and unsophisticated as
Joany, was appropriately girlish with-
out descending to gush, and Hazel
Lowry, as Helen Stanton, played with
intelligence, both as the affianced
sister of young Cruger and later as she
realized her relationship to Von Barwig.

EVELYN NESBIT'S ACT IS BEAUTIFULLY STAGED

Assisted by Bobbie O'Neill, She
Leads Excellent Bill at B. F.
Keith's Theatre.

Evelyn Nesbit, ably assisted by Rob-
bie O'Neill, leads a bill at B. F. Keith's
theatre this week that leaves nothing to
be desired in clean-cut vaudeville. Miss
Nesbit is seen in a dancing and singing
number, "A Roseland Fantasy," in
which she has an opportunity to show
her gracefulness and charming voice.
She blossoms out a rosebud, turns into a
dumpling and then withers in a bed of
roses.

Miss Nesbit leaves much to Mr.
O'Neill, whose nimble limbs get back
into shape after passing through amaz-
ing turns. They sing well together, and,
of course, Miss Nesbit's wardrobe
pleases the women, perhaps the men.
The act is beautifully staged.

Logan and Raymond in "They Auto
Better" are the laugh-getters.
They attempt to elope in a "fiver," a
taxi that does everything but go,
and it does go—to pieces.

William Seabury and Billie Shaw open
the bill with a series of original dance
combinations and set a real pace for what
follows. Martin Brennan and Ethel
Vaughn go well in songs, at the piano
and Lee Madden and company win ap-
plause in a back-stage sketch, "Monday
Morning." Miss Gene Ford, a bright
little miss, is one-third of the company
and Hal Smith is the other stock-
holder.

Eddie and Lou Miller, brothers in har-
mony, offer 20 minutes of real music.

They feature the quartet from "Rigo-
letto," arranged as a duet, and finish
with a syncopated song that sets the
house swaying.

Walter Weems, an old Boston favorite,
springs some brand-new ones about his
ancestor Adam, raps lovely woman, and
then squares his attack on the gentle
sex by getting some real music out of a
battered alto horn.

George Whiting and Sadie Burt sing
several of Mr. Whiting's compositions
and have a delightful dialogue. Miss
Burt's voice might be better, but her
dainty style offsets its defects.

De Witt, Burns and Torrence present
Frank DeWitt's mirthful creation, "The
Awakening of Toys." There is the stiff
wooden soldier, a loose-jointed jack-in-
the-box and the Pierrot Doll. Of course,
a clock has to strike 12 to bring them to
life. Then the "toys" turn out to be
about as good acrobats as have been
seen at Keith's for many years.

The Pathe-Hearst Pictorial keeps the
war in mind and depicts Uncle Sam's
first line soldiers in the making.

Oct. 31, 1917

Boston, Boston, Boston,
Thou hast nought to boast on,
But a grand bluff, and a high steeple,
A proud, conceited, ignorant people,
And a coast where souls are lost on.

We hasten to add that these lines
were addressed to Boston in Lincoln-
shire, England, not to Boston, Suffolk
county, Massachusetts.

Appreciative Tweeny.

As the World Wags.

Thank you a thousand times for the
pictures of the Husking Bee. They car-
ried me back to the days of "Sweet
Sixteen." And I sang:

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your
flight
Take me to a husking just for tonight,
Comrades come back from the evergreen shore.
Kiss me again, the same as of yore.

Medfield.

TWEENY.

Kitchen Wang.

As the World Wags:

Is not the word "wang" simply an
abbreviation of the word "Wangan,"
meaning supplies—used more particu-
larly in camps?

GIDEON M. MANSFIELD,

Boston.

A Vermonter informs me that a
"kitchen wang" is a party in a kitchen,
with dancing, kissing-games and a sup-
per. But why "wang"?—Ed.

As the World Wags:

The contribution of "Baiz" on "Old
Times and New," in your issue of Oct.
24, gives much good food for thought,
particularly in that it lays due em-
phasis on the point that the cost of
living is always a relative figure. I
can remember buying eggs at a York
shilling, or a California bit, the dozen,
and a family scrap book in my pos-
session gives a record of some curiously
interesting prices in the early days of
San Francisco, when gold was a plenty,
but some luxuries (now necessities)
were conspicuously absent.

In 1851 a schooner load of squashes
from New England came through the
Golden Gate and, as soon as entered,
was eagerly sought by speculators, who
knew approximately what they would
bring on the open market. Over one-
half of the cargo was found to be unfit
for use and was condemned, but the net
profit on the transaction was over \$100.

Appropos of living expenses in Frisco,
at about that date an old (1850) bill of
fare of Wilson's Exchange, on Sansome
street, gives the information that break-
fast was served from 6 o'clock to 12 M.,
and dinner from 2 o'clock to 3 P. M.,
and that board, at \$14 a week, had to
be paid in advance. The price for one
dinner was \$1.50, and it was very gen-
erous in its offerings of soups, fish,
boiled and roast meats, salads and des-
serts, but the extras cost something.
Broiled chicken \$1.50 and fresh eggs 25
cents each. Yet one could indulge in a
quart of "Heldseick" for \$3.50, while a
pint of London Brown Stout or London
ale cost 50 cents. Taken all in all, it
would seem at first blush as though a
dollar there bought more than it does
today under war conditions.

Emphasizing the quotation that in
our civil war period "One could carry in
his watch receptacle the edibles that a
bushel measure of money would buy,"
we boys had a custom of changing our
money into shin plasters so that our
wad would look big enough to choke a
cow.

ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Boston.

"Will" and "Shall."

As the World Wags:

I notice that "Old Fogey" attempts, in
a four-line stanza which he quotes, to
give rules for the respective uses of
"will" and "shall." As applied to the
principal clauses of sentences the rules
which he gives may be correct in many
and perhaps most cases, but I think that
they would be incorrect as applied to
many subordinate clauses. Perhaps the
rules which he gives are as good as any
which can be given in so small com-
pass, but it is impossible to adequately
cover the ground without the use of
many more words than are in the stanza
which he quotes. As he seems to be in-
terested in, and to have given consid-
erable study to, the distinction between
the respective uses of "will" and "shall,"
I should like to ask his opinion (and
that of any one else who is competent
to give an opinion of value) whether
the "will" which is the second word
from the end of the following passage
in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" is not
an error for "shall":

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear."

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

Boston.

SYNTAX.

We hope that no one will call atten-
tion to the split infinitive in the letter
of "Syntax." The weather is hardly
cold enough for splitting infinitives.
—[Ed.]

LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS THE GEBHARD RECITAL

Pianist Shows Originality in Treat-
ment of Debussy.

Helmuth Gebhard gave a piano recital
at Steinert Hall yesterday. The pro-
gram was as follows: Bach, French
Suite in E major; Debussy, Cloche a
Travers les feuilles, Poissons d'or, Gen-
eral Lavine, La Terrasse des audiences
Jardins sous les plaies; Franck, Prel-
ude, Aria and Finale; Chopin, Waltz,
op. 42, Impromptu, F sharp; Tschal-
kowski Danse Characteristique; Verdi-
Liszt, "Rigoletto," "Fantasy."

Mr. Gebhard's playing is well known
here. He has a fine tone, excellent
technic. He gives pleasure as an in-
terpreter. Yesterday his program in-
cluded five pieces by Debussy. The fea-
ture of these was the pianist's perfor-
mance of General Lavine, the least familiar
number of the group. Did Debussy in-
tend to represent the gallant officer as
short, rotund, whiskered, fussy, the
soul of good nature, given to reminis-
cing? The music which has the definite
character and rhythmic sharpness of
"Minstrels" would seem so.

Other local pianists display more
subtlety, imagination and a more meli-
fluous tonal quality in their treat-
ment of Debussy's music, yet Mr. Geb-
hard's conception of the Frenchman's
works is interesting and his own. He
was particularly effective in Franck's
Prelude, Aria and Finale. There was a
large and appreciative audience.

As a Frenchman, said of his native
land, "Del po a nic non v
ondete, Legranzi, Che fiero costume;
hubert, Du bist die Ruh, Der Doppel-
aenger, Schumann, An den Sonnen-
schein; Wolf, Liebesglueck; Paladilhe,
l'Amour martyr obscur from "Patrie";
Duparc, Le Manoir de Rosemonde; Ta-
conet, Chanson; Faurdraln, Marins d'Is-
lande; Crist, seven Chinese Mother Goose
rhymes; Trecharne, A Song of France;
Engel, The Nightingale and I; Hors-
man, Thus Wisdom Sings; Ferrari, A
Home, Arab Love Song. Harry Spier
was the accompanist.

This program, which might well be
pondered by other singers, showed true
artistry and intelligence in selection,
for there were interesting songs by
Italian, French, German and American
composers. Nor did it lack a patriotic
note. There was the beautiful air from
Paladilhe's "Patrie" and Trecharne's dra-
matic "Song of France."

Mr. Werrenrath has few equals among
American singers. In fact, it is difficult
to think of any who can so skillfully re-
produce the atmosphere of foreign songs.
A singer's diction may be excellent in
English but slovenly in German, muffled
in French. Mr. Werrenrath, however,
commands admiration for superlatively
clear enunciation in every language in
which he sings.

His voice is imposing, manly, rich,
honorous, and he does not abuse its
power. His range of emotional expres-
sion is not limited. He can be tender,
subtle, humorous, passionate, dramatic,
and his program fully revealed these
qualities in his singing.

His performance of certain songs—
Wolf's "Liebesglueck," Faurdraln's
"Marins d'Islande," the air from Pal-
adilhe's "Patrie," was striking. Not
the least agreeable moment of the con-
cert came when he sang with a deli-
cacy and distinction reminiscent of Ed-
mond Clement "Le Miroir" by Gus-
tave Ferrari, once accompanist for
Yvette Guilbert, and now conducting
Morris Gest's superb American produc-
tion of the oriental fantasy "Chu Chin
Chow." The audience liked Mr. Crist's
Chinese Mother Goose rhymes, quaint,
melodious, diverting little songs, not
pretentiously eastern in character. Of
the seven, the second, "Baby Is Sleep-
ing," is the most original, has the most
distinction.

Mr. Werrenrath gave constant pleas-
ure throughout the evening. May he
come often.

THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

German Geraldine Farrar gave a con-
cert at Symphony Hall yesterday, and,
as usual, acted as un-American as pos-
sible by singing all her songs in Ger-
man.

Ordinary respect and tact would de-
mand that an attempt be made to please
an American audience by singing an
American song or one representing one
of our allies.

Of course, Dr. Muck and all the other
anti-Americans were pleased by this
disgraceful exhibition, the same as many
in the audience were disgusted.

The wonder is how much longer the
musical public will tolerate this agent
of the Germans in their midst, taking
their money, while he and the larger
proportion of the orchestra have only
contempt and abuse for them behind
their backs.

We can very well dispense with this
hotbed of Huns until Germany has re-
deemed herself and proven to the world
that she is entitled to the respect she
formerly enjoyed.

WM. R. STURGIS.

50 Congress street, Oct. 30.

Mme. Farrar's songs were not all
"German." Moussorgsky was a Rus-
sian; so is Grechaninoff. Grieg was
a Norwegian. The symphony at the
Pension Fund Concert was by Tschai-
kowsky, a Russian.—Ed.

Concerning Dr. Karl Muck

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is
to appear in Providence this evening
under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck.

Professor Muck is a man of notori-
ously pro-German affiliations and the
programme as announced is almost en-
tirely German in character.

It has been said that Dr. Muck
has not yet played any patriotic Ameri-
can air at his concerts, whereas Mr.
Damrosch began his New York season
with a patriotic address and "The
Star-Spangled Banner," and Mr.
Strinsky included the national anthem
and an American symphony in his in-
itial programme for the year.

It is as good a time as any to put
Professor Muck to the test. The Bos-
ton Symphony Orchestra should play
"The Star-Spangled Banner" in Provi-
dence to-night.

Department of Justice Again

Reports on Incident at
Providence.

RECOMMENDS ORCHESTRA BE HELD TO ACCOUNT

A special report to Washington on the
failure of Boston Symphony orchestra to
play "The Star Spangled Banner" at a
concert in Providence last night, despite
the request of responsible persons, was
made today by Thomas Howick, Provi-
dence special agent of the department of
justice.

He recommends that the orchestra be
prohibited by the government from giv-
ing concerts anywhere unless the na-
tional anthem is played at each.

Mr. Howick was deluged with com-
plaints from all parts of Rhode Island
today because of the refusal of the or-
chestra officials to play the national
air. A storm of protest has been raised.
It is expected patriotic societies all over
Rhode Island will pass resolutions con-
demning the organization.

Resolutions condemning the orchestra
and Dr. Muck "for his deliberately in-
sulting attitude" were adopted today by
the Rhode Island council of defence. The
police commission was requested by the
council to refuse further permission for
concerts here during the war "when con-
ducted by Dr. Muck."

Members of the commission declined
to say what action would be taken.

Mr. Higginson's Statement.

"If the public goes too far in the
thing," declared Maj. Henry L. Higgin-
son to a Traveler reporter today, "I will
withdraw my support from the Boston
Symphony orchestra, which probably
would mean its disorganization. And if
it should break up I don't believe it
would ever be reorganized. It might
also mean that Symphony Hall would be
sold. It is losing \$15,000 a year now."

"I do not propose to have the public
interfere with the program of the Bos-
ton Symphony Orchestra. These pro-
grams were made out in the summer
and I had nothing to do with them. If
Dr. Muck goes, the orchestra probably
would be broken up. This will probably
be the last year the Symphony will go
to Providence, because of last night's
affair."

When told that Howick had written
to the department of justice recommend-
ing that the Symphony be compelled to
play the "Star Spangled Banner" at
every performance, Maj. Higginson said
that he intended to write to the same
department, that he had talked with high
government officials and that none of
them had anything derogatory to say
about any member of the orchestra.

"I suppose Dr. Muck is pro-German,"
said the major. "He couldn't very well
be anything else, if he is honest."

C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra,
turned down the request of Thomas H.
West, Jr., chairman of the Rhode Island
Liberty Loan committee, and eight
prominent women that the national an-
them be played. Mr. Ellis said the an-
them was not on the program and as
it is never interpolated in concerts
given by the orchestra in Boston, he
said, there was no reason why it should
be done in Providence.

According to today's issue of the Provi-
dence Journal officials of the Symphony
Orchestra expected trouble last night.
Maj. Henry L. Higginson of Boston went
to Providence because of that expecta-
tion. Mr. Higginson has backed the or-
chestra for many years.

Concerning the expectation of trouble
the Journal says:

"The orchestra expected trouble last
evening. Maj. Henry L. Higginson of
Boston, Higginson & Co., the patron of the
organization, made the trip here with
the musicians and returned with them to
Boston. Mr. Ellis said that this was
because of the editorial in the Journal
and the telegram sent by the women."

While the concert was under way a
reporter asked Manager Ellis if the or-
chestra would play the "Star Spangled
Banner."

"I think not," Mr. Ellis replied. "The
Boston Symphony orchestra played it
every night for 10 weeks during the pop
concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston,
where it was appropriate. We have an-
nounced our program for tonight and
people have purchased their tickets to
hear this program, and I think it will be
well worth hearing."

"You say the orchestra played the
national anthem in the Pop concerts.
Did Dr. Muck lead?"

"He does not lead the Pop concerts,"
was the answer.

"Has he ever led 'The Star Spangled
Banner'?"

"I do not know."

Mrs. James E. McConnell, president of
the Chained Club, said that she would

to the hall to attend the concert, but was met with a refusal to her request for tickets, although there were vacant seats at the back of the hall. She understood that C. A. Ellis, the manager, had declared that the women who signed the joint request that "The Star Spangled Banner" be played last evening were not subscribers to the Symphony concert course.

"While it is true that we did not subscribe this year," she said, "because of the attitude of Dr. Karl Muck, we have been subscribers for 10 or 12 years. We refrained from subscribing this year feeling that we could not conscientiously do so owing to the attitude of Dr. Karl Muck. Our intention was to withhold our support until proper recognition for American patriotic spirit should be shown by this organization.

"In the Chaminade Club I can state positively that Mrs. Gilbert C. Carpenter and Mrs. George Hall, vice-presidents, and Mrs. Beers, secretary, have been regular subscribers to the course up to this time when it seemed necessary for us to insist that if we were to continue to give active support to the Symphony Orchestra that organization should show a proper American spirit.

"Mrs. Harold J. Gross, representing the Monday Morning Club, stated to me that she had been a regular subscriber until a year ago, when she withheld her subscription for no other reason than the attitude of Dr. Karl Muck on this issue which has now been brought to a head. The women of the organizations represented in the joint request that the orchestra should play 'The Star Spangled Banner' feel that the Boston Symphony Orchestra should not return to Providence until ready to show a more American spirit."

It is expected further action will be taken by patriotic societies. Geraldine Farrar, whose alleged pro-German sympathies caused much comment in New York a few months ago and again in Boston following last Sunday's concert at Symphony Hall, was the soloist last night.

The women who sent a telegram to Mr. Ellis, many hours before the concert began, asking that "The Star Spangled Banner" be included in the program are members of musical clubs of considerable standing. The telegram they sent read:

"The undersigned earnestly request that 'The Star Spangled Banner' be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this evening at Symphony Hall."

Those who signed the telegram were: Mrs. Emma W. Childs, president of the Chopin Club; Mrs. Harold J. Gross, president of the Monday Morning Club; Mrs. George S. Matthews, vice-president of the MacDowell Club and chairman of the musical committee of the Rhode Island Federation of Women's Clubs; Miss Mary S. Winsor, president of the Schubert Club; Miss Virginia Anderson, president of the Rhode Island State Federation of Musical Clubs; Mrs. George Hale, president of the Northeastern District, National Federation of Musical Clubs; Mrs. James E. McConnell, president of the Chaminade Club, and Mrs. Gilbert C. Carpenter, vice-president of the same organization.

Dr. A. Z. Conrad, pastor of Park Street Church, criticized Dr. Muck and the Symphony organization at a dinner last night. He said:

"The only public hall in Boston where the United States flag is not displayed is Symphony Hall." Of Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the orchestra, he said: "Any man who is content to live under 'The Star Spangled Banner,' but will not play it should not be permitted to stay in this country and earn his living here."

It is known that Dr. Conrad feels very strongly about this matter. Last week he attended a concert at Symphony Hall under protest. He did not desire to go, but his wife, an ardent music lover, urged him. At that time he noticed the failure on the part of the management to display the stars and stripes and commented freely upon it. "It is a crime," he said, "that Dr. Muck is permitted to draw the large salary he does as leader of the Symphony Orchestra and not be a naturalized citizen. He is an out-and-out pro-German and sends some of the money he earns here to Europe to aid the German cause. Dr. Muck has been known to express himself very forcibly against Americans."

"Had Rather."

As the World Wags:
I cannot accept the proposition that "had better" or "had rather" is "not grammatical." The grammar of those phrases is not difficult to see, and is customarily given under "have" in all big dictionaries. If my memory of my boyhood does not deceive me, I had figured it out correctly for myself before I found the explanation in print. If a man finds himself unable to parse it, the case is the same as if he were unable to parse any other piece of English that people in general are expected to be able to parse.

On the other hand, there is no need of denying that "would rather" and "might better" often go very well, however much they may originally have been the refuge of people whose grammar was not adequate to the "had." Much more rarely is "would better" admissible; and as to the "should better" with which "A. R. W." exemplifies correctness, can he show a single decent precedent for it?
STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballardvale.

A well-known reader of the Herald and Journal has received this letter from his friend, Mr. Henry L. Higginson, which the writer, as its text shows, is willing others should read as well. The Herald and Journal accordingly is able to set this illuminating communication before its readers.

Your kind letter of Oct. 10 is before me.
Let us consider the case. I have contracted with a band of musicians for one year, and they depend on me for their daily bread. I have contracted with many audiences throughout the country to give them many concerts of a certain quality, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its members and its conductor being well known. That is the contract. The tickets were sold as usual, that is, very well. Not a seat is to be had in New York and more are asked for. Sunday, here, all the seats and standing room were taken. The orchestra, including Dr. Muck, has been greeted heartily as usual. There are my obligations.

From the outset, the one object of the orchestra has been only art. Apparently this is satisfactory to the public.

A very few friends have said some gentle words to me about the orchestra, and have stayed away. Sundry brave (?) people have written to me unsigned letters, alleging this or that, and telling me to dismiss Dr. Muck, who is an integral part of the orchestra.

From three high sources the assurance has come to me that nothing disloyal can be truly alleged against any member of the orchestra, which is composed of a dozen nationalities. One high and excellent United States civil officer told me personally that on no account should I dismiss the orchestra—this in reply to a question about the matter.

At the beginning of the war I said to the orchestra members that the situation was difficult for them and that the life of the orchestra depended upon their good temper and patience with regard to each other. They have all behaved perfectly, and in this matter Dr. Muck has been of the greatest assistance. In short, all these men have fulfilled their part, and the government says their slate is clean. Shall I fall in my part?

For 36 years the orchestra has given comfort and pleasure to many people. If it stops, it will be for all time, for I can never build it up again. Supposing I dismissed all the men. How are they going to live? Somebody must employ them if they can find a place. Today they are aiding the education of the community through lessons and through concerts. Are they not doing more good than they can possibly do harm? They know very well that they are being watched. If we, in this or any other position, throw out of employ Germans, where can they go and what can they do?

Let me repeat. There are in the orchestra various nationalities; there are a considerable number who are American citizens and liable to draft; there are a certain number who are not American citizens.

Once more. I have run down cruel accusations, and simply say they are lies. Another point. The letter in the New York Times requires that the orchestra should play the Star Spangled Banner. Why should it? The programs are made in the summer as the conductor thinks best, for in many years I have never interfered with the programs. Supposing that the Star Spangled Banner were played, would it make any difference in the attitude of any of the musicians? If you were living in Berlin or Vienna, would you publicly state that you favored the cause of the Germans, and if you did, do you suppose that anybody would believe you?

Now, you are welcome to repeat any of this to anybody. I do not write it as information for you or anybody else in particular, but because I know you as a gentleman of high standing and a member of a family which I have known since I was a boy. My own opinion is that if I backed out from this work now I should be a sneak. Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. L. HIGGINSON.

"Napoleon's Grave"

As the World Wags:
In your column of Oct. 29, Mr. J. A. Young asks information on three old-time poems. I am familiar with the latter one only. It made an impression on my boyhood mind as a song sung by my father, and was called "Bonaparte's Grave." If my memory is right, the one verse I knew ran as follows:

On a lone barren isle where the wild raging billows
Assail the stern rocks and the loud tempests rave,
A hero lies still where the dew-dropping willows
Like fond weeping mourners bend over his grave.
The lightning may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He hears not, he heeds not, he's free from all pain,
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
No sound shall awake him to glory again.
Winthrop. G. J. B.

As the World Wags:
In today's column, at the end of "Bird and Napoleon," your guess is half right. This is the missing line:
"The lightning may flash and the loud thunders rattle."
WM. H. COBB.
Boston.

A Tribute.

As the World Wags:
After reading Dr. Crockett's stirring autobiography this morning I feel like the coon treed by his famous ancestor. The modest doctor failed in his article to mention his natatorial feats. I have seen him at Revere Beach poised on the raft like a Greek god, diving from the spring board with the precision of a hawk, floating on the surface of the water with the buoyancy of a sunfish, shooting through the waves with the speed of a salmon and the grace of a goldfish.

As to teaching boxing in the army, if the doughty (hoping the linotype won't start the adjective with a "g") doctor will consent to eliminate the pivot blow, invented by Le Blanche the marine, and the backheeling trick of Slavin, I will accept his plan, provided he will agree to have printed copies of London prize ring rules, as amended, dropped inside the German lines. The Germans are athletes from the cradle to the grave, but are woefully ignorant of L. P. R. rules. This I learned while an honorary member of the Turnverein in a temperance town (the only way I could get lager beer on Sunday).

Overhauling my copy of Davy Crockett, I find that he married an Irish girl, Polly Finlay. Two sons were born of the union before his departure for the Alamo. All of which would entitle the doctor to rank in the fighting race shoulder to shoulder with Kelly, Burke and Shay.
J. D. K.
Boston.

A Historical Ring.

As the World Wags:
Does anyone know whether Martin Luther's historical engagement ring was ever discovered? This ring was an heirloom in the family for many years, and

for many years was lost.

About 20 years ago the German Historical Museum had advertisements placed in the continental newspapers offering a reward for the return of the ring. The London Times, in describing the ring, stated that it was made of German silver, much worn and badly scratched. Set in the ring was a red pearl to represent a drop of the blood of Christ. On the outside of the ring was engraved Christ on the cross and several of the subjects of the crucifixion, as the ladder and the lance, and the letters I. N. R. I. On the inside of the ring was engraved Martino Luther-Katharina von Bora—13-7-1525, and the faint outlines of two hearts.

MARTIN LUTHER SCHENCK.

Tamworth, N. H.
Imitations of this ring were not uncommon in Germany. We have seen two of the rings in Boston. One was picked up 33 years ago in a Munich shop where peasants sold their jewelry.—Ed.

The Germans say that the drive against Italy is only in the sweet interests of peace, not from desire of conquest.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

"De Luxe."

We learn from a theatre announcement that "xylophonists de luxe" are now in town. The xylophone has not been regarded as a sensuous instrument. Perhaps these players are conspicuous for their luxurious interpretations; or possibly for their luxurious life, for, of course, they receive enormous salaries.

If "MC" Is Not "MAC" What Is It?
As the World Wags:

The supreme court of Massachusetts recently rendered a decision on the prefix "Mc" in Gov. Samuel Walker McCall's surname, denying it a place in an alphabetical arrangement of similar names beginning with "Mac." If this decision applies to all proper names with this prefix, it will result in separating in every index of personal names three brothers who write their signatures in three different ways, "namely"—Macdonald, M'Donald and McDonald.

Personal names with the conjoined prefix "Mac" (abbreviated M' and M-) to the number of more than 1000 have been handed down from father to son as a heritage to a vast number of the children of men all over the habitable globe. From a Macmillan at the north pole to a McCoy, "king" of Pitcairn island in the south Pacific—in every land and in every clime there will be found a Mac. Who is he and whence came he bearing a name so characteristic that all the world may know, or at least, suspect him? Is he a Scottish Rob Roy MacGregor? an English Lord

Macduff? an Irish Justin McCarthy? a French Marshal McMahon? an American President McKinley? As a matter of fact, a "Mac" may be any one of these, from the standpoint of nationality, and may possess every racial characteristic of the peoples of each of those countries, but, etymologically, every surname beginning with this word has its origin written on its forehead.

In passing from the Gaelic, the language of the aboriginal Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, into the various dialects of the hosts from the continent of Europe that invaded their country, personal names became corrupted to an incredible degree. These later comers finally outnumbered the Gaels and so completely assimilated them that even their language is rarely heard at the present time. Consequently Gaelic did not become the prevailing speech of the various peoples in Britain, who, in the course of time, evolved a composite language called English; and it was into this language the personal names beginning with Mac, as we now know them, were first translated. Doubtless it was the futile attempts to Anglicize these names and to spell with English characters the strange sound they called "their fathers' name," coupled with the prefix Mac, which caused them to assume so many different forms.

A list of surnames beginning with Mac, compiled by Lord Stair, was privately printed in his "Seven Hundred Specimens of Celtic Aristocracy," and Boyle further augmented this number. Still more were added by Lower "by the kindness of correspondents" and all are included in his "Dictionary of Family Names."

When "Mac," which means "the son" or "the son of," is spelt in full there is a wide-spread belief that it indicates the name is "Scottish," and when abbreviated "Mc" it signifies that it is "Irish." Nothing could be further from the truth, for no matter which way it is written, whether abbreviated or spelt in full, this prefix is purely Celtic.

It is a far cry to clan times in Celtic Britain, and mighty changes have taken place since then. The language spoken by our forebears is all but dead, and our racial origin is quite as obscure as are the names we bear. "Norman and Saxon and Celt are we," sang the poet, and our names are of a similar admixture, and therefore so altered and "corrupted" in spelling and pronunciation that they scarcely can be distinguished as Gaelic except by the tell-tale prefix, and whether abbreviated "Mc," "M'" or written in full, it is "Mac" and nothing else.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN M'COY.
West Somerville.

Tree Bread.

Household economists should note that permission has been given the inhabitants of Finland to cut down 7000 trees in order to make bread. When Finns in former times suffered from famine they made bread from pinebark and moss. Perhaps this accounts for the gloomy music of Mr. Sibelius. The Chinese make bread from the pith of the fatia tree. They do not bake this bread; they iron it out in long narrow strips, with a hot iron as their countrymen in Boston finish a collar in a laundry. "Finish" is sometimes the exact word.

DR. KARL MUCK

The national anthem was played yesterday at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck conducted it. The management announces that the anthem will be performed this season at every concert of the orchestra here and in other cities. Maj. Higginson has stated that neither Dr. Muck nor the orchestra refused to play "The Star Spangled Banner" in Providence, that the management refused for reasons that then and there seemed sufficient to it, but not from any lack of patriotism.

It is not necessary to discuss the question whether repeated performances of the national anthem at classical concerts will fan the flame of patriotism or further the cause of the allies. The question is this: Will the superb orchestra, whose reputation is international, be disbanded on account of Dr. Muck's resignation? Dr. Muck put his resignation in Maj. Higginson's hands that the founder and maintainer of the orchestra might not be embarrassed in future action. As Maj. Higginson said yesterday, Dr. Muck's withdrawal from the position of con-

actor would be a disaster. The "old disaster" is not too strong.

Under his leadership the Symphony concerts have reached a degree of brilliancy that is unequalled in this country or in any country where music is heard. This is not an extravagant statement. All visiting foreign artists will gladly bear testimony to its truth. It is late in the day to dwell upon the surpassing merits of this conductor, whose laurels disturb the sleep of others. Dr. Muck has been placed in a most trying position. He is leading players of many different nationalities, yet since the war broke out, the orchestra has been composed of men united in an artistic purpose. He is conducting in a country that is at war with Germany.

Many foolish, many false statements have been made about him. He has borne himself with dignity; he has busied himself only with music. The most searching governmental investigators have declared him blameless in his behavior as a foreign resident. That the great audience of the Symphony concerts holds him in the highest esteem was shown by the unparalleled tribute paid to him yesterday.

There is another question to be answered: Will the general public forget the great debt it owes to Maj. Higginson, whose princely generosity and love of art have given to Boston an orchestra that has made the city famous throughout the musical world? No one doubts his patriotism. Is this the time to repudiate the debt? Is this the time to undo the work of many years? Other cities envy Boston its orchestra and its present leader. Will Boston deliberately destroy an institution of which it has long been justly proud?

Works by Sibelius, Saint-Saens and Beethoven Make up the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 4; Saint-Saens, Piano Concerto in G minor, No. 2 (Frances Nash pianist); Beethoven, Leonore overture No. 3.

Orchestra and audience were seated when Maj. Higginson appeared on the platform. The audience rose, welcomed him heartily and heard him with almost painful attention. His remarks, which were made with evident feeling, are printed elsewhere in this issue of the Boston Herald and Journal. When Dr. Muck came on the platform to conduct the symphony, the applause was fervent and long-continued, the most impressive tribute that has been paid to any conductor in Symphony Hall.

The symphony of Sibelius was played here for the first time this month. When it was first performed here—the year before—it was a stunning block to many of us as well as to the world. There are writers who insist that the greater part of the Finnish more important music owes the peculiar grimness and wildness to the influence of scenery and climate. Buckle could gladly have accepted this theory. Others have had something to say about Sibelius' violent the sullen revolt of his people against Russian oppression. And there are others that dilate on the inherent melancholy of the man, not knowing him personally. Thus there are explanations, some of them almost poetic.

Sibelius in the flesh is not a dismal Jimmy; he is dignified, versed in the ways of the world, not a child of nature as Ivorak was; he impressed those that met him in this city as a robust man, physically and mentally. His musical education was not confined to the conservatory at Helsinki; for he studied in Berlin and Vienna. In Finland an annuity granted by the government gave him ample time for composition. It is not dire poverty that gives a peculiar character to his music.

He has said that nature has been to him the book of books. "The voices of nature are the voices of God, and if an artist can give a mere echo of them in his creations he is fully rewarded for all his efforts."

But the landscape is in the mind, as in the eye of the beholder. The "voices of nature" are in his soul as in his ears. The milk of a summer sunlit scene may

to one's mind a landscape which has been a desolate, wild, and moor may be to another as the Vale of Cashmere. Egon Heath was not so significant to the men and women wandering on it as it was to Thomas Hardy, imagining the tragedy of Clym Yeobright and Eustacia Vye.

Let it, then, be taken for granted that Sibelius in this symphony, as in other important works not inspired by the legends of the Finnish epic, expresses Nature as seen, heard and felt by him in Finland. The question remains, whether his musical mood and expression are severely national; whether they appeal to hearers of other lands by the beauty, power and nobility of the music. It does not seem to us that in thematic invention, in the nature of the development, in the general structure of the movements, this symphony is so imposing as the first and second. After several hearings, the first movement still seems vague, without irresistible purpose, nor is the Scherzo convincing, wholly to the point, but there are eloquent pages in the slow movement and fascinating passages in the Finale. We are not disconcerted by the wild dissonances, by curious mixtures of timbres, by measures that to some may seem reckless cacophony. Nor do we find the idiom of the symphonic speech a very wide departure from that of the first and second symphonies and the violin concerto. The voice is still that of Sibelius, though the inflections are now and then different, though mannerisms may at times choke the flow of speech or cause surprise. Concerning the sincerity of the man there can be no doubt. He does not trim his sails to catch the breeze of popular favor.

Saint-Saens' concerto in G minor is characterized by elegance, logic and fine taste. As the story goes, Rubinstein proposed to Saint-Saens that they should give a concert together. Saint-Saens replied: "Very well, I'll write a concerto for it." It is said that the concerto was written in 17 days; no doubt the main ideas had long been in his head. The music shows the assimilative nature of the composer. There are pages after the manner of Bach with modern touches; there are pages in Mendelssohn's vein. A sparkling, brilliant concerto, one, however, that does not call for any display of emotion on the part of the pianist; one that does not make a demand on the higher interpretative ability.

In the performance of this concerto, the first requisite is incisive rhythm. Miss Nash's rhythm was not clearly defined; nor was her mechanism faultless; runs were sometimes smeared, especially at their end, so that there was a scramble to join the orchestral chord. Her performance was too often amateurish.

After the Leonore overture, "The Star Spangled Banner" was played under Dr. Muck's leadership. The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra, conducted by Dr. Muck, will make its first trip. The program for the concerts of Nov. 16-17 is not announced.

We read about "Winterbottom's funeral parlors" in New York. Some years ago a story of the heart and home was published in many country newspapers. It began: "Silas Winterbottom was a cold, stern man."

This reminds us that Bardsley in his study of English surnames says that our "Winter" does not come from the season, but in all probability from the occupation of vintner. We have Spring, Fall; why not Winter? But "Somers" comes from "St. Omers." We know a Mr. Summer. Is there a Mr. Autumn? Wilkie Collins invented Ozias Midwinter for his "Armada." Midwinter was once synonymous with Christmas; Noel, Yule, words that have given surnames to families. All that we know about Ozias is the simple statement of Matthew: "Joram begat Ozias; and Ozias begat Joatham." It seemed to be a habit in that family.

For All Saints' Day.

As the World Wags:

A prayer for All Saints' Day freely conveyed from Tennyson's prophecy: Heaven speed the time when we shall see the argosies of magic sails, pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with silken bales; and halt the day when the nation's airy navies battle in the central blue. ANTONIO. Dorchester.

The Medfield Husker.

As the World Wags:

Possibly you can spare a stick or two of space for a word—perhaps not the last word—on the husking theme from your original correspondent, the "Liberty War Farmer."

I think the husking friends have rallied fairly, we having heard from Norfolk county, the Cape Cod district and from Vermont, and now comes the sympathetic letter from "Daphne" to whom my acknowledgments are due for her suggestions.

Medfield did not have a little in it, but the husking was a provided individual, not to a person, opportunities that were not neglected. With a gale at which "Daphne" hints, precautions were taken that half a dozen red ears were brought up from the field and rested upon my desk awaiting their opportunities, which it may be said (over the anonymity of my signature) were more numerous than the correspondents in your columns, and interest was awakened at points too distant for immediate realization, and promises were sent, payable on demand.

From the tone of "Daphne's" letter, I welcome her as a sympathetic spirit, with a hearty appreciation of the opportunities of the festival, though she confesses, in a way, with a naïveté that I like to think does her injustice, to a limitation and an ignorance of a certain kind of kiss to which you alluded in your editorial comments. Your column with its genial spirit lays the foundation for good camaraderie and pleasant association, and if it be not too late, I should be glad to send "Daphne" a red ear, or, what might be more to her liking, entrust it to you for delivery. Possibly this correspondence may have developed an interest so that this feature of New England folk-lore may, next year, when there is more potash in the fertilizer, be more generally revived. LIBERTY WAR FARMER. Medfield.

The Ballad of Bird.

As the World Wags:

I can give you two stanzas of "The Death of Bird" which descended to me from my grandfather, who fought in the war of 1812.

It seems that Bird had been home to visit his family, and probably overstayed his furlough. Early in the song comes his farewell:

One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Shook his father's hand once more,
Craved his mother's prayers, and left them
For Lako Erie's fatal shore.

Following him to his execution, the song does not shrink from the gruesome details:

See him kneel upon his coffin,
Sure his death can do no good,
Hear him cry, alas, they've shot him
His poor bosom streams with blood.
Wellesley. E. D. C.

The London Chronicle comments on the twist given to English words after they cross the Atlantic. "When we speak of a 'grafter' here, we slangily commend a man's industry. Gilbert Jessup was always a grafter in the cricket field; W. J. Oakley and C. B. Fry were grafters as full backs. But an American grafter is a corrupt rogue."

This use of grafter in England is not found in the great compilation "Slang and Its Analogues," by Farmer and Henley. Vol. III.—Fla to Hyps—was published in 1893. We find the noun "graft," meaning work, employment. "Great graft" is profitable labor. The Graphic of July 1878 is quoted: "According to the well-known maxim in the building trade, 'Scotch masons, Welsh blacksmiths, English bricklayers, Irish laborers.' . . . Perhaps in a generation or two Paddy will fall us. He will have become too refined for hard grafting."

The verb "graft" in this dictionary means (common) to work; a-s-y; means, 1, (common) to work; 2, (American) to steal; 3, (old) to cuckold, to plant horns; 4, (American) to sole old boots. The noun "grafter" is not given. In English dialect the noun "graft" means a trench, ditch; the depth of a spade in digging; work of any description; a narrow, crescent-shaped spade. The verb "graft" means to dig with a spade, especially to make trenches in draining land; to do work of any description. A "grafter" is a long, narrow, concave spade.

In George W. Mottell's "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon" (N. Y. 1859), "graft" means to work; "grafting" means working, or helping another to steal. When did the word first have its evil meaning in connection with political office? Charles Ledyard Norton in "Political Americanisms" (1890) does not have the word on his list. Bartlett in his "Americanisms" (4th edition, 1877) quotes from the National Police Gazette: "Scotch Moll is making out good grafting on the Eighth avenue cars," but he does not give the date of the paper from which he quoted.

As the World Wags:

Here is a little help for Mr. J. A. Young. My mother often sang the song about James Bird. I recall only the last verse: Farewell, Bird; farewell forever,
Home and friends you'll see no more;
But your mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

Also one verse of "Bonaparte's Tomb." O shades of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou ledst them on?
Alas! they have perished in far hilly regions
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone
The lightning may flash and the loud thunders may roll

Frankstown N. H.

EFREM ZIMBALIST

By PHILIP HALE.

Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, assisted by Samuel Chotzloff, pianist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Cesar Franck, Sonata; Bach, Chaconne; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole (Allegro non troppo, Andante, Rondo); A. Lin. Gavotte, Humoresque, Berceuse, Impromptu.

So enamored was Mr. Zimbalist of beautiful tone that he dawdled in the first movement of Franck's sonata and sentimentalized the music almost beyond recognition. He was more fortunate in this respect later and gave dramatic variety to the Recitative and Fantasia. The performance as a whole did not do full justice to the poetic and enchanting composition. There have been many performances of the sonata in Boston. The most memorable, an ideal interpretation, was that of Messrs. Thibaud and Bauer. The worst performance that we remember was by Willy Hess and Raoul Pugno, in which Mr. Hess, who could fiddle faster without regard to the musical contents of a composition than any one we know, excited the envy of Mr. Pugno, who, not proposing to be outdistanced in the race, played at a more furious pace than even he was wont to do. We remember M. Vincent d'Indy sitting in the audience, half-amused, half-disgusted at this shabby treatment of his revered master.

Mr. Zimbalist, as other leading violinists, no doubt, deems it his solemn duty to play each Chaconne at stated intervals. Each violinist thinks that he does not play it, his reputation suffers. Thus does this music suffer the fate of Beethoven's viola concertos: it suffers from undue familiarity. Would the Chaconne be applauded so vigorously without regard to the merits of the performance, if Bach had written it in the form of a solo with clavichord accompaniment? An audience is impressed by the words "without accompaniment." The violinist stands on the stage and seems to say to the hearer as Coriolanus to the Volscians: "Alone I did it." Hence thunderous applause as was the case yesterday.

Mr. Zimbalist has a fine, sure, carrying tone in lyrical passages, and there were many enjoyable moments in his performance. The audience applauded everything he did, good, bad, or indifferent.

"Richard Strauss; the Man and His Works," by Henry T. Finck, is published by Little, Brown & Company of Boston. The volume of 323 pages is clearly printed. There are portraits of Strauss and his family, caricatures, scenes of his operas, portraits of singers who have taken part in them. There are bibliographical pages; there is a full index.

Percy Grainger contributes an introductory essay: "Richard Strauss; Seer and Idealist," which, Mr. Finck modestly says in his preface, is the best thing in the volume. Mr. Grainger sees in Strauss "A genius by reason of attributes of the soul and heart rather than of the head." To those who object to "Salome," "Elektra" and scenes in the later stage works of Strauss, Mr. Grainger replies: "The generous magnitude of his soul leads him to desire to inclose and depict, as far as possible all phases of existence, not only those universally considered worthy of artistic presentation, but also many that appear merely gruesome, sordid and 'unpleasant' to a less cosmic vision than his own. I see permeating his music 'a humane soul overflowing with the milk of human kindness, a lackademonically robust personality replete with tender affectionateness and fatherly insight.' He finds in the last act of 'Salome,' the inherent propensity of Strauss 'for rising above all worldly deterrents to final glory.' 'Through Strauss's vision we see the purifying white heat of self-effacing passion resulting in a rapid trance of world-forgetting ecstasy, in which are drowned all any personal considerations of life. This sublime tragedy of the senses seems to have awakened in Strauss's philosophic intuitions the same universally religious note that is equally would in the mind of an oriental mystic, and were Salome's swan song put before us as religious music, I feel sure it would not seem to us incongruous in that character. So noble, so cosmically devout is its whole tenor."

Mr. Grainger does not find Strauss's pre-eminence in technical deftness or abstract musical mastery. He is not an intrinsically exquisite composer like Debussy; he is not a born innovator like

...changing the face of contemporary music with one sweep." He is not a prolific iconoclast like Cyril Scott, Scriabin, Stravinsky, nor is he a dream-inspired colorist like Debussy or Ravel, weaving round his musical ideas well upon veil of subtle tonal enchantment." To Mr. Grainger, Strauss's average orchestration is afflicted with a certain dull, flat, stodgy, middle-class quality. "Practical it is, and safe; it never sounds thin; but it is often 'muddy' in the extreme, and though it covers large surfaces with a magnificent stride, it does so at the expense of charm of detail, and evinces but little sensitiveness with regard to the harmonious balance of sound 'proportions.' Yet Mr. Grainger finds the bleating of the sheep in 'Don Quixote' 'one of the most soothing, mesmeric, opalescent, acoustical achievements in musical history.'"

"Strauss," says Mr. Grainger at the end of his extraordinary essay, "is not a musician's musician like Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Grieg or Debussy, capable of turning out flawless gems of artistic subtlety and perfection, but rather is he a great comic soul of the Goethe, Milton, Nietzsche, Walt Whitman, Edgar Lee Masters caliber." Mr. Grainger forgets to put in this catalogue the names of Artemus Ward and Marie Forell. Are they not comic souls? Mr. Finck has written a singularly readable book. Some write at ease with waistcoat unbuttoned and feet in slippers. Mr. Finck chats in his pyjamas. On the second page of his biography he says that food was "surprisingly cheap as well as savory in Munich and it was washed down with the best beer in the world." "Washed down" is the proper phrase. We spent a fall and winter in Munich in the eighties. The food was cheap and very coarse; we students lived chiefly on beer. On the next page Mr. Finck assures the reader that in 1887 he often supped in the restaurant of the building in which Strauss was born. And what did Mr. Finck have for supper? Soup, chicken, salad and dessert, all for one mark. "Little did I dream then that upstairs was living a boy of twelve whose life I would be asked to write forty years later!" After gossip about Richard's father, the horn player, Mr. Finck tells in a lively manner the story of the composer's life. Chapter IV is headed: "When Strauss Hated Wagner." There are pages about Bulow and his relations with Strauss. Alexander Ritter, who influenced Richard, is described as "one of that considerable number of composers who just fell short of greatness as creators." Mr. Finck is kindness itself. Ritter's music little played, either on the stage or in concert hall. The one orchestral piece heard in Boston is deadly dull, as perfunctory music as that of any Kapellmeister in a little German town. Yet it was Ritter that said: "We must study Brahms long enough until we discover that there is nothing in him." Speaking of the earlier symphonic poems of Strauss, Mr. Finck considers "Don Juan" the "most inspired of all his compositions." Noting the fact that critics abused Strauss violently at Munich and elsewhere, he remarks: "For advertising purposes violent abuse—provided there is plenty of it—is more effective than superlative praise. Most people do not distinguish between notoriety and fame, and many are as eager to see a musical criminal as any other kind. Consequently, the concert halls were crowded whenever a new work by this bold, bad man was performed."

The second section of the biography is entitled "Personal Traits and Anecdotes." Mr. Finck is not afraid of being entertaining. He discusses Strauss as letter writer and editor. He tells how he helped Humperdinck and others. "Richard Strauss is not altogether a selfish man, as many seem to think." The biographer speaks of the fight for royalties; he has a chapter on Strauss as a "prima donna conductor." How does he keep his health? By giving his whole mind after hard work to "a coxey game of skat." The conversations of Strauss with William Armstrong and Ward Stephens are narrated at length. There are other pages in this section, paragraphs clipped from newspapers. We are told that at Paris Strauss invited many to a supper. Giant strawberries, hot-house peaches, the finest wines were served. When the guests departed they found that each one was obliged to pay his and her share.

Part III is devoted to "Program Music and Symphonic Poems: Do they culminate in Strauss?" Here Mr. Finck's purpose is apparently to show that Strauss is not so important a figure as old man Liszt. Mr. Finck's enthusiastic admiration of Liszt is well known. Again there is the glorification of one of his idols; yet he admits that Strauss has gone beyond Liszt in the polyphonic interweaving of themes and in the laying on of orchestral colors, but has Strauss improved on Liszt by going beyond him? Mr. Finck does not think he has improved on Liszt. "Some of his (Strauss's) works remind one of the advertisements of the Twenty-Mule-Team Borax Company." In these pages there are quotations from many writers to prove Mr. Finck's contention. Mr. Finck, dearly loving a tune, declares that there is more real melody in Liszt's "Preludes" and "Tasso" than in all of Strauss's poems put together. Liszt, Saint-Saens, Tschakowsky and other writers of symphonic poems have surpassed

Strauss as a melodist. In the fourth section the nine tone poems are discussed at great length. Mr. Finck hands down his own judgment on them and quotes freely from others. At the end of the section he writes: "My aversion at one time to Richard Strauss was so intense that I conceived the plan of a book to be called 'The Greater Strauss and the Lesser,' Johann, of course, being the 'Greater.' I like Richard better now than I did; but how much greater he would be if he could have had Johann's almost Schubertean gift of creating real melodies."

The operas and the one ballet are duly considered, and Mr. Finck is duly shocked by the necrophilistic ending of "Salome." As for "Elektra," Richard Strauss alone could have imagined music sufficiently horrible to match Hofmannsthal's ghastly, hysterical play. So completely obsessed is Strauss by his specialty of making uglier music than any one else, that he brings it into play even when the situation calls for softer strains. Strauss makes each instrument grunt or squeal in a language foreign to it. If the reader who has not heard "Elektra" desires to witness something that looks as its orchestral score sounds, let him, next summer, poke a stick into an ant hill and watch the black insects darting, angry and bewildered, biting and clawing, in a thousand directions at once. It is amusing for 10 minutes, but not for two hours. "Rosenkavalier" is for the most part "broad farce, relying for its effects on horseplay, vulgar words and actions, and the use of the Viennese dialect"; but he quotes approvingly the German critic Frohlich who wrote that the endings of the first and third acts are so exquisitely beautiful that they make one wish to hear the opera again, and lead one to forget the coarseness and the farcical excesses.

The songs and other vocal works of Strauss have a separate chapter. Mr. Finck finds the earlier songs the best; after he had emancipated himself from "the salutary influence" of Liszt, he followed in the footsteps of Hugo Wolf, whose songs, as far as melody is concerned, are "appallingly arid and uninteresting." Mr. Finck prefers "Morgen" to all the other songs of Strauss; "to be sure it is strikingly Brahmsian, and it is really a piano piece with voice part added; but a gem it is all the same." Next to "Morgen," he likes the "Serenade."

The final section is entitled "Richard Strauss in America." The story of his relations with Theodore Thomas is told. Strauss is warmly defended for giving two concerts in John Wanamaker's department store in New York. There are three pages about the absurd banishment of "Salome" from the Metropolitan Opera House. The remaining pages include anecdotes by the heavy handed conductor, Alfred Hertz, operatic performances at the Manhattan Opera House, the production of "Till Eulenspiegel" as a ballet Strauss's version of Gluck's "Iphigenia in Touris," etc.

The book is readable, as we have already stated; it is often amusing; there is a wealth of information about Strauss's works and what critics and the general public thought about them at the time. The book is anecdotal; it is historical and critical; it might also be described as an anthology with copious notes by the editor. Some have characterized Mr. Finck as a wild-eyed partisan for his biographies of Wagner and Grieg. This reproach—which is not to be considered too seriously for enthusiasm, though it is unbounded, is usually entertaining—cannot now be urged against this biographer of Strauss. There is no honey-daubing in his treatment of the composer.

Mr. Warfield still works a spell in "The Music Master." Not long ago Mrs. Felix Morris was seen at the Plymouth Theatre, playing admirably a gentlewoman of faded elegance and constant memories of genteel days, passing her last years in an Old Ladies' Home. Do not some of the Herald readers remember Felix Morris in "The Old Musician"? Rosina Vokes brought a company which included Helona Dacre, Helen Standish, Felix Morris, Morton Selten, Courtenay Thorpe, F. Gottschalk and J. Rolfe, to New York in the spring of 1889, and on May 9 "The Old Musician" was performed at Daly's Theatre. The play was performed again by the Vokes company in 1890 and 1891. In 1891 Eleanor Lane and Emily Bancker were in the company. It was said at the time that Morris had adapted "The Old Musician" from a French play. Others said that he had taken his material from "Monsieur Jacques", a one-act English play by Morris Barnett, with music by John Barnett, which was produced at the St. James Theatre, London, on Jan. 12, 1838.

George Jamison (or Jameson) played Monsieur Jacques at Mitchell's Olympic in New York as early as 1843. Morris Barnett played it at a benefit to James W. Wallack, Sr., on May 29, 1855, at the Academy of Music, New York. The other parts were taken by Kate Reynolds, Burke, Levere and J. Stoddart. Barnett had played it at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre on Dec. 18, 1854, when he made his first appearance in New York "after a retirement from the stage for 27 years."

But Barnett's play was not original.

It was adapted from "Pauvre Jacques," a comédie-vaudeville by the Cogniard brothers, produced at the Gymnase, Paris, Sept. 15, 1835. The actor Bouffe, who created the role of a man at least 50 years old, the next year in "Le Gamin de Paris" impersonated a lad of 16 years. He was then about 35 years old. The story of the origin of the two plays is told in his "Souvenirs."

Now in all these plays, as in "The Music Master," the seizure of the piano is a pathetic incident. In French theatrical slang, they say of an actor that rushes into a tirade of exaggerated pathos, "They are going to sell his piano." The phrase came from "Pauvre Jacques." Bouffe, as the old musician, thus addressed his unfeeling landlord:

"You are going to sell my piano. (He runs to the instrument.) What do you say? Oh, you do not know what you are going to take from me. You do not know that for 10 years it has made me endure the most hideous poverty. Hunger—yes, hunger! That amazes you, you who have more than enough, that a poor musician is often in want of necessities—that amazes you, and yet I have not asked aims of you, not I, because I found here forgetfulness of my sufferings. It is due to my piano, perhaps, that I am still alive—and you wish to sell it! No, no, you will not do it. The law allows the unfortunate one that is stripped to keep at least his bed; well, sell my bed, but leave my piano, for, do you see, one could never deprive me of my piano. Let your officers come, let them come! I am old and feeble, but God will give me the strength to chase them out, all of them, or if I cannot do that, I'll place myself between them and my dear piano—we'll see, we'll see! I warn you, they will have to kill me before taking it from me, they will have to kill me, kill me! (Jacques, overcome, leans on the piano; soon he raises himself, holds his hands to his head; his face has a bewildered expression.)"

In Kotzebue's "Arme Poet," the dramatist shows a starving hack in the traditional garret, visited by an unknown young woman. She at last reveals herself as his daughter. The play is in one act. There are four characters besides a waiter. The poet is named Lorenz Kindeln. The dialogue is now naive, now sentimental. Of course there is no piano in the play; nor is there any famous tirade.

An interesting piece of music was performed at the Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall on Thursday night in a "Pagan Poem," by the Alsatian American, Loeffler. Its text is "Fetch water forth, and twine the altars here with the soft fillet, and burn resinous twigs and male frankincense, that I may try by magic rites to turn my lover's sense from sanity," from Virgil's eighth Eclogue; that is to say, as far as the music is concerned, something uncanny and inevitable is happening; and this is emphasized by the ominous sound of trumpets in three-part harmony behind the scenes, as the poem is rounded off with the ominous refrain "Ducite ab urbe donum." Other additional instruments, besides these three and the usual full orchestra, are one flute, English horn, bass clarinet, tuba, gong, harp and pianoforte. Something of the kind was called for, no doubt, by the weirdness of the subject; but musically the effect of an enlarged orchestra is rather that of a game of chess with odds of a piece or two; it is most interesting for a change, but no test of play. The addition of the pianoforte in particular, though the playing of it was all it should have been, is unfortunate; as obligatory it always has such an invincibly commonplace sound. As a composition it contained several moments that, even

at a first hearing, raised it much above the ordinary level. There were the sort of rich climaxes that Delius gets now and then by piled-up harmonies, majestic rather than beautiful themes, and a certain clear and deliberate march of the progressions that was full of strength. It was an effort to listen for nearly half an hour, but the music is worth it.—London Times, Oct. 13.

"It is not always easy to see," says the writer of the program notes of the "Proms," why one composition "is born to phenomenal popularity and another to comparative obscurity." But it is quite easy to see why, to take one example, the "Pagan Poem" of the Alsatian-American composer, Charles Martin Loeffler, of which a first hearing was vouchsafed to us at Thursday's concert, is extremely unlikely to achieve popularity, "phenomenal" or otherwise. For inspiration the composer—who, in the land of his adoption, claims a number of whole-hearted admirers—turned in this instance to some passages in the eighth eclogue of Virgil. But the "idea" underlying the work really does not seem to matter, seeing that the music evolved from it rarely succeeds in being anything but nebulous in design. In his many changes of mood the composer, with all his obvious striving and sincerity, fails to establish anything like a definite "atmosphere," and the result, notwithstanding a poetic moment here and there, and the building up of some telling climaxes, merely gives the impression of a highly elaborate work, wherein the composer has striven to say a great deal without making his meaning at all clear. The difficult, but rather thankless plan "obligato," as it is

styled, was played with great taste and reticence by Miss Tosta de Beneci, and to the solo parts for English horn (Mr. B. C. Dubrucq) and three trumpets (Messrs. W. L. Barraclough, F. G. James, and F. B. Moore) full justice was also done.—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 13.

The best answer to this Philistine review published in the Daily Telegraph is a verse from Psalm CXV: "They have ears, but they hear not." For several years London critics referred to Debussy's Idyl as "The Afternoon of a Fawn."

Frank J. Merry, contributing to the October number of Music (London) makes a curious, an almost incredible statement about Richard Strauss. His article is entitled "The Publishing Problem: What Shall We Do After the War?" He first says that many British musical people have decided not to buy any more German music for the present. So far so good. Do they know what is happening? There has suddenly sprung up a suspicious crop of now Russian and Norwegian composers who are being introduced by publishing houses with connections abroad. Some of these new composers are undoubtedly the old German ones masquerading in a new guise, and imitating very imperfectly the characteristics of Grieg and his school. Now we want to encourage and absorb this northern school, because it is really original and has more characteristics in common with native British music than has the music of Germany, but we want genuine northern music that comes from Moscow or Copenhagen and not shoddy imitation stuff made in Berlin. Musicians know that there are certain chords and progressions used by the northern school of composers which may be easily imitated, and these are made the most of in such spurious compositions. They open well, with all the glamour of the Russian or Norwegian school, but after a few bars they sink back to the heavy melancholy of the old German psalm tune which we used to try to like before the war. One would be glad to have more information as to the antecedents of certain of these new composers of the northern school.

Now comes the story about Strauss. "There is very strong presumptive evidence that no less a person than the celebrated German master, Dr. Richard Strauss, is publishing his songs in this country, actually during the war, under several English names. Certain pieces are now being issued by a composer with a big orchestral technique and an absolute mastery of the means of expression, whose work bears a remarkable resemblance to the work of Richard Strauss. The same music appears under, at least, two names as familiar as Thomson or Baker. Although a page of one of this composer's scores may be as complex and forcible as a page of Beethoven or even of Wagner, no fuss is made over the work of this gentleman with the several unobtrusive English names, no information is vouchsafed as to where he has studied or as to his previous success. It is amusing also to read the reviews of his music by those not in the know. Is the British publisher going to allow this sort of thing to be done under his very nose during war-time, and are the British public going to stand it? Matters like this are additional reason why attention should be focussed upon the publishing problem."

Notes About The London Times reviewed Haddon Chambers's comedy, "The Saving Grace," produced in London at the Garrick, Oct. 10. The first performance was at Manchester, Oct. 1. A description of the play was given in the Sunday Herald of Oct. 21. The Times says: "Whatever else the war destroys, the art of comedy seems safe. Mr. Haddon Chambers at any rate has not budged an inch. His new comedy is as rich in humor and in human nature as anything he ever did. And it is presented by true comedians—Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Jerrold and Miss Jeffreys—who are as good as ever they were. It was a real solace to be at the Garrick last night. Amid a distracted and dissolving world you had here a sense of something indestructible and inviolable. Somebody in the play reminds Mr. Hawtrey that he is not so young as he once was. So much the better, we should say, for his art. It has mellowed, acquired a fine bouquet. He is still playing his old part of the genial, irresponsible 'waster.' But the 'waster' is now sur le retour, become amiably garrulous, a spoiled husband (Darby to Miss Jerrold's Joan), and the best of uncles. He knows when to leave his niece alone with an eligible young man. He knows, too, where his wife leaves stray pieces of silver. The tradesmen are unpaid, but somehow the dinner table is furnished. He has publicly shaken hands with the butcher. In critical moments of impecuniosity he moralizes, as Mr. Micawber did, but not in the same way, for there is nothing of caricature about him. He is nature itself, and always was. His wife and niece have a habit of not listening and

has a habit of insistently insisting on their attention. They adore him, of course, and he adores them. Like many other worthy men, he is perpetually flattered by 'You and I.' At the very end when he has at last got back into the army, which he had had to leave for running away with his colonel's wife, he is left asking himself: Is it 'I' or 'we'?"

Bayard Veiller's mystery play, "The Fifth Chair," was produced in London Oct. 16 at the Duke of York's. Mr. Walkley relished the performance. His only grievance was that he guessed wrong. Who committed the murder? "We guessed it was the butler, because (1) though not in the room, he was only just outside; (2) he had a thoroughly homicidal countenance; (3) he would know better than anyone else where the carving knife was kept; and (4) nobody suspected him for a moment—a highly significant circumstance in all murder mysteries. But, to our chagrin, the butler left the play without a stain upon his character. . . . The 'medium' is Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with a French accent and a strong sense of humor sandwiched between outbursts of maternal affection."

A musical farce, "Cash on Delivery," by Seymour Hicks, music by Haydn Wood, was produced at the Palace, London, Oct. 13. "People who go to see Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss expect, or even implicitly demand, that Mr. Hicks shall rattle and bustle, gesticulate very drolly with his hands, make odd grimaces, and cover much ground, and that Miss Ellaline Terriss shall be a very sweet lady with a very sweet smile who at once loves him and laughs at him. And in writing "Cash on Delivery," Mr. Hicks has taken care that Miss Terriss and he shall have the chance of doing what is expected of them."

Fay Davis appeared in an episode from Plinio's "Princess and Butterfly" at the Victoria Palace, London, Oct. 15. The scene is the one in which Fay Zuliani returns as Harlequin from a fancy dress ball to find her supposed uncle sitting up because he is to fight a duel on her account at daybreak. Plinio turned this scene into a "Sketch." "The result must be at once comforting and disappointing to the author. It shows him to be so fine a story-teller that even he cannot lift an episode out of one of his plays without robbing it of some of its force and import. He is too exact and logical an artist to write a scene that does not depend for its effect upon what went before and what is to follow; and no words thrown by a cinematograph on a screen can take the place of the original drama. 'Fay Zuliani' is not a first-rate sketch precisely because it was a first-rate scene in a play."

Mr. Charles Hawtreys' latest discovery, Miss Emily Brooke, a very youthful recruit to the stage, is the daughter of Sir George Brooke, a popular Irish baronet. Her mother was the lovely Alma Barton, and her aunt that delightful Irish writer, Martin Ross. Miss Brooke had only played three times as an amateur when she made her first appearance in Mr. Haddon Chambers' new play, "The Saving Grace," and scored an instant success.—London Daily Chronicle.

Sir John Hare says that at present he has no intention of retiring from the stage. After a short rest in the country he will appear in one of his best known parts. Hare is now in his 74th year.

"My America," by George A. Dillingham, was played at the London Coliseum Oct. 8 by the Dublin Repertory Company. "The sketch tells of the visit to her old home of Molly Heraty who in New York has acquired a terrible accent and money enough to buy fine clothes. Bridgy, her barefooted sister, is attracted by the clothes, and is also inclined to consider emigration, but at the last moment she decides to cling to her postman lover and make the best of his 12 shillings a week. The dialogue alternates between love-making and recrimination."

The Cinema commission of inquiry, having heard evidence, has reported. We quote from the London Daily Chronicle of Oct. 10: "The mass of testimony offered in its favor 'with the commissioners' has convinced us of the value of the picture house as a cheap amusement for the masses, for parents as well as children, as an influence in decreasing hoodliganism, and as a counter-attraction to the public house. In England alone 1,076,000,000 separate attendances have been recorded in a year at the picture houses, and in the average year 6000 new subjects are illustrated. Many of our people, especially the young, have learned all they know about the war and about the world events of the past from the film; and it requires very little imagination to appreciate the enormous influence of these places of amusement upon the community. The commissioners find that indecent behavior in the darkened buildings has been greatly exaggerated, and that the connection between the cinema and imitative juvenile crime is limited and is not a necessary connection. But apart from sex and crime films, an injurious effect is produced on young minds by the excessive sensationalism and frightfulness of some of the films shown and the wrong ideas of life and

conduct often suggested. Improvement in the films is a matter of national importance, and it is practicable. The commissioners recommend a state censorship.—"For its own protection as well as for the insuring of its continued suitability to the nation the cinema should have the support and the official countenance of the state. We want to place it in a position of real dignity. We wish

it to be one of the assets of our national entertainment and recreation. They would have the state censor assisted by an advisory council representative of public interests. There are minor recommendations as to special exhibitions for children and the illumination of the theatres. The representatives of the industry on the commission reserve the right to oppose any form of state censorship which does not give safeguards against its own disadvantages and dangers."

Notes About At the performance of "Othello" in English at Opera, Concerts and Musicians Drury Lane, Oct.

15. Mr. Mullings, as Othello, shook passion a little instead of being shaken by it; while Mr. Austin's Iago was "convincing," the critic of the London Times added: "If he could sing a little more and let us hear what note exactly and what word is intended, he would add much to the drama"; the chorus was not effective; for "the pace at which some of the numbers were taken did not admit of good tone, the time was ragged and not a word of any sort could be heard," yet the critic ends by saying: "Sir Thomas Beecham conducted a fine performance."

On Oct. 31, Gervase Elwes sang the music of Gerontius in Elgar's oratorio for the 100th time in public.

For the Symphony concerts in Queen's Hall these pieces unfamiliar in London were announced: Converse's "Ormazd"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's Sinfonietta on Russian themes; Two Preludes for orchestra by Glazounoff; Roger-Ducasse's Scherzo "La Joli Jeu Furet"; a symphonic work by Zandonai; Kasanil's "Carnival," and an Etude based on Poe's "Haunted Palace," by Florent Schmidt. Of these pieces only Converse's "Ormazd" has been heard in Boston. Mme. D'Alvarez will be one of the soloists.

Two new songs by Cyril Scott, "The Little Bells of Seville" and "The Sands of Dee" are praised. Of the latter the Daily Telegraph says: "Here in melodic outline and in treatment, Mr. Scott has achieved the simplicity which should mark the ballad proper, and it is a simplicity depending less on craftsmanship than on inspiration. The song is unreservedly excellent, but the pity of it is that the lyric is too closely wedded to other strains for this (or any) new setting to win instant popularity." The publishers are Messrs. Elkin.

Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" will be played this season at Dan Godfrey's Bournemouth Winter Gardens. Other works to be performed that are unfamiliar in England are a new symphony by Scontrino; a suite of Russian folk dances by Bagrinovsky, an overture by Goedicke, a sinfonietta by Ormand Anderson, a tone poem by Clerici, Harold Darke's concert overture, Percy Godfrey's ballad for orchestra, "The Night Watch at Sea"; Bluebell Klean's pianoforte concerto.

At last! Here's a native composer actually going to something that once was very much alive for inspiration for a musical composition! The composer in this case is Mr. Howard Carr, who has sought inspiration for his suite, "The Jolly Roger," in the countless stories of that symbol so dear to every British youth in his heyday. It is not only a splendid piece of fun, if the term may pass; it is also the kind of music, this, which one has the right to expect one born under the British flag to compose. There are no silly musical frills, but all is as sincere as if it were the musical expression of personal experience. One would not be surprised to hear that Mr. Carr, in a previous incarnation, had himself sailed under the Jolly Roger. We seem to see the lovely Spanish ladies and the whole paraphernalia of association with the Jolly Roger. But this does not mean that the

work is merely frivolous. It is nothing of the kind. As a fact, it is serious and one of the most refined pieces of native music produced for some time. Clever, of course it is, admirably written, and finely imaginative, it received a most cordial welcome at the Promenade on Thursday, as, indeed, it richly deserved. Mr. Carr himself conducted. We hope he has more of such scores on his shelves and that Sir Henry Wood will place them in his repertory.—London Telegraph, Oct. 6.

The Daily Telegraph (Oct. 8), by the way, protests against the title "La Boheme" of Puccini's opera. "True there still seems to exist a kind of 'Bohemia' within the four-mile radius of Old Drury, but it is very shabby, and never had anything that mattered in common with Murger's 'La Vie de Boheme.' But let us allow that to pass—why 'La Boheme'? We have long since dropped 'Madama Butterfly' into 'Madame.' Do not Rudolf, Margot & Co. represent what we call 'Bohemians,' because we don't know any better? If so, why not let 'The Bohemians' go for a title?" The reviewer found Mme. Jeanna Borola (Mimi) "a joy to hear and to see because of her avoidance of 'tradition.'" The complete "Spirit of England" by

Benjamin Britten and his orchestra for the first time at Boston, Oct. 10. The second and third parts have been performed in London. "The new part which is the first, is entitled 'The Fourth of August.' It and the poem, owe their inspiration directly to the war, and both are saturated with most fervent patriotism. Musically, 'The Fourth of August' does not strike one at a first hearing as quite as spontaneous as the others, but all this may well be otherwise when the concrete whole has become as comparatively familiar as parts two and three." Rosina Buckman was the singer.

How did Mark Hambourg enjoy the review of his Beethoven recital published in the London Times Oct. 3? "It has been said that a robust Christian is not afraid of a jest which is made at the expense of his religion, and one is reminded of that when Mark Hambourg plays Beethoven. He does not, nor does he make us, place Beethoven lower because he laughs at him, occasionally, or even a good deal. Sometimes it is a little scurvy, as much as to say, 'We know all that; what's the next thing?' Sometimes a perverse accent is a little over-emphasized, or imitated a little farther on where it does not belong, to point silly to a mannerism; sometimes a phrase, now become trite, is embellished with an unauthorized grace note, or a three-time is jolted into a four-time to hint at a feeling of monotony. It is all very wrong, of course, and one ought not to like it, but one does somehow, at any rate for a change: there is no pretence of competing with people who really play Beethoven."

Schumann's piano works, more, perhaps, than any other, depend on suggestions of orchestrally interwoven melodies, and subtle hints of others that might be fitted in if two hands could play them. To keep Schumann's sentiment strong and fresh is a different matter from keeping Chopin's grace light and resilient, and it was interesting to listen to the constant subordination of detail on this mainly depends. His (Mr. Moselwitsch's) playing gives the impression of coming fresh to the work without any preconceptions; you feel all the time that he has played it so today, but might make it sound quite different tomorrow."

Apropos of Beethoven's violin sonatas played by Messrs. Sammons and Murdoch in London, the Times says: "Mr. Murdoch is inclined to inculcate his discoveries a little more, which, interesting as they are, tend to break up the flow. It is impossible to think too large for Beethoven, or any of the great men, and to turn aside to wayside beauties too much in so far belittles him. Is not a concert grand a mistake for violin sonatas? The pianist ought to have his fling, but if he does he draws the fiddle. Would not a 'boudoir,' with the best possible 'regulation,' serve the purpose better?"

Joseph Holbrooke's new violin sonata was produced in London Oct. 11, and showed the composers' "most genial mood." "The music had none of the ruggedness or eccentricity in which Mr. Holbrooke occasionally apes the apostles of modernism, as one suspects against his better judgment." The critic of the Daily Telegraph seems to be disturbed and vexed by modern music; witness his remarks about Mr. Loefler's "Pagan Poem" quoted elsewhere today.

Selma Palmgren's "Finnish Lullaby" for strings, played in London, Oct. 10, was decreed to be "simple, delicate, soothing music."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mabel Garrison, soprano; Sophie Braslan, contralto; Giovanni Martinielli, tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass, all of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.

Monday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by John McLaughlin. Reger, Rhapsodie, Reverie fantastique, Sonatine in A minor; Grieg, Two Impressions of London (The Park, Westminster Abbey); Bartok, Abend aus Lande; McLaughlin, Prelude, Dance of the Savage; Debussy, Valse romantique, Hommage a Rameau. The Reverie and Sonatine of Reger, the piece by Bartok and those by the pianist will be played here for the first time.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Helena Leone Troikaas, soprano, assisted by Albert Faucon, violinist. Songs by Speake, Blischoff, Sprosa, Remberg, Gounod, Donizetti, Dell'Acqua, and some Norwegian songs. Violin pieces by Sarasate, Naxos, Mendelssohn and Reifeld. Miss Troikaas, born in Somerville of Norwegian parents, is a graduate of the Somerville High school. She has sung in and about Boston for many charities.

Thursday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Margaret Nicholovic, piano recital. Her first appearance in Boston. Bach, Bourree, Prelude, and Fugue in F minor; Debussy, Voiles, Minuet, Reflets dans l'eau; Chopin, Nocturne F sharp major; Valse, C sharp minor; Etude, A flat major; Ballade, C minor; Beethoven, Waldstein, sonata; Jongen, Soli a Midi.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Rosamond Young's song recital. Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Beethoven, La Partenza; Caldara, Come Baggio di Sol; Legrenzi, Che Fiere Costume; Frank, La Procession; Saint-Saens, Clair de Lune; Godard, L'Amour; Old French, Berceuse Legere, L'Inutile Defense, Maman, diles moi; Brahms, Immer leiser; Reger, Waldensamkeit; Wolf, Maufallensprecherlein; Grieg, Erstes Begegnen, Zur Johannesnacht; Hunt, The Rock; Horv, Cherry Ripe; Sharp, Japanese Death Song; MacDowell, Descent, the Blue Bell.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. First of the Tremont Temple concerts of the season. This concert will be for the fund of the 101st U. S. regiment, formerly the Ninth and Fifth Massachusetts regiments. John Flanagan, tenor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y., will sing these songs: Del Riego, The Green Hills of Ireland; Lohr, Ould Doctor Maginn; Raffe, Killarney; Rossin, "Cujus animam"; Moore, The Minstrel Boy; Lover, The Low Back Car, Molly Bawn; Moore, The Meeting

Maria O'Connell, alto, at the church in Boston at these Saint-Saens, Aria from "Samson and Delilah"; Moore, Belle Me, The House of Tara, old air; The Wearing of the Green; Kreidler, Cradle Song of 1915; Coleridge-Taylor, On the Shore; Danile, Daybreak; Mae Kilmer, harpist will play Thomas's "Autumn"; Hasselman, Clouston de Mal, and Schuecker's Mazurkas. John A. O'Shea, organist, will begin the concert with an overture on Irish airs. Saturday—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Miesha Levitik's piano recital. Beethoven, Variation in C minor, Andante; Beethoven, F sharp major, Sonata Op. 37; Schubert, Impromptu, B flat major; Erikking (Liszt's transcription), Moments Musicaux, Schreber de Vieuno No. 1 (Liszt), March, Galop (Liszt).

Old wine to drink:—
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape through
loose
With the tun:
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunnyside Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.
Not long ago we inquired whether
Robert Hinckley Messinger, born in Boston about 1897, published other verses than those entitled "Give Me the Old."
We have received a letter from "R. H. G." of Milton.

"I am sure that he did not. A man of winsome personality and rare charm of speech and manner, he had bachelor apartments in New York for years, and though intimate with the literary men of the time, I doubt if he took himself very seriously as a composer. He enjoyed society, was a constant diner-out, and in demand for every sort of social function. A frequent and most welcome visitor at our home when I was a boy, I recall his singing two songs in manuscript, the verses and music being his own; but I especially remember his singing 'Robin Adair,' then very popular. My aunt, an intimate friend and contemporary, deplored his not making more of his talents, and declared that his sole production of four little verses had brought him some notoriety, as they had appeared in Ralph Waldo Emerson's 'Parnassus.' A modest gentleman, of discriminating taste, perhaps his self-censorship was rigid, like that of the sensitive and gifted composer, the late Clement K. Fay."

Messinger's poem, "Give Me the Old," was published also in Charles A. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry" (New York, 1858). Messinger used to spend summers at New London, N. H. His last days were passed with his older brother, Thomas, at Stamford, Ct. "George Messinger, another brother, was a Bostonian, a 'city father.' He lived at the Tremont House and was a good 'mixer' and sport."

"Mc" and "Mac."

As the World Wags:
Mr. Benjamin Franklin McCoy is undoubtedly right in maintaining that "Mc" and "M" all stand for "Mac" but will he tell us why it is that many a McIntosh will draw a gun on you if you write him down Macintosh? And why is it that the Macgregor foams at the mouth if you spell his name either McGregor or MacGregor? The trouble is not alone with the prefix, but with the patronymic as well. Some Macfarlands want it thus spelled and others will look murderously at you if you address them as MacFarland. The only safety, then, in listing the names of these fiery Gaels and Celts alphabetically is to put the Macfarlands ahead of the Mansfields and the McFarlands after Boston.
W. E. K

Irritating Portraits.

As the World Wags:
Can you tell me why some of the leading newspapers print the portraits of German generals that had the good fortune, either through luck or because it was impossible for the Italians to obtain the needed ammunition, to defeat a section of our heroic army? Do you suppose for a moment that German still more, Austrian journals would have permitted the publication of Cardona's portrait when he was heating Austrian armies for two years and a half?
I do not think it right that these portraits of German and Austrian generals should be printed in American newspapers. We are fighting the same Huns the same brutal force, for the common cause of the whole civilized world. Less attention is paid to their momentary victories, the better.
Brookline. CARLO BUONAMICI.

Harassing Domesticity.

As the World Wags:
I was much interested in the statistics on the infelicities of married life which was in your column a few days ago, and the patient suffering of Elie Benoit moved me to compassion. I had recently read a short sketch of Count Rumford and I could not help comparing the two men, he was cast in a sterner mould and undoubtedly would have had very little sympathy with Benoit.

He married the widow of the French scientist Lavoisier, thinking to have a wife interested in his work as well as a congenial companion; indeed the marriage seemed hopeful for a happy future, but differences between them ar

Count Rumford. I lived in the... of heat, light, food and... much everything, he was frugal... the extreme. His wife was fond of... company and entertained with... liberal table. He protested in vain... on an occasion when he thought... the entertainment extravagant beyond... measure, he took things into his own... hands.

A brick wall enclosed his grounds; he... the iron gates which gave entrance... looked them, and gave instructions no... one was to be admitted. Count Rum... ford writes of the incident: "Madame... came down, and when the company ar... rived she talked with them—she on one... side, they on the other of the high brick... wall." Unfortunately what she said to... explain circumstances is not recorded—... sufficient that they departed without... having dined. His wife was a woman... of spirit and she retaliated; going into... the house she returned with pails of... boiling water which she poured on some... of her husband's choicest flowers.

The biographer says in conclusion that... four years of such life were enough;... they parted and lived happily ever... after." G. S. W. K.
Newtonville.

METROPOLITAN QUARTET GIVES OPERATIC RECITAL

Old-Fashioned Concert Delights
Symphony Hall Audience.

Mabel Garrison, soprano; Sophie Bras... lau, contralto; Giovanni Martinelli,

tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass. A... quartet from the Metropolitan Opera... House, gave an old-fashioned operatic... concert at Symphony Hall yesterday af... ternoon. Each of the four singers was... heard in turn in songs and an aria from... a famous opera, while the closing trio... from Gounod's "Faust" and the quartet... from Verdi's "Rigoletto" were in... cluded in the program. The accom... panists were George Slemmon, Walter H... Gold and Emilio Roxas.

The most distinguished singing of the... afternoon was done by Mme. Garrison. Her beautiful voice, light, expressive, flexible, excellently trained, was used with su... passing skill. She sang easily, with a spontaneity and freshness that was not forced. Delightful in songs by Granados and Massenet, in the Swedish folk song, "When I Was Seventeen," and in the Norwegian folk song, "Kom Kjøya," long one of Mme. Semblich's war horses, she sang brilliantly and with authority the aria, "Ah, fors' e lui," from Verdi's "La Traviata."

Miss Braslau's voice is deep, rich, sombre, of true contralto quality. She often seemed anxious to persuade the audience of her temperament, as in Di Noguero's "My Love Is a Muleteer" and in the Habanera from "Carmen," for which she played her own accompaniment. Mr. Martinelli greatly pleased the audience by his singing in the hearty Italian manner. His songs by Mascagni, Puccini, Tosti and Sinigaglia were simple, unpretentious, and when the singer refrained from forcing tone he was effective. He was also heard in the aria, "Che gelida manina," from Puccini's "La Bohème," and in the numbers from "Faust" and "Rigoletto."

Mr. Middleton, who sang Galatea's praises somewhat defiantly in "O Rudder than the Cherry," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and later gave an indifferent performance, sadly lacking in Latin animation of the "Largo al Factotum," from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," surprised the audience by his fine phrasing and eloquence in a song that he added to the program.

Next Sunday afternoon the concert will be given by Mischka Elman, who will play pieces by Vivaldi-Nachez, Lalo, Handel, Elman and others.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has called on us. He was in a highly nervous state, greatly depressed. The war has been brought home to him; for the cigars which he formerly obtained three for a quarter—they were recommended to him 20 years ago by a millionaire—now cost 10 cents straight. When he came into the room he was smoking a stogy that smelt like a burning rag, but he offered us its mate and murmured something about a lot imported from Italy or Austria, in 1912. We thanked him heartily, told him that we did not smoke in business hours, and then opened a window, although the radiator was not wheezing and the wind was knife-edged.

"Imagine my surprise," said Mr. Johnson, "when I received in my mail this morning a stamped circular, marked personal and headed: 'How much of you is dead?' The circular was indeed personal, grossly personal, impudently personal. There was no privacy in the question. And on the page was a shocking picture of a man with all muscles, nerves and innards bared to the public view. Do you think that I look like a dead 'un? Is any part of me dead? Is there no remedy against such outrageous liberties?"

"Then last night I was haunted by a word. I know that a teller of his dreams is a bore, but— You and others have been pursued by a foolish tune. You may not have thought of it for a long time—just as a Rabalaian limerick you heard at Exeter as a schoolboy slipped your memory for forty years, but popped

into your head when you were attending a funeral and has lodged there ever since. You say it to yourself, at breakfast, when talking to a client, or hanging from a trolley car strap. Now I, half-awake, kept repeating to myself the word 'Ineluctable.' When I awoke I heard myself saying 'Ineluctable.' I never wrote the word, I did not know its meaning; I have a faint recollection of its appearance in one of Swinburne's poems. I rushed to the dictionary even before I shaved myself—I know now that the definition is 'that cannot be escaped from.' Do you see the significance? I shall never escape from this word! It will probably be inscribed on my heart when I die, as the word Calais was on Queen Mary's." His voice trembled. We thought there was a heary odor in the room, not subdued even by the stogy and the north wind. He shook our hand—his was feverish; and saying that he would soon call again, he went away. His walk was "a trifle weavy." Ineluctable! "That cannot be escaped from." Shall we be obliged to apply the adjective to Mr. Johnson, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Eminent Sociologist, now of Blossom Court, Boston?

A Royal Tart.

As the World Wags:

The reference to the things that were named after Queen Victoria, in this column, reminds me that some years ago a gentleman and his wife from Boston were living in lodging in London, and, longing for something eatable that would remind them of home, they went into a convenient cook shop and asked for a Washington pie. "I have heard of such a thing," said the pert attendant behind the counter. "Why, there it is right before you," replied one of the would-be purchasers. "That," answered the pert saleswoman scornfully, "is a Victoria tart." Pies in England are usually filled with meat. "Is it a weal and hammer?" inquires one of Dickens's immortal characters. Of course we have tarts in New England, but they are usually diminutive fruit pies without a top crust, that are dear to the heart of the always hungry American boy.

Dorchester. J. W. R.

Confused Publishers.

As the World Wags:

In further discussion as to Mc and Mac, it may be remembered that at the hearing before the supreme court the directory publishers testified that they had agreed that Mc equals Mac. Even admitting that this is so, these same directory publishers have been the cause of much trouble and profanity by not putting the combined Mc's and Mac's in a list by themselves, as other cataloguers do. But no; they jumble in other names which have nothing to do with the Celt. No one looks for these other names in the midst of pages of Mc's. Note this sequence: McArdle, Macario, Macarovsky, McArthur; MacCarlie, Maccarone, McCarthy; MacDuff, Macedi, Macedo, McElroy; McEwen, Macey, McFadden; McGuire, Machado, McHale; McHenry, Machner, McHugh, Maciata, McIduff, and so on. Thus these brilliant publishers meet and vote to mix the Portuguese and Jewish names with the Celts. But lo! how consistent they are. When they have a family name that is both Mc and Mac do they mix them? Oh, no. For example, all the MacKenzie's are in a list by themselves, then come all the McKenzies. Thus even they admit that Mac precedes Mc.

Fall River.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert present the Winter Garden spectacle, "The Show of Wonders," in two acts and 15 scenes. Staged by J. C. Huffman; dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg, Otto Motzan and Herman Timberg; musical numbers arranged by Allen K. Foster. First performance in Boston.

It is unnecessary to print the casts of the different scenes, for the chief performers were seen, now here, now there, throughout the entire show. The principals were: George W. Monroe, Eugene Coogan, Dan Quinn, Eugene O'Rourke, Tom Lewis, Sidney Phillips, Edmund Mulcahy, White and Clayton, Marilyn Miller and Adele Ardley.

Like many of its predecessors this show is episodic. The piece is chiefly interesting from the spectacular viewpoint and in this particular it is head and shoulders above its predecessors. There is the high spirited and exuberant ensembles of other years, the same bewildering and colorful galaxy of girls, now conspicuous for their daring and scanty attire, now peeping from cumbersome attire of extravagant scheme and alarming overdone, and yet the show is by far less "girly" than others that have charmed with evident and rampant youth.

The music is of the kind to provide a setting for a riotous show, now and then rising above the commonplace.

Adele Ardley, with her pretty associates, encircled the orchestra, petting the eager youth of the stalls with rubber balls, and sending balloons merrily upward through the auditorium. Scoldom has there been such unbridled enthusiasm in a local theatre as when the eager audience, now amply supplied with rubber balls, let them have at the pretty heads peeping from the huge drop, after the manner of the African dodger.

The principal scenes were somewhere in the Adirondacks. The Deer Trail, The Oriental Bazaar, At the Railroad Station, In a Pullman Car, The Garden of Peaches, A Burmese Temple, A Bit of Opera, Submarine F-7, The Bubble Girls, The Squares, New York City, On the Beach, The Lobby of the Giltmore Hotel, and the Masked Ball.

Marilynn Miller as Eve was the chief feature of the evening. Many in the audience were no doubt amazed with her turn at the dance. In a program that would tax the physical resources of one of greater stature, Miss Miller, after enchanting her audience with the fleetness, the charm of rhythm, the seemingly endless pirouetting, emerged as if eager for the task all over again.

Willie Howard entertained in Al Johnson's style, with a fine regard for the manner affected by that comedian. Eugene Howard, as Willie's partner, "fed" the latter effectively.

Tom Lewis was funny with his droll speech and George W. Monroe, much slighter than on previous visits, made all he could of insufficient material.

A word should be said for the submarine scene. Coming as it did after much comedy and diversion, this melodramatic bit balanced the whole performance. The scene is staged with fine mechanical taste and the illusion of the undersea craft is well worked out. To make public the conclusion of this scene would be spoiling a pleasure for future audiences.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Giuseppe Creatore's grand opera company in Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Creatore conducted.

Gilda.....	Regina Vicarino
Maddalena.....	Hilda Deighton
Giovanna.....	Maria Marina
Cotessa Ceparano.....	Laura Barbina
Duke of Mantova.....	Ralph Errolle
Rigoletto.....	Silvio Garavelli
Sparafucile.....	Alfredo Kaufman
Monterone.....	Giuseppe Intonato
Borsa.....	Louis Derman
Manardo.....	Paust Bozza
Conte Ceparano.....	Luigi Bianchi
Page.....	Nora Damiani

However inferior the performance, the music of Verdi's opera invariably gives pleasure to the audience, and last evening was no exception to the rule. Mr. Creatore has made certain cuts. The orchestration is his own. He directed in a musicianly fashion and with native fervor.

The singers who took the leading parts were conspicuous for their knowledge of routine rather than for their musical or dramatic excellence. Mr. Garavelli's Rigoletto was perhaps the best sustained impersonation.

The opera this evening will be "Carmen," with Edith Alvord in the title role.

HEAD KEITH BILL

The World Dancers, with Lester Sheehan and Pearl Regay in "The Evolution of the Dance," is the keystone number of a well constructed bill of all-star acts at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. May Tully conceived the idea of the World Dancers.

A large audience last night was delighted with the faithfulness with which the eight periods of dancing were interpreted and the exceptional ability of the artists. James Templeton, depicting the prehistoric barbarian, wears modern dancing shoes, but they are forgotten when he roars as loudly as the "Call-ban." Miss Glenna Fel Gado takes the audience back to the days of Egypt, and Stafford Pemberton, Kathleen McHugh and Dorothy Scott dance the classical Grecian. Charles Adler whirls through the Cossaque, Alice Cavanaugh and Weldon Ross minuet through the Renaissance, and Julius Lorraine, the "Ethiopian Hope," recalled Eddie Lenord's plantation day soft shoe steps.

Then comes the age of syncopation with Miss Regay and Mr. Sheehan. One-steps, fox trots and Hawaiian numbers faded before the Shim-me-shawable, conceived (probably in a nightmare) by May Tully. It seems as though Miss Regay's back is due for a fracture before she finishes some of the steps. The syncopated numbers, danced to special music by Daniel Dore, a comparatively new composer, not only set the house swaying, but also get into the hide of the cave man who gradually responds and is followed by the dancers of the other periods. The whole act is beautifully staged. Each period is announced by "Terpsichore" in the person of Phoebe Whiteside, a nimble toe dancer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry are back again. Mrs. Barry has her same old hearty laugh; Jimmy his characteristic rube ways. Their offering, "The Burglar," is new, and an amusing vehicle.

Leon & Co., including Edith Packard, offers original magic without the tiresome chatter of the old school sleight-of-hand performer. The closing illusion, "Fire and Water," is, perhaps, the most spectacular and finds Miss Packard bound in a crystal water cask.

Robert, comedy juggler, opens the bill and is followed by Al Rover and sister in an eccentric musical and dancing novelty. Wilfred Clarke, assisted by Grace Melken and company, has a nifty-a-minute sketch, "His Reel Trouble."

Bailey and Cowan and Bailey's banjo please lovers of syncopation and the jazz stuff; Sylvia Clark, a dainty comedienne, delights. Will J. Ward and his Five Symphony Girls have a piano band, four uprights and a baby grand. The act is a whole show in one.

GLOBE THEATRE

"The Argyle Case" was presented by the stock company at the Globe Theatre last evening. It was originally presented by Robert Hilliard. Detective William J. Burns, co-author with Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, is no doubt responsible for its employing in its development such comparatively modern utilities as the dictograph and rolograph. The case that presents itself is the murder of John Argyle, whose body is discovered in his library. Police investigation and the sensational stories of the newspapers only serve to tangle up the case and make it more of a mystery. Into this tangle comes Asche Kay-ton, detective extraordinary. He happens upon clues, one of which is a counterfeit bill, which uncovers a new lead and links it with the murder. There is a charming love story between the detective and a young girl whose parentage proves one of the big surprises, and there is a thrilling scene in the counterfeiters' den, but the grand mystery is that of the murder. The role of Kay-ton was played effectively and with easy assurance by Robert Le Sueur, and Mary Frey was winning as the girl of the mystery.

'GRASS WIDOW'

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Grass Widow," a musical comedy in three acts, adapted by Channing Pollock and Renold Wolf from a French comedy; music by Louis A. Hirsch. Produced at Atlantic City by Madison Corey, Oct. 8, 1917. Gus Salzer, musical director.

Vincent.....	Tom O'Hare
Annette.....	Emma Janvier
Anatol Pivert.....	George Marlon
Larry Doyle.....	Robert Emmet Keane
Dorothy, a Delaware Peach.....	Betty Clark
Florence, a Delaware Peach.....	Edna Waddell
Betty, a Delaware Peach.....	Marion Ford
Angie, a Delaware Peach.....	May Hopkins
Denise.....	Natalie Alt
Colette.....	Gretchen Eastman
Fernand Dore.....	Victor Morley
Jacques, the Count de Cluny.....	Howard Marsh
Lucille.....	Marguerite L. Eritts
Monsieur Faveran.....	Leon E. Brown

The play bill stated that "The Grass Widow" has a real plot, and it praised Messrs. Pollock and Wolf as the authors of this comedy and other plays.

Now "The Grass Widow" is an adaptation of "Le Peril Jaunc," a comedy in three acts by Alexander Bisson and Albert de Saint Albin, which was produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville, Paris, on Feb. 1, 1916. The part of Pivert was then played by Max Dearly; that of the Count by Gaston Dubosc. Mme. Martha Regnier took the part of Denise; Mile, Yvonne de Bray that of Annette. The piece was played 21 times that year.

The plot of the Frenchmen has been preserved in its essentials. Denise, who loves the Count—he is Jacques de Castel-Guyon in the original—but thinks she is forsaken, marries Pivert from pique, but runs away with the Count after the civil wedding, and before the church has blessed the union. Pivert swears revenge. In the second act there is a slight concession to American taste—or prudishness. In the original, Denise passes as the Count's wife, and not until the French government declares that he must marry her if he wishes to be appointed minister to Portugal does he plan to obtain Pivert's consent to a divorce. In the adaptation the exact position of Denise is not defined, although there is talk of a divorce granted her in Belgium. There are other changes, not very important. The condition of Pivert that she should spend 24 hours with him at his inn at Fontainebleau before he will consent to a divorce remains the same, although the time is cut down to 12 hours. As in the original, Denise, with the help of Annette, outwits Pivert, preserves her honor, and there is a happy ending.

There surely should be some acknowledgment of the Americans' indebtedness to the French authors on the playbill. Bisson died five years ago, so he, in all probability, is not interested in this adaptation. We do not know the whereabouts of M. Saint Albin.

But we all are indebted to Messrs. Pollock and Wolf for a most interesting piece. They have made a reasonable adaptation, one in which the interest of the spectator is steadily maintained, while the dialogue is entertaining and the introduction of vaudeville acts is not too incongruous. How much of the dialogue is theirs, how much is a translation from the French, we have no means of knowing; but there are lines that have unmistakably an American origin and they are among the best.

Here, too, comes up the question concerning the share of the comedians in giving liveliness to the dialogue. The original piece was without music. The lyrics in this adaptation are better than those usually heard in pieces of this kind; they have more point, and they are often ingenious in the matter of rhyme. Mr. Hirsch's music is tuneful, it has the requisite go; the sentimental songs are not too sugary, though the gay pages are more conspicuous than the serious ones. The "conventional" music is light and pleasing; the music of "The Whirlwind Whirl" and "When the Saxophone is Playing" has irresistible dash.

When "The Grass Widow" was produced at Atlantic City, the chief comedians were Otis Harlan, Jess Dandy and Victor Morley. It was expected that W. J. Ferguson would take the part of Pivert in Boston. For some reason or other the part was played by George Marion, who gave a carefully conceived and strongly marked performance, in which he passed easily from farce to comedy, from comedy to melo drama. In many ways his impersonation of the amorous, bitterly disappointed restaurant keeper whose melo drama made him the laughing stock of the village and the subject of songs about "The Husband of Tours," was a striking one. Such force and true characterization are seldom seen in musical comedy.

Miss Alt was a fair bride with songs; Miss Eastman was fascinatingly vivacious; Miss Janvier was again funny in an eccentric part—we wonder how it was played in Paris; Messrs. Morley and Keane were very amusing in comedy and in vaudeville, while the resonant voice of Mr. Marsh was effective in ensemble.

The piece is beautifully mounted. The costumes are conspicuous for taste in design and color. Those worn in the third act are daintily gorgeous. The young women are uncommonly attractive. The dance of Mabel Leyman and Sylvia Chaulsea was an agreeable feature.

"The Grass Widow" is well worth seeing. It should have a long and prosperous run. Unlike many pieces of its kind, it does not flatten when it is half over.

Miss Alt threw a huge bouquet to Gov. McCall, who was in a box, and addressed him as "Mayor McCall," which added to the gaiety of the occasion, but did not persuade him to make a speech.

We have already thanked Mr. Arthur Train for letting us know by writing "The World and Thomas Kelly" how the swells at Newport, R. I., entertain their guests: what sort of bed chamber with sitting room and bath room they provide; what sort of breakfast is served to the guests in undress. "T. W. C.," in a letter, commenting on Mr. Train's story, writes: "Speaking of the illustration, had you noted the amazing family likeness of Evelyn, Lottie and Pauline? The artist chap evidently worked the same luscious, plastic, blonde model for all three, some girl of the type of Ray Gilmore. Queer tricks they have. For example, May Wilson Preston's way of finishing a figure, then drawing a brushful of Chinese white across the mouth, making at one stroke a full set of very white front teeth."

"J. W." also writes about the novel: "It seemed to me that the character most worth while was Parradym, Kelly's mentor, an all-round man of the world with a philosophy of life developed in the school of bitter experience, mellowed by a kindly and lovable disposition. I could not help wishing that the author of the tale had kept 'Parray' more in the limelight and had brought the story less abruptly to a finish. The description of the Boston home and Kelly's early training and environment made interesting reading to at least one old West End boy."

We are still faithful to Pauline, and not merely because she had a million of money. She was a fine girl and knew what she wanted. Tom treated her badly and deserved his fate, marrying the Harvard professor's daughter. As for "Parray," he is left by the author sojourning in Boston, probably seeing the Boston public library, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Old South, with excursions to Cambridge, Concord and the Arboretum. If we knew his address we would send him a card to the Porphyry. Why doesn't he go back to New York and woo Pauline? He is ten times more of a man than Kelly, and his age should not stand in the way.

"Wolf! Wolf!"

As the World Wags:

Wolves no longer roam the wilds of Cape Cod, where formerly they were numerous and audacious, causing much annoyance to the hardy pioneers. But I

understand that large packs still wander through the plains and forests of the West. Has anybody suggested to Mr. Hoover that the American people should be asked to cultivate a taste for wolf-meat? The wolves of the sea, heretofore known as dogfish and utterly despised as an article of diet, are now in high favor as "grayfish." And we may yet come to enjoy the humble sculpin! One gets used to some strange dishes in these days of food conservation.

I find the following in a magazine published in 1833:

"We sat down and cooked our wolf, the Indian assuring us all the while that it was a great deal nicer than lean deer-meat. Hungry, however, as a whole day's unsuccessful hunting had made me, I was still very unwilling, in spite of his assurances, to try it; but the evident relish with which I saw him eating it dissipated all of my prejudices against wolf-meat, and, in fine, I feasted on the fat ribs, which proved most palatable, and certainly superior to lean venison. My companion laughed at observing me completely conquer my scruples, and detached a couple more ribs off the savory fore-quarter then hissing at the fire. We certainly enjoyed our supper that night, nor was my stomach a whit the worse for the strange food with which it had been astonished."—Palliser's Rambles.

Perhaps you have read "Palliser's Rambles." Wasn't the author Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser (1733-96)?

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster.

We find nothing about wolf as a table dish in the old standard natural histories or cook books. Mizaldus, that is, Antoine Mizauld, tells us that if a man anoints his feet and hands with the grease of a wolf they will not suffer from cold, which is a good thing to know. There is a wealth of invaluable information about the wolf in Edward Topsell's "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents" (London, 1607, 1608, 1658), which is, on the whole, the most authoritative work on the subject. Twelve folio pages with a startling picture of the beast are devoted to the wolf. Topsell informs us that wolves have no friends but the parrots. The brains of wolves decrease and increase with the moon. Perhaps it is not generally known that wolves "cat a kind of earth called Argilla, which they do not for hunger, but to make their bellies weigh heavy, to the intent that when they set upon an Horse, an Ox, a Hart, or Elk, or some such strong beast, they may weigh the heavier, and hang fast at their throats till they have pulled them down, for by virtue of that tenacious earth, their teeth are sharpened and the weight of their bodies increased." Even if wolf's meat is not eaten in distressful times it is a good thing for a man to carry the right eye of a wolf, but privately, for all four-footed creatures will avoid him; he will pass through the midst of enemies and no one will touch him; it puts away all phantoms and it expels fits of ague. "Also the eye of a wolf and the first joint of his tail, carried in a golden vessel, will make the bearer powerful and glorious, and honorable, and rich, and acceptable." We quote from "The Magick of Kiranl, King of Persia, and of Harpocraton" (1655).—[Ed.]

• The Dream Books.

As the World Wags:

An old aunt of mine at Steep Brook, near Fall River, has a dream book, bought in Boston in 1863. Its title (in part) is "The Golden Wheel (no relation to the automobile) Dream Book and Fortune Teller," by Felix Fontaine (which sounds apocryphal), professor of astrology and lecturer on astronomy and spiritual philosophy! It is a quaint volume. I wonder whether the cooks and housemaids are still given to signs and omens and telling fortunes and making forecasts of one's fate from reading tea-leaf deposits in breakfast cups? This happy Fontaine doesn't say in what college he is professor and lecturer, thus leaving much to the imagination. Thus again ignorance is bliss and it is folly to be too wise. This dream book was issued by Dick & Fitzgerald—peace to their ashes!—of Ann street, New York, and multitudes of malds of curious minds made their vade mecum. Does any one but a GYPSY or a Voodooist now tell fortunes I wonder? I know several confiding Boston women who patronize the astrologers.

Brookline. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT. Speak not lightly of the stars and their influence on poor mortals. There are stern business men in Boston that consult the astrologers. As for the book mentioned by Mr. Wright—we prefer "Napoleon's Dream Book."—Ed.

MAJESTIC THEATRE.—First performance in Boston of "The Star Gazer," a comedy, with music, in three acts. Book by Cosmo Hamilton; lyrics

by Matthew C. Woodson; music by Edward P. Temple. Cast: Edward P. Temple, Gactano Merola, on and T. cast:

Peter Blunt, Esq., John Murray Kelly, John Lydy Peckham, John Harwood Arthur Howard, John Charles Thomas Sir Joshua Puddifant, Alfred Herring Lady Puddifant, Jeanne Helyea Rebecca Puddifant, Edna Temple Elizabeth Puddifant, Carolyn Duffy Alderman Hornblower, George Harecourt Mrs. Hornblower, Catherine Manning Martha Hornblower, Wanda Lyon Squire Trendlecombs, Theo. F. Reynolds Mrs. Trendlecombe, Elizabeth Goodhill Anne, Jeanne Methven Miss Honora Titterton, Isabel Vernon Mr. Percy Ebbelwhite, Paul Irving

This play was performed for the first time on any stage at New London last Monday night. The first scene of this play was full of promise and this promise was justified throughout the entire performance. And beyond all this the play has a good ending, and this is, indeed, saying much, as one looks back over the surfeit of inconsequential musical comedies.

Mr. Hamilton has provided a solid book. To be true, the story is light, but this is as it should be after the manner of musical comedy. And in this light touch there is a certain elegance, both in the speech of his characters and his manner of presenting them. And over and above all this is the music of Franz Lehar, who, in this score, has carried himself well above his present enviable stratum. First of all, there is an obvious pertinency; nor has he felt obliged to return to other children of his music brain. The orchestration is admirable, and there is skilful employment of the various sections. Highly imaginative, he has followed Mr. Hamilton's hand with fine musical taste.

Peter Blunt is best described as a "nut," to descend to the vernacular of the day. Continually apostrophizing, with him astronomy is an obsession. His entrance to the lecture room of Miss Titterton's seminary is welcomed by Kitty, Anne, Rebecca and Martha, and each in turn seeks to lure the dreamy Peter. But Peter, for all his dreams, is considerate; he acquiesces to all their advances, while he dreams on and there are tokens for this and that one.

The girls continue their chace, each in her own way, and there is both surprise and chagrin the following day when all meet at Peter's house supposedly to call on Kitty, Peter's sister. Peckham, Peter's man, is distracted, between the girls and Peter's ethereal digressions, and invents a scheme to rid the house of them all. He succeeds with all but Anne, who refuses to believe Peter has had an "affair." There is a betrothal, a wedding; but Peter is an icy lover. Kitty, seeing Anne's plight, arouses Peter by a taunt of jealousy and Peter comes down to earth as a great lover.

The character of Peter is a difficult one, for the part requires an aesthetic touch; nor would it be improper to liken him to a latter-day Malvollo. Mr. Murray in the role met the requirements commendably, with never a tendency to overact. Nor was he the less interesting in musical speech, a happy combination, too often found wanting in the run of comedians.

Beth Lydy, as Kitty, was a pleasure both vocally and dramatically. A fluent singer, she was often brilliant in sustained song; there was always tonal quality and ease. What a picture, in her peeping pantalettes and flaring hoop-skirts, she made with her comrades of another century!

One of the chief features of the performance was the Arthur of John Charles Thomas. A full-throated baritone, he had always the suggestion of reserve power. Nor was his singing the less interesting in its coloring and fine dramatic accompaniment. Others achieved success, each in his own way, and it is a pleasure to recall the Anne of Jeanne Methven, both as a vocal and dramatic performance.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Createore's Opera Company in Bizet's "Carmen."

Mr. Createore conducted. Carmen.....Edith Alford Micaela.....Pina Garavelli Frasquita.....Laura Terrell Mercedes.....Hilda Deligton Don Jose.....Salvatore Scaretelli Escamillo.....Francesca Marina Morales.....Gineppie Terrante Zuniga.....Alfredo Kaufman II Remendade.....Louis Darman II Dancal.....Emilio Eureka Mr. Createore and his company gave a primitive performance of Bizet's opera last evening. He himself resorted to familiar mannerisms in conducting the score. Miss Alford's performance in the title role was vocally crude, dramatically bolsterous. Mr. Scaretelli's Don Jose, Mr. Marina's Escamillo, Miss Garavelli's Micaela do not invite analytical discussion. On the other hand certain details of stage management clamored for redress. Certain excellent citizens wandered too aimlessly in the public square. The somewhat middle-aged chorus of youths in the first act were uncertain of their entrance, still more insecure in their singing. One of these ladies, none of whom seemed to share the same ideas as to make-up, temporarily masquerading in boys attire but soon appearing as a siren of the cigarette factory made the mistake of wearing stockings with clocks so blatantly feminine in de-

ed her severe dress. The opera this evening will be Verdi's "Il Trovatore." "Rigoletto" will be performed this afternoon.

N 8 17

'Tis a sad sigh To see the year dying; When autumn's last wind Sets the yellow wood sighing. Sighing, oh, sighing.

When such a time cometh, I do retire Into an old room, Beside a bright fire, Oh! pile a bright fire!

And there I sit Reading old things Of knights and ladies, While the wind sings: Oh! dearly sings!

Then, with an old friend, I talk of our youth; How 'twas glad some, but often Foolish, forsooth But glad some, glad some!

Then take me to smoking, Silent and snug; Nought passes between us Save a brown jug; Sometimes! Sometimes!

Pages for Women!

As the World Wags:

First, a woman said she and a hundred others wouldn't read the "Woman's page." Then a man, he riz up and said he did read it, and it was good stuff. A scrap is always interesting, so I sauntered over to see about it. I read a few; and they are a vein of richest amygdaloid ore. Take an almond of pure metal like this for instance; "There is no doubt that the bustle is the significant contribution which America gave to the season's silhouette. After all, this far-famed bustle is merely a bit of clever drapery to break the silhouette. Last year it appeared on the hips. This year it is over the spine. That is all. There is not the least use in a continent of women getting excited over it." Sure enough! Why should they? What could be more reasonable, more important, than this clear and calm topography of the bustle where it busteth? The impending revolution slimmered right down, thus rebuked. A-louet-te, gentll silhouette! Here's another;

"Callot throws all restriction to the wind, and makes frocks that could have been worn in the early dawn of civilization. (September?) This house turns out one of the deepest green satin, that slips over the head. The lines are not spreading; they give trigness to the figure because they are cut so slim that they allow the movement of the muscles of the figure to play through the surface of the fabric."

Watch the green and Callot chicken as she takes her daily swing, for the hoochee-koochee ripple will be with us ere the spring! There's prophecy of high import. And there are doings detailed of the women folk in economizing. That reminds me of a real incident; she had bought a \$13 silk coat "I told them not to wrap up the box just send it as it was; that would save the paper," she said. I learned later that the required paper would cost about one-sixth of a cent; so that by the time she had bought \$10,000 worth of coats she would have saved an entire dollar. Buying four coats a year, for 150 years, would just do it.

And her nearest friend heard of a cheaper market, clear across town. Oh she went; lost her way and her temper also her transfer, and had to pay three fares for the round trip; spent the 15 cents fare, also three hours time and came back with two bunches of beads, reduced two cents a bunch, and a deep sense of having helped Mr. Hoover.

No question, women's doings and deliberations and scintillations of wisdom ought to be recorded, day by day. And I doubt if a page is enough. C. T. Brookline.

William G. Sumner in his "Folkways"—a book that should be in Bates Hall of the Boston Public Library, within easy reach of all, young and old—speaking of fashions in dress, remarks: "The Grecian bend," stooping forward, was an attitude both in walking and standing. Then followed the bustle. Later, the contour was closely fitted by the dress. No one thought that the human figure would be improved if changed as the dress made it appear to be. No fashion was adopted because it would have an indecent effect. The point for our purpose is that women wore dresses of the appointed shape because everybody did so, and for no other reason, being unconscious of the effect." And again: "A woman is ashamed to be without a crinoline or a bustle when all the rest wear them."—Ed.

Donor. Olympia Almetta
Azucena. Edith Alford
Ines. Laura Torrell
Manrico. Morgan Kingston
Conte Di Luna. Francesca Marlin
Ferrando. Alfredo Kaufman
Juli. Louis Derman

There are operas that give enjoyment without regard to stage settings or the reputation of the singers. Chief among these operas is "Il Trovatore." We remember a performance in the shabby theatre of a Connecticut city. The orchestra was only a handful of players. The conductor sat with an upright piano before him, on which he played now and then to supply missing orchestral instruments, or to swell the volume of sound. The chorus was not much more than a double quartet. Manrico was enacted by one Abrudnego—his name was something like that. He was a bull-necked, self-satisfied fellow with a voice like a trumpet. It was afterwards said that he could not read a note of music; that he had learned the part of Manrico by ear, and "Il Trovatore" was his only opera. This may or may not have been true; however, he thrilled the audience by his passionate singing of "Di quella pira." Azucena was impersonated by Adelaide Philipps. Forgetful of the wretched surroundings, that great artist gave a memorable performance, in comparison with which all the other Azucenas that we have heard since have been spineless and pale. We have forgotten the names of the soprano and the baritone, who were singers of little or no reputation. On that night the audience, tempted to laugh at the inadequacy of the general performance, were deeply moved by the irresistible beauty and fire of Verdi's immortal melodies.

The performance of the Creator Opera Company last night was satisfactory. There was a fair house. Mr. Kingston gave particular pleasure.

MME. NIKOLORIC, PIANIST, PLAYS FIRST TIME HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Margaret Nikoloric, pianist, played yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall for the first time in Boston. Her program was as follows: Bach, Bourree, Prelude and Fugue in F minor; Debussy, Volles Minstrels, Reflets dans l'eau; Chopin, Four pieces, among them the Nocturne, F sharp major, Etude A flat major and Ballade in G minor; Beethoven, Sonata, "Waldstein"; Jongen, Solei a Midi.

'Twas a pleasant afternoon. The concert was of reasonable length. The program was thoroughly arranged so that anyone not wishing to hear the sonata could leave the hall and yet take away an agreeable recollection of Mme. Nikoloric's playing. There was no thunderous disarrangement of an organ piece, but in its traditional place were a charming bourree and the beautiful Prelude and Fugue in F minor from "The Well Tempered Clavier." Nor was it an error in judgment to bring the names of Bach and Debussy in juxtaposition. There is a more intimate relationship between the two composers than many think. The Bach of the piano pieces is still an ultra-modern. The third group was appropriately devoted to Chopin, Bach, Scarlatti, Debussy, Schumann, Chopin—intimate music, and the piano, if it is to be called musical, is an intimate instrument, to be heard only in a small hall.

Mme. Nikoloric has an agreeable touch, strength enough, and a command of nuances. She has the rhythmic sense, also the sense of proportion. Although it was her first appearance here, she did not strive to make an impression by any furious display of surpassing mechanism; she played as a sensitively musical woman for her own enjoyment, unconscious of listeners. Yet the listeners did not feel like eavesdroppers; they were at once enraptured by the musical atmosphere and forgot curiosity and speculation as to birthplace, nationality, and teachers.

MISS ROSAMOND YOUNG

Miss Rosamond Young, soprano, gave a recital at Jordan Hall last evening. Herbert Ringwall was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Beethoven, La Partenza; Caldara, Come raggio di sol, Legrenzi, Che Fiero Costume; Franck, La Procession; Saint-Saens, Clair de Lune; Godard, L'Amour; Ferreri, L'Inutil Defense; Weckerlin, Bergere Legere, Maman; Dites Moi, Brahms, Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schummer; Reger, Waldensamkeit; Wolf, Mausfallen-Spruechlein; Grieg, Ersten, Begegnen; Zur Johannisnacht; Hunt, the Roek; Horn, Cherry Ripe; Sharp, Japanese Death Song; Macdowell, Deserter, the Blue Bell.

Miss Young of Boston has a fine voice.

It is in quality, while in quantity. Her undoubted temperament. Her education is excellent in Italian, French, German and English. With these and other assets in her favor her singing is not yet technically of a high order.

It was evident in the first song that the singer was suffering from nervousness which did not leave her until she began the Bergettes, arranged by Ferrari and Weckerlin. But even in full command of her vocal resources Miss Young showed technical immaturity. She has not yet mastered the art of breath control of attacking and dismissing a phrase gracefully. Her legato was not always secure and jerky phrasing interfered with the desired effect. Natural intensity, too, sometimes led her to be over dramatic as in Franck's "Procession."

It is said that Miss Young studied last summer with Mme. Yvette Guilbert. There were evidences of her training in the performance of the Bergettes, which were given with becoming archness and piquancy. The singer was particularly pleasing in the songs by Godard, Brahms, Grieg, Hunt and Sharp. If she will devote her attention to gaining a firmer control of breath, to correcting technical imperfections that may easily be remedied, with natural vocal beauty, intelligence, dramatic force and an attractive stage presence already hers, Miss Young may easily become one of the most interesting among the younger singers.

IRISH MUSIC RULES AT TREMONT TEMPLE CONCERT

The first concert of the Tremont Temple course for the season of 1917-18 took place last evening. There was a program almost exclusively of Irish songs and instrumental pieces. There was a good-sized audience. Incidentally, it was the first appearance on the concert platform in Boston of John Finnegan, tenor soloist at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Beside Mr. Finnegan, the artists were Marie O'Connell, contralto; Rae Kilmer, harpist, and John A. O'Shea, organist and accompanist.

Mr. Finnegan sang pieces by Del Riego, Lohr, Balfe, Rossini, Moore, Lever, Fox, Claribel. Miss O'Connell sang pieces by Saint-Saens, Moore, Boucicault, Kriesler, Colleridge-Taylor, Werdlinger, Daniels. Miss Kilmer played pieces by Thomas, Hasselmann, Schuecker. Mr. O'Shea played a medley of Irish airs.

Mr. Finnegan made a good impression on his first appearance here. At ease on the concert stage, he has "personality," and he was quickly on good terms with his audience. The possessor of a rich lyric tenor voice, he sings with remarkable freedom and there is no loss of tonal value as he soars in the upper register. The outstanding feature of his performance was its lucidity. Thus, in the Irish group he sang as an interpreter of the text as well as a musician.

Miss O'Connell, like many youthful singers, made the mistake of attempting the aria from "Samson et Delilah." In this number her tones were forced and often expressionless. The exactions of this piece will be only met with more attention to routine, with a more perfect maturity as a singer. Gifted with a pleasing voice, she was more fortunate in songs within her scope, such as the Irish group, which she sang with tonal charm and fine imagination.

Miss Kilmer pleased with her selection on the harp. All the artists were warmly applauded and they were generous in lengthening their programs.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Flotow's "Martha" performed by the Creator Opera Company.

Henrietta. Regina Visciano
Nancy. Edith Alford
Lionel. Ralph Errolle
Pinketti. Alfredo Kaufman
Sheriff. Faust Bozza
Butler. Louis Derman

The performance of this well-worn opera demands a certain aristocratic elegance in song and action if the music is to be effective. Adeline Patti shone as the court lady that hurt the feelings of poor Lionel, shone even in the huge room in Mechanics building. It is not given to every one who is fairly successful in other operas to be brilliant in "Martha." One of the worst performances, if not the very worst performance in this city, was given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in the Boston Opera House. Four singers of good repute stumbled through the play and were not at home in the music.

Though elegance is required, the opera may in one sense be characterized as homely. The "Good-night" quartet, and the duet for tenor and bass have made their way into the church. Congregations even sing the latter disarranged as a hymn tune. So "Martha," even when the performance is mediocre, or wholly amateurish, pleases many.

Last night's performance was enjoyed by a fair sized audience. The chief parts were well taken.

Mr. Fransham, had a great aversion to dogs. "Dogs," he would say, "are noisy, mobbish and vulgar, and therefore I dislike them." If he entered a room where there was a dog, he requested that he or the dog might be permitted to retire. Next to the horse, his favorite animals were cats: He would place them upon his knees, and talk and fondle with them as affectionate as a mother with her infant.

The Cat's True Friend.

As the World Wags:

"G. S. W. K." in this column remarks that I am "getting some harsh criticism for my attitude toward the cat," and "in a more friendly spirit" he (or she, as I suspect) recommends the words of Pierre Loti, "feeling certain that they will soften and modify his opinion of the cat in the future."

As a matter of fact, mine is not an argument or attitude against the cat. It is rather argumentum ad hominem. It is directed against ill advised and unobservant cat lovers, who, in their eagerness to defend fells domesticus, endow her with characteristics which she, if able, would be the first to repudiate. In their indignation at any suggestion leading to abating the nuisance of armies of homeless and unhappy wanderers, they are perfectly ready to make posteporous claims backed by no proofs, since no such proofs are existent. The current letter is characteristic, in that it adroitly attempts to distract attention from an untenable position, by casting upon me the onus of a harsh attitude toward cats.

Having owned one or more cats during all of my life when situated so that I could have them about me, being, I suppose, a "fanatic" in my admiration and love for the beautiful, graceful and intelligent creatures, I do not propose to be diverted into any self-defence, thus clouding the real issue.

I have never gone so far as to cut away the tail of my coat rather than disturb tabby if she chanced to be lying upon it, which she often does, but I have often walked several miles to obtain fresh catnip, not because my cat was ill, but because I thought it would please her, and I have many times risen at night during blizzard weather to keep up a fire in stove or on hearth before which her soft bed is spread in winter. I have divided my last box of sardines with her, when there was no more than I wanted for myself; scores of times taken in and treated (medically), fed, and, when it was most merciful, put to death half-starved vagrants, and in all things my cats (and other pets, ranging from dogs to horses, and including all manner of befeathered and befeathered creatures) have lived as well as I do myself.

But this does not tempt me to spiritualize them, or, in common with the generality of amateur animal lovers, to indulge in anthropomorphic vaporings. I like them for their own customs, instincts and qualities, and take no pleasure in endowing them with human emotions, which too often would be a poor compliment to pay them.

In this column I have read many letters on the subject, letters which, attempting the difficult task of establishing a negative (that cats are not much of a menace to birds, etc.), force the writers to indulge in ingenious ruses and much slack-wire dialectics. Offhand, I recall having read from one that cats cannot have done much damage to birds in his neighborhood, because he hadn't noticed any falling off in their numbers; from another that squirrels, not cats, are the real menace to fledglings, and any number which attempt to establish pusey's value as a ratter. It would be interesting reading for these latter to follow Edward Nelson, chief of the U. S. biological survey, in his article on "The Rat Pest," in the July issue of the Nat. Geographic Magazine. He covers the field thoroughly, presents tables of carefully verified figures, recounts the experiences of various countries and cities in ridding themselves of rats, and his ideas of the part borne by the cat form an interesting and deadly parallel to those of several who have brightened this column. "Deadly," but not to the rats!

I am unable to feel any irritation against the cat because she does catch all the birds she can, for food when hungry, and for fun when not. The few I have known who didn't were either strictly bench cats, out of which have been bred most every feline instinct, and along with it most of their

interesting characteristics, or some lazy old Tom, too indolent even to wash his face after dinner. I wish that there were no cats at large save those actually cherished in good homes, properly fed and cared for. I like cats just as they are. My opponents only like them when they have endowed them with a spurious spirituality. Their opinions in general are worthy of a convention of egg plants. It's a million to one that Pierre Loti would have none of them!

Plymouth, N. H.

J. C.

"Will" and "Shall."

As the World Wags:

In Macaulay's Essay upon Basil Montagu's Life of Francis Bacon, he says: "Not one Londoner in ten thousand can lay down the rules for the proper use of 'will' and 'shall'; yet not one Londoner in a million ever misplaces his 'will' and 'shall.'" As Macaulay was a Londoner (from the fact that he lived there the most of his life), he might appropriately have added that he was one of the few Londoners who sometimes misplace their "shall" and "will," for in the second sentence of that very essay of his upon Montagu's life of Bacon he thus blunderingly uses "will" for "shall": "We have much to say on the subject of this life, and will often find ourselves obliged to dissent from the opinions of the biographer."

In Gov. McCall's speech in Tremont Temple Saturday evening, Nov. 3, he said, speaking of Food Inspector Henry B. Endicott: "He is attempting to get a sufficient supply of food in Massachusetts so that we will not need to live from hand to mouth." Should he not have said "we shall" instead of "we will"? If so, do you think that a voter would have been justified in voting against him as not being sufficiently learned to be Governor of Massachusetts? In the course of one of the campaigns in which Walter G. Brownlow of East Tennessee ran for representative in Congress, his political opponents brought out a letter of his in which he used the expression "between you and I," and his use of that ungrammatical expression was made a campaign issue against him. He was, however, "triumphantly elected." Brownlow might have explained his use of "between you and I" as being a quotation from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," but perhaps he thought that such an explanation would be too erudite to be understood by the voters of East Tennessee.

SUBURBANITE.

MISCHA LEVITZKI, PIANIST, GIVES PLEASING RECITAL

Mischa Levitzki gave a piano recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven—Variations, C minor, Andante F major, Ecossaises E flat major, Sonata op. 57, F minor (Appassionata); Schubert—Impromptu B flat major, Two Moments Musicaux; Schubert-Liszt—Erkling, Solares de Vienne, No. 4 (Valses-Caprices), March, Gallop (Reitermarsch).

Mr. Levitzki had trouble with his piano at his recital in New York the other evening. This ill luck followed him here. Daniel Mayer, his manager, announced before the recital yesterday afternoon that the pianist's own instrument had been damaged in transportation and that in consequence he would use a piano which was already fortunately in the hall rather than cancel the concert. After the first three numbers on the program Mr. Levitzki himself expressed his unhappiness at being obliged to play on an unfamiliar piano. Nevertheless, the young man proceeded once more to convince his audience with very little effort that he is a Titan in technique. His fingers were never more nimble, more artistically controlled, his runs more scintillating. Mr. Levitzki is thoughtful rather than emotional, cool rather than impassioned. His performance of Beethoven's Sonata was both chaste and brilliant. As in other pieces there were many opportunities to admire his clarity and evenness of tone, his well ordered fleetness. He was particularly effective in the last movement. The pianist's keen rhythmic sense and skilled lightness of touch were apparent in Beethoven's Ecossaises, while Schubert's Impromptu was played with lyric delicacy and agreeably varied quality of tone. An audience of fair size was appreciative throughout the afternoon.

Mounet-Sully's "Souvenirs d'un Tragédien" is published by Pierre Lafitte of Paris. The actor died on March 1, 1916, so there is an epilogue containing portions of the farewell address to the Comedie Francaise, which he did not deliver, because he did not wish by withdrawing to put the burden of a pension on the theatre already crippled by the war. There are notes about his last days, and the speeches at the Temple de l'Oratoire are given. Mounet-Sully was of the reformed religion and so these addresses were not spoken at the grave.

If any one says this book is the hope of reading the actor's impressions of America during his tour, he will be disappointed. There is no mention of the tour. Was it disappointing to him? Did he think he was not appreciated?

It was on March 26, 1894, that this famous French actor first played in America. The play was "Hernani," and the theatre was Abbey's in New York, having had opened in November of the year before. Coquelin and Jane Madeline preceded Mounet-Sully, as did French pantomime con any; also Stuart Robson in "The Comedy of Errors." Many of us remember Mounet-Sully here as Hernani, Oedipus, Hamlet, Ruy Blas.

The book is a curious one. It discloses the fine egotism of the man, also his fine nature; for this egotism is merely a phase of his devotion to dramatic art as art was revealed to the public through his performances. He begins by saying that reverie was his dearest companion from childhood. Lacking order, system, he could not hope to write an orderly, well arranged volume. He tells a story of his early days.

"I remember a September afternoon when I dreamed, flat on my belly on the grass, chin in my hands, thinking of nothing in particular, eyes fixed vaguely on a grassy mound rising some distance from me. Ants began to climb this hillock. I watched them climbing, and saw one of them leave the column and go ahead of them. Then I amused myself by thinking that I was this ant. I said to myself that this little grassy bump of earth was for the ant a Himalaya. I said to myself that each blade of grass was for the insect a huge tree. And at last I felt all things around me magnified according to the scope of the ant's vision. On the other side of the mound an ear of rye swung on its tall and frail stalk. The ant climbed up the stalk; it came to the ear. I was with it. And I thought that this stalk was as monumental and formidable to the ant as a cathedral of Notre Dame balancing on three Eiffel towers one on the other would be to me. And suddenly I felt that I was in this Notre Dame towering on the towers. And when the ant was on top of the ear that swung from right to left in the wind, I was seized with a real and atrocious dizziness, so that I clung to the ground, shutting my eyes."

He tells this story to show the hold that imagination had on him throughout his life.

His name was Jean Mounet and he was born at Bergerac in 1841. His father, a bourgeois, owner of some farms, was passionately fond of the theatre, never missed the performances of wandering troupes, and played himself in amateur representations of comedies and tragedies. The story of Mounet-Sully's early, careless years and schooldays is delightfully told, recalling the early pages of Marmontel's memoirs. When the boy was about 14 he went to an entertainment for some charity. An eloquent person appeared on the platform. He wore a dress coat, a rare thing in Bergerac. Stepping forward, he drew off lilac colored gloves, tearing them, for he was rather nervous. And then he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I was not prepared for this, but since you do me the honor of asking for something, I am going to recite the stanzas of Polyeucte."

The man turned out to be Ballande, who lived in a villa nearby and had come to the entertainment only as a spectator. His recitation made a powerful impression on the boy. For the first time he realized the splendor of tragic verse. That day he determined to be a tragedian.

Others say that Ballande, who made his debut at the Odeon in 1843, was a mediocre actor, although in 1848 his Macbeth was highly praised. His own poems and dramas are forgotten; he was not fortunate as a manager; but he will long be known as the man that established in the theatres litterales, at which some classic piece was played with a preliminary lecture on the dramatist and the play. All Parisian matinees, with or without a lecture, owe their origin to Ballande.

Mounet-Sully stayed at Bergerac until he was 26 years old. He painted, he composed music, he tried his hand at sculpture, but some time in the winter of 1863-64—there are few dates in this book—he went to Paris. His mother wished him to study law, but finally gave her consent to his plan. "Your father left you a small fortune and a spotless name. Do not compromise the one or the other." The son answered: "Mamma, I swear to you that one day I'll be a millionaire and decorated."

He entered the Conservatory. Auber commented on his handsome beard. Bressant, Mounet-Sully's teacher, wished him to be a comedian. "Tragedy is out of fashion." When Bressant said ironically: "The laurels of Talma prevent you from sleeping," there was the quick answer: "They don't prevent me from sleeping, but I admit that they set me dreaming." Ballande helped the young man, obtain a place for him at the Theatre Montparnasse for experience. The manager, when he became, at the head of the Porte Saint Martin, offered him 40,000 francs a year, but Mounet-Sully, then at the Comedie Francaise, would not listen.

One day a young actor of the Odeon company saw Mounet-Sully play. At the

Odeon an actor, little known at the time, called Perrin, was named Mounet-Sully. He was summoned before the manager. After a recitation of the monologue of Don Carlos in "Hernani," there was talk between Chilly and the actor.

"That's good. You sang it a little. Walk—Hm—Your legs are not famous. But that can be taught; that will come. What's your name?"

"Jean Mounet."

"That doesn't sound, that says nothing."

"I also call myself Sully, Jean Sully-Mounet. At college, when prizes were distributed, and according to the custom of putting the Christian name after the family name, I was called Mounet (Sully)."

"Very good. You will call yourself Mounet Sully. That will go very well."

At this performance of "King Lear" Sarah Bernhardt took the part of Cordelia. Rejane was in the cast. Mounet Sully writes of Bernhardt: "They already spoke of her. She was beginning to be celebrated. She was 25 years old. I admired her passionately. She did not know me, did not even notice me. I was nothing. She was to me as a distant star."

The part of Goneril was taken by that great actress Mme. Agar. Mounet-Sully one day, calling on her, expressed his admiration for her talent, her beauty, the splendor of her tragic attitudes. "Your voice!" I exclaimed; "your expressive face! And your arm, as harmonious as that of Grecian statues!"

"My arm?" Agar smiled. "It is not beautiful." Raising her sleeve she said: "Look." "That's curious," I cried astonished. Agar was amused at my exclamation, which in spite of myself, expressed my disillusionment. "Do you wish to see again this harmonious arm?" She raised it, bent it, unbent it and stretched it in a grand gesture of tragic invocation. I was staggered. The

sculptural arm was there again. "Do you see," said Agar. "What you admired was the gesture, not the arm."

While he was studying and playing minor parts, Mounet-Sully kept a journal. Copious extracts from it show a good son, a hard worker, a man of simple life, a shrewd thinker, ever busy in his art. There are critical notes, by the side of those relating to expenses. He receives from home a box containing a truffled pasty, apples, a cravat, an almanac, a bag of sugar plums, two pots of preserves, for New Year's present. The next day he declares his belief that Clitandre should be played as a witty man of the world, a grand seigneur. Some woman gave him a ticket to the Opera Ball. "Not much amused. I wouldn't pay 10 francs for this pleasure." Sleeping in a new bed for the first time, he regretted that he did not have the traditional dream. "It is true that I broke a looking glass before going to bed and that, it appears, brings misfortune." He raves over Ballande's Othello, and the next day regrets that his pasty is spoiling. He buys in one day a pound of fillet, 2 francs; two sticks of bread, 60 centimes; figs of Smyrna, camembert, eggs, wine, sausages with garlic, carefully putting down the price or each. He criticizes himself as an actor, favorably for the most part. This journal was not written with one eye on posterity.

The Franco-Prussian war broke out. He entered it as a sub-lieutenant, served in defence, but was not called into battle. He extols the kindness of Perrin in admitting him to the company of the Comedie Francaise, where he made his debut as Oreste in "Andromaque," July 4, 1872. He walked about the streets in his role, he shouted the lines. "The street was my theatre, I could almost say, my only workroom, for I must confess that I have never dared to shout at my lodgings from fear of astonishing my neighbors. I carried my 'theatre head' with my long hair. Persons turned to look at me. I heard my name whispered; that seemed extraordinary. I was amused at first by it, later I was embarrassed. I had lost nothing of my natural savagery. What they call 'All Paris' always intimidates me a little."

There are some entertaining pages about his relations with Victor Hugo. At a dinner at Hugo's all the guests attacked the stupidity of theatre managers. "They hesitated about 'Ruy Blas,' about 'Hernani.' They all kept you in the waiting room." Hugo turned to Mounet-Sully and said: "You say nothing, what do you think about it?" Hugo had a huge formidable escalloped tomato on his fork. His hand was about to raise it to his mouth. "I think, master, that it is not an easy thing to be director of a theatre." Hugo was still for a moment; then he said gently: "I believe you are right." And he swallowed with an enormous gesture the enormous fruit.

There are chapters about Richopin and Augier. The actor speaks of his roles, how he thought they should be interpreted. When "Hernani" was received, with Sarah Bernhardt as Dona Sol, there was a grave discussion whether Hernani should sport a beard. Hugo was consulted: "Hernani is 20 years old, it is true, but a Spaniard can very well have a beard at 20." A line of Don Carlos was quoted in which Hernani is described as beardless. But Don Carlos had not yet seen Hernani. Hugo decided for the beard. How old was Ruy Gomez? Hugo promptly answered "60 years old." Perrin protested, because

is a career of 60 years of life.

A man is not a rapid of water, when I was 60," said Perrin. He goes on, however, answered, "You saw me when we wrote 'Hernani.' We looked on men of 60 with the eyes of 23." Speaking of his performance of Oedipus, Mounet-Sully says: "Playing him, I identify myself with my whole being with the unfortunate hero. It seems to me that a sacred responsibility weighs on me; that of representing at the moment before men the great symbol of the eternal struggle between fate and proud human weakness. Truly, I have always played Oedipus, I play it with religious respect. I go on the stage each time as a priest goes up to the altar." And then he quotes three pages of praise written by Paul Gault.

There is a chapter describing the actor's visit to Hamlet's tomb as narrated by a Danish journal in December, 1899. In Musset's "Caprice" he was obliged to wear modern dress. "It appears too ridiculous to show myself to an audience as I am in the town. I express here only my personal opinion. It is not 'amusing.' That which interests me is to be a hero or a monster, Polyucte or Nero. To put my hands into the pockets of a jacket! I like better to carry Hernani's sword or wear the cloak of Oedipus!" When he acted in "Henri III et sa Cour" he suffered atrociously from rheumatism. "This permitted me to verify the phenomenon well known, often described, of pain ceasing the moment one goes on the stage. There should be then a reversion in circulation." He tells of Provost, who when neuralgia distressed him beyond endurance, begged to play a part, for while he was M. Poirier, or Perrin Dandin, he forgot his malady, which seized him again the moment he went off the stage.

The receipt of the cross of the Legion of Honor pleased Mounet-Sully mightily. Some were disturbed because the cross was given to an actor. Nearly 15 pages are headed: "Ma Decoration." There are chapters about his becoming the dean of the Comedie Francaise company. His addresses to Got and Suzanne Reichenberg are reprinted. There is a chapter of extracts from his unpublished writings. Here are a few paragraphs:

"I have often heard it said of certain actors of the good old time, 'He carried into the city the emphatic tone and gestures of the theatre.' I am not quite sure but that is better than to carry into the theatre the vulgarity of gestures and tone of the club or the boulevards."

"When anyone asks me for an autograph I always begin by refusing, from fear of having the air of taking myself seriously, and I nearly always end by giving it—for the same reason."

"Envy is scarcely anything else than admiration soured."

"There is no desire in the world whose fulfillment does not bring with it deception."

There are many pages about his standing for election to the Institute. He wished to be chosen for the sake of his profession, thinking that the art of acting should be honored with other arts. He ends with giving answers written in a mental photograph album and the report of the palmist Desbarolles on his hands.

In answer to the question "Your favorite occupation?" he replied: "To watch the clouds, fire, trees; to hear the wind, the thunder, the ocean; to assimilate without effort, to feel God in His work." No wonder that he wrote in answer to "What is the chief feature of your character?" "Exaggeration." For his favorite painters and composers were: "Tintoret, spring and fall; composers, the wind, the thunder, the sea, the seven deadly sins, the three theological virtues."

We repeat, a curious book; very different from the two volumes of Edmond Got's journal, which were published seven years ago.

Barrie's new play, "Dear Brutus," was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, Oct. 13, with Gerald du Maurier, Sam Sothern, Norman Forbes, Dorle Lytton, Hilda Moore, Will West, Falth Cell and Jessie Bateman in the company. The title of this fantasy comes from Shakespeare's lines:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in the stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings.

Dear Brutus is everyone. Lob, that is our old friend Puck, appears as a queer old chap who invites a lot of discontented persons to visit him for Midsummer Eve. On that night of mystery he sends them into a strange wood. "The flapping lady of high degree imagines herself the adoring wife of the knavish butler who has become a rich financier. The philanthropist who was finding an affinity in the sentimental mixn with his wife, is now married to her, but philanthropist all the same with the wife who was his, but in dreamland is not. The amiable, uxorious old husband trips merrily with a whistle as a careless sprite. Last of all and best, the artist who was drinking himself to the dogs for refuge from a loveless and childless marriage is painting happily, with a delicious daughter to help him, and in an exquisite scene the feelings of all lucky fathers and daughters are told. But the daughter is only a dream daughter. The marriage was childless, and in the dream the unloving wife of reality is become a wretched wail, and when the

light is put out, no one is left but the dark. When the sun comes to the room and wake up you have the first of the night with tenderness and only the better for their discoveries. Some of them are going to play the same old game. The artist and his wife have the best stuff in them, and they have found

themselves and are to be 'underlings' no more. Off they go together, and behind them comes tripping the daughter of the team. Not the easiest stuff in the world to act, and for some time the players, like ourselves, seemed not to know what to make of it. But when the play gathered strength the acting was of the best."

To the Editor of the Sunday Herald:

If memory serves, it was Emerson who said that "for nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure." Therefore, it is with considerable concern that I have read during the past week the attacks made by several out-of-town journals on Dr. Muck for his attitude in the matter of playing the national hymn on a recent Provident program. For a number of years I have attended concerts in that city and while there have been numerous examples of ludicrous provincialism on the part of its audience, the present instance seems to surpass them all.

The people of Boston surely do have to be told what the Boston Symphony Orchestra has stood for throughout all its history, nor can they possibly question the faith or patriotism of Maj. Higginson, whose works speak eloquently for themselves. What is the question, then? A number of representatives of musical clubs of more or less standing, and desiring, it would seem, above all things, press notoriety, want the management of the orchestra to request that the "Star Spangled Banner" be included in the evening's concert—a request which the management has declined to comply with. With all respect for the air, it is surely hardly keeping with a program of symphonic music—I repeat, I speak from the musical standpoint and do not in the least disparage the idea which the symphonies and symbolizes—and it would have been a jarring note in an otherwise thoroughly enjoyable program.

Dr. Conrad of the Park Street Church who chanced to be in Providence the same evening campaigning for a new evangelist, roundly assailed Dr. Muck and asserted that Symphony Hall was the only public building in Boston where the colors were not displayed, and that because Dr. Muck had absolutely forbidden their display. Is Dr. Conrad prepared to substantiate this statement? Maj. Higginson seemed to be unaware of the fact when interviewed. Dr. Muck may or may not be, many things. It is quite conceivable that he may be lacking in appreciation of and enthusiasm for the Rev. William A. Sunday and his feet of a country with whom we are at war. It is equally conceivable that judgment in the construction of a phonie program may compare with that of Dr. Conrad, and he assuredly is given to impassioned appeals "to the gallery" than some of his critics. Those who are criticizing Dr. Muck and the orchestra were supporters of the organization that would be on the stage. But how many of them are? How many of them have even heard the orchestra, or, if Dr. Muck were removed in response to their clamors, would contribute a penny to its support? It must be confessed that the greater number could distinguish between it and a Jazz band. Is it not, then, presumption for them to attempt to dictate the policy of the orchestra?

To me, it has been refreshing to witness Maj. Higginson's support of Dr. Muck in the face of so much public position, and while the artistic loss involved by the resignation of Dr. Muck would be incalculable and wholly deplorable, I am not sure that it would not be preferable to his capitulation to an element totally lacking in interest or appreciation of what the Boston Symphony Orchestra stands for. J. H. Central Falls, R. I.

To the Editor of the Sunday Herald:

There have been expressions of opinion (though apparently not very many) from members of various Boston Symphony Orchestra audiences urging the prominence of that great art institution imposes upon it at this time an obligation to play our national anthem. Maj. Higginson has wisely and kindly deferred to that opinion. At his request Dr. Muck and his artists—of different nationalities, but certainly loyal to the welfare of their art—have publicly formed "The Star Spangled Banner" at last week's Symphony concert.

Now that this has been done, and the patriotism both of audience and institution has, so to speak, been put on record, Maj. Higginson's own patriotic having been on record all his long splendid life, may a concert goer, perhaps not less patriotic than those who have been heard from, voice through your valued column a very direct feeling, one so often expressed in the writer's hearing at Saturday afternoon concert as to suggest majority opinion to wit:

Our nation is at last, for the first time, seriously committed to a policy of peace against a policy of war.

